

GOLDEN ARROW

FREIGHTED WITH TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS; OR, THE CHOICE OF TWO ROADS.

BY JOHN GINGOLD.

CHAPTER IV.

In a corner of the room, a strange-looking little man was about to rise from a straw bed. He had locked up his luggage in the closet about to be broken open, and thought it necessary to reconstrue with the intruder. But he net endeavored to begin a conversation with the little man—but the latter was not inclined to be amiable, and merely said:

"I will speak to you in the morning, master John."

Barnet threw himself on another straw bed, wondering how his companion came to know his name. So great was his curiosity, indeed, that he was about to rise and examine the stranger's features at close quarters, when the landlord came in, put out the light, and as he left the room, locked the door from without. Barnet, now in the dark, took a piece of dry bread from his pocket, and having eaten it, fell asleep, covered with his own jacket—in spite of the snoring of his companion.

Walter found it difficult at first to familiarize himself with the new world into which he had been transplanted. Mr. Beadle, the bookkeeper, continued his system of annoyance even during the working hours, while Ralph Clifton, who did just as he pleased, addressed Walter as though the latter were his servant. This, however, may have been Clifton's general manner for our hero observed that the English lad treated customers in a haughty way, and on one occasion bothered a Mr. Solomons, of Baxter Street, who had dealings with the firm, till the Hebrew gentleman was almost beside himself, while Clifton watched the gestures of the excited dealer with the same kind of interest that a student regards the galvanic spasms of a frog.

As already stated, all unmarried clerks lived in the house (the general custom some thirty years ago), and Mr. Van Dyke, who was now Dorothy presided at the table. She was not older than Walter, but had the dignity and manners of a lady accustomed to do the honors of a house, and was a beautiful girl. She treated Walter with special kindness, which caused bookkeeper Beadle to glare at our hero, and plan further mischief. Only one person seemed quite at ease during the meals, beside Mr. Vandyke and his daughter. This was Clifton. While the others talked little and in a low tone of voice, he joked, imitated other persons' voices and manners to perfection. His conversation was full of stinging sarcasm, and his manner could not have been more overhearing and lordly had the table been reserved only for his own indulgence. Walter perceived that the merchant treated Clifton coolly, and also that Clifton cared very little about the master of the house.

"Well, how do you like this shanty?" Clifton asked him, as the two met on the stairs.

"Everything pleases me," replied Walter, as became a well-conditioned youth.

"Ah," said Clifton, laughing, "you are one of the minor who don't stay here till you get rusty. All you can learn here will not make you a man. Good evening."

So saying, Clifton left Walter, indignant at the tone of superiority he assumed.

One day, as Walter was sent on an errand to a fashionable part of the city, a dainty hand arrested his progress, and turning, he saw to his great delight, the young "lady of the lake." He colored and took off his hat, and saw, by the girl's satchel of books, she was returning from school.

"How do you do, sir?" she inquired.

"Very well," replied Walter. "How glad I am to see you in the city!"

"Yes, we are here for the winter season," said the young lady, "and live in Fifth Avenue."

"May I ask how your pony is?" asked Walter respectfully.

"Only think I was obliged to leave him at home," rejoined the girl in a tone of sorrow. "And what are you doing here?"

"Oh, I was lucky enough to get a position in a Mr. Vandyke's office."

"A merchant?" said she. "What business does the house carry on?"

"It deals in colonial goods, and is the largest firm in that line," answered Walter, with an air of importance.

"Are they nice people?"

"My employer is very kind to me," replied Walter.

"Have you any acquaintances whom you can visit in the city?"

continued the young lady.

"No, I know no one. But even if I did I could hardly find time to visit, as I am occupied all day, and my evenings are devoted to study."

"Indeed, you look pale," said the girl, kindly; "you ought to have more exercise, and take long walks. It has given me great pleasure to see you, and I shall always be glad to

exasperated. "If you had asked me to do the errand for you, I might perhaps have done it, but I shall not put up with your arrogance, and refuse to execute an order given with such insolence."

"Silly boy," said Clifton, and continued writing. These words were heard throughout the whole office, all the pens stopped, and all the clerks looked at Walter. Mr. Beadle was delighted at the prospect of a fight, but his malice was far easier to bear than Clifton's contempt. Walter exclaimed with trembling lips but flashing eyes:

"You have insulted me, and I will not bear an insult from any one, least of all from you."

"This is high language," said Mr. Beadle, who had been listening with delight. "I have known a great many to be thrashed for less."

"I do not wish to flog him," said Clifton, calmly; "besides, I am no schoolmaster, and have no birch with me to correct stupid lads." Walter, stung to the quick, sprang toward Clifton, seizing him with nervous strength, and flung him to the ground; after which, approaching Mr. Beadle, who

just taken place had undoubtedly put a wild girl between them; and Walter, knowing Clifton's high spirit, wondered what would happen next.

Having delivered the message entrusted to him, Walter, on his return, met Miss Dorothy Vandyke at the door of her father's house about to step into their carriage. Walter politely helped the young lady, who looked inquiringly at his disturbed countenance.

"What is the matter with you, Walter?" she asked gently.

"Nothing of importance," answered he, with quivering lips.

Dorothy looked at him silently, and as the carriage drove off wondered what could so trouble the new junior clerk.

On returning to the office he found Clifton absent, and having reported the result of his errand, worked on silently until it was time to leave off, when he hastened to cashier Thompson's private room, where he found several of the other employes discussing the trouble.

"You were a trifle hasty," said Mr. Thompson, smiling at her. "I can't say what the result may be. Clifton is not the lad to suffer without retaliation."

"I will bear all consequences, and shall know how to defend myself if necessary; but don't you think I was in the right?" asked Walter.

"He certainly had no right to order you about on private business," said Griggs, the correspondent. "You are a good fellow, Hubbard, and, moreover, a plucky one."

"Clifton is a clever sparrer," said Hiram Beadle, "and he looked very black, and muttered on leaving the office."

"I don't suppose he's malicious as you would like him to be, Mr. Beadle," cried Walter with heat.

"Now don't get excited, my dear boy," said Thompson, in a soothing tone, "I'll see Clifton and arrange the matter."

"Pray don't trouble yourself, sir," replied Walter, on leaving the room, "I can face an honest enemy."

Mr. Beadle pretended not to notice his last remark, but was in great glee at the prospect of further trouble.

"Take my word for it, Griggs," said he, "that young farmer boy will be killed. We must all go to the funeral. I'll help to carry the coffin."

"Nonsense," said Griggs, "you are a fool."

"I am not a fool. I don't apply such offensive language to me again. I won't hear it," exclaimed Beadle, taking a leaf out of Walter's book.

"Now don't play the bold man," said Griggs, drily, walking away, "the character doesn't suit you."

Mr. Thompson had gone down stairs to interview Clifton, but soon returned. Clifton was not in. He was probably carousing somewhere, in his wild fashion.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE the mischievous Mr. Beadle noised abroad that Walter had struck Clifton, and that the latter would have his revenge. Even Miss Dorothy heard of it.

"Who told you?" asked Dorothy of the servant who breathlessly related the incident.

"Mr. Beadle, Miss," replied the girl. "I am afraid the matter has not ended. You know Mr. Clifton's character."

Dorothy sighed. So that was the cause of poor Hubbard's depression this noon. She had often admired the handsome, eccentric Clifton, but feared his wild nature would not scruple at terrible retaliation.

"Has my father come back?"

"No, miss," replied the servant, "nor will he be home till late—he's at a meeting."

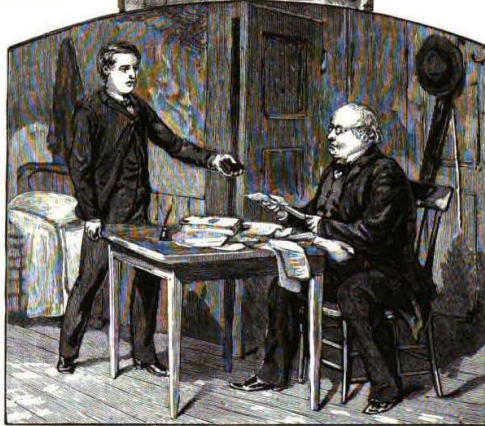
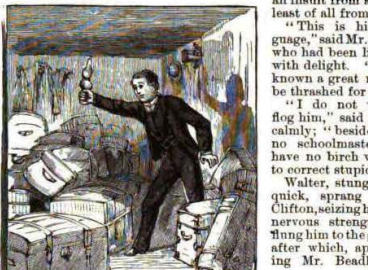
"Is it an all night affair," said Dorothy. "Do not mention the matter to any one."

Walter had remained the evening in his room, walking to and fro in great agitation. He was on the point of undressing, when he heard a loud knock at the door, and the very person whom of all mortals he least expected to see, entered—Ralph Clifton, with his whip, and habitual careless bearing.

"You are still up," said Clifton coolly. "I have merely come to ask whether you feel any the better for attacking my person this afternoon."

"No, sir."

"Now listen," continued Clifton. "I have no mind to fight you, and wish you to understand that I admire your spirit for knocking me down. I have thought the matter over,



"THERE'S THE MONEY. TEACH ME!"

hear you are well. I must hurry on now, so farewell."

Some days after, when the young lady's mother inquired some one the best warehouse in the city for certain household provisions, the girl looked up from her book and said:

"Vandyke's is the largest firm in that line."

"How do you know?" asked her father, laughing. "You speak like an experienced merchant."

"Oh, they teach a little of everything at our school," answered she, sanely.

CHAPTER V.

ONE afternoon, when the office was looking very dull and uncomfortable, when everybody that entered brought along a cloud of damp, foggy air, Mr. Thompson, the cashier, chanced to give our hero a commission to be executed at once. As Walter approached the cashier's desk to receive necessary instructions, Clifton looked up from his writing, and said to Mr. Thompson: "Send the cub at the same time to the gunmaker, and let him bring back my gun—it will do his shoulders good to carry it."

The blood rushed into Walter's face, as he said to the cashier:

"Do not send me there, as I will not bring back the gun."

"Indeed, my young bantam, and why not?" asked Clifton, surprised.

"I am not your servant," answered Walter,

stood aghast, never having witnessed the like in an office before, said, with a voice trembling with excitement, though subdued:

"Mr. Beadle, I have noticed your display of petty malice toward me since I entered this office. There has been no cause for it, and I hope it will not continue. If it does, I shall certainly take forcible measures to have it stopped. I sincerely hope this will not be necessary."

Then seeing that all the other employes still seemed thunderstruck at his forcible action, he continued:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to have caused a disturbance, and hope it will not be necessary to repeat it. If it be against the rules to resent insults such as have been offered me, I'll go this day to Mr. Vandyke, and tell him that I leave."

Meanwhile Clifton rose from his unseemly position. He was both older and stronger than Walter, but being attacked suddenly had been taken at a disadvantage. He seemed irresolute how to act.

"I shall do your bidding," said Walter aloud to Mr. Thompson, "and on my return shall be prepared to give Mr. Clifton any satisfaction he may desire."

Then seizing his hat, he ran out, heedless of the rain which poured in torrents. Although he had punished one of his tormentors and intimidated another, Walter's heart was heavy; the clever, handsome, insolent Clifton seemed to him so superior a person to the others—and Walter felt sorry he could not be his friend. The incident which had



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A FACT WORTH CONSIDERING. THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, AT \$1.75 A YEAR—WEEKLY—CONTAINS MORE LONG STORIES AND OTHER VALUABLE READING MATTER...

FINDING FAULT. We are all of us quite ready to find fault, and not always equally prompt with praise.

A HELPFUL VERSE. An American sea captain is quoted as saying that he had been many times comfortably round the world by the help of this verse:

I'll not willingly offend, Nor be easily offended; What amiss I'll strive to mend, And endure what can't be mended."

These lines are from the pen of good old Dr. Watts, and they contain a great deal of philosophy.

NOW. What we are going to do in life, is a very interesting theme. How many hours do we devote to it in youth? It is of importance, too; that cannot be denied.

Time that is past but never can't recall; Of time to come thou art not sure at all; The present only is thine truly power, And therefore now improve the present hour."

That is good, sound sense. "Improve the passing moment as it flies," is the popular version of it.

A FAITHFUL SENTRY. An amusing case of red tape was discovered in Ireland not long ago. Some twenty years since a military commission met in a certain building.

BISMARCK'S POINTS. PRINCE BISMARCK, the Chancellor of the German Empire, is one of the great men of the world, and it is a matter of wonder how he does so much work, and endures so much care.

to feed him with his own hand. No other person ever gives him food, and the dog takes it with quiet gravity—never "speaking" any more than the other attendants.

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PUBLIC MANNERS OF GIRLS.

Young girls in European countries are not allowed all the freedom that their American sisters enjoy. In Germany the respectable Miss, when she goes into the street, must be attended by a servant, or by an older member of her family.

In our own country so little restraint is placed upon the girls that sometimes it has evil results. The frank, self-reliant air which is so pleasing and piquant gives place to boldness of look and demeanor.

An absurd story recently went the rounds of the papers, respecting a car-load of boarding-school girls which passed through New Haven and New York.

AN ENGLISH ARRIVAL.

A CURIOUS event happened in Rhode Island in the month of December. Mr. John Cooper, a manufacturer of hosiery in Nottingham, England, for the past twenty years, arrived at a mill village near Providence, bringing one hundred and twenty English operatives with him.

Mr. Cooper gave as his reason for thus moving his business bodily to this country, that he found himself doing worse and worse at home each day. He said he thought he could make more money here, and he certainly could pay his work people better wages.

Now this fact is mentioned here because it is curious and interesting, and, further, it suggests a question. Perhaps some of the readers of the ARGOSY have discussed it in their debating societies.

A BIG RANCHE.

THE "King's Cattle Rancho," in Texas, has recently been bought by an English company for \$5,500,000. Among those who are engaged in this purchase is Mr. Henry A. Herbert, who owns the famous Lakes of Killarney, and about 60,000 acres of land, in Ireland.

This is evidently what the boys call a "big thing." Its very bigness will, at first thought, commend it to the American mind. We Americans are laughed at by foreigners for our propensity to brag of things as "the biggest in the world."

Our public men are beginning to see the evils of such great land purchases. Some day, it is to be hoped, our Congress will see some method of preventing them, or making them harmless.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DE LONG.

Lieutenant Commander of the U. S. N.; Leader of the "Jeannette" Arctic Expedition; Hero and Martyr in the Cause of Science.

BY JESION NEWMAN SMITH.

What boy has never burned to penetrate the unknown, to participate in glorious adventures, and to perform great deeds of prowess and adventure? Few, I think, it is a natural desire, and who can condemn it!

We had a glowing example of this in George W. De Long, whose name is now, and ever will remain, carved in bold relief on the broad arch of history and glory.

He was born in New York City, in 1844, and when he was still young he lost both his parents. Being the only child, he was left doubly alone, and with no tender mother's hand to direct his steps, started out with honor beckoning him on and evil close at his heels.

Through the influence of his reverend friend, De Long was appointed a naval cadet by Congressman Benjamin Wood in 1861. He was graduated in 1865. His subsequent promotion was phenomenally rapid, being made ensign in 1866, master in 1868, and lieutenant in 1869.

One of his strongest good qualities was exhibited when the Russian Prince Gaxin, visited this country. Lieutenant De Long was stationed at the Brooklyn navy yard at that time, and the officers there, having decided to give the royal stranger a brilliant reception in the form of a grand ball, De Long was given charge of the organization and arrangements, and his executive ability—that is, his power of thinking and executing—was generally remarked.

Some time after, an expedition was organized for the rescue of the Polar party, imprisoned in the crystal fortress of the Arctic. De Long was navigator of the Junia, and when the ship arrived at Greenland, De Long fitted out a little steam launch, christened the Little Junia, and went further northward in search of the wrecked explorers.

When he returned, he studied the literature of polar explorations, and mastered all its facts and theories.

He shortly became enamored of a sea captain's daughter—Miss Wotton—and in 1870 traveled to Havre, France, where the lady resided, and was united to her on board the Shenandoah, then in the harbor.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who has done so much to penetrate the solitudes of the darkest lands, conceived the idea of another expedition, the object of which should be exploration in the cause of physical science, and the reaching of the North Pole.

out of the Golden Gate, accompanied by the united benedictions of every land.

The party sailed up along the western coast of North America, through Behring Strait, and made for Wrangle Land, heretofore believed to be a continent, but found by the expedition to be an island. The open water gradually narrowed before them as the ice closed in, and at last held the ship fast in its cold, strong grasp.

Every possible preparation for their sustenance, comfort and general well being was made by De Long. He studied and worked for the good of those under him, things went by clock work, and every one was happy and well. But as month after month passed, and provisions were consumed, and coal got lower and lower, and time passed with no progress yet made, then spirits began to flag, and the chill of brooding and brooding crept into their hearts.

On June 11th, 1881, after twenty months of imprisonment, the ice heaved up, and crunched and crushed, and broke the ship to pieces. The party unloaded supplies and all the necessary goods, and then turned and watched the ship until she went down.

and was entombed in her ice-bound sepulchre. Then they started, with boats and dogs and sleds, toward the mainland of Siberia. The story of their struggles, their hardships, are terrible indeed. Space will not permit their enumeration, and the pain of the relation of their tortures of mind and body may well be spared.

The bodies of the victims of the last party were recovered, and brought on to New York, where they were interred with all the honors befitting the heroes they were.

UNDYING.

A noble effort never dies. What though we fail? 'Tis fire will give Desire in other hearts to rise, And kindled there, it still will live.

THE FUNNY SIDE.

YEAST was invented in the year 1666. A SLOW MATCH—Sparking but never popping. A REMARKABLE MEN whose lays are celebrated the world over—Longfellow.

THE girl who had a seal-like saque given to her says that she might go further and far worse.

It is said that every man has his price. This is not true; a good many men give themselves away.

Boy (with feeling)—I'm an orphan, and father's broke his legs and is in jail, and mother's in the insane asylum, and if I go home without any money they'll kill me.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

BEWARE the entrance of a quarrel. Waxes a man has no desire but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow space. THERE is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.



Portrait of George Washington De Long.

FEB. 21, 1893.

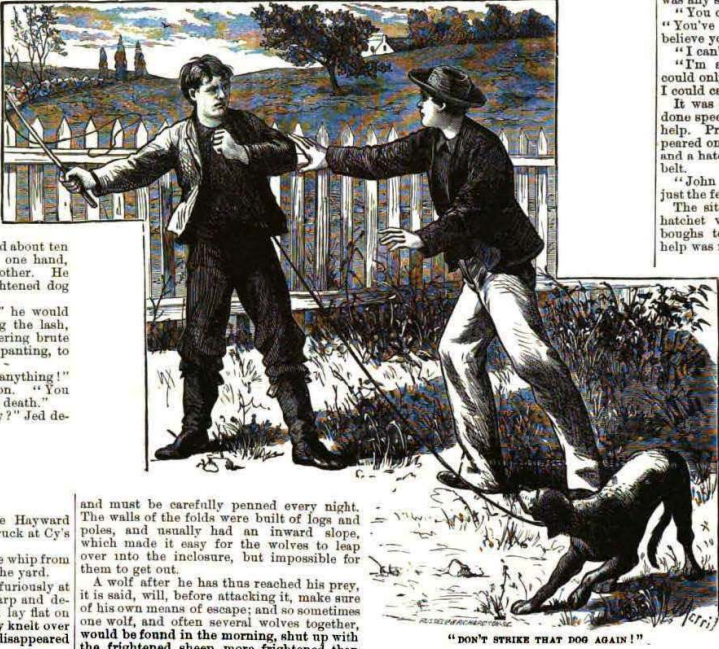
HAVE FAITH IN TIME.

BY ELIZA M. SHEKMAN.

"There's a quaint and curious proverb, The years have had me down and up, You'll hear it in the village street, You'll hear it in the town. You read it in the oaks and grass, And in the river's chime. All nature's works, with one accord, Proclaim, 'have faith in time.' " "Have faith in time?" His future life Thou may'st not seek to know: 'Tis veiled from thy too curious eyes, For God has willed it so. Ere used the moments as they go Yet they are lost to thee, For each one, as it passes by, Is big with destiny.

TWO BOYS.

"JED PARKINSON, let that dog alone!" "He's my dog, Cy Hayward, and I shall do what I please with him." Cy stepped up to the fence. "You have no right to be cruel to him if he is your dog," he said. "I tell you to let him alone!" "You better go about your business!" said Jed. Crack went his whip and the dog gave another yelp. Cy jumped over the fence. This occurred in one of the early settlements of Illinois, long before there was any Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; but Cyrus Hayward had too kind and noble a nature to allow him to stoop to anything so cruel as to beat a dog so cruelly without remonstrating. He sprang over the fence and walked up to Jed, and said: "Don't strike that dog again!" "You get out!" retorted Jed. "He's my dog. I'm in my own dooryard, too, and I'll thrash you if you interfere!" Cy was about to answer him. He had been brought up on the prairies, and had been accustomed to trapping and hunting ever since he was ten years of age. He was no coward, and yet he did not like to fight. Tied to the dog's neck was a cord about ten feet long. This Jed held with one hand, while he wielded a whip with the other. He was trying to teach the poor frightened dog to come to him. "Come here! come here now!" he would yell, jerking the rope and plying the lash, while the terrified, cringing, shivering brute hung back, until he was dragged, panting, to his master's feet. "That's no way to teach a dog anything!" cried Cyrus, with hot indignation. "You should coax him, not scare him to death." "Will you stand out of the way?" Jed demanded, angrily. "What for?" "So I can swing my whip." "No, I won't." "Then I shall hit you!" Cy stood his ground resolutely. "You'd better not," said Jed. "I'm not afraid of any dog," the Hayward tribe" exclaimed Jed, and he struck at Cy's legs.



"DON'T STRIKE THAT DOG AGAIN!"

In an instant Cyrus snatched the whip from his hand and flung it half across the yard. Jed let go the rope and sprang furiously at Cy. The contest was a show of strength and decisive. When it was ended, Jed lay flat on his back on a pile of chips, and Cy knelt over him. The dog and rope had disappeared around the house. "Now, look here, Jed Parkinson," said the victor. "I didn't come in here to have any fuss with you; but you have no right to whale a dog in that way even if he is yours. If I see you doing it, I have a right to stop it. Next time you may get up, but don't touch me again, and don't let me see you lashing that pup again!" Jed got upon his feet, but made no reply, and Cy walked unmolested out of the yard. This was the beginning of a feud which led to the more tragical incident I am going to relate. And here let me say that I am merely relating events as they occurred. Cyrus, in allowing himself to be drawn into a personal encounter with Jed, did what perhaps nine boys out of ten would have done, had they been in his place: not to say much of his best mode of correcting an outrage, as we can see by its effects in the results that followed. Cyrus felt indignant at the cruelty he had witnessed, but cherished no grudge in consequence of the encounter he had had. Not so Jed. He was not used to any such of his disgraceful defeat in a bad cause, and he nourished a relentless hatred against his neighbor. Whenever they met afterwards, he glowered upon Cyrus angrily, and assessed him without a word. Cyrus at first spoke to him pleasantly, as if nothing had happened; but seeing Jed's disposition towards him, he smiled disdainfully, and took no more notice of him. Jed knew better than to attempt any open attack on a fellow of so much strength and spirit; but day and night he studied to be revenged. Soon Cyrus found his rabbit-traps mysteriously destroyed. He set them in other places, and they were destroyed again. Then his own dog lay dead one morning in the road before the house, evidently poisoned. He did not know who committed these cowardly acts, but he could not help thinking of Jed. The death of his dog caused Cyrus great grief and indignation, and the look on Jed's face the next time they met convinced him that his suspicion was not misplaced.

and must be carefully penned every night. The walls of the folds were built of logs and poles, and usually had an inward slope, which made it easy for the wolves to leap over into the inclosure, but impossible for them to get out. A wolf after he has thus reached his prey, it is said, will, before attacking it, make sure of his own means of escape; and so sometimes one wolf, and often several wolves together, would be found in the morning, snip up with the frightened sheep, more frightened than they, when the farmer or farmer's boy appeared with the deadly gun. Numbers were killed in this and other ways, but to more quickly rid the country of the pest, the settlers used to unite in a grand wolf-hunt once a year. After the first light snowfall in November, one of those great hunts was to come off. Early in the morning, according to a plan agreed upon, every able-bodied man and boy in the settlement, or cluster of settlements, turned out, mounted or afoot, with their dogs and guns. They formed a ring, many miles in extent, beating the groves and thickets, and driving the wolves towards a common centre, where a great slaughter was pretty sure to take place. The focus of the hunt this year was to be Morton's Grove, a piece of oak woods about three miles from the homes of Jed and Cy. The morning's sport was fine, and many a wolf was shot, or taken down by the dogs, during the drive. The wolf of the prairies is inferior in size, strength and fierceness, to the great giant gray wolves of other parts of the country, or of the Old World. He has not "Their long gallop, which can tire The hunter's knee and man's sinew." It was easy enough for a hunter, mounted on a not over-fresh horse, to ride up beside a jaded wolf that had been driven in from some distant point, and bring him down with a shot. Jed Parkinson was on foot, and toward the close of the day he posted himself in an oak tree in Morton's Grove to watch for wolves. He had had pretty good luck, and now, while he was watching, something far more exciting than the sight of a wolf attracted his attention. A gray horse with his rider was coming over a little hillock in the woods, not more than twenty rods away. Jed knew the horse, and guessed who was the rider. It was Cyrus Hayward. He was slowly approaching the tree in which Jed was perched. A clump of undergrowth intervened, in which

horse and rider were hidden for a few moments. That gave Jed a chance to reflect. "Prond because he's got a horse to ride, and I haven't!" was his first envious thought. "I'd like to give his horse a shot," was his next thought. "I could do it, and pretend I was shooting at a wolf." But if he should kill or maim the horse, his father might have to pay for the animal. Jed did not fancy that. Besides, in shooting at the horse, he might hit the rider. He liked the idea of that well enough, and suddenly all his pent-up hate seemed to burst into a raging fire within him. "I want to see to take it out of his skin, does he? I will! I'll shoot just as he is coming out of the underbrush. My father won't have him to pay for, and I can claim that it was an accident; I was shooting at a wolf." Something like this—not in so many words, but in a wild torrent of feeling—rushed through Jared Parkinson's heart and brain. "I shall never have another so good a chance; I'll pay him now!" And he took aim at the bushes, which were already rustling, before the white horse reappeared. It was a moment of terrible excitement. The great artery throbbled in the boy's neck as if it would burst; the woods and the sky turned almost a red color before his eyes, and his hands shook so that he could hardly hold his gun. He could not get his aim; but there came

went off at the same time. He has got a bad hurt." "I should think so," said the man. "Give him a taste of this." He took a flask from his pocket, and poured some of its contents into Jed's lips. Jed choked, stirred, and once more opened his eyes. "There, he's all right," said the man. "Get him on to your horse in a few minutes; you can take him home without any trouble." "Don't leave me, Mr. Graves!" Jed pleaded, clinging to the man's arm. "I shall die here if I'm not helped!" "But you won't be left alone; Cy will stay by you," said the man. "You ain't much hurt." "Oh, yes, I am! Don't leave me!" Jed implored. He felt a horror of being left with Cyrus; but it was in vain that he entreated and held on to Graves's arm with his feeble grasp. Graves mounted his horse again and rode away. "Don't be afraid!" Cyrus cried, cheerfully; "I'll stay by you. I'll get you home somehow. Now can you sit up?" Jed tried it, but nearly fainted again as he sank back in Cy's arms. "I'm awfully hurt," he said, as soon as he could speak. "I'm afraid my back is broke." "How did you fall?" Cy inquired. "I—I slipped. I was shooting at a wolf." And Jed looked up in his agony to see if there was any suspicion of the truth in Cy's face. "You came near shooting me," Cy replied. "You've got a terrible wrench, but I don't believe your back is broken." "I can't ride that horse!" groaned Jed. "I'm afraid you can't," said Cy. "If I could only get you well on my back, I believe I could carry you." It was growing dark; something must be done speedily. Again Cy halloed loudly for help. Presently a young fellow he knew appeared on foot. He had a rifle in his hands, and a hatchet, with several wolves' tails at his belt. "John Allen!" exclaimed Cy; "you are just the fellow I want—you and your hatchet." The situation was quickly explained. The hatchet was needed, for cutting poles and building a litter, and John Allen's help was required to carry Jed home. "You can take my hatchet," said the hunter, "but I'm just tekkered out. It's all I can do to get myself home." "Oh, but you'll help, I know you will!" Cy insisted. "We can't leave him here, and he can't ride a horse. You're not the one to forsake anybody in such a situation as this—I know you're not, John Allen." "Wal, I'll see," said John, sitting down by Jed, while Cy went to chop the poles. Jed's head ached every word, and Cy's kindness sent a pang to his heart. Allen seemed reluctant to render assistance, while Cy alone was full of zeal in his behalf. And this was the enemy he would have shot half an hour before! The litter prepared, Cy persuaded John to help him place Jed carefully upon it. The handles were two stout poles about eight feet long; on these the boughs were placed, forming a bed for the disabled boy. The guns were strapped to the saddle. "Now carry the front end," said Cy; "I'll take the rear, and lead my horse." John was a good-natured fellow; he could not refuse the urgent request. They took up the litter, with Jed stretched upon it, and began the toilsome journey home. "I think I'm all right now," said Cy; "I should do this for me," Jed said to Cyrus, once when the bearers had set down the litter and stopped to rest. "Why shouldn't I?" said Cy. "Even if I had," said Cyrus, "I should have forgotten it all the minute I saw you lying there under the tree. If I took a dog's part when I saw him abused, why shouldn't I stand by a boy when I see him suffering?" "It isn't very fellow that would," replied Jed. There was a strange look in the eyes he turned up at Cyrus from the litter in the November twilight. He had never understood that nature before; he was beginning to see it now, and to have a deep, remorseful troubled feeling towards his late enemy. The litter was taken up again, and carried with labor and difficulty through wood and swale in the increasing gloom. At length they struck a prairie road, and a quarter of a mile further on they came to a house. There Cyrus obtained a wagon, in which he made a good bed of hay, on which Jed was carefully laid. Then, having seen him on his way home, he mounted his horse again, and rode in the other direction for a doctor. He reached Jed's home almost as soon as Jed himself did, borne on the slowly-moving wagon. The doctor arrived soon after. Then, when there was nothing more that he could do, Cyrus had the sufferer good-by and left him. Jed's back was not broken, but he had met with injuries which confined him a long time to his bed. It was six weeks before he was

THE WORLD AND ALL

She was ready to bed and lay on my arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine.
With her golden hair all about at the edge,
Like a circle of moon sunshine.

THE GUARDIANS' TRUST.

By MARY A. DENISON.

Author of "Barbara's Triumph," "The Frenchman's Ward," "Her Mother's King," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

THEY were very busy up there among the
roof-boulevards. Beck was the happiest girl
of all that great city of thousands. Her year
had been filled with gladness and help.

So Beck would have been contented all her
life to stay just there, if Providence had so
willed it. She loved the pure, clear atmosphere,
the humble tasks, the teaching, the homely
people, whose neighborly offices were so ready
and unostentatious.

"I was afraid I am utterly spoiled for society,"
she would sometimes say, laughing. "If I ever
get back my own, I shall live a hermit's life,
like my old man of the forest."

One day the janitor came home with great
news. It was Beck's birthday, and they were
very busy getting up a little holiday feast in
honor of the event.

"From a friend, who keeps me posted," he
said. "The letter was from Doctor Emory himself,
and a certain claim related to her."

"It has been my firm conviction for some
time, ever since, in fact, I saw the notice of
little Beck Lewes's death in our city paper,
which was forwarded to me, that there has
been foul play, somewhere. Why was she
taken to an asylum? There was nothing of
insanity in that child's veins. I know it.
And it seems a terrible travesty in human
nature that people can be found capable of doing
such a deed. If I had been at home it never
would have happened. The fact that the
child led such an isolated life during her father's
illness, and had been much abused, made
the crime seem easy of accomplishment."

"My girls were all there when they heard
of it. They were just arranging to have her
come to us. Depend upon it, as soon as I re-
turn home there will be a reckoning. I shall
sift the matter thoroughly. Little Beck
Lewes was as dear to me as my own children.
So there will be a day of doom. My business
affairs are now all arranged. You will be
pleased to learn that I am made independent
for life. My two girls have both caught hus-
bands—or will catch them when they have
married them—a scamp of a Frenchman—a
good fellow, though—but his sister to Elise,
and Frank is engaged to an American of good
reputation in social and business circles. We
shall start perhaps the day after this letter
does, just possibly get there in advance of
it."

"Oh!" cried Beck, "they must be at
home."
"They are at home," said her brother.
And then Beck went to crying.
"I wouldn't have told you if I had thought
it would make you sorry," said the janitor.

"You know I am almost wild with very
joy!" And Beck dashed away the tears and
looked up with a very rainbow of a face.

"Yes, I got them. It did seem next to im-
possible, for a time, but perseverance, you
know, I'm awfully dogged when I set out
for a thing."

"And the party is to come off next week.
How lucky we got the dresses!" she said to
her brother's wife, who stood smilingly look-
ing on.

"To your own house?" said little Dell.
Beck smiled and sighed, and smiled again,
as she looked at her husband.

"No!" Beck said, resolutely. "I will have
my rights! The memory of my dear father
shall be vindicated. God never meant in-
justice to thrive. Sep and Arty must leave my
house—as for Mrs. Del Ray and Audrey, I
will see about them. I always liked Audrey.
She would have been a splendid girl but for
the misfortune of having a silly mother. But
she is not at all, they shall have a home
with me if they will. And I know of a pretty
cottage," she went on, archly, "which would
be the pride of somebody I wot of, with
lovely grounds already laid out, and fields,
and meadows, and lawns."

"That was a day of days to Beck, always to
be remembered. We were over early, and the
flowers were placed wherever they could be—
the piano was open, sunshine came in at
every window, Dell fitted about, dressed like
a little princess, in garments Beck had bought
for her own birthday, and she had a vacation,
everybody was happy. Never was there
a birthday cake like the one made by the
dexterous fingers of Mrs. Campbell Lewes—
for Campbell had been the maiden name of
Beck's mother. It was covered with the richest
icing, and lovely little angels, peacocks,
birds, every kind of thing that would never
of itself think of making a fixture on a struc-
ture so frail—but there it was, a delightful
thing, and toothsome withal."

Early in the evening came three young
girls, to whom Beck had given great attention
in the way of teaching them intricate stitches
in lace and wool, and each one brought a
beautiful present of her own handiwork, to
Miss Ree, whom they all loved dearly. The
pinner was delighted, Miss Ree played affec-
tionately, and they danced when enough were
gathered to make up a cotillon of lads and
lasses. In the evening the other janitors and
their wives came in out of the boulevards,
in through the roof, and the time was given up
to sociability and a few charming old-time
games.

"It is the first time I have ever had a birth-
day celebration since I went to school in
Paris," said Beck, unthinking. The pleasant,
common people, started, and Beck blushed.

"In Paris!" said somebody. "You don't
say you have been there!"

"Yes, and I was born in Paris," said Ralph,
emboldened by Beck's smile.

There was a general bewilderment, in-
creased presently, when Beck brought out
from some recess, costly and beautiful gifts
for every one of the guests present.

"It was easy to be seen, miss, that you
wasn't one of us," said old Harold, a cripple;
"neither he yonder. I'm afraid you've had
misfortunes."

"Yes," said Beck, "we have had misfor-
tunes, but thank God, they are over now."

"Well, nobody can be more pleased than
us, miss," was the respectful answer.

"The next day was full of business. To-
wards night Beck went radiantly out of the
house, leaning on her brother's arm. She
was dressed in a brown suit, identical with
the one she had worn when she left the hos-
pital; her hair which had grown to a pretty
length, was hidden under her close fitting
hat, and she had donned the big blue spec-
tacles. As far as the doctor's door, her brother
accompanied her, and then left her with in-
structions to come for her at a particular
time."

Beck stood upon that familiar top-step, and
looked about her, almost overcome for the
moment with contending emotions. The
tears were very near the dark eyes, but she
suppressed them and smiled bravely as she
rang the bell.

"Yes, the young ladies are at home," the
maid said, who answered the door, a sweet
looking foreigner.

"Will you tell them Miss Rebecca Brown
wishes particularly to see them?" asked

Beck, as she was ushered into the old fami-
liar parlor. How well—with what painful
distinctness she remembered that last time
she had been there, by how little letters to
think, however, for Elise presently came in,
and with a stiff bow, remained standing.

"You have never heard of me I presume,"
said Beck, holding her hands hard, her voice
trembling.

"Beck was nonplussed. The little speech
she had come prepared to make about her or-
phanage, her want of employment, her abili-
ties, all faded from her mind. Frank
coming in at that moment was actual to see
a pale, little creature carefully laying
aside her hat, unbinding her hair, and with
shaking fingers pulling the big blue spec-
tacles away."

There was a strange silence—then both
girls resumed her neat gait.

"Oh, it is you, Beck! not your ghost!
You darling! you blessed, blessed darling!
Call them all here, Frank, oh, dear—I'm
crying like a baby! I heard you were
drowned—no! You wicked little thing!" That
was impetuous Elise.

"Don't call anybody, Frank," said Beck.
"It's a secret just now, my being alive.
But I couldn't wait. It seemed as if I should
die if I didn't come, I was so hungry for a
sight of you! Yes, I'm alive, thank God;
and it's all right. I've found those who
are kin to me, my brother and his wife and
children—oh, I am so happy! But you must
keep my secret till next week. Promise me
that."

"Even from papa?" asked Elise.

"No, tell him. Say that I am going to Mrs.
Maud's great party—he will understand."

"Oh, I see!" said Elise, clasping her
hands. "And I'm so glad, oh, so glad! And
Beck, dear, it's funny, but I shall have the
Frenchman after the other."

Frank had placed herself at her side, and
sat looking at her with questioning eyes.

"I don't believe it, I can't believe it," she
said, over and over again. "And yet I didn't
believe the news of your death for a long
time, over in England. I said it must be a
mistake, but little by little it seemed to
settle down upon us, the idea that you might
be gone. We were just making preparations—
I mean, it was about a year ago—for send-
ing for you. Sep told me that you had gone
to a health cure just before we left; you know
we could not see each other then, because of
the children's sickness, and we, knowing how
ill you had been, thought it was all right. He
never said it was anything but a health cure,
shuddering." And I never saw papa so
angry in my life, as when he read that paper.
Oh, there is it! that's his knock—he always
uses the knocker. Let me bring him in!"
and before Beck could protest, she was gone
again.

"Why, bless my soul! little Beck!" and in
a minute he had gathered her up in his
arms with a great sob.

"My child! my darling child! I had the
great tears rolling down his cheeks.
I loved your father, like my own life, and
you like my own girls here. God be thanked!
God be thanked!"

Beck thought, as she laid her head on the
pillow that night, that it had been one of the
happiest days of her life—that day she came
of age.

(To be continued.)

YANKEE DOODLE'S ORIGIN.
EVERY one in a while our national song, Yankee
Doodle, is the cause of a spirited dispute among
those who search after the origin of such things.
Such a controversy is on just at present, and it is
revising some interesting history about that old
fashioned tune. From the best theories that can
be formed it is probable that Yankee Doodle first
came from Holland. In the low countries of that
kingdom there has long been a song which the
English call "The Strutting and the Leaping," but
butter-milk and one-tenth of the grain they gathered
was given as the price of their labor. It runs thus:

Yankee didle doodel down,
Didle dudel lanter,
Yankee vier voover voun,
Botermilk and Taanther.

The air to which these words were sung was
afterward carried to England and applied to words
written in derision of Cromwell, almost exactly
as they are known in this country, and named "Yan-
kee Doodle." The song was brought to the land
soon after the landing of our forefathers, and was
known as "Lydia Fisher's Jig." In 1775 the regu-
lar troops, while the Continental Congress was
conducting the question of separating from the
mother country, used to sing the air to such verses
as these:

Nan kee Doodle came to town,
For to tell us of the news,
And we'll tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock.



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