

LITTLE TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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Footprints in the Forest.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Author of "Camp-Fire and Wigwag," "The Lost Trail," "Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "Nick and Nelly," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII. A DISAPPOINTMENT.

You will understand that the pursuit of Deerfoot the Shawanoe was not confined to the two Pawnees, whom he thwarted in the manner described. Their superior activity simply brought them to the front and precipitated the collision.

It will be seen, therefore, that the incidents must have taken place in a very brief space of time; had it been otherwise, Deerfoot would have been engaged with the entire party. No one could have known that better than he. The whoops, signals and reports of the guns could not fail to tell the whole story, and to cause the angered Pawnees to converge toward the spot. In fact, when Deerfoot lowered his bow and turned his back for the second time on the warrior, he caught more than one glimpse of other red men hastening thither.

Dangerous as was the situation of the youth, he did not forget another incident which was liable to increase the difficulty of extricating himself from danger. From the moment he began his flight, several of the Pawnees gave utterance to shouts which were clearly meant as signals. These had been repeated several times since, and Deerfoot could form no suspicion of their full meaning. Had the red men been Shawanoes, Wyandots or almost any tribe whose hunting grounds were east of the Mississippi, he would have read their purpose as readily as could those for whose ears they were intended.

The interpretation, however, came sooner than was expected.

Deerfoot ran a little ways with such swiftness that he left every one out of sight. Then he slackened his gait, and was going in a leisurely fashion when he abruptly came upon a narrow creek which ran exactly at right angles to the course he was following. The current was swift and deep, and the breadth too great for him to leap over.

He perceived that if he ran up or down the bank too far, he was likely to place himself in peril again. He could have readily swum to the other side, but preferred some other means, and concluded to take a minute or two in looking for it.

A whoop to the left and the rear made known that no time was to be lost. He was about to run in the opposite direction, when he caught sight of the bridge for which he was hunting. A tree growing on the opposite side had fallen directly across, so that the top extended several yards from the shore. The trunk was long, thin, covered with smooth bark, and with only a few branches near the top, but it was the very thing the fugitive wanted, and, scarcely checking his gait, he dashed toward it, heedless of the Pawnees, a number of whom were in sight.

He slackened his pace when about to step on the support, placing one foot on the thin bridge, tested it. So far as he could judge it was satisfactory, and, carefully balancing himself, he began walking toward the other shore. Only four steps were taken, when a snaky Pawnee stepped upon the opposite end, and advanced directly toward the youthful Shawanoe.

It began to look, after all, as though Deerfoot had presumed too far on his own prowess, for his enemies were coming fast after him, and now, while treading the delicate structure, he was brought face to face with a warrior fully as formidable as Lone Bear or Eagle-of-the-Rocks.

But there was no time to hesitate. The Pawnee had understood the signals sent to him from the other side the stream, and hurried forward to intercept the enemy that was making his way in that direction. He advanced far enough from the spreading base of the tree to render his foothold firm, when he braced himself with drawn knife to receive the youth. He had flung his blanket and rifle aside, before stepping on the trunk, so as not to be impeded in his movements.

His painted face seemed to gleam with exultation, for, if ever a man was justified in believing he had a sure thing, it was that Pawnee warrior, and if a person ever made a great mistake that Pawnee warrior was the individual.

Instead of turning back or moderating his

gait, Deerfoot drew his knife, and grasped it with his right hand, as though he meant to engage the other in a desperate conflict where both had such unsteady footing. Had the young Shawanoe held such a purpose, however, he would have grasped the knife with his left hand, but the Pawnee, having never seen him before, could not know that, and he was confident that the slaying of the audacious young warrior was the easiest task he could undertake.

Deerfoot not only continued his advance, but broke into a trot composed of short, quick steps, such as a leaper takes when gathering on the edge of a cliff for his final effort. At the same time, he held his bow in his left and his knife in his right hand, and tightly closing his lips, looked into the eyes of the Pawnee.

Just as the latter drew back his weapon with the intention of making the decisive

stroke from the opposite direction. They were doubtless on a hunt when signalled by the larger party to intercept an enemy, fleeing from them.

It began to look to Deerfoot as though he had struck either a settlement of Pawnees, or a very large war party, for, beyond question, the "woods were full of them." To have continued straight on would have brought about an encounter with the two, and there was too much risk in that, though from what the reader learned long ago of Deerfoot, it is unnecessary to say that he would not have hesitated for an instant to make such a fight, had there been a call to do so.

Truth to tell, the red men were firing off their guns too rapidly so allow the fugitive to feel comfortable. Thus far, although he had swept his foes from his path, as may be said, he had refrained from slaying any one. He would not take life unless he conceived it to

be that he could despatch extraordinary for him, though it would have been such had it been performed by any one else. But now, when it began to look as if the worst was over, he was made aware that the most serious crisis of all was upon him.

At the moment when he began to lessen his speed, simply because the intervening limbs annoyed him, he made the alarming discovery that still more of the Pawnees were in front. He caught the glimmer of their dresses between the trees scarcely more than a hundred yards in advance, and, instead of one or two, there were at least five who were approaching.

These were what may be called strangers, since they and Deerfoot now saw each other for the first time. Had they known the exact circumstances, they would have kept out of sight until the fugitive had run, as may be said, into their arms; but, like the rest, they were bent toward the camp, in obedience to the signals, keeping a lookout at the same time, for the enemy that they knew was somewhere in the neighborhood. The reason they had not put in an earlier appearance was because they were further off than were the rest.

At the moment Deerfoot observed them, he was not far from the winding stream, over which he had passed on the fallen tree. Like a flash, he turned about and ran with his own extraordinary fleetness, directly over his own trail.

It will be seen that the danger of this course reached almost a fatal degree, for the other Pawnees could not be far off, and a very brief run would take him in sight of them.

The last comers showed more vigor than any of the others. The first glimpse they caught of the strange warrior dashing toward them, told them the whole truth. The sight of a man running at full speed with a whooping mob a short distance behind, is all the evidence needed to prove he is a fugitive. Besides, when the Pawnees bore down on Deerfoot, they had far more knowledge than he of the neighborhood, and were confident he was entrapped.

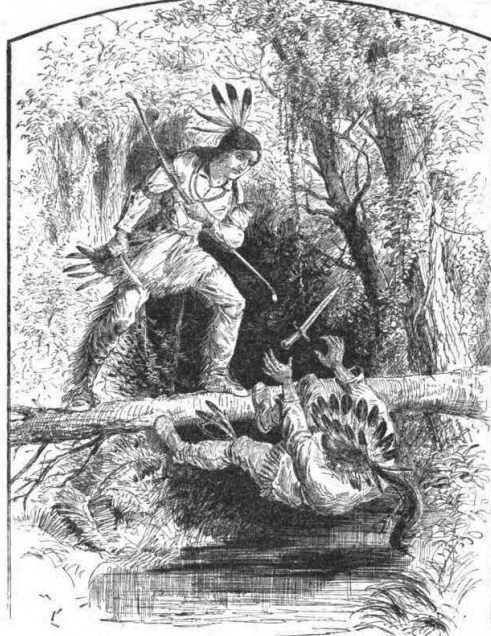
The purpose of the Shawanoe was to put forth all the swiftness of which he was capable, hoping to pass himself, if only for part of a minute, beyond sight of his enemies. Though he made the closest kind of calculation, circumstances were against him, and he not only failed to disappear from the last two, but, short as was the distance, he doubted on his own trail; it took him into the field of vision of the parties, whom he had eluded but a few minutes before. So it came about that he was in full view of a number of enemies, rapidly converging toward him, while a narrow stream was flowing directly across his line of flight.

The success of the pursuers now looked so certain that their leader emitted several whoops, a couple of which were meant as commands for none to fire; they had the Shawanoe cornered and meant to make him prisoner.

It need not be said that under the worst circumstances the capture of the young warrior would be no easy matter. He could fight like a tiger when driven into corner, and his great quickness availed him against superior strength. He had bounded out of more desperate situations than any person of double his years, and, knowing that no mercy was to be expected from the warlike Pawnees, it must be a strange conjunction of disasters that could compel him to throw up his hands and yield.

Deerfoot had crossed one stream in approaching the Pawnee camp, and it was no hard task to swim one of double the breadth; but the most skillful swimmer can advance only at a slow rate through the water, and, before he could reach the other shore, a half dozen Pawnees would be on the bank in the rear, waiting for him to reappear. He was a master of the natatorial art, but he was not amphibious, and soon would have to come to the surface or die. The lynx-eyed watchers would be quick to detect him, and their position was so much the superior of the fugitive that his capture was inevitable.

Suddenly Deerfoot seemed to see that there was but the one thing he could do; turning again, he faced the stream, a half dozen rods distant, and ran toward it. The undergrowth was abundant, but his head and shoulders were seen, as under the matchless donblings of his limbs, they shot forward as if some one on the back of an invisible express engine.



HE WENT OVER, BACKWARD.

blow, and when two paces only separated the enemies, the Shawanoe dropped his head and drove it with terrific force against the chest of the Pawnee. The latter, totally unprepared, was carried off the log as completely as if he had been smitten with a battering ram.

He went over backward, with feet pointing upward, and dropped with a loud splash into the stream. The blow was so violent indeed that the breath was knocked from him, and he emitted a grunt as he toppled off the support. As he disappeared, Deerfoot, too, lost his balance, but he was so close to land, that he leaped clear of the water. Then, as if he thought the Pawnee might need his blanket and rifle, he picked them up and tossed them into the stream after him.

Incidents followed each other with a rush, and the sharp report of two guns in quick succession reminded the youth that it would not do to linger any longer in the vicinity; but assured now of the meaning of the signals which he had noticed some time before, he scanned the woods in front, as much as he did those in the rear. It was well he did so.

By calling into play his magnificent fleetness, he rapidly increased the distance between him and his fierce enemies, but was scarcely able to pass beyond their sight, before, to his astonishment, he found he was confronted by two other warriors, coming

be unavoidable, but he began to doubt whether he had acted wisely in showing such mercy. Had he pierced two or three of the warriors through and through, the others would not have been so enthusiastic in pursuing him across stream and through wood.

At any rate, he determined to be more resolute, and when necessary, drive a shaft "home."

The moment he observed the two Pawnees advancing, as it happened, from a point in front, he made another change in the course he was pursuing. This time it was to the right, and again he put forth a burst of speed the like of which his enemies had never seen. He passed in and out among the trees, and through the undergrowth with such bewildering swiftness, that, though he was within gunshot, neither would risk firing, where it was more difficult to take aim than at the bird skimming through the tree tops.

The last act of the fugitive had, as he believed, thrown all his pursuers well to the rear. When he made the turn, the two whom he last encountered, attempted to head him off by cutting across, as it may be called, but they quickly relinquished the effort, when they saw how useless it was.

Thus far, though Deerfoot had been placed in situations of great danger, he had managed to extricate himself without any effort

The thrilling run lasted but a second or two; then, having reached the margin of the stream, the young warrior was seen to double back, and, like a bird on the wing. He had made a prodigious leap toward the other shore.

The Pawnee uttered several cries of exultation, for no doubt remained of their complete success. For on instant the matchless figure was suspended in mid air, and then descended. The pursuers distinctly heard the loud splash, and were on the spot before the most skilful swimmer could have taken twenty strokes. For a moment his body an arm's length through the water.

The leading Pawnee even saw the ripples and disturbance made in the swift current by the Shawanoe, whose body was out of sight, for he had not been given time in which to permit any one to swim against it (beside which such an expenditure of strength could gain nothing), it followed that the youth must either come up near that where he went down, or some distance below it.

The natural supposition would be that, helped by the momentum of his own body, Deerfoot would aim for the other shore. Fearful of attempting to climb the opposite bank with a half dozen standing just behind him with loaded guns, he would try to keep out of sight by thrusting just the point of his nose above the water, so as to gain a breath of the indispensable air.

How to do this was impossible. In the first place, the water was remarkably clear, so that a body only a fractional part of the size of the youth, could not come within a foot of the surface without being distinctly visible. Besides, the agitation on the other side did not overhang the current (as it did in one or two instances which perhaps may be recalled) with the possibility that it could give rise to a screen such a movement. A third obstacle to such strategy may be mentioned: the stream along shore was shallow, while with the turbulent eddies on the other side, it was a favor, to permit the most absolute freedom of movement was indispensable. Enough has been said, however, to prove that the youth was utterly unable to execute even such a marvel as Deerfoot the Shawanoe.

The leader of the Pawnees repeated his warning about shooting the fugitive, that is, again, the killing him. If he seemed to be in danger of his getting away, they were to fire, so as to disable without slaying him. It would be an easy matter to bring him down without specially endangering his life.

As if to shut out all hope for the Shawanoe, there were the war whoops, and the arrows flying everywhere through the woods appeared at this moment on the other shore. They were given to understand the situation, and joined the parties that waited expectantly for the reappearance of the youth, who seemed to have disappeared himself like a very demon since coming into that vicinity.

The Pawnees were so distributed along the bank that the very instant a swimmer should approach the surface from below, he would be observed by several eyes. The young warrior waited and waited the swarthy warriors for the sight which was never to come to them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLOTT OF DEERFOOT.

None could know better the length of time it is possible for a person to live under water than did the Pawnee, who lined the shore of the stream from which they awaited the young Shawanoe to rise and surrender himself a prisoner. Several times the seconds were usually long, but in due time they grew into minutes, until one, two, three, four, and finally five had gone by, and still nothing was seen. The young warrior, however, was assured, had leaped into the river. Before this, the warriors looked wonderingly at each other, unable to guess what it could all mean.

"The dog of a Shawanoe at the bottom," was the possibility had been considered from the first, and, when the seconds were well along, the first called to the second, and the second to the margin for the imprints of the Indian's moccasins. Striking with such force, the deities would be in sight from across the stream. As it was easy to see the spot where the young warrior leaped, it was equally easy to determine the precise point where the telltale footprints should appear.

But the minute scrutiny of the edge of the creek proved that no moccasins had touched it. And that being the case, the bewildering question came back as to what had become of the fugitive.

"The dog of a Shawanoe at the bottom," was the natural remark of the leader: "he has gone down, and the great spirit is so angry with him that he will not permit him to rise." "But the dog of a Shawanoe at the bottom," was the explanation of the occurrence, but it appeared to be about the only one left to the discomfited pursuers, who were not very satisfied even with that. There was an angry trick every one springs into the water, even if he cannot swim a stroke, is pretty sure to come up once or twice. The Pawnees knew of a certainty that the Shawanoe must be in the water, and that fact was inexplicable if he did not reappear.

"Did he leave that shore?" asked one of the warriors, who had approached from the side toward which Deerfoot had sped.

"We saw him run for it as runs the deer," was the reply.

"But the Shawanoe is like the weasel; he may have turned aside and sped up or down the stream, and he had been seen by that he could not be seen by the Pawnee warriors."

"The eyes of Wimmoroo were open," said the leader, who, in spite of his assurance, began to feel uncomfortably suspicious. There was a footstep had been played upon them, though, as yet, he could not define its nature.

"What did the eyes of Wimmoroo tell him?" asked the other, showing a Yankee-like persistency in his questions.

"They showed him the dog of a Shawanoe, as he bounded high in air and strove to reach the other shore."

The faintest impression was visible either to the right or to the left of the spot where he had been. It could not have fled in either direction without leaving a distinct trail, and the closest search failed to show anything of the kind, the conclusion was that no such flight had taken place.

Besides—how came Wimmoroo to forget it?—all caught the splash of the body as it dropped in the water, and he might as well have declared that he had seen the spray fly upward, and had caught sight of the eagle feathers in the crown of Deerfoot as he swam desperately for his life.

All which being so, the perplexing question came back again—where could Deerfoot be? It is not often that a group of men are so completely at their wit's end as were the Pawnees. They stood looking at them, silent and bewildered. Wimmoroo took a shy glance at the tree trunk as though he half expected to see the missing Shawanoe perched in the branches.

But among those red men was one at least with quick intelligence. He was the last to approach the stream from the side toward which Deerfoot leaped. He had not yet spoken, but when told the facts, he glanced here and there, so as to take in all the points, and it was not long before a suspicion of the truth dawned upon him.

Several facts, which were patent to the others, took a connection in his mind, invisible to them, which made one of the Pawnees, who was a featherless one no Pawnee could equal; he was seen to run toward the stream with the utmost speed of which he was capable, and he was observed to make the jump, and the creek itself was a little more than twenty feet in width. The conclusion, therefore, was inevitable—he had bounded across.

The leap, while a great one, was not beyond the attainment of the Pawnee himself, who was studying the question. He was sure that with running, he could reach the water, though he could do no more. Still, there were no footprints on the margin that could have been made by the fugitive; but, recalling his prodigious activity, he scrutinized the ground further back. He had done only a half minute when he penetrated the mystery and discovered the truth. When he made it known to the others, they refused for a moment or two to believe him, but, fortunately, the proof was before their eyes and they disputed no longer.

The young Shawanoe, who had been seen to escape from the Pawnees, who seemed to spring from the ground in every direction, was by placing himself on the other side the creek, turned and made for it, as if he had already fled with all that he possessed. The stream was of a width varying from twenty to forty feet or more. Where he had been a few minutes before, it was now a blank of leaping. In fact, his hasty search along shore failed to show a spot across which he could jump, and he did not expect to do so in the present instance.

But the extremity of good fortune attended the fleet-footed Deerfoot, who struck one of the narrow fords. He anticipated falling into the water, quite close to the other side, whence he meant to crawl hastily out and continue his flight. Gathering his muscles, he made one of the most terrific leaps of his life, and, rising in a flash, he landed a beautiful parabola, which carried him fully six feet past the water, striking the ground beyond a clump of bushes. There, he gave sail, when the searchers made his footprints in the sand so plainly to leave any doubt as to the marvelous exploit he had performed.

At the instant of alighting, he whirled around, stepped close to the water, and struck it a sharp blow with his long bow. It was his extraordinary quickness of resource which led him to do this without a second's delay. Well aware of the prodigious leap he had made, he caused the splash, so as to induce his pursuers to think he had dropped into the current. It has been shown how perfectly he succeeded.

Crouching low, so as to keep his body concealed so far as it was possible to do so, he ran along the stream, sometimes almost on the water, until a point was reached where he was able to straighten up without detection. His keen vision showed him that he was not picked up on the side on which he had taken refuge, but he easily avoided discovery, and had not far to go, when he felt that all danger was past.

It will be admitted that, from the moment when he entered the Pawnee camp and fell into a dispute with Lone Bear, he had been given little time to rest. It may be said that the sense of imminent peril kept him on the jump, from the opening of the close. He was given no time to think of Hay-atu-nor of Jack Cartton, from whom he was separated by all another stream of water, and he was forced to swim, in order to reach the war party. He had done his utmost to gather some information respecting Otto, the hunter, for whom the Pawnees were searching, but had not picked up a single grain of knowledge. Lone Bear, who could have told him one or two surprising facts respecting the young German lad, deliberately sought to mislead him. What his reason was for such a course was beyond the power of Deerfoot to guess.

It cannot be said that the Shawanoe felt any misgivings as to the situation in which he had come with him. The Sank was a brave and skilful warrior who would be quick to learn the peril in which the young man was placed, and he would doubtless have been able to guard against similar slips himself.

Convinced that at last he had shaken off his enemies, Deerfoot resumed his leisurely pace, while he debated with himself the best course to pursue. "He was back again on the side of the stream which he had first crossed," he thought, "and doubtless a number of them were scattered at different points through the wood. There must have been fully twenty of them in the neighborhood, for, when summoned, they had all appeared from all points of the compass. But none now was in sight, and who of them was able to outwit the Shawanoe in woodcraft and cunning?" The clothing which had been saturated by his plunge into the largest stream, was nearly dry, and an examination showed he had suffered no damage in person or property. More than one bullet had been fired at him, but not a hair of his head was harmed. The stained eagle feathers still projected from his crown; the quiver of arrows rested behind his right shoulder; the string of his bow was free from moisture; the red sash around his waist, the fringes of hunting shirt, his leggings, his moccasins and even the double-headed arrow in his hand, his neck and the golden bracelet which clasped one wrist, showed no evidence of the ordeal through which their owner had so recently passed. Knife, bow, and arrow and bow were all as good as new, any emergency which might call for them.

Deerfoot reflected that, so far as he was concerned, the result of his adventures was, in truth, it was worse than a failure, for, having learned nothing at all as to the fate of Otto, he had

put the Pawnees on their guard against permitting such information. Lone Bear showed an unwillingness to tell anything, and now it was to be expected that he and his companions would take the utmost care to conceal the wishes of the Shawanoe and what friends he might have.

The young warrior asked himself whether he must recross the stream and join Jack Cartton and the other Pawnees, and he did not seem to ascertain anything about Otto, and that he saw no chance of doing so. He was loth to make such acknowledgment of weakness, and he determined not to do so, until after making at least one more attempt to force the truth from some member of the war party.

The afternoon was well advanced when he appeared in the camp of the hostiles, and it would seem that the incidents which took place, ought to have carried him close to nightfall. But I must repeat that on account of their hurried race, they took a small amount of time, and now, when he found himself free of his pursuers, the sun was yet a couple of hours above the horizon. Enough daylight remained for him to do a large amount of work, always provided the work presented itself to be done.

He decided to take another survey of the camp before returning, in the hope that possibly some "material" for labor awaited him. A quick survey of his surroundings caused him to locate himself. The camp was not far off and he began making his way toward it.

In doing so he did not steal forward with the slow caution which his race generally show when approaching an enemy, but he advanced briskly among the trees, though his motion was as noiseless as that of the shadow in the cloud overhead.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get any number you may desire.

A BOMBHELL ACQUAINTANCE.

The strangest thing in the business is the unexpected meetings with persons acquainted with you, though under circumstances, says a writer in the *Fort* (October 2, yesterday, Maj. Teller of Los Angeles, called to see me, and in the course of a conversation it came out that he had at one time been a resident of New Madrid, Mo. I remarked that I knew something about the place, as I had been with Pope when he made the attack on that place in the earlier part of the war. Maj. Teller explained that he was one of the gunners in the rebel battery posted below the city, and he asked if I remembered any striking incident in connection with that battery. I did. I remembered that one day there came a shot from that battery that entered the muzzle of one of our own guns, causing an explosion that broke the gun into fragments and killed several men. It was the extraordinary incident of the campaign.

Maj. Teller remarked: "I remember the incident as well as you, and I have better cause to remember it. I fired the shot myself, and there is a great deal to be said for it. One day there came from Union battery a large shell, that struck without exploding very near our own battery. I picked up the shell, and seeing that the fuse had not burned, I said to myself, 'I believe that we could arrange the fuse and return the shell with our compliments to the battery that had fired it. This was done. I aimed the gun myself, and the result, by the connection it created in the Union lines that something extraordinary had occurred. Afterward we learned the particulars. A few days afterwards the commander of the forces came to quarters, and for the first of that shot promoted me to major.'"

A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCESHIP.

"Do you know this woman?" asked a lawyer of a negro who had been summoned to testify before court. "Yes, sah, I knows her." "Do you know her very intimately?" "No, sah, kain't say dat." "How long have you known her?" "Well, I got er'quainted wid her as short time before I married her." "Six years, then?" "Yes, sah, sorter." "Thought you did not know her intimately." "Well, yer see, sah, she 'longs ter de church, de singing, de Sisters o' de Sacred Broom, de Daughters o' Ham, an' twa or three little side shows. Er'oman what is k' p' so busy, sah, ain't got no time ter fool er'own 'h-m-e."

WIDEAWAKE.

As insurance agent applied to a woman in Austin to induce her to get her husband's life insured. "Will I be sure to get the money if he dies right off?" "Certainly, madam." "But will you give me any assurance that he will die right off?" "No, madam, we cannot do that." "No, madam, what good will it be to me to get his life insured if he doesn't die? I knew there was some catch about this insurance business."

WELL AND WELL.

"Do you know many people here?" asked Thompson o' young Dr. Quinine, who had been in the town o' y' short time and whose practice was limited. "Yes, everybody," replied the doctor. "Do you know them all?" "That's just what's the matter." "Why, don't you like to know people well?" "Not too well. It ruins the business."

THE DAIRY.

A VASSAR graduate being out in the country, went into the stable of a farm house. "Dear me, how close the poor cows are crowded together," she remarked. "Yes, mum, but we have to do it." "So they will give condensed milk." She believed it.

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SCRAPS.

BY EVELYN ASHTON.

SCRAPS of cotton cloth, scraps of paper, Scraps of plush cut off by the draper, A scrap of a song, and a scrap of a prayer, A scrap of music on a broken gramophone, A scrap of a child so weak and small, Only a scrap, ah, is that all? Only a scrap of joy, or mirth, Only a scrap, and what are they worth The scrap of paper was worn with age, But its words were fresh on an album's page, Its scrap of cotton cloth helped to make a quilt that was given to a poor old maid, The scrap of plush made a purse of gold, And it held treasures and wealth untold; The scrap of a child grew strong and brave, And told beauteous of heaven and love, The prayer and song ascended to Heaven, The prayer was heard, a soul was forgiven; The song returned to the heart a prayer, Sweeter as an offering of incense there, The scraps of music, joy, and mirth, Only scraps, and what are they worth? Ah, they are the bright dew-drops that shine, And hide our hearts from the world's pain, So, of scraps, only scraps, a book I'll make, And keep for the pure, and the beautiful's sake; For scraps, little scraps, though oft cast aside, Have some place to fill in this great world so wide.

UNDER FIRE.

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The overseer was amazed—could hardly believe his own eyes. "What does all this mean?" he asked sharply. "I have been assaulted—brutally assaulted," whined Hanks. "And you assaulted him?" he said sternly, turning to Fred. "I have done nothing without good cause," replied Fred. "See, he don't deny it," put in Hanks. "No, I don't deny it, if defending a little cripple against an assault and cruel treatment is an assault," answered our hero, in a way that carried conviction to the overseer. "Abuse and cruel treatment," repeated Mr. Farrington.

"Yes, here is Carl. He can tell the story," replied our young friend. Hanks covered, for he could see his fate was sealed. "Why, my boy, are you sick? What makes you look so pale?" asked Mr. Farrington with feeling, Carl stepped towards him, apparently hardly able to stand. "I do feel a little faint," he said, catching hold of Fred's hand for support.

"I regret to say, Mr. Farrington, that your kind should have happened," said Mr. Farrington to our hero, "but I admire the spirit and bravery you have shown in defending this poor boy," and turning to Hanks, he gave him a warning glance and discharged him on the spot. "Come to my desk," continued the indignant overseer, "and get a bill of your time, and never show your head in my department again."

Hanks saw that further argument would be of no use to him, as Mr. Farrington's indignation was thoroughly aroused. He consequently gathered up his effects with as much celerity as possible, and after washing the blood stains from his face and hands, and casting upon Fred a staring glance of hatred and revenge, he left the room amid the jeers and taunts of all the workmen.

Fred found himself the hero of the hour. The news spread through the mill with almost incredible rapidity, and the defense of the poor little cripple touched the hearts of the operatives. Carl's uncle told the story of Fred's kindness to his nephew, as well as his offer to teach him. Everybody in the mill talked the matter over, and perhaps imagined to some extent Fred's bravery and noble-hearted conduct.

A little act often turns the tide of popular opinion either for or against one. This proved it most clearly in the case of Fred's favor, and he was now lionized by all the factory people.

The report was not long in finding its way throughout the village. Our young friend's name was in the mouth of almost every one. He was discussed, and perhaps mentioned only in a small village where little happens of general interest to form a theme of conversation. With few exceptions the verdict of popular opinion was flattering to Fred. The manner, and almost every one changed toward him almost as if by magic.

Those people who had but a few days before cast suspicious, knowing glances at him, as if to say "I know your record," were now so cordial and friendly, that he could impress him with a sense of their friendship and their admiration for his bravery and manly conduct. This change of course was gratifying to Fred, not especially, however, because of the praise he received for protecting his little friend, as this he looked upon as only doing his duty, but particularly because it had

turned popular opinion in his favor once more.

Now he felt he could see his way back to his old position among his friends, and the thought made him happy. He wondered whether Nellie thought of him now; if his act that had won the praise of so many, had placed him in a better light before her eyes. How much he wanted to see her and receive her praise!—only a word from her would have been more highly prized than the most flattering compliments of twenty others.

Shortly after Mr. Farrington returned to his desk from the scene at the lockers, Jacob Simmons entered the factory and approached him.

"Can you give me a job?" said he, meekly. "I have finished my fall work and would like to get in here during the cold weather."

"Yes, I want a man, once." "I'm your man, then," returned Jacob hopefully.

"Can you commence work now? I have just discharged a man, and must put some one in his place of the work will fall behind."

"How fortunate." "Fortunate for you, my man?" "That's it; that's it exactly."

"But you have not answered my question. Can you commence work at once?" "Yes, sir."

"Then you may have the position." Jacob looked happy.

"You may come with me," continued Mr. Farrington, as he led the way through the door, he turned down the stairs to the lockers.

"I have a bright boy who will teach you the duties of the position."

"That will help out, but I sha'n't be long in learning," replied Jacob.

The door closed, and Mr. Simmons hesitated. "Here is your assistant," said Mr. Farrington, as Fred came up from behind one of the machines. "I presume you know each other well."

Jacob took a step back involuntarily, and the color seemed to leave his face, as if terrified at our hero's sudden and unexpected appearance before him.

"What, don't you know him?" asked the overseer, observing Mr. Simmons hesitate.

"Oh, yes, I see now it is Fred Worthington," replied Jacob, regaining his self-possession.

"Yes, and you will find him a valuable assistant. Fred, I wish you to teach Mr. Simmons the duties of this position. I will come down again before the closing hour," he continued, as he turned to go up stairs, "and see how you get along with the work."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LITTLE Carl was fairly prostrated by the shock received from Hanks's abusive treatment.

Mr. Farrington, noticing this, very kindly asked for his carriage, and had him taken to his uncle's house. After learning from Fred something of the boy's circumstances, and more fully of Hanks's cruelty to him, he despatched a messenger to Dr. Dutton requesting him to call, examine Carl, and administer such treatment as the case required.

The doctor found him very nervous, and so weak that he seemed almost exhausted. His aunt explained that he had been growing sick for some time past, and that his extraordinary exertion the previous night in going to Fred's house and studying was too much for him. The physician gave him a mild sedative to quiet his nerves, and left him for the night.

The next day he called again, and found him feverish and complaining that his back was very sensitive and painful.

"I am afraid he will have a fever," said Dr. Dutton to Mr. Farrington, when he called the day to learn of the boy's condition.

"I hope not, doctor," returned the latter; "but give him your best treatment. I have a great deal of sympathy for him now I know the story of his life's charges."

"I shall certainly give him careful attention," answered the doctor, "but he has little strength to build on. Has his work been hard?"

"Not since Fred Worthington has been in the mill with him. Fred, I am informed, did much of the boy's work to help him along."

"I have heard a good deal of praise bestowed upon Fred for defending the little fellow from the abuse of some one," remarked the doctor, "and I am glad to hear of it."

"And it is justly due him, too. He is a brave and manly fellow—is Fred."

"I am glad to hear you speak well of him; but I thought he was a ruined boy and guilty of several very bad things."

"They are all groundless, I believe," replied Mr. Farrington earnestly; "and I am surprised to find that you fall in with the general opinion without looking into the matter. He is the best of boys."

"There isn't a chance for much doubt about that drunken affair, as he came to my house thoroughly intoxicated, and I took care of him for a time and then carried him home. Did you know of anything of the kind?"

"Yes, I knew it some time ago; but do you know how he came to go to your house? That's the point to get at!"

"No, I do not; and it has been a mystery to me ever since, but I never felt like asking him about it."

"You would, perhaps, be surprised to know who was the means of getting him drunk, and that the same fellow led him in that state to your door, purposely to disgrace him."

"You astonish me, Mr. Farrington! But tell me about it; I have judged the boy had hastily. Who was the culprit?"

"I will tell you with the understanding that you shall not repeat it, for it is Fred's wish that it shall not become known until the young scoundrel shows his own guilt by telling it."

"He promises to say nothing to any one." "The culprit was Matthew De Vere, and he—"

"Who? Matthew De Vere? Impossible!" "No, not impossible at all. Indeed, I have the whole story to tell you. I have the story straight, and know from Dave all the circumstances that led to the result."

It is not surprising that the doctor was surprised and annoyed at this unexpected revelation, and that he had many signs of concern. To him, also, for this reason, was fully aware of Matthew's decided preference for the society of his daughter Nellie. Of course it was but a boyish fancy at most; but he might not get over it. It did he not, in fact, during his own school days, form such an attachment to one who afterwards became his wife?

In view of this it was not rather a source of secret satisfaction to look ahead to the possibilities of his daughter's future; for Matthew's father was the most wealthy man in town, and president of the bank of which he held a large amount of the stock. Matthew would probably succeed his father in business in a few years, and would not only be very rich, but would be connected with a very desirable business—that of banking.

Doctor Dutton, like almost every other man, would have been proud to have his daughter become the wife of a wealthy and promising young man, and so far as he knew, Matthew bade fair to become such. To be sure, people said he was a little wild, but to that would wear away.

Of course, like many other boys, has to sow a few wild oats," said the doctor to himself, when he had been thinking of the subject, "but he will come out all right."

Herein the doctor erred in his judgment, for, by leaving it to him, as he thought so very safe; and it has been the dangerous license granted to thousands and thousands of boys, which has caused their ruin.

Whatever a boy (or any one for that matter) becomes, however naturally, a habit, and the rooting up of such a habit, however vicious and unbecoming, is a matter that requires no little attention and force of will. The average person finds himself unable to grapple successfully with what has at last become a second nature, thus proving beyond a peradventure that it is never safe to tamper with anything that is evil.

I would not wish to give the impression that Dr. Dutton knew how corrupt a boy Matthew was. He simply overlooked the boy's evil tendency; but when he came to listen to Mr. Farrington's story, which went into the details and related in full all that occurred in the barroom, and then all the contemptible tricks of craft and duplicity, which with the promise of entering with him, it put quite another face on the matter. Moreover it raised Fred to a height in the doctor's estimation which contrasted strongly with the depth to which Matthew sank.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JACOB SIMMONS had received his first lesson at his new employment. Fred's ready way of handling the machinery of the mill, and his progress. After the clock was put on the machine and everything fixed for a long run, Fred left him to watch it and keep it in its proper place, while he went up to the other room to give attention to that portion of the business.

Once alone, he had a chance to think—undisturbed by the presence of any one.

"What does all this mean?" he said to himself. Mr. Simmons naturally turned pale when he saw me—seemed stunned for a minute. Yes, he even stepped back as if he were afraid of me. There must be some cause for this," he meditated, "and I do wonder what it is."

The idea clung to him. The more he thought upon it and studied the man, the more he became impressed that something was wrong—that Mr. Simmons for some reason dreaded meeting him. What this cause was led to the question to be solved.

Not many days after Jacob commenced work in the factory, Fred made a discovery that at once aroused his suspicions and turned his thoughts in quite another direction. He had previously believed that Jacob's aversion to him was due to some personal matter; but now he had a clew that led to a different belief, and one that might clear up a great mystery which had not long since shrouded in shadow over himself.

"Do you know Mr. Simmons any yet?" asked Fred of Jack Hickey.

"Well, I speak to him now an' then. But why do you ask me by?"

"Sure an' I will do that inny time for you."

"Thank you, Jack. I want you to borrow Mr. Simmons's knife and manage to keep it till I can see it, but don't breathe a word of this to him or any one else."

Jack promised secrecy, and went about making friends with Mr. Simmons. In due time he secured the knife, and when Jacob was out of the room, called Fred to him and handed him the desired article.

Our hero's face lighted up triumphantly as he took it and examined it closely.

"The very one," he exclaimed, "I knew it the minute I saw it in his hands," referring to Mr. Simmons.

"Yes—or—I mean it is just the knife I want," answered Fred, coloring and trying to show less concern. "I wish you would buy it for me. I know what he asks, but don't let him know I want it."

"And what fer me by do you want it so much?" "I cannot tell you just yet."

"And why not?" "You shall know all about it after a while, but I must be going now."

"Some mystery about it I'd shake me repeat-his."

"Well, I can't prevent your guessing about it, Jack. But don't fail to get it for me."

"I'll be sure and get it for you, and you shall have it if he will take a decent price."

"Don't stand on the price," said Fred, whose anxiety to procure it was most manifest.

Jack was impressed by Fred's manner that the knife was wanted for some important evidence, and he argued that something must be wrong or Fred would go to Mr. Simmons himself and buy the knife, if he wanted it simply for pocket use.

He was, however, puzzled, and his ingenuity was taxed to know how to get the knife without arousing Jacob's suspicion, if there really was any secret attached to it.

He reasoned that possession was a strong point of property to serve him, and as there was a mystery surrounding the knife he felt impelled as well by his own curiosity to hold fast to it for the present.

As good luck would have it Jacob did not make a habit of closing hours that night. This enabled Jack to take it home with him, where he put it under a lock and key.

The next day he apologized to Mr. Simmons for leaving it at home, spoke of its being a superior knife, and finally touched upon the subject of buying it.

After much parley he succeeded in effecting a trade, but had to pay down a handsome sum. Jacob evidently felt some apprehension about letting it go, but four dollars looked so large to him he could not let the offer pass unaccepted, especially as he thought he was getting the best of the bargain.

Jack informed Fred of his success. The latter was much pleased, and after thanking him for the favor, said:

"Now, Jack, I want you to examine the knife carefully before handing it to me. I want to be able to prove how it came into my possession, and to be able to identify it positively."

(To be continued.)

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A BRAVE ACT.

SOME two or more summers ago, a flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamer was making its slow way down the tortuous windings of the Red river of the north. Among the few passengers was a little girl three years old—a dainty, fearless, winsome child—everybody's pet, from her father, an officer in the Hudson Bay Company's service and the good-natured captain, to the grimy deck-hands, whose acquaintance the little maiden had somehow made on the lower deck.

One afternoon the child was taken by her nurse to the floor of the lower deck. Three men were lying here, bound hand and foot. They were on their way to Fargo to be tried for crime. The sheriff kept close watch on them, and they were despised by the men. They guessed their game was up, and accepted their fate with half-cheerful bravado; but their hearts were for roffians and bullies, and never left his post.

The child came up to the men and looked at them curiously; they looked silently at her. Perhaps she thought she had never seen anything so dainty and sweet before.

She was not afraid of them, but began talking in her pretty broken words, and putting her baby hands on the fetters of one, smiled and said, "What do you do?"

The man smiled back without replying, and soon the little maid moved away.

As she went to the door she saw a sudden jerk of the whole ship; it ground jarringly against some unyielding substance hidden in the water; it tilted over on its side, and the captain, and crew, and a stream fell over the side into the water. The three prisoners saw her disappear.

The prisoner to whom she had spoken, and whose hands she had touched, exclaimed, "What do you do?" "God? God? You're shot, Bill!" Then quickly rolling himself over and over, he dropped into the water, and was never seen again.

Bound, but he caught the child's dress in his teeth, and treading the water with his fettered feet, kept the child above water until help came, and it was some minutes before the steamer's bell reached them. The child was saved.

"I guess you air a white man after all, Eriker!" said the sheriff, who had been watching the child.

It was then that the sheriff told the story to the "judge," and the judge, with western freedom and that admiration for a gallant act which covers a multitude of sins, so arranged that when it was found that Eriker, who was a Scandinavian by birth, had mysteriously disappeared, nothing was done beyond a little official bluster, and he escaped.

NEW WORD COINED BY A ROSY MOUTH.

"Mamma, what kind of a wagon is that?" inquired a little girl on West Madison street yesterday.

"That's a street sprinkler, my dear."

Just then the driver of the wagon turned on the water, and the little girl clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming:

"Oh, mamma, see it sprinkle!"



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BREVITY.

One should always aim at expressing thought in few and simple words. Much time is wasted in needless speech. And the fewer the words, the plainer the meaning. A soldier once came up to Napoleon and said: "Sire, a word with you." The general replied: "One word, then, and death if you speak more." The soldier unrolled a long petition, and pointing to the bottom of the sheet, cried, "Sign." Napoleon was disarmed by the response, and affixed his name.

NATURE'S PROTECTION.

THERE are some curiosities in commerce. In Pondichery, France, they make a cotton cloth which forms almost the entire clothing of thousands of people along the coasts of Africa. About eight thousand hands are employed in its production. They have a monopoly, from the curious fact that the African people prefer a certain blue tint, which can be produced only by the waters of Pondichery. None but French cottons are permitted to be thus dyed.

BRAINS.

It does not always follow because one has a large head that he is a "brainless" man. A brutal murderer was recently executed in Paris whose head exceeded curiosity by its size. Upon examination it was found that his brain weighed about an ounce more than that of Gambetta, the famous French statesman and orator. But the brain of Gambetta was more delicately formed, the scientists say, and that part of it which is supposed to influence speech was a marvel of nicety. It is quality of brain, not size, which betrays intellect of a superior order.

"THE SHOP."

SOME people never seem to adapt themselves to new circumstances. The "shop" clings to them always. When they have a chance to improve themselves, they lose it because they will not change old habits. This has some comic illustrations in every day life. The cabman in his Sunday clothes who asked for a pair of gloves in a furnished store, gave his "number" as 217, which naturally astonished the merchant. The footman who was sent for his lady's ball dress, and told to take a carriage because it rained, obeyed orders. But he mounted to his regular post outside, and consequently the dress was ruined.

It is always a good plan to be quick in falling in with new ways and customs in new places, when they are not wrong or impossible. American travelers in Europe are unhappy enough if they consider life a barren without buckwheat cakes. Ease of adaptation is a good thing.

TINY MARVELS.

THE works of human ingenuity are not always large, but for all that we must wonder at them. It may be that the people who wasted their time on some of these curiosities would have made a failure of horse-shoeing or house-building. Among these three products is a watch in a Swiss museum. It is three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and is inserted in the top of a pencil-case. The dial indicates not only hours, minutes and seconds, but the days of the month.

An artist named Oswald Northingenus, in the time of Pope Val, made a set of six hundred perfect dishes, all of which could be inclosed in a pepper-corn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scallist, a London blacksmith, made a padlock of eleven pieces of brass, steel and iron, with a key, and a gold chain of forty-five links. This he put around the neck of a dog, who drew the whole with perfect ease. The chain, key, lock and flea together weighed one grain and a half.

COMMUNISM.

A GREAT many people nowadays, mostly foreigners, talk glibly about a general division of property. "Confound these rich nabobs," said one of these socialists to a comrade, "they have no business to be worth more than I. They must be forced to disgorge." "Just so, Fritz," replied the comrade; "I believe in that doctrine. Now you are getting good wages, while I am out of work. Just divide with me, will you? I want a good dinner."

"Ah," retorted the communist, "that is not what I mean. The thing is to take from the rich, but not to give away your own earnings." "Oh, that's it, it is? Well, your doctrine seems to be like the handle of a jug, all on one side. Before you talk of plundering others, you had better begin by shelling out yourself."

RELICS AND MONUMENTS.

In a comparatively new country like the United States we do not take such pains to preserve relics as they do in the Old World. Pull down and build anew is the order of the day with us. "I can do up an American city in a day or two," said a French traveler, "because you have no monuments." Now one of the great attractions of European cities is the old houses, the mementoes of famous men, the relics of historic buildings, and the like.

One of the descendants of Goethe, the great German writer, died recently, and has bequeathed to the state the house in which the author lived. This will be carefully preserved and kept in order, and will be regarded as one of the curiosities of the city of Weimar. A time will come when such relics will be precious in our country. At present we do little but erect statues in honor of our public men. This is a good beginning, and it will be more appreciated by our countrymen in after years than it is by us to-day. A statue of the late President Garfield has just been cast in Nuremberg, Germany, for the city of San Francisco.

BILLIARDS.

THE game of billiards is a fascinating one. It is scientific also. It calls for brains as well as manual dexterity. It is not surprising that bright boys "take to it" like ducks to water. But there are some things which ought to be kept in mind. Parents very often forbid their sons to play billiards, and with good reason. The game is all well enough, but the associations of public billiard saloons are often of the worst sort.

There is the bar—and it is a pity that liquor is permitted in the billiard saloons. How many youngsters, in the excitement of play, drink and drink again, when they really do not need to do so, and would never think of it were they in other circumstances. Then there is the habit of "playing off," so common, and yet really a form of gambling, which easily leads to something worse. Then there are those seducing traps where pool is played "for drinks," the game being free. This form of amusement is on the increase, and all high-minded boys would do well to avoid it like a pestilence.

There is no reason why billiards should not be played purely and temperately, like croquet, or chess, or ball. It is the best plan to avoid the crowded saloons where liquor is sold; to divide the expense of the table equally, so that each player may feel free to risk difficult shots, for the sake of practice, and never to "play off," or play for "drinks." It is to the gambling, drinking, and the bad company that have brought the beautiful game into disrepute.

TALENT AND WORK.

IT is not talent merely, but hard work, that wins success and fame. What you can do, but what you do do and have done, marks your rank in the world. Many a great genius goes through life, sending out sparks now and then, to be sure, and steps of the threshold with no record behind him. In spite of his great talents, he has done nothing of value, and will not be missed. Napoleon used to ask a man, "What has he done?"

The world is but a great scrambling ground. Men do not stumble into wealth. Poets do not drift into immortality. Scientific workers do not dream great discoveries. Nothing comes without work—patient, persevering, plodding work. Many a youngster who writes pretty verses expects, by some natural and easy process, to take a place with Homer, or Shakespeare, and the other great masters of song. He may have the ability to rise to a respectable rank, at least, but if he does not, will end his poetic career in the album of admiring friends and the unpaid corner of the village newspaper. Other dreams of wealth, quickly acquired by nice and comfortable lounging after it. If they do not learn by experience to change their ideas, they will come to grief, or measure their greatest success by a \$600 salary.

Youngsters cannot too early get the thought into their minds that hard and faithful work is a requisite even for the most talented. Attention to small duties, just as scrupulously as to great ones, must be the practice. Neglect nothing, and never be discouraged. Those who stand the tug and labor most patiently have the best chances. As Oliver Wendell Holmes observes, "when a bushel of potatoes is jolted in market in a wagon, the big ones come to the top. Just so in the jostle of life, the big workers rise to the highest places."

HENRY M. STANLEY.

Newspaper Correspondent and African Explorer. An international association was founded some years ago, having for its object the development of the vast commercial possibilities of the Congo region; its headquarters are at Brussels, in Belgium, and its work is carried on under the patronage of the King of Belgium. The river Congo empties into the Atlantic Ocean near the middle of the lower half of Western Africa. It promises to be the greatest thoroughfare for the exportation of African merchandise, notably ivory. As the explorer, managing head and local overseer, the association chose Henry M. Stanley, whose name is probably familiar to every reader. This man's life, peculiar in its extreme diversity of scenes and conditions, wonderful in its thrilling adventures, imminent dangers and hair-breadth escapes, remarkable as a record of a steady rise from poverty to eminence, is most especially noteworthy as an exhibit of the wonderful will, strength of character, courage and unbending resolution that have enabled their possessor to support and surmount the exigencies of circumstances.

The early life of Mr. Stanley is but hinted at. He was born in Wales, in 1840. His parents' name was Rowlands; his own, John Rowlands. He passed the early years of his life in the poorhouse; at ten he shipped as cabin boy in a vessel bound for New Orleans. Later, he met a rich merchant, who took a fancy to the lad, adopted him and bestowed his name upon him. Of his subsequent life, Mr. Stanley gives an outline in describing his thoughts as he succumbed to the fever one night in the wilds of Africa: "All my life seemed passing in review before me. . . . The loveliest feature of all to me was the form of a noble and true man who called me son. Of my life in the great pine forests of Arkansas and in Missouri, I retained the most vivid impressions. The dreaming days I passed under the sighing pines on the Ouachita's shores, the new clearing, the block house, our faithful black servant, the forest deer, and the exuberant life I led were all well remembered. And I remember how one day, after we had come to live near the Mississippi, it floated down two, hundreds of miles, with a wild fraternity of knurly giants, the boatmen of the Mississippi, and how a dear old man welcomed me back, as if from the grave. I remembered also my travels on foot through sunny Spain and France, with numberless adventures in Asia Minor, among the Kurdish nomads. I remembered the battle field of America and the stormy scenes of rampant war. I remembered gold mines and broad prairies, Indian councils, and much experience in the new western lands. I remembered the shock it gave me to hear, after my return from a barbarous country, of the calamity that had overtaken the fond man whom I called father, and the hot, fitful life that followed it."

These autobiographical generalities give a sufficient idea of the wandering and varied life he led. His father by adoption dying suddenly and without a will, the young protégé was left with his expectations of a fortune unfulfilled. He enlisted in the Confederate service, and was captured. A maturer judgment impelled him to take up the cause of the North, and he served during the remainder of the war in a Federal warship. When the strife closed, he became a newspaper correspondent, and in 1867, was sent by the New York Herald to Abyssinia, and afterwards to Spain.

In the preface of his book, "How I Found Livingstone," Mr. Stanley says: "On the sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, I am in Madrid, fresh from the carnage at Valencia. At ten A. M. Jacopo hands me a telegram on opening it I find it reads, 'Come to Paris on important business.' The telegram was from James Gordon Bennett, Jun., the young manager of the New York Herald. . . . At three P. M., I was on my way, and did not arrive at Paris until the following night. I went straight to the 'Grand Hotel,' and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room. 'Come in,' I heard a voice say. Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed. 'Who are you?' he asked. 'My name is Stanley,' I answered. 'Ah, yes! sit down. I have important business on hand for you. . . . Where do you think Livingstone is?' 'I really do not know, sir.' 'Do you think he is alive?' 'Well, he may be, and he may not be!' I answered. 'Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him. . . . Draw two thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and when you have finished that, draw another thousand, and so on; but PRINT LIVINGSTONE!' A conversation of an hour! And what an undertaking.



A preliminary trip was outlined to Egypt, Jerusalem, Constantinople, the Crimea, Persia, India, the Emphates. Thence to Zanzibar on the east coast of Africa, and thence, right into the heart of the continent after Livingstone; to Ujiji, and to—death?

Do not think there was much consideration in the correspondent's mind as to whether to accept or decline the mission. It was simply one of the duties coming in his line as correspondent, which must be undertaken as such.

The preliminary trip was made and Zanzibar reached. Here points were to be obtained and the current coin of the interior collected, with reference to the wants of the caravan. This coin consisted of cloths, and beads and brass rings. A different sort for this tribe and for that, for what passed current with one, would be rejected as valueless by another. Then the procuring of animals and black naked porters to carry the goods or moneys for food and for tributes. Weeks and weeks were occupied in haggling with cheating merchants, collecting escort and the thousands of details necessary for the equipment of such a difficult and dangerous undertaking. Suffice it to say he started at last, the expedition numbering 132 souls, all told, with but three Europeans in all among them.

Incidents of the journey were repetitions of exorbitant demands for tribute from the thievish chiefs through whose lands the caravan passed; desertions, and a thousand other troubles with the knavish carriers; complaints and resistance of his two European subordinates; constant intermittent fevers for the leader, disease and death for many of the others. One of his European aids had to be left behind at last, on account of disease occasioned by a disappated past life. The other became disheartened, refused to work, feigned illness, rebelled, attempted to murder Stanley, and was at last left behind. In spite of all the expedition surmounted all difficulties, and at last reached the great explorer Dr. Livingstone had just returned to that place from a long expedition. The object of the search was accomplished, the man, lost to the world for two years was found again, Nov. 10, 1871, after a march of 236 days.

For a detailed description of this journey, than which no more fascinating and instructive literature can be well found, we would recommend the work by Mr. Stanley already referred to. Returning Mr. Stanley was sent three years later by the Herald and the London Telegraph to discover the source of the Nile. "Through the Dark Continent," and "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," from the files of Mr. Stanley's records as books well worth a perusal. They give minutely an account of the life of their great author amid scenes and circumstances, curious, novel and fascinating, full of adventure and incident.

Mr. Stanley is still in the employ of the Congo association. He is but forty-five years of age; his vigor is unabated, his faculties as active as ever. He still has the opportunity of contributing still more than he has to our already brilliant contemporary history.

EQUALITY.

CONSIDER, MAN, weigh well thy fame; The king, the beggar are the same; Duet formed us all. Each breathes his day, Then sinks into his nameless clay.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Be wisely wroth, but not wrothily wise. The silent man is often wroth listening to. INTERFERENCE is a great decayer of beauty. HEARTS may rank in Heaven as high as thrones. HE is a wise man who can preach a short sermon. LITTLE things console us because little things afflict. AVOID temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. BETTER bend the neck promptly than to bruise the forehead. NEVER are we careless of ourselves as seldom mindful of others. SMALL and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. MEN sink in the greatest darkness imaginable remain some sense and awe of a Deity. JUSTICE discards party, friendship, kindred, and is always therefore represented as blind. OUR friends are as true, and our wives are as cruel, and our homes are still home, be it ever so homely. In their struggles with the forces of nature, the ability to labor was the richest patrimony of the colonists. TRUTH is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please us by its resemblance to it. PLUTO, being told that he had an enemy who spoke ill of him, said: "I will live in such a manner that none will believe him. THERE is a selfishness even in gratitude, when it is too profuse; to be overthankful for one favor is in effect to lay out for another. GENTS without religion's only a lamp on the outer gas of a palace. It may serve to cast a gleam of light on those that are without, while the inhabitant sits in darkness. REVENGE is a momentary triumph, which is almost immediately succeeded by remorse; while forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure. It was said of a certain emperor that he wished to put an end to all his enemies by converting them into friends.

A SUMMER SONG.

BY FANNY FORBES.

On lovely sunbeams through the meadows dancing,
Golden pinions all the long day.
Kissing young leaves, on crystal streams glancing,
Changing to living gold their silver spray;
We roam above the daisies, and the roses,
Wooing the daisy in her grassy bed;
Till the shy flower unemotionally uncloses
Her dew-drenched leaves, and blushes red!

HAUNTED.

BY MARION HALLAND.

"HAUNTED!" Yes, for thirty-two years.
I was fifty my last birthday. I graduated
at twenty. I was frightened and "sooty"
when we fellows sent John Grey to Coventry.
"John James Grey"—so stood his name in
the college catalogue. Among us he was
known as "Lady Jane."

We called him "Lady Jane"
then, partly in parody of his
real name, as much because of
a certain refinement of man-
ner and appearance, that was
neither delicacy nor lack of manli-
ness. It was a boyish way of ac-
knowledging that he was a bit of choice
porcelain cast by chance among coarser
pottery. None of us even in jest called
him a milkop—or the slightest of this
generation would put it, it a "juff."

He was an admirable student, a jovial com-
panion, ready alike for work and frolic—in
short, "a good fellow through and through,"
and a decided favorite with all until what
I am about to tell you happened.

We were in Old Chess's room that morning.
"Chess" was short for Chesterfield. We
thus dubbed the Professor of Greek, his
name being English body and long and stiff
as the Levitical law, and his disposition as
surlly as that of a hyena. To hate him came
to us by nature, and he taught thirty-nine
out of the forty in the class to abhor the
sight and sound of a Greek word. The for-
tuitous man was Lady Jane.

His aptitude for language, ancient and
modern, was marvelous, and Old Chess, with
characteristic tact and grace, used the lad's
proficiency as a ferule for the rest of us, nev-
er praising him, yet making us envious with
happy adroitness proving what dunces we
were not to attain even unto so mean a stan-
dard as was set up by one of our number.

Nevertheless, it was well understood that
if Chess could like anybody, Lady Jane be-
longed the honor of his partiality. It was at
once an evidence of the unpopularity of the
professor, and our fondness of the pupil, that
none of us envied the latter. In no other de-
partment of our studies had we prepared
were to remember as our Alma Mater, did the
lord of misrule have such sway as in the
Greek room.

The like law obtains in every college, I
fancy. Your French and preceptor gets,
likewise, the credit of being the wisest disci-
plinary.

Upon the day I have named, we were in
a state of badly-suppressed revolt. A fright-
ful imposition had been laid upon us at
the last recitation; Lady Jane again excepted.
The punishment was not quite undeserved,
being the direct consequence of a boyish
prank perpetrated by the class at large, a
"barring-out," or something of that kind.
By general consent we had prepared the
prescribed task. Before this fact could
transpire, indeed, by the time Old Chess had
given the menacing "Hem!" that always
preceded the recitation, a slight puff and
we went up to the stove, and the heated
stove, and then a Tartarian odor.

The veriest trow in chemicals there, knew
how it was done. Given: a judicious mix-
ture of gunpowder, brimstone and cayenne
pepper, the last-named ingredient having the
balance of powder, pour it dexterously upon
a red-hot plate. Result: wild symptoms of
eufocation on the part of all present, and an
empty room in forty-five seconds.
It was a witless joke, for college boys' hu-
mor was no finer then than now; but we

enjoyed it immensely, and the obnoxious im-
position was a dead letter for that day. Old
Chess had a chronic disposition to asthma,
and an hour after the "eruption," was re-
ported as coughing in a manner that sent
ecstasy to our souls.

There must be a form of investigation into
the occurrence, so it was no surprise to us
when, as Lady Jane and I sat in our room
that evening (did I tell you that we were
clumsy?) he was summoned to the President's
private apartment—the "Star-Chamber" as
we called it.

I looked up with a laugh.
"I hope the dons won't squeeze you un-
mercifully, old boy!"

I remembered afterwards that he was pale
and ill at ease.

"I don't mind the squeeze," he said, "but
I wish you had not done it, Dick. These
senseless tricks put the class so evidently in
the wrong as to hurt our reputation with
sensible people."

In about an hour I was sent for. Just with-
out the Star-Chamber I met Lady Jane. He
was very pale, and his agitation awakened me
to pitying curiosity.

"What cheer?" I hailed him gayly.

He cast a warning
glance at the "snb" who
had brought me the snu-
moms, shook his head
and passed on. I threw
away the stump of my
cigar and laughed softly.
"The dons have scared
him badly," I remarked
to my attendant, in en-
tering the judgment hall.

They were all there,
from Prex, through we

"They informed you upon whom stepi-
cion rested, I presume?" asked a sophomore.
"They did."
"And what was your reply?"
"That I should answer no questions rela-
tive to the conduct of any of my classmates."
An honorable man would have hid his
friend out of danger sooner than utter such
a contemptible evasion," said the hot-headed
querist.

The chairman of the "Vigilance Com-
mittee," summed up the case after the accused
had been sent from the room by a
contemptible evasion," said the hot-headed
querist.
"The fellow is not a malicious spy, but
he lacks backbone, and dreads losing the good
opinion of the Faculty. He was frightened
into confession, but he must be made an ex-
ample of all the same."

So said they all. Even I, whose dearest
friend he had been, recalling his speech and
behavior before and after my arraignment,
could not resist the weight of evidence.

So we sent him to Coventry. So far as we
could, we carried into execution the ancient
ban of excommunication. We cursed him,
by cool and disdainful non-intercourse, when
he lay down and when he rose up. Sitting,
standing, walking, eating, he was the Pa-
riah of his whilom mates.

Youth is cruel in love or
in hate, and we never wav-
ered in our declared pur-
pose, even going out our

oficious friends and strangers, I found a
messenger awaiting me on the bank, with
a request from the "young gentleman" whose
life I had saved." He wanted to see and
thank me. He had been taken into the near-
est house, and lay in bed wrapped in blan-
kets. Cold his, cold his.

Wide trowers eyes, with the solemn mem-
ory of a just-escaped death shadowing their
depths, dark curls clinging to his forehead,
glins quivering in the effort to shape into
words the gratitude he would express to his
deliverer, the unwelcome vision that met
my sight—for eyes, brow and mouth were
Lady Jane's.

I halted upon the threshold, staring as at
a wraith.
"Die!" he cried, in amazement as great
as my own. "Dear old fellow, do I owe my
life to you?"

"It is nothing," I said, coldly. "They
said a student was drowning; I did not sus-
pect who it was."

The boy gazed at me as to look to credit
the evidence of his senses, his eyes filling with
a grief for which language had no vent.
"You did not suspect who it was?" he re-
peated slowly. "If you had suspected that
it was I—"

He turned his head upon the pillow, his
face to the wall, which was no more blank
and cold than the visage of the man who had
been to two years to him as a brother.

I lingered one awkward moment, then left
the place.
It was Saturday afternoon, and I was glad
I had engaged to spend the Sabbath with a
friend out of town. I could not meet those
haunting eyes again, for we had, by solemn
pact and covenant, sent him to Coventry, and
I should be the last of all the league to sound
a recall. When I returned on Monday, Lady
Jane's trunk and other possessions
had been dis-appeared from our dormitory.
He has been summoned home by
news of his father's sudden death.
He never came back to our college.

Ten years later I met "Prex," now
a sleek, fat, garrulous old gentleman
at Saratoga. He came to my room
one night with a new paper in his
hand.

"Do you remember John Grey, of
the class of '80?" he began.
"I do," I replied, briefly.
"By the way, I never guessed how
dunkly the poor fellow had been
treated by you hot-headed boys until
after he left college," pursued the
good-natured. "I was crossing his
legs after the manner of one who
has a story to tell. He never gave
information against you in that little
steep-and-pepper escapade. Perhaps
you have forgotten it?"

Forgotten it! Nothing less likely!
Prex pressed on. "A youth of un-
common ability was Grey, especially
in languages. In Greek a prodigy, according
to Prof. Field. By-the-by, it was Field him-
self whose lynx eyes saw you sift the pepper
and brimstone compound upon the stove."

Here he laughed—"like the scaramouch you
were. He gave direct evidence to that effect
before us. We sent for Grey to thank him
formally for the consistency of his respectful
and gentlemanly deportment towards Prof.
Field, he being in that respect a marked
exception to the rest of his class. He looked
like one receiving censure rather than praise,
while I was talking. As I finished, Field
broke in his blurt way—

"Now tell us who split pepper upon the
stove to-day?"

"I decline answering that question, sir,"
said the lad, "or any other that may criminate
my class-mates."

"Field smiled. 'Don't trouble yourself,'
he said. 'It was your Fidus Achates—your
room-mate! We have caught him this time!'
I said, 'I do not play spy, much less informer
upon any of my class,' he repeated. 'May I
go now, sir?' to me.

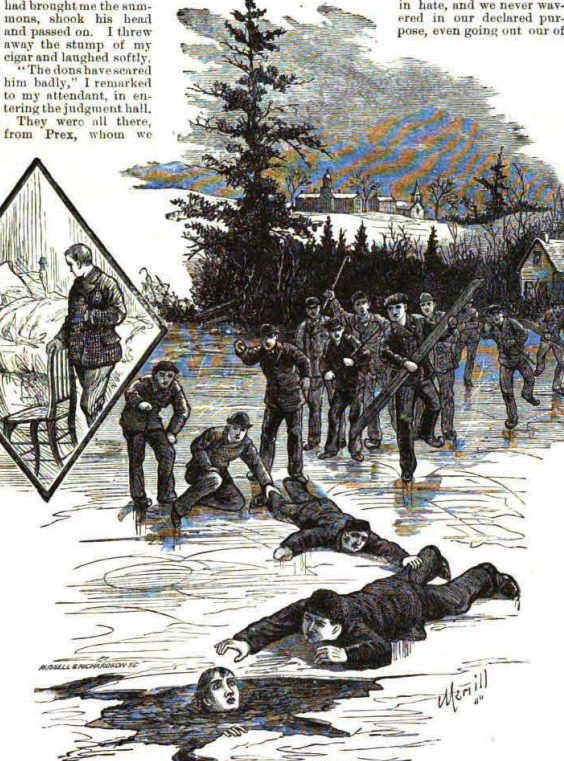
I assented, willing to spare his feelings,
and secretly admitting his gold hearing. A
fine boy, with a heart of gold! But, as I was
about to say, I am truly grieved to see this."

He passed the paper to me, his thumb upon
a paragraph.

"O!" he just inst., in Memphis, of yellow
fever, John James Grey, aged 28."

FASTEST IN THE WORLD.

Some over-confident Englishman boasted a few
weeks ago that "The Flying Dutchman" was
from London to Liverpool, was the fastest in
the world. But he soon found out that he was
mistaken. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company sends
a train out of New York at nine o'clock every
morning that beats the time of the "Flying Dutch-
man." Considering the distance covered it is the
fastest train in the world. When the careworn
business man journeys from New York to Philadel-
phia, Chicago or St. Louis, he does not take the parlor
cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad a luxurious home
on wheels. As he is being whirled along at the
rate of sixty miles an hour or better, he is not dis-
turbed by the jolting of the rails, but rests on a bed
with solid rock, and the joints are made with a kind
of chair and dash-plate, of the company's own make,
which causes the car to glide smoothly over the
one long, jointless rail. There is no dust, little
noise, and not a cinder. A few weeks ago there
were put on the rails of new cars of new pattern
at the company's shops at Altoona. Instead of the
ordinary flat window, they are fitted with five bay
windows on each side, each about seven feet wide.
The passenger can look out and down the road,
but without leaving his seat, and the new win-
dows admit twice as much light as the old ones did.
The passenger can look out in the clear, dry style,
and are divided into a main saloon, ladies' boudoir,
smoking room and retiring-room.



A HEAD AROSE—IT WAS FOR THE THIRD TIME.

liked, to Old Chess our abomination, and an
awful silence prevailed while I walked the
length of the room and stood before the table
about which they were seated.

Prex opened the hall—not with catechism,
but with downright accusation. It was I, he
stated, who had committed an offense against
law and order so flagrant as to challenge
prompt and severe measures on the part of
the Faculty, insulted in the person of Prof.
Field, and so on, and so on.

I was so far stunned that I understood but
two things clearly. No denial, or attempt at
self-justification, would be admitted, the Fac-
ulty having ample proof of my guilt in the
positive, although reluctant, testimony of one
who had been an eye-witness of the deed, and
I was to be publicly reprimanded in the
chapel next morning.

When the buzz and whirl of my senses
ceased, I found myself luck in my room,
Lady Jane, still pale and alarmed, gazing
into my face.

"I was afraid of it," he repeated more than
once; and upon hearing what was to be the
form of punishment: "I wish I could stand
by you, Dick, and share it."

"I would rather stand in my shoes than in
those of the informer when the class have
hunted him down," I returned, savagely.
In less than three days they had run him
to death, to the indignant astonishment of
all—to my grief and horror. Searching in-
quiry revealed that no witness besides Lady
Jane had been called before the tribunal to
which had condemned me. When bidden to
speak in his own defence, he stoutly denied
having given evidence against me, but refused
to repeat what had passed between the inqui-
sitors and himself.

way when occasions rose not ready to our
hand, to make him feel the full weight of our
vengeance. And—Heaven help us! we thought
ourselves manly and righteous throughout,
and upon hearing time upon the river. One
of the class that had "spawned an informer."
This was our grandiose way of describing the of-
fense which smelled so rank in our heroic
nostrils.

After one vain attempt to induce me to lis-
ten to his story, the culprit offered no resis-
tance to his doom, bearing it with a steady
mien, so far and so equally removed from
sullenness or abjectness, that we would have
called him "game" had we not preferred to
consider him insolent.

Thus went on two long months, in which,
although we still roomed together, Lady Jane
and I had not exchanged one word. There
was superb skating that season, and we spent
the most of our leisure time upon the river. One
afternoon, in passing the "bend" where the
stream was widest and most crowded, I heard
shouts, and saw all recoil, as one man, from
from the middle of the channel.

"It is a student!" I saw his cap in the
water! "I overheard some one say."

The next second I was in the open space
left by the agast throng, had thrown myself
flat upon the ice, and leaning over the jagged
edges of the ice, was waving and groping in
the water in the frozen hope of seeing or
touching the vanished man.

I did both. A head arose—it was for the
third time—within reach of my grasp. I
clutched and held it until we were pulled
together and dragged ashore. The crowd
closed around the rescued student, and he
was borne off before I had seen his features.
By the time I could extricate myself from

the edge of the wood, stood Deerfoot the Shawano. He had already launched two arrows, and, when they caught sight of him, he was standing with a bow in his right hand and an arrow in the very act of letting fly at one of the terrified warriors.

The American Indian as a rule is not remarkably powerful, and his muscular development is moderate; but his life is one of ceaseless activity of movement, and he generally excels in running, leaping and other athletic exploits. Any one looking upon Lone Bear and his companions would have thought them down as the champions of their tribe. When they identified the matchless archer and saw that he was on the point of discharging another terrible missile, they made charging for shelter.

Red Wolf looked for the river, possibly because he didn't dare to head the time it would take to get away from the river, but he was not to be deterred. He ran with fierce determination, as if he meant to make the effort to leap each enemy across, or at least to outrun the arrow which he expected each moment would come plunging into his back.

He hadn't far to go, and it didn't take him long to travel it. A bound, a splash, and he vanished. He had known the way to the wood than to the water, and he was equally determined in his attempt to attain shelter. In his tremendous effort, he seemed to be dodging the arrows, but he believed were whizzing through the air in quick succession toward him. He bent his head forward, so that he was crouching low to the ground, and leaped from one side to the next and dodged and contorted himself in an indescribable and ludicrous fashion. When he bounded among the trees, he must have had made the most wonderful escape of his life.

But the third arrow did not leave the bow. Deerfoot had not sought to harm either the Pawnee, but in his haste to get away from the humor which he sometimes displayed, he took pains to fire as close as he could without hitting them. When he saw the effect of his shot, he was so shocked from head to foot with silent laughter.

But his mirth was of brief duration. A slight noise caused him to look back. There stood two other Indians directly behind him, one with his gun leveled directly at his heart.

CHAPTER X.

SNAK AND PAWNEE.

When Hay-uta, the son of Deerfoot, parted with him so that the reconnaissance of the Pawnee camp could be made separately, he went down stream—that is, in the direction opposite to that taken by Deerfoot from the river, and in the direction of the Shawano, and was emerging from the river at the moment the other was in the act of entering it.

Before this, he had taken another careful scrutiny of the two warriors, whom he had pointed out as members of the party that brought Otto Reibstam from the Sanks. He thought it had been possible that the mistake could have been made, and the second inspection proved he was right beyond all doubt.

Without any special reason for such belief, Hay-uta concluded there were other Pawnees in the vicinity. The appearance of the camp suggested in some way that several Pawnees, on what may be supposed by Deerfoot to be the same ground, had conducted his movements as though danger threatened him from all points.

Hay-uta was daring and skillful. He had been engaged on more than one similar enterprise, with the difference that the camps where he reconnoitered previously were those of bitter enemies. Having met the Pawnees here, on what may be supposed to be friendly ground, he would have felt no great misgivings while marching into their camp, without any effort at concealment. If he discovered persons in the vicinity, he would, of course, have to be on his guard, but the case would be far different. It would be hard to offer any acceptable explanation, and, therefore, it was the more necessary to avoid detection while thus employed.

The Sank was as much puzzled as Deerfoot to guess what had become of Otto. Two of the warriors were not all that far from the river, and Hay-uta could not expect to draw the information from them. Perhaps Deerfoot might do so.

There was good ground to fear the poor lad had been out of the world forever, but the Sank was still more strongly convinced that he was not only alive and well, but was at no great distance from the camp of the Pawnees. He started out, as did Deerfoot, the Sank directed out on what may be described as a large circle, inclosing the war party near the river. It is a curious thing that the Pawnees which he had seen did not compose the main body, which would be found there in the event of a fight. It may as well be said that he was mistaken in this supposition, though the reader has learned that quite a number of Indians were scattered at different points, and it was their rapid convergence which kept Deerfoot on the move.

Hay-uta had not gone far on the edge of the semi-circle, when the sound of a rifle was heard from the direction of the camp. It was no doubt that trouble had broken out there. Desirous of learning what it meant, he moved rapidly toward the point, but before he went near it he discovered that he had detected one of the Pawnees doing the same thing.

The warrior was just far enough in advance for Hay-uta to catch a glimpse of his figure as it twinkled among the trees. He was going on a long, loping trot, which, if not very rapid, was sufficiently rapid to carry him before him within a few seconds after the Sank observed him.

The unexpected turn which events had taken led Hay-uta to stop and question himself as to the right course to follow. He thought it was possible that Deerfoot was fleeing through the woods with an indefinite number of enemies in pursuit. The Sank grimly went on his way, without a word.

The Pawnees will overtake the young Shawano when they outrun the eagle as he flies among the clouds. The arrow of his own bow is scarce than he.

The confidence of Hay-uta in the prowess of Deerfoot was warranted, as we cannot help agreeing, but unsuspecting of the danger which he was so hardly understood how any one could believe he would succeed in extracting himself.

Making sure that no one was in the immediate vicinity, the Sank stood for perhaps fifteen minutes while he listened closely to the sounds which came from different points in the wood. He was able to form a pretty fair idea of what it meant, though he was scarcely much.

It was the peculiar training of Hay-uta, from his earliest youth, which led him to keep his glance directed here and there, and to determine what was going on. Had he

not done so, he would have failed to note a suspicious proceeding on his right.

Although looking toward a different point just then, he detected something which led him to believe that one of the strange warriors was trying to get close to him. He was not far from the Pawnee, having discovered the Sank, was trying to get close enough to make the aim of his gun sure.

The first glance toward that point caused Hay-uta to see that his enemy was making for the trunk of a tree, less than a hundred yards distant. Its diameter was so great that it would have sheltered him from the Sank at the same time, and he was to such an extent all other near it, that it was natural for an enemy to seek its protection.

The Sank was quite sure that the warrior was several rods beyond this tree, toward which he was stealing, while striving to keep the trunk between him and Hay-uta. So long, therefore, as the Sank remained in that position, the Pawnee would be protected, though there were other trees of less size behind which he could escape should it become necessary.

It was not to be supposed that the Sank was stupid enough to stand like a wooden Indian, and allow his enemy every advantage he sought. There were plenty of trunks, also, which he could use as if he were well engaged in a characteristic duel with the other Indian; but, instead of doing so, he began striding off toward the right, keeping his gaze fixed on the larger trunk, and holding his rifle at full cock, so that it could be aimed and fired on an instant's need. At the same time, he swung his right arm in a peculiar way above his head, and his feet struck the ground of the left hand over his heart. This was the sign of comity, and the moment it should catch the eye of the Pawnee, he would be sure to recognize it as such, though whether he would accept it remained to be seen.

The action of the Sank was so prompt, and apparently so unexpected, that the crouching savage was caught unawares, which he could use with great cleverness and indeed Hay-uta could have "winged" him had he chosen to do so. It was not from a lack of inclination that he refrained from doing as it seemed prudent. As it was, he was confident of his ability to anticipate any hostile movement on the part of the other.

It was in this fashion that the Pawnee was equally prompt in reciprocating the gestures of good will which greeted him. While in the act of straightening up, he insisted that the Sank was a man of some what different from those to which he was accustomed, were too plain in his meaning to be mistaken.

When two strangers open negotiations by declaring themselves friends, it is natural they should address and shake hands (provided that manner of salutation is in vogue), and such was the next proceeding.

The heart of Hay-uta leaps with joy when he looks upon the face of his brave brother of the unknown continent, and the Pawnee was equally prompt in reciprocating the gestures of good will which greeted him. While in the act of straightening up, he insisted that the Sank was a man of some what different from those to which he was accustomed, were too plain in his meaning to be mistaken.

The Flying Deer, of the Pawnees, would keep till the Great Spirit, in sorrow for him, called him home, had he been made to wait for his brave warrior, who has journeyed so many times that he may look upon his face," was the substantial response of the Pawnee.

This was very fine, but one drawback remained—neither Indian understood a single syllable uttered by the other, but the beaming expressions scarcely needed literal interpretation. Truth makes it necessary to say that the Pawnee, in this respect, the warriors distrusted each other.

Now began a conversation by means of signs, which it would be tedious to state, but the result, as far as Hay-uta, he was so far removed from the scene of action in which Deerfoot and the others were playing such an active part, that he was quite secure against interruption, unless some of the Pawnees should happen to take a jarn in his fight which might bring the swarming pursuers in that direction.

It was impossible for Hay-uta to know the real sentiments of the other, but, as a matter of precaution, he sought to draw him further away from the theatre of action. The Pawnee must have understood, from the signals which had reached him, that an enemy was making a great stir, and that his own presence was likely to be desired.

Furthermore, as a stranger, the natural supposition would be that he was an ally of the enemy. This could not fall to cause suspicion, but, having just seen the Sank, he was obliged to require him to conceal his real sentiments. On the invitation of the Sank, the other accompanied him a few rods, during which they conversed as well as they could in sign language. While they managed to communicate a great deal, yet the limit was speedily reached. When Hay-uta tried to ask for the meaning of the signs, the Pawnee would make his sentences clear. In that respect, therefore, the mission of the Sank was as barren of results as that of Deot.

The Pawnee had not gone far, when he seemed to awake to the fact that he was doing an imprudent thing. He came to a halt and showed by his manner that he would go no further. Hay-uta could not urge him, and the two, therefore, stood face to face in the depth of the forest, while they talked to each other in sign language.

The Sank asked himself more than once, whether in a hand to hand fight with the other, struggle in a hand on each side, he could vanquish him. The Pawnee was tall, well proportioned, and his knife thrust in the skin-sheath at his girdle, looked as if it was longer and keener than the one which Hay-uta carried, and he was sure that the Pawnee was certain to be a formidable antagonist in such a contest, but the Sank would not have hesitated to assail him, except through fear that others might be brought into the fight.

No doubt the Pawnee took the measure of the stranger in the same manner, and it is reasonable to conclude, that the two were like a couple of bull dogs, ready to fly at each other's throat, without one thinking of what the issue was likely to be.

At while they were engaged in their peculiar conversation, the Sank carried out a singular thought. He asked himself whether he could not make a friend of the stranger, that is to say, a genuine friend, who would be likely to him by gratitude.

As to the method by which this was to be attained, even the ingenious mind of the dusky warrior was unable to determine. As he could not go to seek to keep his company until some way should open. The sudden coming of any of the Pawnees, who were trooping at the heels of the Shawano, would make it impossible to carry out all such plans to the wind.

The diplomats were doing their best to entertain Lone Bear, when a most unlooked-for interference took place. From where they stood, they were barely able to locate the clearing by means of a slight thinness of the trees, a few more rays of daylight penetrating from that direction. Hay-uta happened to be

looking toward that point, when he caught the outline of a figure stealing along the margin of the opening.

The sight was so unexpected that the manner of the Sank betrayed the discovery, of instance, he was one of those rare ones in which the warrior was caught off by his guard. He reproached himself, because the back of his companion was turned toward the other, who was moving as noiselessly as the shadow over the face of a sun dial.

The head of the Pawnee turned quickly, and he muttered a soft "ah-h-h." At the same moment he began moving toward the other, with the same absolute silence that the trained Indian shows when creeping into a hostile camp, where the rustling of a leaf is sure to bring instant discovery.

Hay-uta could not but admire the skill of the Indian, which he himself could not more than equal. At the same time, the action of the Pawnee was turned from him, this placing himself at the mercy of Hay-uta, was an appeal to the honor of the latter, which of itself was the strongest safeguard to the Pawnee.

Hay-uta instantly fell in behind him, and the two advanced in their stealthy fashion among the trees for some twenty rods, when they gained full view of the third Indian, whose course was rather peculiar. He had stepped from the woods into the clearing, and was standing facing the other way with his attention fixed on something too far off to be seen by the couple that were watching him.

Hay-uta was astounded almost into betraying himself again, when he saw that the Indian was Deerfoot the Shawano. He was watching the two Pawnees near the camp-fire, and was in the act of discharging the first arrow from the pipe of Lone Bear and threw him and Red Wolf into such consternation.

It may have been because the handsome youth carried bow and arrow instead of firearms, that the Pawnee thought he was a wanderer from beyond the Rocky Mountains, who had drifted into that section and was now making his way home again. Certain that he could not have had so suspicion of the wonderful prowess of the Shawano, nor could he have dreamed that he had been the sole cause of the trouble which had arisen among the Pawnees, and even then was hardly dented. He appeared to believe, however, that he was one of a party who were their enemies, for he signed to Hay-uta that he meant to follow the stranger, and how successful he might have been heretofore, should not escape him.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get any member you may want.

KNOCKING OUT BURGLARS.

"ANY of your detectives got on to that new mob of burglars yet?" he asked as he entered the office of the Chief of Police yesterday.

"Well, no arrests have yet been made," said the Chief, "but the chap I have got enough, I reckon, and if they haven't left town by this time I'm a sinner."

"What do you know about burglars?"

"See that?" he queried as he held out a hand with every knuckle skinned. "I don't wait for burglars to come and burgle me. I try to get in the first blow. Last night I took a little walk around, and I met a burglar."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I asked his name and business. He told me I might find out. With that I popped him, and you ought to have seen him get up and fly! In less'n half an hour he met another."

"How did you identify him?"

"I took him by the collar and told him that his jig was up, and his contention was the same way. With that I popped him, and you ought to have seen him take the grass? The third one I met at about eleven o'clock."

"What's another?"

"You bet! He was walking along as softly as you please, and I dodged in on him and says I: 'Sober, old fellow, you're in the wrong place. He yells for the police, but I'm up to you on those dodges. With that I popped him, and I left him crawling around on the grass. Say, I want to be a detective.'

He was told that the matter would be considered, and within the next hour three eminent citizens, each having an endorsement there, called at the office, and each story began with:

"As I was about to enter my gate last night a desperate scoundrel rushed upon me and dealt me a stunning blow."

The man's plan was novel and unique, and might, perhaps, result in much good, but he won't be allowed to pursue it further.

A VERY GOOD DOG ABOUT A RAILROAD.

"WHAT breed is your dog?"

"Don't know exactly, but call him a coolie."

"Collie, you mean?"

"No, I mean just what I say—coolie. Money wouldn't buy that dog. He's a cur, but we couldn't keep house without him. You see, several years ago I trained him to bark at the railroad trains as they passed our house. That's his sole business—barking at trains. He does just whoop her up, especially at coal trains. Well, he annoys the railroad men so that every fireman and workman on the road has sworn to kill him. Oh, he is a valuable dog."

"I can't see where the value comes in."

"You can't? Well, you could if you was in my place and had all the coal you could burn, and some to sell, thrown right off at your back door, free of cost."

THE MATERNAL INSTINCT.

A BOSTON cat, whose own brood was taken from her one day after her birth, went into the woods, captured a nest of squirrels, and brought the little creatures home to be nursed in place of the departed kittens. The squirrels apparently adore their foster mother, for the other day one was sitting on her back, another frisking about her head, playing with her long whiskers, and the third curled up under her protection, and took a little snore.

As to Madame, she looked very proud of her new family, but when it became too conspicuous, calmly opened her little snore, and set to her, with all the beautiful impartiality of her race, not to say a very soft, white paw.

BOUND VOLUMES

OF THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We have on hand a few volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY bound. Volumes I. and II. contain the following serial stories:

- DO AND DARE; OR, A Brave Boy's Fight for Freedom. BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. NICK AND NELLIE; OR, God Helps them that Help themselves. BY EDWARD S. ELLIS. UP THE TAPAJOS; OR, Adventures in Brazil. BY ROLLO ROBBINS, JR. ARGOSY YARNS; OR, Charming Tales of early Mythology. BY D. O. S. LOWELL.

- GON GORDON'S SHOOTING-BOX. BY HARRY CASTLEMAN. HER MOTHER'S RING; BY MARY A. DENISON. A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST; OR, Jack Bond's Quest. BY FRANK H. CONVERSE. HECTOR'S INHERITANCE; OR, The Boys of Smith Institute. BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

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- EVERY INCH A BOY. BY OLIVER OPTIC. STIRRING EVENTS; OR, The Experience of a Young Sailor. BY JAMES GRANT.

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The above serial stories printed in single volumes would make each a \$1.25 book, or for the 23 stories \$28.75. In addition to the serials, the two volumes contain about two hundred short stories, a series of articles on "Orators and Oratory," a large number of Biographical sketches of eminent men, together with a vast amount of short matter, interesting and instructive to all. The volumes are handsomely and substantially bound in cloth and gilt with leather back and corners. Single volumes \$3.00. Volumes I. and II. when taken at once \$5.00.

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on, The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada. By GEORGE H. COOMER.

A story of unusual interest, abounding in strong sense, extraordinary situations and deep mystery, but nevertheless a true picture of a certain phase of life at one time in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

MURDER WILL OUT.

THE VERY Schemes which rogues adopt to conceal their crimes often lead to their detection. Recently a young French woman, who was one of several heirs to a large estate, tried an ingenious trick to cheat the others...

ANTIDOTE TO EVIL.

GOOD OLD DR. WATTS sang to the indolent that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." If we are not greatly mistaken, some of our young friends have already found out from their own experience how true this saying is.

Thomas-a-Kempis, the Christian philosopher, made this remark: "Keep your heart full of generous emotions, and your head full of good thoughts; thus in heart and head there will be found no room for evil."

GENTLE MANNERS.

IF your face is smeared with honey, the bees will not sting it. It is a good deal so with human beings also, and wasps, too, the surly chaps who have no particular use for themselves except to exasperate their fellows.

Chesterfield, who was a politic adviser on the subject of manners, said: "Prepare yourselves as the athletes used to do for their exercises. Oil your mind and manners to give to them the necessary suppleness and flexibility, strength alone will not do."

VACATION WORK.

SUMMER schools are greatly in vogue of late years. They are well enough in their way, and indeed are of great value to many people, by giving opportunities which could not otherwise be found.

To get the full benefit of vacation, one should drop his regular work out of sight. Not that he should engage in nothing serious. By no means, but should as far as possible be in a line other than the common one.

A NATION IN MOURNING.

ON one of the later days in July a large ocean steamer came forging past Sandy Hook. As she progressed up New York Bay the passengers began to observe the bunting which hung at half-mast in all directions.

The whole American people seemed, on those sad days, to be actuated by a like unity of purpose and feeling. Everywhere were the mourning emblems, the words of sympathy, the voice of eloquence. Cities disputed the honor of his burial place.

Gen. McMahon, then President of France, and one of her most prominent generals, pronounced Gen. Grant the first commander of his age, because he excelled in that "reasonable obstinacy" which is so needed in these days of scientific weapons.

Moreover, while he was a terrible fighter—more fighter than strategist, some English critics have said—he was at heart kind and magnanimous. He was stolid amid the horrors of war.

And in civil life, though often wrongly assailed by political foes, Gen. Grant exhibited another glorious quality. Simple-minded, honest of purpose, trusting even too much in the honesty of others, he left his high office without a stain upon his integrity.

A DANGEROUS TRADE.

WE have little idea of the perils which beset some modes of life. In the Shetland and Orkney islands, to the north of Scotland, the gathering of sea fowls at their eggs, and fowling, used to be a great business.

The method of getting at the wild fowl and their eggs is very risky. A few stakes, often rotten and insecure, are driven here and there in the steep banks. To these the knotted cord is attached by the aid of which the fowler ascends.

The objects of these perilous climbs are the birds and the eggs, which the people eat, and the elder down so precious to fashionable households. The eggs are so numerous on the cliffs that one can hardly step without crushing them.

SAMUEL IRENAEUS PRIME.

DR. SAMUEL IRENAEUS PRIME, a notable and a worthy man, has lately been taken away from this busy life, in which, up to the age of seventy-three, he remained as active and as busy as the youngest.

He was born in Cambridge, New York, November 4, 1812. His father, the Rev. N. S. Prime, D.D., preached in the "Old Wide Meeting-House," of which the son lovingly wrote in after years.

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It is related of him that on receiving his diploma in the evening, he mounted his horse and at ten he grappled with the intricacies of the Hebrew. The young prodigy was fitted for college at the age of eleven, but his entrance was deferred until he was thirteen.

He soon entered the theological department of Princeton College, and before he was twenty-one he was a licensed minister of the Gospel. He obtained the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Ballston Spa, New York, but here the retribution of his untoward nature overtook him.

It is fitting to close this sketch with a notable saying that some time since fell from the lips of the doctor—a sentiment that serves to illustrate more clearly the broad, charitable and complete consistency of the man's Christian faith.

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WHERE IS THY VICTORY? OUR dead have left us for no dark, straining hands, nor for the hands of our enemies to meet; But hands of angels hold the trembling hands, And hands of angels guide the faltering feet.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. THE hand opens when the heart does. PRINCIPLES, not pulps, make a church. The best fitting cost is one that is paid for. EVERY work should be done in its own time. WHOEVER boasts of his greatness proves his littleness. POLITENESS is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world. NEVER indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary to labor that is honest.



With this sum he purchased shares in the Observer, with which he had been connected for eighteen years, becoming a part owner of the paper in which he had been, so to speak, a man-of-all-work.

Doctor Prime made himself felt in human affairs and in human hearts, in many other ways than through the medium of the press. What number of sinful souls have been saved through his real, active work as a director of the American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, the American and Foreign Christian Union, and the United States Evangelical Alliance?

Unheralded, unknown, he extended his charities into countless homes, and as an instrument of many answers to spirit-inspired prayers, diffused into many hearts his spirit of thankfulness to the Creator of all things.

As the model of the consistent Christian, he could tell his story and his joke, and keep the flow of social converse whirling as well as the most successful host.

Dr. Prime combined all the graces and accomplishments of generations of noteworthy ancestors. A curious family library of the doctor, shows an array of books to which representatives of five generations of the Prime family have contributed.

It is fitting to close this sketch with a notable saying that some time since fell from the lips of the doctor—a sentiment that serves to illustrate more clearly the broad, charitable and complete consistency of the man's Christian faith.

JESSE NEWMAN SMITH.

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