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THE MOUNTAIN CAVE;

OR,

The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada.

By GEORGE H. COOMER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPTATION OF WATER.

As the man turned and left him, Walter felt his situation to be trying beyond description; yet he was by no means without hope. The fellows, he argued, could gain nothing by putting him to death, but, on the contrary, would thereby defeat their own project. Besides, his signature, however it might facilitate their purpose, was not indispensable to it. It was, therefore, on his part only a question of endurance.

"Should the whole thing miscarry," he said, "and all hope of obtaining the money be given up, there is no knowing how I might fare at last; but be that as it may, they shall never have my money in the work. Eighty thousand dollars from my father! It is more than I am worth! I hope he will never pay. To think of gratifying these scheming outlaws by paying them money to let me go!"

But he thought of his mother and his feelings were torturing, as he imagined what she might suffer.

"She will be frantic over it," he reflected. "She will feel more in an hour than these scamps would be capable of suffering in a whole lifetime. She will neither eat nor sleep."

What a wretched predicament he had got into! "But I will be true to myself," he added; "I am entirely decided on that point, *come what may!* Who knows but I may somehow bring these robbers to justice? I will if I ever get out of their hands!"

This last idea had all along been prominent in his mind. It was associated with the thought of poor little Maud Mercer and her father's bitter misfortune, and so appealed to him with double power.

If he could only be the means of helping her!

The thought, even in his forlorn condition, was thrilling and sustaining.

Again his ride in the stage coach was passed in review, and such faces recalled. "That elderly man," he mused, "I wonder who he could have been, and if he really did say anything about me to the gang. I wonder where he is now—and I wonder where the girl is too. I wish she had said something about her destination."

In such reflections a number of hours were passed. Walter could occasionally hear a stir in some other part of the den; but there were no indications of release.

Finally, he fell asleep; though he would once have supposed it impossible to do so in a situation so truly disconcerting. But his powers of mental control were greater than he might have supposed, and he was, besides, extremely tired.

The drowsiness of awakening in this wretched prison, was trying beyond measure, for his excitement was now gone, and he had only to think of his position.

It seemed to him that his nap must have been somewhat long. He felt no great desire for food, but he was oppressed by thirst. "How long can I live without water?" he asked himself; and the question suggested some dubious anticipations. Nevertheless his resolve remained unshaken.

Presently a footstep approached.

"Well, my young friend, how are you enjoying yourself?" asked a voice, which he knew to be that of Number One.

There was no answer.

"Are you asleep?" asked the robber.

"Do you want food or water?"

"I would like a drink of water."

"Are you ready to do what I require?"

"What is that?"

"To sign the letter."

"No."

"Here is a plenty to eat, and here is a plenty to drink; you have only to transcribe the letter and sign it, and you may feast to your heart's content. What do you say?"

"I say that I will not do it!"

"If you are thirsty now you will be a good deal more thirsty by and by. You will have to sign at last, and you would save yourself much suffering by doing it now."

"If you have nothing more to say," replied Walter, "you may as well leave me. I shall not sign!"

"Very well; we will see!" was the robber's remark as he turned away.

"What I may suffer," thought Walter, "will make no difference to my resolution. They will not let me die: I know that very well; but even if I did not know it, I would be just as much determined."

He then heard the robbers talking with

serve our turn, and the boy's stubbornness won't matter."

"Ah, ha!" thought Walter, "some trick! Well, at least I shall not be responsible for what they do. I shall know that I did not do it, and they will know it too; so their victory will be all outside, and that is no victory at all."

He thought, with a kind of heart-swelling, of the lines of Burns:

"The honest man, though e'er see poor,
Is king of men, for a thiat."

The want of water soon came to be a very serious matter.

"I wish I could stop thinking about it," Walter said to himself; but still there was not the least wavering in his determination. The robbers should see that no amount of suffering could bring a drop of water.

"I'll teach them a thing or two," he added

want water, but I will die before I will sell my independence for it."

"But here it is," said the robber, "right in my hand, good and cool; and here is the paper in the other hand. Certainly you will not die a lingering death for mere stubbornness." And he held up the tempting liquid.

"I have told you my determination," said Walter, "and that is enough. I despise you and your gang of thieves, as I despise all cowards and villains."

There was not the least frenzy manifested in the boy's words; nothing but a cool, unhesitating defiance.

The robber chief was surprised rather than angry.

"Don't you know," he said, "that you are entirely in my power?"

"No."

"Suppose I give you no water?"

"Then I shall not have any."

"Then why are you not in my power?"

"Because I think for myself, and will say what I please."

"So you think the mind of more consequence than the body?"

"Yes, I do—of a million times more consequence."

"That might be all well enough in a sermon," said Number One, "but it would amount to nothing if I were hard-hearted enough to push matters, or, rather, if I had any necessity for pushing matters."

"That's your way of looking at it," said Walter.

"And it would be yours, too, if I were disposed to make it so."

"Very well," remarked Walter, calmly, "you can try me and see!"

The masked robber turned away, carrying back the pitcher of water and the paper; but in a few moments he again stood before Walter's cell, and the boy was surprised to see him set about tearing down the barricade.

"You may come out," said the brigand, "My last appeal to you was only experimental. I wished to see if you still held out. The matter has all been fixed for the last two hours, and I have no need of your assistance. On the table yonder are food and drink, and you are free to help yourself. When you are comfortable again I will show you a specimen of penmanship that will make you think you must have written something in your sleep!"

CHAPTER V.

A MYSTERIOUS FORGERY.

As Walter sat down to the robbers' table, he was careful to ask himself the mental question as to whether there was any humiliation in so doing.

"No," he reasoned, "I have not yielded anything; I have even gained a victory. I have shown them that they cannot make me obey them. If they were to tell me that I must say even so simple a thing as 'thank you,' before eating this meal, I would not touch a mouthful."

The cool spring water in the pitcher nerved and revived him exceedingly; and looking about him he saw that the outlet of the cavern was secured by a rude door, which under present circumstances at least, precluded any chance of escape. The robbers still wore their masks, on account, as he believed, of his presence.

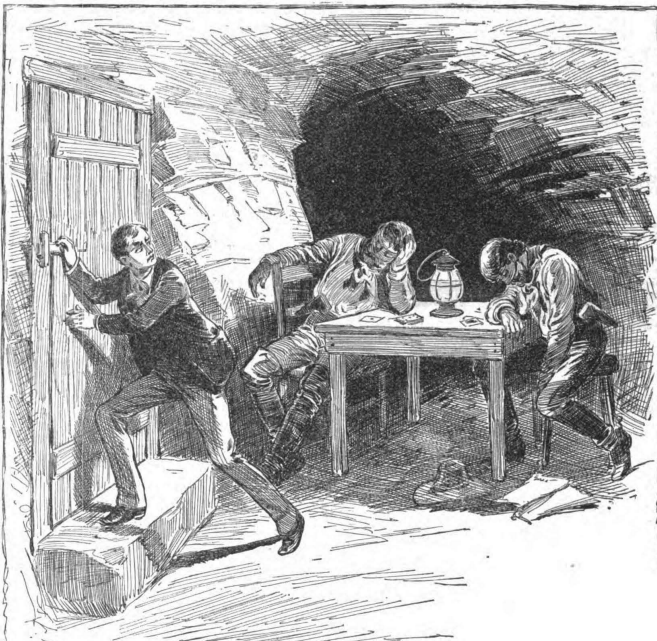
"I wish I could catch them bare-faced," he thought; "but no doubt they will take good care not to let me do it."

"Now," said Number One, when Walter had finished his meal, "I will show you how easily we road agents bring to pass whatever we desire."

"But one of your desires was to make me beg my father to give you eighty thousand dollars."

"True; and you wouldn't do it; so we have got on without your help—that is what I mean to say—we have more than one string to our bow, you must understand."

He then held out for the boy's inspection what seemed a letter, but still kept fast hold of it, as if afraid that his strange and



HIS HOPE OF ESCAPE BECAME STRONG.

each other, and could at times catch whole sentences of their conversation.

"He is one of the boys that we read of," said Number One. "Why, he is a real Andrew Jackson! I can't help respecting the fellow. What a chap he would make for our profession!"

"O, he has pluck enough," remarked another, "but he will give in at last. He can't stand this sort of thing a great while."

"Certainly not," replied Number One; "but then it is of no great consequence whether he signs or not, I can fix all that."

But here, as the speaker went on, his voice fell so that Walter caught only fragments of his remarks. The robber appeared to be speaking of some one whom he expected at the place, and whose aid would be all that he would require.

"Yes," he said, "he will do it. Why, man, he could fool the president of a bank. They'll certainly think it all right. I want you to see a specimen; it will be a curiosity to you."

"O, I know he beats everything in that line," replied the other. "It will answer all purposes, no doubt."

"Yes," said Number One, "and now I don't care for the other at all; this trick will

spitfully. "They may rob express trains and stages, but they shan't rob me of myself. I set them just as much at defiance as I'll ever see free."

Then he went on thinking of shipwrecked crews who could get no water; and imagined what a beautiful sight a running stream must be to them as they approached some unknown shore. He wondered that he had not thought more of the precious fluid when he could get enough of it; and he could easily understand how thirst becomes far more dreadful than hunger to those who are deprived of both food and water.

After some hours there seemed to be a consultation in the cave such as he had not previously remarked. Low voices were talking very earnestly, and he imagined that he could hear Number One explaining some matter and giving directions concerning it.

"You can easily do it," he heard the robber say, "and they will never know the difference."

Another weary season of suspense, and then Number One again presented himself.

"You spoke of wanting water," he said. "Are you ready to do my bidding?"

"No," said Walter, "and you may set your heart at rest that I never shall be ready. I

wilful prisoner might otherwise tear it in pieces.

Walter saw that it was a transcript of the letter to his father which had already been shown him. But how great was his surprise to perceive that the writing presented a perfect fac-simile of his own hand, with his name at the bottom of every paragraph.

"I think that it is rather well done," said the robber.

"It is a villainous forgery!" said Walter. "And you mean to send this letter to my father as mine?"

"Certainly that is why I have had it transcribed."

"But who could have known anything of my handwriting? How could my autograph or any other of the kind have got out? There was not a scrap of writing of any description about me when I came here, that I was aware of."

"Of course, it is a mountain spirit that tells us these things," replied the robber. "Should you remain with us long enough, you would find that nothing is hidden from us which we wish to know."

"So you will send that letter?" he said.

"Yes, of course, I shall; it is exactly what I have wanted."

"Well, some day the tables will be turned. I tell you not to send it; and I hope my father will regard it as the worst should get it."

The robber laughed.

"I rather like your courage," he said. "But your pretence will be 'balded,' as they say in Congress. It can't be considered at present. We'll give the eighty thousand first, and let such matters come afterwards."

"Of course, Walter had no idea that anything he could say would affect the result; but he felt like doing his whole duty in the premises and following up his line of conduct to the last."

"Now," said Number One, "that letter goes off immediately. Our presiding genius will see it lodged in the mail, and the eighty thousand dollars will be forthcoming."

"I hope not," said Walter.

"So you would rather stay here as long as you live than have your father ransom you?"

"I would rather die," said the boy. "My father should not pay for me if I could help it."

"Where did you get your ideas in this respect?" asked Number One. Who used remarkably good language for one of his profession.

"I suppose they were born with me," replied Walter. "I don't remember any time when I wouldn't have thought the same."

"You haven't much respect for the Dick Turpin and Tom King school, I should judge?"

"I think you have some reason to judge so."

"You don't believe the world owes a living?"

"Not unless I earn it."

"You are right; but it owes nobody a living. I make no such hackneyed pretences. Your father must pay me the eighty thousand dollars because I have the power to compel him."

"But you haven't got it yet, and I hope you won't get it."

"Boy," said the robber, "you will have nothing to lose if I get you evened up. And there was an ominous emphasis on the last clause."

What would be done in the opposite case was left for Walter to conjecture. They might keep him prisoner for a very long time, or they might make him take his life.

He looked about the strange place, calculating the chances of escape, but he seemed to have among vast loose papers which had been tumbled together by some nautical convulsion, leaving all manner of nooks and sharp turnings.

to make a desperate spring forward, in spite of the pistol which that might follow him, when he perceived that the fellow did not even stir.

"I guess they are both sound asleep," he thought; and now, for the first time, his hope of escape became a certainty.

To open the door without noise, was an operation that made a severe demand on his nerves; but he performed it with a steady hand, and closing it lightly, sped away with rapid but stealthy footsteps.

He was now under the open sky, but the passages among the rocks were so tortuous and difficult as to perplex him greatly. What if the two robbers were to awake and pursue him? What if he were to meet others face to face, while thus leaping or climbing along?

It did not take him long, however, to reach more open ground, though he still had not the least idea of the direction he ought to follow.

"At all events, I am free," he said, "and I mean to keep so. I don't think they would ever be able to catch me if I were to live in ever so many of them. I wish to report at once to my father, as possible, but I don't know how far I may be from my settlement, and I am just as likely to be going the wrong way as the right one."

While in this state of uncertainty, he continued his course, walking very fast, when suddenly, as he was ascending a ridge partially overgrown with bushes, the sound of a human voice started him. It was close at hand; and almost instantly the heads of two men appeared among the rocks and scrubby growth in front.

"That is an overgrown wretch," said Number One, "settled quietly in his tracks like a rabbit. The men passed a few yards away, standing upon a rock. Of course, he was not the man he had in plain view, but that of the other he could not well see at the moment."

"Of course, it will work like a charm," said the first mentioned, as if continuing a conversation. "They will not let the boy remain in our hands a day longer than necessary, I feel very sure of that."

"Ha!" Walter said to himself; "I have heard that voice before, and it is within the last few hours. Number One without his mask! Old fellow, I have you now—provided you haven't got straight nose, broken eyes, and a bad temper—and there he takes his hat off to fan himself—retreating forehead. O, I shall not forget that head and face! How sharp his eyes are, and what a smooth-looking villain he is altogether!"

"I'm in hopes everything will go well," remarked the other. "There was a great rumpus about the boy when the stage party was reported, and the lawyer's not telling what may turn up to interfere with us."

It seemed to Walter that he had somewhere heard that voice also.

"Queer that I should have happened to see Myer's daughter in this stage," continued the speaker. "—and this boy too. Well, I've paid off that old fellow. I told Dayton I'd be even with him for his testimony."

"The boy was surprised to see how you had counterfeited his hand," said Number One. "I told him it was done by the Spirit of the Mountains."

"Some other people have reason to remember that spirit," was the reply. "I wonder what can have become of poor George? I had to do it, you know."

As he spoke, the man turned his face so that Walter had a fair view of his eyes, and he saw the arch, the sight of that face gave him no surprise, and he said only:

"The old villain! I could see him strung up to the nearest tree! To think of his remonstrating with the robbers and begging them not to carry me off!"

Of course he was the "elderly man" of the stage coach; and no doubt poor little Maud Mercer still remembered him with respect.

Number One and his companion were about moving off when Walter was startled by the sound of footsteps in his rear, and turning, beheld two masked men close upon his track. They saw him as he looked around, but at the next moment he had sprung out of their sight like a deer.

"Hello!" they cried to the others, who seemed not to have discovered their approach till now, "stop that boy's stop when he stops him, and do it."

What a race it was! Walter sped around rocks, dived through thickets, leaped over chasms. He was strong, agile, young, and had often out-jumped and out-ran all the boys in his school.

His four pursuers spread out to increase their chances, and shouted to confuse him, though they did not fire their guns.

Soon, however, he had so distanced them that they could catch glimpses of him only at brief intervals, though they continued the pursuit, "outflanking" him in such a manner that he could not turn aside.

The way directly ahead was very difficult; and upon his right hand, the deeply fixed crevices, his hopes of finally overtaking him. He saw himself suddenly confronted by a high cliff which had been hidden by some tall cedars growing near it; but leaping from crag to crag, he soon managed to gain a side-by-side projection a number of rods wide.

Along this he ran, looking vainly for a place to get higher or lower. It was broken, jagged and dangerous. He saw two men pursuing him behind; but he still hoped for some avenue of escape.

Presently an abrupt turn was reached, so that the robbers were left well out of sight.

"It must end soon," he thought, "at some place where I can scramble up or down."

Yet he could see nothing that looked like such an ending.

cut across the cliff above, by some path well-known to them; and they had now emerged at a gap which he had been on the very point of reaching!"

Both parties of his enemies now slackened their speed and approached at a walk. He was between them, and they were sure to be detected.

He looked over the shelf and saw the torrent sweeping on more than a hundred feet below, eddying and boiling under the cliff, which arched a little over it. But how large was the height! Indeed, it seemed as if in leaping straight outward, one would be in danger of landing beyond it. With water so near, it was to decide; and to decide was to act at once.

"I must do it," he said; "there is no other hope. The water looks deep, and perhaps I may not strike the bottom of the old ironides, flashed like lightning through Walter's mind. It came like an inspiration, as if to tell him that the ordeal would not be fatal.

"I must keep my feet close together," he thought, "with the toes pointed downward."

Without the delay of another moment, he sprang from his foothold, and his body, straight as an arrow, went rushing through the air. He felt himself strike the water and shoot through it to the bottom, but was never able to recollect what followed.

Had the robber stood on a spectator bench, he might have seen the robbers creep to the edge of the cliff and peer over.

"Even if the shock hasn't killed him outright. See! there he floats—but he seems to be stanned. Now he is gone again!"

"Stanned or not," said the elderly man, "he won't be able to get out of that torrent."

"There he is once more," said the other, "away under. And there he goes out of sight! Well, it can't be helped—it's better than to have had him escape."

"But our scheme must go on just the same," said the other robber.

"Certainly; and I'll be all the safer for us. I didn't intend just this, but at all events we shall not have to return him to his friends to tell tales."

"No, we are sure of that," said the other. "And so the cold, calculating outlaws gave up their victim."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT MAJORITY.

"No, it isn't the tramps I complain of," said a Wayne county farmer, as he called for ginger ale yesterday. "I can drive a tramp off by simply bringing out my shotgun, but with this other class it is different."

"What class?"

"Why, these busted theatrical people who are hoofing it back to Detroit. They come along at all hours of the day and night, and in all sorts of shapes. When a chap turns into your gate, and announces that he is Damon, and that Pythias is a fence corner, and that he and his partner, too fine to foot it another rod, and he backs his up by quoting Shakespeare, and giving you the route of his company for four weeks, why, you've got to do something."

"Of course."

"Romeo came along the other night and roused me up, and I went down to see Juliet on the ground under a pear tree, resting after a walk of two miles. They had to have something to stay their stomachs and put new life into 'em, and I thought I'd eat me some house and home. I've had leading men, leading women, villains, lovers, chambermaids and property men walk in on me singly; and by droves, and I wish the season was over. Turns how they all tell the same story."

"What is it?"

"Why, they had the boss play and the bestest manager I ever saw. Every thing was calculated right down to a cent, company was the best on the road, and there couldn't be no such thing as failure. But there was. The treasurer skipped with the funds—weather got too hot, my troupe rinks, and I had some good reason for busting up. Poor critter! Whenever I am woke up at night by a voice calling out: 'My lord, a manager, a manager, a glass of buttermilk of the night, get into my clothes and go down, feeling as if all the cold meat in the house likewise belonged to him."

DO A DOG THAT UNDERSTANDS.

There is a Newfoundland dog in Boston, Lion by name, who gives daily proof in his conduct of what is said to him. A lady called on his mistress the other day. During her call Lion came in rather shyly, lay down on the parlor carpet and went to sleep. The conversation ran on, and the visitor said finally:

"What a handsome Newfoundland you have!" Lion opened one eye.

"Yes," said his mistress, "he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children."

Lion opened the other eye and wadded his tail complacently to and fro along the carpet.

"When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel perfectly sure that no harm can come to her or his mistress, as long as she is in the room."

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CHAPTER VI. A DIZZY LEAF.

There seemed not the least probability of immediate escape, yet the boy was alert for any relaxation of vigilance on the part of his keepers.

As he lay hid, evidence had been gained at their game for a long time, and were apparently getting weary of it.

"Length they gave it up, making a few languid observations upon the dullness of such a life. Then, presently, each took a pamphlet, probably of some trash literature, and commenced reading to himself."

Walter put on an appearance of great drowsiness—pretending to fight against it, but seeming at last to fall asleep.

The men nodded over their books, losing themselves for a moment or two, then starting and staring around. A faint hope arose in the boy's mind as he noticed this. The door, he believed, was not fastened, and could he once pass the fellows, he would strike them upon a rush for liberty, even if they were all to discover his movement.

Longer and longer grew the cat-naps, but the dependence to be placed upon their continuance was precarious indeed.

"I'll try it," he thought; "I don't dare to wait longer; they may rally and keep awake."

He placed his feet carefully upon the ground, but his head thumped very hard as he did so. As he passed the two men, the book held by one of them slid from the sleeper's hand. Walter was prepared

to make a desperate spring forward, in spite of the pistol which that might follow him, when he perceived that the fellow did not even stir.

"I guess they are both sound asleep," he thought; and now, for the first time, his hope of escape became a certainty.

HE DID WRITE POETRY.

PEREGRINOLOGIST.—Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry.

Citizen.—I do write poetry. Only yesterday I wrote two, the robbers had, and they keep you feeling is here hit me. Don't bear on so hard."

A UNIVERSAL WANT.

WASN'T MENTIONED. Not systems fit and wise. Not faith with rigid eyes. Not wealth in mountain hills. Not power with gracious smiles. Not even the potent pen: Wasn't it? Wanted: Deeds. Not words of winning note. Not thoughts from life remote. Not fondness for mountain hills. Not sweetly languid eyes. Not love of scent and prey. Wanted: A Deed.

Footprints in the Forest.

By Edward S. Ellis.

Author of "Camp-Are and Wigwag," "The Lost Trail," "Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "Nick and Nook."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TWINKLE OF A CAMP-FIRE.

SLIGHT as was the noise made by the flashing of the powder, Deerfoot did not hear it, but knew what it meant. He was so agitated, that he bounded back among the trees, like a tiger leaping upon the hunter. He drew his knife and sought the treacherous Pawnee, with a fierceness that seemed could not be denied.

Hay-uta stepped softly in the other direction, where he was under the shadow of the trees, and waited for events to develop before doing anything further.

In the depth of the woods where the vegetation was dense, the darkness was impenetrable. Keen as were the eyes of the Shawanoe, they were not those of the owl or the hawk, and his enemy was wise enough to remain absolutely still. So long as he did so, he was in no danger.

Had Deerfoot been able to find the traitor, he would have made no work with him, but suspecting what he was doing, or rather what he was not doing, he did not tarry. He withdrew so cautiously that no straggling leaf or twig could fall on his figure, as he moved among the trees.

Rejoining the Sauk, they passed down stream. He did not go far, when they stopped near the edge of the water, and the moon shone down in open space, on which the Pawnee camp-fire had been kindled, a half mile or so above, so they were covered by all the light that could be desired.

From the moment of turning their backs for the last time on the Pawnee he had sought to shoot one of them, the Shawanoe and Sauk had not spoken a word. They understood each other well to call for conversation; but, remembering the click of the flint lock and the useless flash of the powder, they made sure that no chance was given for a repetition of the attempt.

The Pawnee, who understood why he failed to bring down one of them, was wise enough to withdraw and make his way to the water, where he would bring on the road the explanation which he would add to the store of extraordinary narratives related by his comrades, which had been brought in contact with the young Shawanoe.

The sky was cloudy and the light of the moon treacherous and uncertain. Sometimes the surface of the water, which was rippling and sparkling, and the shadowy line of wood on the other shore, stood out clear and distinct, and again it seemed to fade, when the light of the moon was obscured. His friends expected to swim across, as they had done scores of times under similar circumstances. Fully two hours had passed since the young Sauk, Deerfoot, had been seen, and the slightest sign was received from him, and he might have been dead or a thousand miles distant, for all that he recalled the contrary.

And yet, it is not to be supposed that either the Sauk or Shawanoe felt any concern for the lad. They had seen him, and he had seen them, and the stream, besides, the experience of Jack ought to have kept him from any harm.

But the understanding of that the three were to come together at nightfall, or so soon thereafter as possible. Consequently, Jack would be looking for them.

Deerfoot and Hay-uta stood by the margin of the wood, listening and looking. The soft murmur of the forest and the ripple of the current, as it twisted around some gnarled rock along shore or struck against the dipping bank of a tree, or splashing the water, were the sounds which first fell on their ears. But a moment later, the wailing scream of a hawk came from the sky, and the young Sauk answered a moment after, by a similar cry from a point a mile away.

As if the night was to be given no rest, a peculiar whistle like that which locomotive sends faintly through many miles of fog and damp, reached their ears. Deerfoot and Hay-uta recognized it as a signal, and the answer which it proclaimed abounded in the neighborhood. It came from a point near where he had caught his first sight of the group around the camp-fire.

And the friends who were near where they had never been before, and were playing battledore and shuttlecock with a warlike tribe of whom they knew comparatively little, called to him, and called, therefore, for them to understand the meaning of the signal, for whose response they listened with close attention.

They were astonished that no answer was returned. They would have heard it had there been any, but for several minutes the stillness was unbroken. It was as if it were impossible to call to another, who was too distant to be reached and consequently no response could be sent.

But the next interruption was the report of a gun, sounding sharp and clear, and quiet air. That, so far as could be judged, came from the spot whither was sent the first signal.

The Sauk and Shawanoe were called further, but nothing was heard. That threw the least light on the plans or doings of the warriors with whom Deerfoot had had such a sharp brush.

"My brother had been in the place of the palace?" remarked the Shawanoe inquiringly, when his companion had related the experience through which he passed, after their separation during the day.

"The tips of the Pawnees are shut to the Sauk," replied Hay-uta, alluding to the tongue of the red men which was the only opening.

"His lips are shut to Deerfoot, but Lone Bear speaks the words which Deerfoot can read." "What were his words to my brother?" asked Hay-uta, displaying considerable interest.

"He says he and Red Wolf have never looked upon the pale face."

"Lone Bear and Red Wolf speak lies!" exclaimed the Sauk, who would not feel himself deceived; "who does Deerfoot think?" he abruptly asked, as if his opinion was a matter of vital importance.

"Deerfoot believes the word of Hay-uta; he told Lone Bear, while looking in his eyes, that his tongue was double and his heart was full of lies; so Lone Bear roused up Deerfoot and sought to slay him for his wickedness."

This reply was highly gratifying to Hay-uta, who held the young Shawanoe that had vanquished him with his bow and arrow, and had been the first to see one else in the world. He was silent, as if unable to express his feelings in appropriate language, and the Shawanoe continued:

"Hay-uta has spoken with the Great Spirit; he has listened to the words of the kind Father who looks down from the moon behind the clouds; the whispering of the Great Spirit have been sweet in his ears; Hay-uta could not speak with a double tongue, when he thinks of his goodness."

As the Sauk replied, he looked upward at the sky. The rugged mountain which moon before was passing across the face of the moon, glided off, and the silvery light shone full upon the coppery countenance that gleamed with a feeling as if only a close communion with God sits in the recesses of the heart.

"Hay-uta has heard the voice of the Great Spirit," said the Sauk, speaking in low tones, "but his words we whisper and Hay-uta did not hear them all, and sometimes he could not hear anything." Deerfoot added a few sentences, saying that before the Sauk's vision did not surprise Deerfoot, for his own gropings after light were too distinct for him ever to forget the winding path over which he had to tread.

"The Great Spirit never sleeps," replied Deerfoot, in a voice almost as low as his companion's; "and the Sauk, speaking in low tones, 'but his words we whisper and Hay-uta did not hear them all, and sometimes he could not hear anything.'"

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It was simply to cross to the other side, so as to rejoin Jack Carleton, from whom they had parted some time before. As there was but the one means of passing over, it was well to hesitate.

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express his feelings. To him there was something incomprehensible in the brutality of the parents toward their only child. He was tempted to bow the whole thing was a great mistake.

But second thought showed there was no error, and he asked himself whether there was any ground to hope that the German lad was alive, and if so, whether he could be restored to his friends.

The fact that Otto was not among the group on the shore, and that he had kept their captive, where else could he be except with them?

"Everything seems to point to his death," was the sad conclusion of Jack; "it isn't likely they would trade him for anything more than a few dollars."

Indeed, to believe such a thing would be to give the unfortunate captive an unreasonable value as a circulating medium; it was far more likely that, if he had kept their captive, where else could he be except with them?

A still darker side to the picture obtruded upon his young Kentuckian and caused him to shudder. If the captors of Otto Relstau had put him to death, was it by a quick agonized taking off, or had he been subjected to prolonged tortures?

But, if he is dead," he added with a sigh, "he is dead, and I can make no difference now; but I ain't ready to give up all hope just yet, and I won't do so, so long as Deerfoot holds out any chance."

Resolutely forcing the distressing subject from his mind, the youth compelled himself to give attention to what could be seen on the other side of the river. Lone Bear and Red Wolf were seated by the camp-fire, talking together, as has been told elsewhere, but the rest of the hostiles were out of his sight.

The excitement of the lad boiled over again, when, with eyes roaming up and down the open side of the river, he saw a man standing, bow in hand, on the edge of the wood. His posture and the manner in which he toyed with his bow, showed he was making ready to give full attention to the unsuspecting and unarmed youth.

"I wonder whether he means to send an arrow through one, and follow it up with a second through another, before he can get out of their way." It may appear strange, but the young man pretends to be; give him a chance, and if he thinks no one sees him, he will swing his tomahawk and use his bow as a club.

But we know that Jack did his friend an injustice, as speedily became apparent, when none of the arrows which sped from the large bow harmed the young man. The fact that the man and the laughter of Deerfoot, proved that he had done precisely what he set out to do; he had given the creature which they were not likely to forget for many a day.

The occurrence was so amusing that Jack parted with the branches in front of his face and waved his hand, as if he had done no wrong, as if he were forgetful, he was so displeased that he paid no attention to it. When he vanished from sight in the shadows of the forest, the young man's eye turned to that of his enthusiastic young friend.

"(To be continued.)"

Ask your neighbor for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get any number you may want.

WHO LOST THE POKER-BOOK?

A SALESMAN in one of the large grocery stores the other day, says the Boston Transcript, picked up a worn-out, empty pokerbook, and thought he would have a little fun with it. He therefore placed it on the counter, half concealed by the goods lying thereon. Presently a lady shopper entered. Her eyes light upon that wallet as by instinct, and while prying a score of articles, she ended by taking a quiet look at the book.

The lady goes out. In ten or fifteen minutes a boy comes in and asks: "Was a pokerbook with three dollars in it found here?" "Yes," replied the salesman, "but it has been called for."

Boy says: "Oh!" and retires. Salesman smiles amily.

ALL BETS OFF.

A FEW days ago, says the Free Press, after a couple of esteemed citizens, who are close neighbors, had arranged to pass a few days with their families at a lake in Oakland County, one of them offered to wager a box of cigars that he would catch the largest fish. The wager was promptly taken, and next day one of the gentlemen put in an appearance at a fish stand on the market and said to the dealer:

"Have you got a fresh pickerel weighing about ten pounds?" "Yes," replied the dealer, "I have it."

"Well, I want you to put him on ice and ship him to me at _____ Lake. I propose to catch him with you, but I'll bet that I'll win."

"Very well, sir. I think I'll ship the two together."

"Two?" "Yes, sir. Mr. _____ (mentioning the other esteemed citizen) was here an hour ago and bought the one weighing twenty pounds! It will take time to pack the two in the same box!"

The fish were paid for, but the bet was declared off.



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FACING PERIL; A TALE OF THE COAL MINES, BY G. A. HENTY. Will commence next week. This is a strong, pathetic story of adventure, privation and danger...

LIVE IT DOWN. An old Greek philosopher, when told that the very boys laughed at his singing, replied: "Ah, then I must learn to sing better."

A NEW OLD FASHION. PRINCESS BEATRICE of England, preparing her wedding trousseau, had Scriptural texts worked into all her linen.

HALF PRICE. It is always right to pay a man a fair price for his wares. If he attempts to charge a swindling price, it is easy to trade elsewhere.

BIG WORDS. It is no mark of genius to use long, sonorous words, when short ones will answer the same purpose.

A LOST CHANCE. AMERICAN tradesmen are very shrewd in advertising, but they have allowed a Hungarian Jew to get the start of them.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, The Irish Agitator, Obstructionist, Land Leaguer, and Patriot. THOUGH the name of Mr. Parnell is known almost all the world over, it is probable that very little is known about him...

COMICAL LOYALTY. REFERENCE to the "mugwumps" of earth is sometimes carried to great lengths. It is difficult for young Americans to fathom the toadyism revealed in the following little story...

UNEARNEST FAME. It sometimes happens that men enjoy a great reputation which does not fairly belong to them. This is due too often to the fact that unprincipled people steal the ideas of others.

LITERARY METHODS. No general rule can be laid down for the methods of literary composition. Minds act differently, and all the young writer can do is to study his temperament and ability...

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. GOOD nature secures friends. A MAN has organization; a WOMAN manages. THE eyes of old age see best the dangerous flaws of childhood.

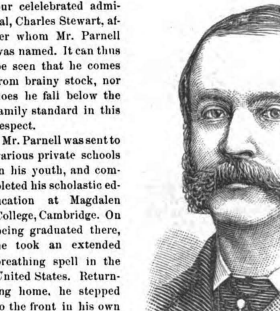
HEED FOR THE MORROW. Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want; By constant journey's careful to prepare Her stores, and bring home the corny ear.

THE FUNNY SIDE. A GREAT hardship—An iron steamer. WHEN a man's mind recovers from a state of confusion, he doesn't necessarily die, but he ends his days.

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Mr. Parnell organized the National Irish Land League in 1879. Its objects were—a reduction of rents, and refusal to pay if such a reduction were refused; and, finally, an entire change in the land laws...

RETURNING to Great Britain, Mr. Parnell was elected for these constituencies in Ireland. At the reorganization of the Irish party, he was chosen leader. He immediately set to work with a fervid zeal...

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FRIENDSHIPS.

BY LIVINIA S. GOODWIN.

BETTER than youth departed or than elusive fame, Best of many a social prize as years go on, I claim, Are friendships blown to all lands, as seeds by generous wind, To bloom on the pilgrim's pathway, with whoso'er inclined. For going East or going West, where wonders vary in their birth, On ocean's breast or mountain crest, to thimble strands of earth, Three smiles are always met, to gladden a weary frame— A welcoming smile, a hand-clasp, a voice to speak my name.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT.

THE morning of Saturday, Aug. 8, 1885, broke clear and breezy in the city of New York. At an early hour, people began to line the curb along the eight miles of streets through which was to pass the grandest funeral pageant that this country has ever seen. A little later regiments of soldiers were coming from all directions to assume their stations. At this hour the City Hall, richly and heavily draped, was the centre of attraction. About 8.30 a line of carriages drove into the plaza, otherwise clear, and a hundred citizens alighted and gathered on the steps of the City Hall. A moment, and the melody of a hundred blended voices rose in Schubert's "Song of the Spirits over the Waters," and the "Pilgrims' Chorus," from Tannhauser. It was the tribute of one of the leading German singing societies.

On their departure came the massive catafalque, or funeral car, behind twenty-four black horses. The car was covered with heavy mourning stuff, arranged with tasteful elegance. At each corner was a stand of flags, furled and enveloped in crape. Surmounting the canopy were the richest of sable ostrich plumes. The body of the catafalque rose in steps like an altar, and on the topmost was to rest the casket containing what was once our defender and leader.

At nine o'clock the guard of honor—members of the Grant Post and Loyal Legion—took their places beside the casket in the corridor of the City Hall, and a moment later, Dr. Newman led forward the clerical delegates, representing many denominations and sects. At 9.20 the casket was lifted and borne into the sunlight without. Up the black steps placed by the funeral car the casket was carried and placed and secured on the topmost platform.

Covered with a deep purple velvet, and ornamented with heavy silver corners, handles and trimmings, it was a casket fit for a king, and he whose remains lay within was the king of honest and pure-minded men. All things ready, the twenty-four horses, each draped in heavy black netting and led by a colored groom, moved forward, dragging the car into place on Broadway.

The procession started. Passing the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the Grant family was stopping, with also President Cleveland and Cabinet and a host of prominent men, the carriages containing these fell into line and the procession was complete.

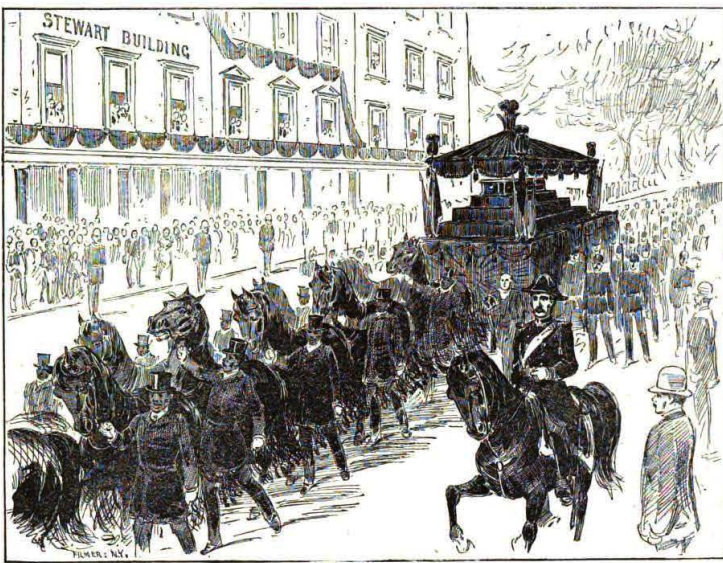
It consisted of many regiments of Regulars and Volunteers from many States; the catafalque; carriages containing the pall-bearers: General W. T. Sherman, General Joseph E. Johnston; Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan and General Simon B. Buckner; Admiral David D. Porter and Vice Admiral S. C. Rowan; ex-Secretary of the Treasury George S. Boutwell and General John A. Logan; George W. Childs and George Jones; Oliver Hoyt and A. J. Drexel; then came the members of the Grant family; members of Grant's Staff and Cabinets; President Cleveland and his Cabinet, followed by Senators and heads of departments. Then came ex-Presidents Hayes and Arthur, generals and army officers of both North and South, governors of many States, with mayors of many cities, and representatives of learned societies and of the professions—occupying, in all, some four hundred and fifty carriages.

Grand Army men in thousands, followed with slow, dragging step. As they approached the temporary residence of the bereaved fam-

ily, they with one accord raised their caps and bowed their heads until they had passed by. Five hours went by while the procession was passing a given point.

The route of the procession, as far as Central Park, lay for the most part between rows of houses heavily draped. It was difficult to find an occupied building, whether devoted to business or private interests, that was not draped. Of every variety in form, material and disposition, these signs of mourning made a sight well worth seeing, and probably never to be viewed again by this generation. Among the private houses draped were those of the Astors, W. and J. J., and their daughter, Mrs. Orme Wilson; the decoration of these houses was most profuse and tasteful. Jay Gould, the Vanderbilts, and the Goeldts displayed rich mourning cloth trimmed with velvet. These were the most notable the procession passed on its way to the tomb.

At Riverside the temporary tomb had been completed; the cedar box and the steel case were already within. The anxious crowds on the green hills were fanned by cooling breezes from the water as they gazed far up into the hazy distance of the Hudson.



THE FUNERAL CAR.

At 4.30 the head of the column reached the tomb amidst the booming of the guns of the war ships lying in the river, with yards pointing in every direction—the signs of mourning. The soldiers are dispersed about on the adjacent hills. The family and dignitaries take up position in front of the tomb. The car draws up; the casket is lifted down and placed within the cedar chest, amidst dirges from a hundred bands. Members of the George R. Meade Post gather around the coffin, the commander at the head, the chaplain at the foot, and begin their ritual service for "Comrade" U. S. Grant. The Methodist Episcopal service is then read.

A bugler then stepped from the ranks and sounded the mournful blast. At the last note, volley upon volley blazed forth from musket and from cannon, and echoed and re-echoed from the trembling hills. Governors, Senators, generals, of the North and South alike, pressed forward for one silent but expressive hand-grasp with the bereaved ones and then moved homeward.

As it became dark, gleams of light came from within the tomb. They were from the candles of the workers riveting the bolts of the steel case enclosing all that is left of General U. S. Grant.

The stars came out, the night haze descended upon the scene; the crowds slowly dispersed; lights went out; only the footfall of the sentinel was heard, and his voice as he cried out: "Twelve o'clock, and all's well."

CANDOR.

MISTRESS (catching the butler helping himself to a glass of "34" port)—James! I'm surprised to see you.—
Mr. James.—So am I, mum! I thought you was out!

THE GREATEST OF BAREBACK RIDERS.

JAMES ROBINSON was probably the king of the trade, says a writer in the *Syracuse Standard*. Joseph Wheelock, the actor, who was the boon companion of the rider, once told me the incidents in the career of his friend during a visit he paid to England about fifteen years ago. Robinson had been engaged at a salary of £2,000 a week to ride in Astley's Royal Amphitheatre in London. For weeks before he arrived he was heralded as the greatest bareback equestrian of the age. To amuse himself he took over with him a team of American trotting horses and a light buggy, but neglected to bring such horses as he would need to ride. This oversight rather astonished the English managers, who thought their contract, of course, included the furnishing of horses. Robinson made light of the matter, and said he could break the animals to his liking in the fortnight intervening between his arrival and the date of his debut. There was nothing left for the managers to do but to swallow their disappointment and provide him with horses. These he rehearsed day after day at the circus with skill and assiduity, but to find at last that they were beasts far inferior in intelligence to the Kentucky thoroughbreds with which he was accustomed to deal.

The night of the first appearance of the American champion arrived. The great building bearing the historical name of Astley was packed to suffo-

ing steeds electrified the rigid hearts before him. Recall after recall made him famous in London town. The newspapers rang with his praise, and spoke of his prowess with a remarkable reminiscence. The Astley people were glad enough to renew the original contract to retain the American rider, who returned home two years later with a European reputation and fifty thousand dollars to boot.

HARRY OF THE WEST.

THE Hon. Morton McMichael gives the following personal reminiscences of Henry Clay, who is said to have exerted a singular charm over all who came in contact with him, both young and old:

"It happened that my father and myself arrived at 'Ashland' only a very short time before dinner, to which a considerable number of Kentucky magnates had been invited to meet him. Thinking it more than likely that a boy of my years had not been counted on at table, my father suggested my not going down, and so, nothing left to get off, I kept out of the way until the party were seated and then had a fine time at the barns and quarters, where the darkeys professed decided approval of the Philadelphia 'nicks' especially admiring a pair of patent leathers pumps. I had hardly returned to the house when dinner was over, and the gentlemen came into the library. The moment Mr. Clay saw me sitting there he professed profound mortification, said he had been most remiss to a guest, and had felt conscious that one was misadvised at table, and spite of all protestations insisted on taking me to the dining-room, where he sat while I was served, drank a glass of Madeira with me, and talked most charmingly, and got down to a twelve-year level, but about early Kentucky history, and some exploits of General Leslie Combs. A long time after being present when Mr. Clay was the 'observed of all observers,' he called me to him and putting his arm about my shoulder, said to those about him: 'I was once extremely remiss to this young guest of mine, and wish to request the apology I then made him.' His auditors evidently thought his slight oversight had been amply atoned for—quite surely his 'young guest' did."

HIS NAME WAS GRANT

A PROMINENT minister of the M. E. Church (South), whose home was near Appomattox Court House, tells the following story of Grant:

"The night after Lee's surrender my house was full of Union generals. They were Sheridan, Humphreys, Meade, Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others, and they were quite jolly, with the exception of one officer, whom I noticed sitting in a corner, smoking and taking but little part in the sports in which the rest were engaged. They all went out of the house but this man, and as I was going out he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink. On offering to get him some water he said: 'No, sir, I am younger than you, I will go myself.' And as I passed out he came up behind me, when in about the middle of the hall my little granddaughter came running toward me, but the man, spreading out both arms, caught her, taking her up and fairly smothering her with kisses, said: 'This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me feel home-sick.' To the question, 'Where is your home?' he replied: 'Galena, Ill., but I am at City Point, and am anxious to get back to them.' I said: 'Will you permit me to ask your name?' 'Certainly.' My name is Grant. 'Grant!' exclaimed I, 'I stood there, stupefied and paralyzed with astonishment, and I fairly broke down, as Gen. Grant had been picked out for a man looking as savage as a Comanche Indian.'"

A NEW WAR STORY.

"The last day of the fight I was badly wounded, a ball shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his last retreat he and his officers rode near me. As they came along I recognized him, and though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I rose upon my hands, looked General Lee in the face and shouted as loud as I could: 'Hurrah for the Union!' The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess that I first thought he was not General Lee. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me and I wondered what he was to do. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes, he said: 'My son, I hope you will be well.'"

"If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expression in General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their reputation, and he had not stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by. As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep on the bloody ground."

A BOTHERING TRIFLE.

A TRIFLE sometimes causes much trouble. In the year 1828 the Bank of England by mistake issued a one-penny note. This circulated for many years, and gave the various cashiers great annoyance in making up their accounts. After a long time the holder of the note brought it to the bank. He held out for a bargain, and the officials were glad to pay him twenty dollars to get the troublesome paper out of circulation.

THE SONG OF THE CRICKET.

Yea, the world is big; but I'll do my best, Since I happen to find myself in it.

the boy saw his error, and corrected his form of question. "Did your father make you do this job?"

HELPING FATHER.

BY WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

"MONEY does not last long now-a-days, Clarissa," said Mr. Andrews to his wife one evening.

"How fast he wears out shoes! It seems hardly a fortnight since I bought the last shoes for him," said the father.

"O, well! But then he enjoys running about so much that I cannot check his pleasure as long as it is harmless. I am sure you would feel sorry to see the little shoes last longer from not being used so much," answered the affectionate mother.

Daniel, during the conversation, was sitting on the floor in a corner with his kitten, waiting to teach her to stand upon her hind legs.

"Papa, do I cost you a great deal of money?" Now, Mr. Andrews was book-keeper for a manufacturing company, and his salary was hardly sufficient for him to live comfortably at the rate everything was selling, owing to the Rebellion.

"Whatever money you may cost me, my son, I do not regret it. I know that it adds to your comfort and enjoyment. To be sure, your papa does not have a great deal of money, but he would be poor indeed without his little Daniel."

"How much will my new suit of clothes cost?" asked Daniel. "Fifteen dollars?" was the reply.

"That will make seventeen dollars. I wish I could work and earn some money for you, father," said Daniel.

"Now I can save father some money," thought Daniel, and he ran into the house to ask his mother if he could put the wood into the cellar.

"I am afraid it is too heavy work for you, my son," said his mother. "I think I can do it," replied Daniel, and all I will have to do is to pitch it right down," replied Daniel.

"Very well, you may try it; but if you find it too hard you must give it up, and let Tim Rooney put it in," said his mother.

Daniel danced away, and went first to the cellar, where he unhooked the trap-door and opened it, and climbed out into the yard where the sticks of wood lay in a great heap.

"I guess not. This wood must go in, and then it will be too late to go so far this afternoon," replied Daniel.

"O, let the wood slide! I have got some rods and to our hands that ought to go in, but I shall do it in. Father may hire a man to do such work. Come, old Rooney will be glad of that job," said George.

"No, I am going to do this before anything else," replied Daniel, as he picked up a big else, and sent it scuttling down the cellar-way.

"Did your old man make you do it?" asked Flyson. "Who?" queried Daniel, so sharply that

The wood-pile down cellar grew larger, until it earned something for a kind father who was always earning something for him; and the thoughts of this much pleased him. He felt happier still when his father came home to supper, and said, while at the table:

"Mr. Wood did not know I am doing it; and, by the way, George Flyson, don't you call my father 'old man.' If you don't know any better than to treat your father disrespectfully, you sha'n't treat mine so," answered Daniel.

"Ho! Seems to me you are getting mighty pious all of a sudden. Guess I'll have to be going. I'm not good enough for you," and with a sneering look, George went off.

"O, yes, the wood came. I saw the team back into the yard," replied the father. "The Rooney must have put it in. I suppose he will charge fifty or seventy five cents for doing it," said Mr. Andrews.

"What boy?" "O, you mean little fellow who plays around here a good deal. He wanted the job and so I let him do it," said Mrs. Andrews.

"Some little chap who wanted some pocket-money, I suppose. Whose boy was it?" asked Mr. Andrews.

"There he is; he will tell you all about it;" and Mrs. Andrews pointed to Daniel, who was enjoying the fun quietly. And now he was pleased, indeed, to hear how gratified his father was at finding his little boy so serious and thoughtful. It repaid him amply for not going smelt-fishing.

It was not long after this that the bleak winds of November began to blow; the leaves of the trees fell lifeless to the earth; and garb of winter. One evening, when Daniel went to bed, he put aside his curtain, and looked out into the street. He was surprised to find it white with snow. Silently and gently, one by one, the dry flakes had fallen, until hillsides and valley, street and houses, were covered with the spotless snow.

When Mr. Andrews awoke early in the morning, he looked out at a shovel on the sidewalk, and said to his wife: "Tim has got along early this morning. These snow-storms are profitable to him. Last winter I guess I paid him five or six dollars for shoveling snow."

"When he got up, however, and looked out of the window, he was not a little astonished to see Daniel shoveling off the sidewalk, his cheeks all aglow with the healthy exercise.

"So that boy, mother," said he to his wife, "has cleared the sidewalk off nicely. What a good little fellow he is. When Christmas comes, we must reward him for all this."

And so Daniel went on according to this beginning. He cleared the sidewalk off the garden and yard all in the spring, and did a great many things which his father had always paid a man for doing. And he had plenty of time to play besides, and then he enjoyed his play better, because the sun was always a satisfaction in doing good, which lends a charm to everything that we undertake.

One day, about a year after the day that Daniel had put in the first load of wood, his father said to him: "My son, I have kept a memorandum of the work that you have done for me the past year, and I find, that, allowing you what I should have paid Tim Rooney or any other person, I owe you to-day forty-two dollars and sixty cents."

"So much as that, father? Why, I did not know I could earn so much all myself, and I did not work very hard either," said Daniel.

"Some of it was pretty hard work for a little boy that likes to play, and I will pay you for it," but he replied that he was ready to pay you."

"Yes, the real money," and Mr. Andrews placed a roll of "greenbacks" in his little son's hand.

Daniel looked at it for a minute, and then said: "I'll tell you what to do with the money for me, papa. My son?"

"Buy my clothes with it for the next year," said Daniel. And Mr. Andrews did so.

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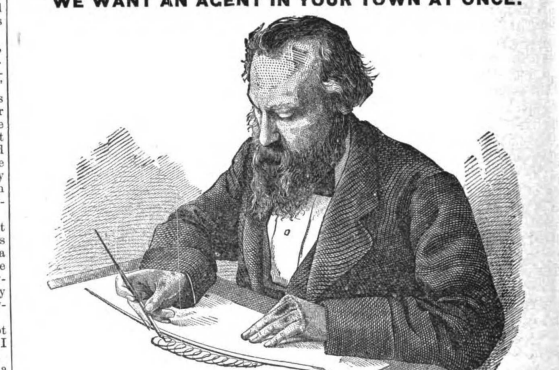
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THE ROYAL ROAD.

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN.

If the earth seems white with sorrow,
And our heart a raging mad,
It is not because we sorrow
Joy and glad for the price for pain—
Go a mile to seek a shadow,
And a road to find a way,
Build our hopes on sands of pleasure
Waves of want must wash away!

Seek no love to prove your prowess,
Be a hero every day;
There are enemies within us,
Ever eager for the fray,
Battle boldly with temptation,
To the death the dragon press,
Conquer sin and plant your flagstaff
On the ramparts of success.

Oh, the earth is filled with gladness
And but balmy breezes blow,
If we seek no seeds of sadness,
All the fairest flowers bloom;
By the pleasant paths of duty,
And whose soul knows nought save honor,
See no terror in a tomb.

UNDER FIRE;

OR,

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EARLY the following morning Mr. Rexford called upon his lawyer, Mr. Ham. In due time the papers were made out and placed in the hands of Sheriff Coombs, who promptly made his way to the factory with all his official bearing and arrested Jacob Simmons on the charge of robbing and burning John Rexford's store.

Mr. Farrington was prepared for this move, as Fred had informed him that it would take place during the forenoon, and had also told him everything he had done and what he proposed doing.

He was especially glad to learn that the missing money had been returned. His own theory was that some error had been made, but other events had followed so fast one upon the other, that he had recently made little effort to solve the mystery.

That it should now be cleared up so satisfactorily, with all blame removed from Fred, was gratifying to him in the extreme, for he was a true and sincere friend to our young hero.

Mr. Simmons' surprise at seeing Officer Coombs on such an errand can hardly be imagined. Of course he had to give himself up and go with the sheriff—a prisoner charged with a grave offense.

A hearing in his case was arranged for the following day, to come before Judge Plummer.

Mr. Simmons gave bonds for his appearance at the trial, and devoted the balance of the day to preparing his defense with his lawyer. Wondering why he had been arrested, and going over in his own mind every possible cause that could lead to it, he thought of the paper Tim and Matthew had signed about the assault. He took his pocket-book from his coat, and looked among his papers for it. It was not there. He was alarmed to find it missing. He asked his wife about it, but she knew nothing of it.

"I must have lost it somewhere," he admitted to himself with a shudder. "Fool that I was for doing wrong. I believe it has led to my arrest, but why I cannot understand."

When Matthew learned that Jacob Simmons had commenced work on the flockers with Fred, he was alarmed. He talked the matter over with Tim. Both felt uneasy and unhappy, but they could see no way to help the case, so left it to fate, which speedily did its work.

Revenge to Matthew was a sad failure—had almost ruined him. Every effort he had made in this direction had recoiled upon him so unexpectedly and persistently that now he was beset on all sides with danger of exposure and punishment.

Fred—his rival—had stood up manfully under fire without flinching. He had won at every point, and was now fast regaining his old position. "His friendship, too, with Nellie Dutton is re-established, and I can do no more to prevent it," sighed Matthew, regretfully. "I met her this morning and she would not speak to me, but she could entertain Worthington all last evening."

While thus meditating, the report that Jacob Simmons had been arrested for burning Mr. Rexford's store reached Matthew. He hurried home and to his room, and there threw himself upon his bed and wept bitterly. Disappointment, disgrace, and humiliation all crowded upon him, and the inevitable step that he must take stared him cruelly in the face.

His heart beat with bitter anguish as he thought of all this—of his good home, of his father's pride in him and his mother's love, of his sister's tender affection—thought of every one near and dear—and shuddered as he realized the disappointment and sorrow that was about to fall heavily upon them from his own wicked acts.

He buried his face in his pillow and sobbed till it seemed that his heart would break. "Oh, if I could only undo the past!" he cried, truly repentant. But, alas! he had gone too far.

His pride and haughty spirit were completely crushed, and when he finally arose from his bed he was an entirely different boy—he was humbled and reformed.

The following morning all Mapleton was excited by the report that Matthew De Vere could not be found.

He had not been seen by any one since the previous afternoon. Just where he was last seen was a mystery. One said he saw him coming from the pine grove with Tim Short about dusk; others tried to convince themselves and their friends that he was seen in this place or that, while a vague report stated that he was last seen by the river bank passing hurriedly from view in the darkness.

This was a sensational report. Was he drowned? had he committed suicide? If so, why? Every one discussed the case—speculated upon it. One had this theory and another that. None thought exactly alike, and each labored to persuade the other that his theory was the correct one.

Matthew's parents and sister were heart-broken. They knew nothing of his whereabouts, save that they believed he was safe, for they found a note in his room saying simply that he was forced to leave town immediately; that he could not then explain why, and that they would soon know all. He begged them not to worry about him, and humbly asked their forgiveness.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEN Mr. Rexford heard that Matthew De Vere was missing, he immediately had papers made out for the arrest of Tim Short, charging him with being concerned in robbing and burning his store.

Sheriff Coombs served the papers upon Tim, who was at home at the time sawing wood, and had not yet learned the news about Matthew.

When he saw the officer approach him, he turned pale and nearly fainted. The sheriff spoke to him, but he was so badly frightened he could hardly reply.

"I shall have to take you with me," continued the officer.

"Must I go?" pitifully stammered Tim.

"No way out of it now. The law ain't tender-hearted, young man, with fellers that rob and burn stores; and besides your pal—that De Vere boy—has run away."

Tim staggered and fell to the ground—he had fainted dead away.

When he regained consciousness, his first words were:

"And Matthew has run away—run away and left me when he was the cause of it all, and the great tears rolled down his cheeks, while he sobbed bitterly.

Even the sheriff's heart was touched, and his official bearing relaxed as the boy's mother, almost prostrated with grief, implored him to let her son go.

"Your son practically acknowledges his guilt; but even if he did not, I should be compelled as an officer to make the arrest, since the papers were placed in my hands."

"But he says Matthew De Vere was the cause of all," sobbed the anxious mother.

"Yes, but De Vere has run away."

"Then is there no way that my boy can be cleared? O Timmy! Timmy! to think that you should come to this."

"I think if he were to turn state's evidence—that is, to tell of his own free will all the facts connected with the affair—the court would probably deal more leniently with him."

"Do you think so?" eagerly asked the mother.

"I am quite sure it would, for another party is already under arrest for being connected with the robbery."

Tim brightened up at this remark, and showed some hope.

"I will tell the court all I know—everything from first to last," said he.

"Do, Timmy, do, and I am sure the blame will not come on you," said his mother.

Officer Coombs took Tim direct to Lawyer Ham's office, where he found the attorney and Mr. Rexford together.

After a hurried conversation, in which Officer Coombs seemed to tell everything he knew bearing upon the robbery and fire, all adjourned to the hall where Jacob Simmons' case was to be tried.

The case excited so much interest that the room was filled to tell everything that was present was Matthew's father, who wished to know the facts about his son's connection with the robbery; also Dr. Dutton, Mr. Farrington, and Fred Worthington. Yes, another was present—little Carl, pale and thin from his sickness, but alive with interest in what he expected to be Fred's great triumph.

"When the court was ready for the trial, Mr. Ham, on the part of the prosecution, called Tim Short as the first witness, much to the surprise of Jacob Simmons and his lawyer.

"Do you know anything about John Rexford's store being robbed and burned?" asked Mr. Ham of Tim.

"I do," replied the latter.

"Tell us all you know about it."

Tim hesitated, hardly knowing how to commence the confession of such a crime.

"Did you have any connection with it?" asked Attorney Ham, by way of aiding the boy out of his embarrassment.

"Yes, sir," answered Tim.

"What did you do?"

"I helped rob the store, and then we set fire to it."

"Who was with you?"

"Matthew De Vere was with me."

"Who else?"

"No one," replied Tim.

"Did Jacob Simmons have anything to do with the robbery?"

"No, not exactly."

"What do you mean by not exactly?"

"I mean he wasn't there and didn't do it, but if it hadn't been for him we shouldn't have robbed the store or had any trouble."

"Then he planned the robbery for you?"

"No."

"What was his connection with it, then?"

"He threatened to have us arrested if we didn't pay him three hundred dollars."

Tim here explained why Simmons demanded the money—told how Matthew came to the school for his book, and how he was for Fred and the mistake they made in supposing Jacob Simmons to be the latter.

"And he demanded this three hundred dollars as a reward for keeping the matter a secret?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied Tim.

Jacob Simmons's face was scarlet. Every one looked at him contemptuously, while he had to endure their cutting glances without a word.

Right here Mr. Ham read the paper that Nellie Dutton had found, as evidence to substantiate Tim's statement.

"Why did Matthew De Vere wish to waylay Fred Worthington, and Judge Farrington thoughtfully, as if to get at the bottom of the facts.

"He said he wanted to get square with him."

"Is that all?"

"That and to teach him not to interfere with him."

"How had Fred interfered with him?"

"I don't know that, but I am sure Matthew did everything he could to injure him."

"Did he do more than attempt to waylay him?"

"Yes; he played friendship with Fred and got the bar-tender to drug him, and that was what made him faint that time when everybody talked about him."

Now every one looked at Fred, but they were congratulatory glances, with a bit of hero-worship about them.

As Farrington and Dr. Dutton, who sat near Fred, leaned over and congratulated him with a warm grasp of the hand.

Every clond that had hovered over our young friend was now swept away—every mystery was at last explained, and he stood triumphant over all opposition, the hero of the village—much stronger and far more popular than if he had never been under fire. He was tried and not found wanting in the qualities that go to make a strong man with a noble character.

In answer to further questions by the judge, Tim stated that they knew of no legitimate way to raise the money, so Matthew did not dare speak to his father about it; that they were forced to do something, believing Jacob Simmons would have them arrested if they failed to produce the money.

He further said that Matthew and he were driven almost crazy by those repeated demands from Simmons, and committed the robbery without realizing what they were doing.

"They burned the store," he said, to cover up their theft. All that they found he claimed was given to Mr. Simmons, together with some articles that would not excite suspicion. Among the latter was the knife Fred discovered in Jacob's possession, and which led to the discovery of the guilty parties.

"Did you turn over to Jacob Simmons all the goods you took from the store?" asked the judge.

"No, sir. We were afraid he would suspect us so we gave him only a few things besides the money," answered Tim.

"What did you do with the other things?"

"We hid them up in the pine grove, for we didn't dare to do anything with them."

"Are they there yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you did not make up the full three hundred dollars for Jacob Simmons?"

"No," but Matthew promised to pay him

the balance, so he agreed to do nothing further."

No proof was given to show that Jacob Simmons knew anything about the robbery except that he was the cause of it. Therefore he could not legally be held for receiving stolen goods, as he did so innocently.

It could not be shown that he directly incited the boys to commit the robbery, though he was unquestionably the cause of it. In fact, Jacob was all the while acting as the fat pocket-book of Matthew's father.

If he were to follow this case and that against Tim Short through the courts, it would take many months to reach the legal proceedings, and as that would be entirely out of the design of this narrative, I will simply state the final result of the trials.

In view of the fact that Tim Short confessed his guilt, and that he was the tool of Matthew De Vere, together with Mr. De Vere's influence in his behalf, he was saved from going to prison, and was sent instead to serve three years in the State reform school, where he was compelled to earn a trade, and to conform to a rigid discipline.

Jacob Simmons was found guilty of blackmail, and was sentenced to serve one year at hard labor in the State prison and to pay a fine of three hundred dollars.

(To be continued.)
Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get any number of any week.

A LORDLY NOBLEMAN.

The real English "Milord," the hero of so many romantic and sensational novels, of whom the race had apparently died out of late, has just reappeared at Vienna. A rich islander, who had entered a hairdresser's shop, noticed within a charming young girl, but very poorly attired, conferring with the master of the shop upon some matters of business. She was offering to part with her magnificent locks of hair, for which she asked ten florins, while the hairdresser would only give her eight. At last she consented to the price the girl consented to the sacrifice, and the hairdresser had already taken the scissors in hand, when the Englishman vented forth the following words:

He then asked the girl what were the motives that compelled her to submit to such a disfigurement, and learned that her parents, who had been in Vienna for some time, had without bread at the moment. The Englishman, taking his purse drew forth two bank-notes, and offering them to the girl:

"Will you let me buy your hair?"

The girl, without even noticing the sum, at once responded in the affirmative, and the Englishman, giving her the money, delicately pulled out a single hair, which he rolled round his finger, placed in his purse, and so went away. The hairdresser then turned to the girl, and said: "You have just presented a sum of 5,000 francs, when the latter burst into tears—this time for joy—as the thought of her parents' distress, and the fact that she was in Vienna, dying with impatience to ascertain the name of this generous benefactor, but he has since disappeared entirely from the scene."

HOW THEY CAPTURED THE FLOOR.

The Wilmot capture, which was destined to play an important part in politics, originated according to the London Free Press, from a table of a political club in the city of New York, which met weekly. It was composed of Democrats opposed to the extension of slavery, and among those present on the day in question, were John Van Buren, Samuel J. Tilden, John A. Kennedy, Isaac Fowler, Andrew H. Greene and other well-known Free Soil Democrats.

Mr. Howe, a Western member of Congress, was a guest in the New York table to conduct the Democratic opposition of slavery. Mr. Howe stated that it would be difficult to introduce the proviso, as the Speaker would not give the floor to any one but to a Free Soiler. Mr. Tilden, as the chief organizer of the movement about to be made, proposed that a ruse should be played. It was agreed that each should compose the name of sixteen or eighteen Free Soilers in Congress should have a copy of the proviso in his pocket. Each should spring to the floor at the first chance and shout: "Mr. Speaker!" It was thought that one of them would be recognized. Mr. Tilden, with other members of the club, went to Washington to aid in carrying out the plan.

At a time agreed upon, the Spartan band, each with the proviso in his hand, sprung to the floor, and in concert shouted: "Mr. Speaker!" The Speaker was bewildered. He could not ignore the whole crowd. He selected Judge Wilmot as the most moderate of the party, and so the Wilmot proviso passed into history.

ONLY ONE OBSTACLE.

"PAT," he called to the man who was leveling down at the foot of the ramp-snow, "why don't you bring your father over from Ireland?"

"Can't afford it, your honor."

"But the steamships and railroads are now carrying passengers for nothing, and throwing in a Turkish bath for a premium."

"True, sir, as me old woman was saying last week, but the stage fare from the old man's home to the nearest port is a matter of fifteen cents, and that's what others me and keeps him out of this blessed country."

OTHERWISE, A NOBLE NOSE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Whitehall Review: "I have been doing a good deal of traveling by coach in Scotland, and I think I heard, what I may call, a 'good thing.' A worthy Scot was pressing his snuff-box upon a fellow-passenger who had been vomiting, but not less as if he liked the look of the mull of its contents. Bent on refusing the offer, at last the passenger politely remarked: 'I do not like the look of this. The Scot eyed him for a moment, and then, looking him full in the face, remarked: 'Mon, that's a peety, as ye have sac'ran' accommodation.'"

