

# GOLDEN TREASURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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## THE GREAT AGONQUIT RACE.

BY WALTER D. STINSON.

"MOTHER, I wish I had a decent boat," said Harry Lawrence to his kind-faced mother, one evening as they sat at tea in the cosy dining-room of the modest cottage where they lived. The speaker was a bright eyed, active boy of about eighteen, who was the pride of his widowed mother, and the general favorite of the people of Agonquit.

"Harry, you know that I am not well enough off to buy you a new one, and your old one is good enough, isn't it?" replied she, smiling at the anxious look on his face.

"Yes, mother, it is good enough the most of the time, but in June the boys at the academy are to have a regatta, so they say, and I'd like to have a pull with them; but you know that I could never do anything with my old yawl against their out-riggers. Never mind, Ma, maybe I can get along somehow," said he.

In spite of the cheerful words, his mother saw that he was at heart disappointed, and was anxious to take part in the regatta; so after a moment's thought, she looked at him and said:

"Harry, your father used to say, that God helps them that help themselves; now if I were a young man like you and had tools of my own, and had made as many nice things as you have, it seems to me that I could manage to make a race-boat before June."

Harry looked up at her a moment, and seeing that she was in earnest, went around to her side of the table and kissed her heartily.

"There, mother, you are the dearest old lady that ever lived. I'll buy some cedar, and when I have built my boat and won my race, I will give you the prize," laughed he.

"No," said she, joining his laughter, "you shall give it to your sister Kate, who will be back from school to see you—got beaten."

"Not much," said he, leaving the room.

Harry went from the house to the stable where his father had kept his horses, but which was now used partly for a storehouse, and partly as a workshop; one inside, he commenced pulling out from a pile of lumber pieces of wood which he thought would do for the ribs and keel of his proposed boat, after which he went to the academy boat-house and took measurement of the different race-boats there.

"Hallo, Harry," said Tom Keith, one of the champion scullers of the academy, "going to buy you a boat."

"No," said Harry, "I can't afford it, but I want to see how to build one."

After making up his mind as to the style of boat he would build, Harry returned to his home and spent the evening drawing a plan. The next morning he was up by bright and early, and went to an old boat builder where he ordered the wood and other necessary materials for his boat, and these he ordered to be left at his house during school hours, so that when he was building a race-boat for himself kept secret for the present.

For the next three or four weeks, the boys in Agonquit and at the academy missed him from their games, nor could they find out the closest questioning where he spent his time after school hours, but Harry was not idle. Sure that he could make as good and as swift a boat as any owned at the academy, he worked early and late, and one evening had the pleasure of inviting his mother out to see the result of his labor.

"Not that you know much about boats, mother," laughed he, "but you must see what the boys would call a 'daisy boat.'"

Yes, there she was, a long, sharp outrigger of the lapstreak pattern, as graceful and handsome as a boat could well be. She was painted white with a red star on her bow and on the stern in gilt letters was the name "Katie." His mother was at once pleased with the boat as himself, and wished him to put it in the river immediately; but Harry, who wished to keep the secret until the race, said that he wouldn't until that eve, so that nobody should know of it. After dark he placed the boat on a set of wheels, carried it across the intervening meadows to the river, and took a long row, re-

turning perfectly satisfied with the success of his work.

It was now the first of June, and on the 17th, the day after examination, was to be the race; meanwhile little was talked of in the town, but the base-ball game that was to take place between the town nine and academy club, and the races; these were to be a four-oared race between a town crew and an academy crew, and a single race open to all boys belonging to either the town or academy. The entries to the last were to be made by the 10th.

During the intervening fortnight, excitement in Agonquit ran high, and many were the bets of peanuts and "treats" that were made by the enthusiastic backers of the different rival crews and clubs, and hard was the duty of the teachers, getting their classes ready for the coming examination, while the pupils' minds were filled with thoughts of

some jeering remark from a townsboy, "this is all the winning you will do this day."

After dinner, Harry, who had been an excited witness of the morning's game, dressed himself in a handsome rowing suit, and, putting on his other clothes over it, went down to the creek, where he worked upon his boat, scrubbing and lightening it as much as possible, until he heard the gun signalling the crews to get ready for the race, when he went to the stand where his sister was seated.

About the same time the two crews appeared; the boys from the town in red shirts, and the schoolboys in blue.

The boats were soon side by side, and as the signal gun boomed over the water, started together, each cheered by its own supporters. Side by side they went down the mile to the stake, pulling rapidly, but each crew reserving its strength for the pull on the home-stretch.

out from the shore and move up toward the line, and a beautiful sight it was—the long, sharp boats all newly painted, and the oarsmen clad in their bright-colored rowing suits, the long, slender oars flashing in and out of the blue water.

Eleven of the contestants appeared, and the crowd on the shore had made up their minds that Harry must have given up the race on account of his heavy boat, when he suddenly shot out into the river, the bow of his boat cutting the water like a knife, as it spun along impelled by his beautiful stroke; for a few moments he was unrecognized, but as he neared the stand the murmur of wonder grew into a cheer, as the townspeople realized that it was Harry Lawrence, in the best boat on the river. Slowly he paddled along until he reached his place in the line, unheeding the warmth of the greeting.

"Are you all ready?" questioned the referee.

"All ready," was the response from a dozen mouths.

Boom!

Again the signal to start, and twelve pairs of oars fell into the water at once. For a quarter of a mile the boats held together, and then four or five drew ahead; at half a mile, Harry and Tom Keith, the school's champion, pushed a little in front, and gradually pulled well ahead of the others. It is a renewal of the previous race, and the attention of the spectators is entirely fixed on the leading boats—the others are forgotten. Together they round the stake, and Tom on the inside has the lead on the home-stretch.

Down the course they come half way, their relative positions unchanged. Tom is breathing hard, and though rowing like a machine is evidently doing his best. Harry gains a little, gradually he draws up half a length behind—quarter of a length.

"By jove, they're even!" shouted an academy boy, as they pass the quarter-mile buoy.

"Now for the tug of war," said Harry to himself, as he with a tremendous effort, throws all his strength into a final spurt.

Tom tried to respond, but was not equal to the occasion, and Harry's boat shot ahead foot by foot, until as they crossed the line, Harry looked back over two lengths of clear water to see his opponent.

The excitement caused by the other race, was nothing compared with this, and it was many minutes before the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs subsided.

"That evening, as Harry stepped upon the stage to receive the beautiful prize, and it was many minutes before the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs subsided.

And so ended the great Agonquit race, which has never before nor since, seen its equal in the friendly contests that annually take place between the town and academy.

### GRANT, THE UNASSUMING.

AFTER Gen. Grant had been appointed and confirmed as general of the armies of the United States, says Ben Perley Poore in his "Reminiscences," it was known that his commission had been signed and was awaiting him at the White House. The next day, in honor of the great event, all of the headquarters officers appeared in full dress to accompany their chief, as they supposed, while he formally received his commission. But while they were waiting for him to summon them to attend him, a man attired in a duster, an old pair of gray pantaloons and a slouched hat, was to be seen entering the President's office. He soon appeared with a piece of parchment in his hand, and walked to the War Department. He stepped in the office of the notary public, and the clerk, in informing old Poore, who has never before nor since, seen its equal in the friendly contests that annually take place between the town and academy.

Gen. Thomas turned, and the required oath was taken. The man who took that oath of Gen. U. S. Grant. The commission was that of general of the United States Army. He loved vain display and affectation no more than he did six years before. His old friends were his friends as quietly and happily he lived in Washington with his family. Mornings about nine o'clock he could be seen on his way to his office, sometimes accompanied by his dog, and followed back, followed by one or two, who was more of an object of use than of show.



"THEY'RE EVEN!" SHOUTED AN ACADEMY BOY.

base-ball and racing; but the time passed quickly. Every night the two crews were practicing on the river, yet cautious not to have a "brush" with each other, for fear of being beaten, while up and down the broad river, passed the twelve men, who had entered for the single race, some in yavls and some in sharp lapstreaks, but all pulling at utmost speed. Harry was with them every day, but seldom exerted himself very much; so little was his apparent interest, and such poor time did he make that, popular as he was, but few boys could be found who would risk any bets on him. It was after the others had retired from the river that Harry would go to the hiding place in a creek that ran through the meadow, and from among the elder bushes pull out the Katie, and could the knowing boys have seen him cutting along with his long, sweeping stroke, the betting would have been much different.

Examination day had passed and the eventful day had come. Early in the forenoon the base-ball clubs met on the grounds and after a stubbornly contested game, the town nine had defeated the school club by a score of thirteen to ten; the winning club, making four runs in the last inning. The contest closed with the greatest exultation on the part of the townspeople, and a corresponding depression in the spirits of the academy boys.

"Never mind," replied one of them, to

At the stake the academy boat was on the inside and gained a trifle in rounding it; now that they were headed for the goal, both crews put forth all their strength, and the two boats shot along, the blue leading by half a length. Harder and harder worked the crews, and faster and faster went the boats, still the school's boat gained a little. They have reached the stand, and in a few boat-lengths they will have crossed the line; the captain of the school boat quickens his stroke—his crew answer, and with a beautiful spurt, they cross the line over a length ahead of the town crew.

Cheer after cheer rends the air. The band plays, and the victors step ashore to accept the congratulations of their friends.

The interest is now more intense than ever; each has won one of the events of the day, and now which shall gain the next? The school has a slight advantage, having seven entered in the single race, while the town has but five, but the material is all good, and none feel at all sure of the result.

This was the signal for the singles to come out, and Harry, from the bushes, saw one after another of the contestants row leisurely







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A FACT WORTH CONSIDERING. THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, AT \$2.00 A YEAR...

A TOUGH HEAD. "USUALLY lies the head that wears a crown..."

NOTHING NEW. This is an ingenious age, an age of great scientific progress...

SINCERE MILK. It is a bad habit which many people have to pass things which they do not understand...

BIRTH OF THE FAN. Some of the common and necessary articles used in civilized life...

MUDDY SLANG. No doubt a slangy word now and then adds force to a description...

A CURIOUS VERDICT. A SINGULAR case came before an English court recently...

Jumping was foolish, it was not aggravated enough to be called a crime.

TARDY OBEDIENCE.

PROMPT obedience is a charming trait in young people, and in older ones as well.

A case of remarkably tardy obedience is handed down from the good 'old times'...

No doubt harmony reigned in the family thereafter. Yet sulky boys cannot always count upon so good a result of tardy repentance.

CORRECT EATING.

ONE great cause of dyspepsia, and of corpulency is eating too fast.

It is just so in eating. If one eats and drinks slowly, he will find himself satisfied with half the quantity...

The London Lancet advises hunting men who wish to reduce their weight...

MUDDY SLANG.

No doubt a slangy word now and then adds force to a description. But young people, and their elders also...

Using slang weakens the faculty of discrimination. Thus, a fine sort of fellow is called a brick...

So when one is 'bored,' is he wearied, or annoyed, or injured, or disgusted, or all of them together?

REUBEN E. FENTON, Ex-Governor of New York. REUBEN EATON FENTON died on August 25, last.

He had been a United States Congressman, governor of New York State for two terms, and a member of the national Senate.

Financial troubles, however, came upon the family, and his course of study was perforce broken off.

Governor Fenton made his entry into politics at the age of twenty-three, as a supervisor of his native town, Carroll.

He took his seat in Congress in December, 1853, being but thirty-four years of age.

He was appointed, in 1854, chairman of the very important Committee of Commerce, and this was a dignity certainly very flattering to so young a member.

On the question of introducing cheap postage, which met with an opposition that appears quite curious to-day, Governor Fenton was for establishing it.

The Republican party was not yet born. The existing parties were the Democratic and the Whig.

all lesser issues dropped out of sight. With them the Whig party disappeared, and so, also, the Democratic party of old.

In 1856 Governor Fenton was one of a small number of Congressmen, who met in Washington to organize the Republican party...

In Congress, Governor Fenton was not so prominent as a speaker as he was for hard work in the committee-rooms.

Important committees, he was constantly at his desk, and earned a reputation for reliability.

During the war he gave his support to every measure directed toward the quick suppression of the rebellion...

comfort of the northern soldiers. Among other such enterprises, he organized, in part, the New York Soldiers' Aid Association...

In 1864, he was nominated for, and elected, governor, and the friend the State of New York.

His second term as governor expiring, he was sent to Washington in 1869 as a senator for six years.

The close of this term was his last appearance in the legislative halls; but he rendered public services as a member of the administration as a United States representative at the European bi-metallic conference.

After this he was employed in supervising the affairs of the First National Bank of Jamestown, N. Y., of which he was president.

It was within his doors that he died. He had endured the most terrible trial of his life...

By making use of those sturdy good qualities, common sense and persistency, he had accumulated a large fortune, but this failed to crush out his kindness of heart...

THE SHINING MARK. The crooked soul, blind as a crooked thing. The straight soul, plumed from duty's deathless wings.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. A BEAUTIFUL soul is rather to be envied than a beautiful face.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.

He that procures his child a good mind makes a better provision for him than if he laid out the money for an addition to his former acres.

It is not the man who governs his own spirit is greater than he who rules the world.

No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.









