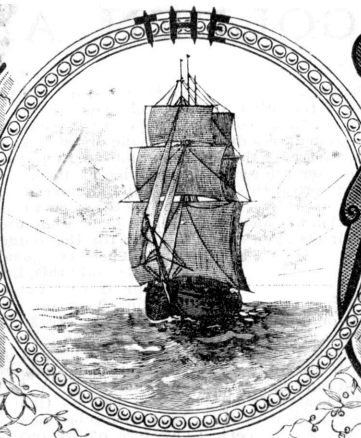


GOLDEN ARGOSSY



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. IV.—No. 49.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 151 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

TERMS: \$2.00 ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CTS.

Whole No. 205.

Luke Bennett's Hide-out A Story of the War.

By CAPT. C. B. ASHLEY
UNITED STATES SCOUT.

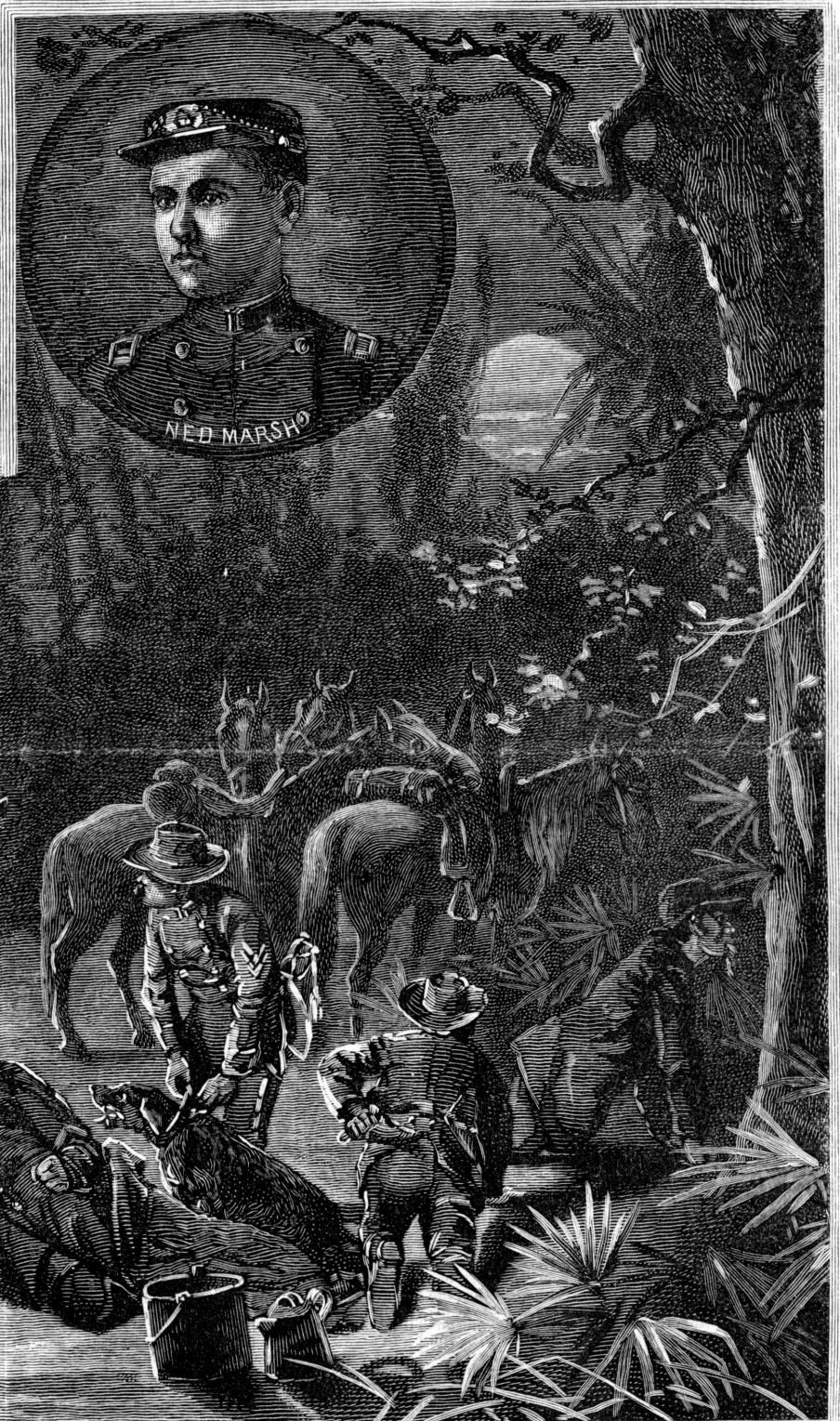
CHAPTER I.

SURROUNDED BY SHARP-SHOOTERS.

“CHIPS, how long have you been in the service?”
“About twenty-five years, man and boy.”

“Well, I want to know if you ever before saw a naval expedition leave the water, and

upon the lappel of his coat the badge of a warrant officer. He was the carpenter of the vessel to which the two belonged. It was the second dog-watch—the only hours on ship-board that are devoted to fun and recreation. Supper was over, the boats had been hoisted at the davits, the boarding-nettings triced up, and the hundred and seventy men composing the crew, with the exception



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THE DECATUR

not been called upon for the usual horn-pipe. The face of every one on board, from the captain down to the youngest wardroom boy, wore an expression of anxiety; and when I come to tell you just how they were situated and what they were trying to do, you will not wonder at it. The crew of the gunboat Decatur had been through many a hard-fought battle on the Mississippi river and its tributary streams—but they had never been in so much danger as they were at that moment. They did not know at what instant the springing of the rattle might call them to quarters to fight for their lives, and to defend their vessel from the assault of overwhelming boarding parties.

“I wonder if any boat ever went through here before,” continued the young ensign, as he and his companion walked up and down the main deck, with their hands behind their backs.

“Oh, yes,” replied the carpenter. “The streams that run through these swamps are all navigable for little cotton traders, and there was a good deal of traffic done between this country and Vicksburg before the war. There were a large number of planters

through here then, and they raised big crops of cotton and corn.”

“They must have done their farm work with boats instead of mules,” said the ensign. “The water is three feet deep all over the lowlands.”

“More than that in some places,” answered Chips. “The Mississippi is so high that McPherson’s corps, which is supposed to be operating with Grant against Vicksburg, is at Lake Providence, seventy miles away. They can’t find dry ground to camp on any nearer than that. But you must remember that this has been an uncommon winter for high water and heavy rains, and that the levees that were built to protect the country from overflow have not been touched since the war began. More than that, they have been cut in several places to let the water of the river into the bayous, so that our gunboats could make overland expeditions.”

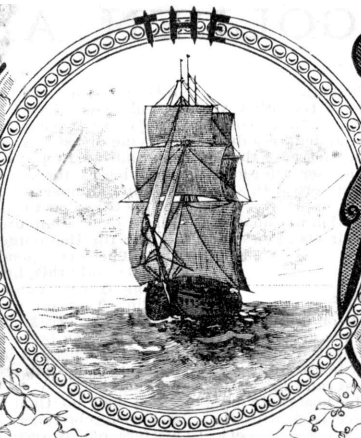
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The speaker was a trim young gunboat officer, dressed in the uniform of an acting ensign. The companion whom he called “Chips” was an elderly man, who wore

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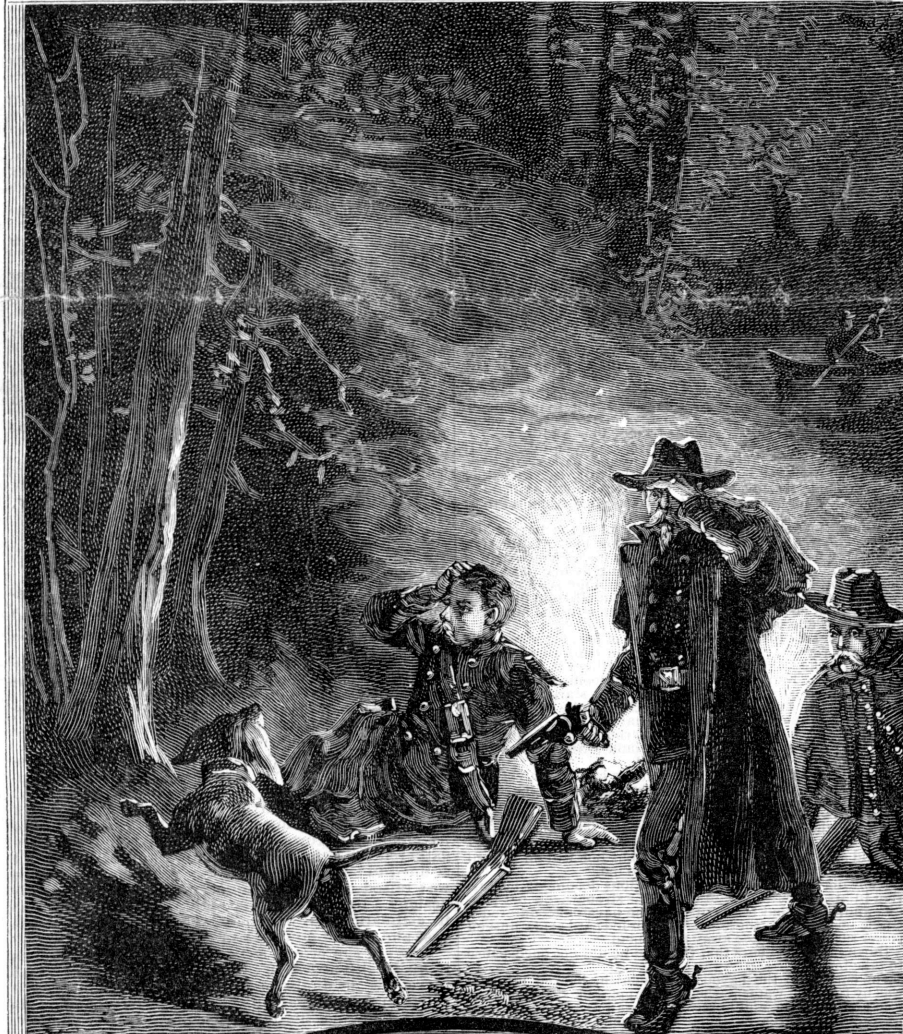
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and now the Decatur and four other vessels have come up here into Steel's Bayou to leave their bones. If we've got to fight, I would rather face the batteries of Vicksburg than three or four regiments of sharpshooters, any day in the week."

"Here, too," said Chips. "We can fight a battery with some hope of success; but we can do nothing with men who skulk behind trees and logs, and pop at every fellow who shows his nose at a port-hole. I don't like the idea of being confined below from daylight until dark, and having but one cooked meal in twenty-four hours. I wish the enemy would quit their bushwhacking tactics, bring some boats over from Vicksburg, and make an attempt to take us by boarding. We would give them a lesson in gunboat fighting that would stay by them for one while, I bet you."

"They are not such fools," replied the young officer. "As long as they annoy us at a distance with perfect safety to themselves, they are not coming to close quarters to face hot water and shrapnel, you may depend upon that."

Chips was not the only one on board the Decatur who wished that the concealed sharpshooters, who had been constantly harassing them for the last three days, would show themselves in force, have a fair fight, and whip or get whipped. Although it was no later in the season than the middle of March, it was uncomfortably warm below, as it always is on board an iron-clad when the engineers are obliged to keep up steam; but it was against orders for anybody to show himself on deck during the daytime, and dangerous as well. The banks of the bayou and all the surrounding country were under water, but there was a narrow strip of dry ground on the right-hand bank, which was thickly covered with briars, bushes, and cane, and in this ridge the four thousand sharpshooters, that had been sent out from Vicksburg to harass the expedition, found secure hiding-places. Sometimes they would send their bullets against the Decatur's thick armor like hailstones, and then they would become so quiet that the crew told one another that they had grown tired of wasting their ammunition and gone back to the city; but if some imprudent and foolhardy fellow put his head out of a port to take observations, he was sure to become a target for a dozen or more concealed marksmen, some of whom proved to be dead shots. After three men had been killed outright, and as many more desperately wounded, the Decatur's crew concluded to obey orders and keep under cover. There were four other gunboats in the expedition, and they were all annoyed in the same way.

Of course this was not a pleasant situation to be placed in. There was not a man in the fleet who would have shrunk from a fight; but this thing of being kept below, when there was nothing to do and no books or papers to read, was more than the younger officers of the fleet could stand with equanimity. The old fellows, like Chips, stood it well enough. They played chess or dominoes, and dozed away the time in their bunks while waiting to see what was going to happen; but the "boys," like Ned Marsh the ensign, grew restless and irritable under the restraint, growled lustily over the pickles, hard-tack, and strong butter that were served up to them twice a day (supper was the only cooked meal they had, and that was prepared after dark), and spent all their time in the pilot-house with Spencer, carbines in hands, holding themselves in readiness to pop away at every puff of smoke that arose from the bushes.

These incidents, and others which I shall try to describe in this story, happened in the spring of 1863, and the place where they occurred was within fifty miles of Vicksburg, which at that time was so strongly fortified that it was called the "Gibraltar of America." If you have paid close attention to your history, you will remember that General Sherman and Admiral Porter made a combined assault upon Vicksburg during the fall and winter of the previous year, but their efforts were not successful. The lowlands were so deeply covered with water that General Sherman could not use more than five of the twenty thousand men that composed his army, and the fortifications at Haines' Bluff, which was situated on the Yazoo River, eleven miles from Vicksburg, were too strong for the gunboats. More than that, the river was filled with torpedoes, one of which sent the finest boat in the fleet, the Mound City, to the bottom in seven minutes.

After this failure General Grant took command in person, and then began a series of operations and maneuvers whose magnitude astonished the loyal but impatient people of the North, who were waiting anxiously for something to be done. Among these operations were the "overland expeditions" that were undertaken by the gunboats and transports. The first, which left the river at Yazoo Pass, nine miles below Helena, was composed of two heavy gunboats, three or four "tin-clads," one wooden ram, and transports enough to carry five thousand soldiers. The water-course they followed was so narrow and tortuous, and so completely blocked with fallen timber, that it took them four days to go eighteen miles. They found water everywhere, and on a little island at the junction of the Tallahatchee and Yallahusha Rivers, a little fort mounting eleven guns, which successfully resisted their further progress.

The commanding general, who had many things to think of during those troublous times, was much concerned for the safety of this expedition. Reinforcements would have been of no use in a country that was covered with water, for the troops could not leave their transports. Relief, if it came at all, must come from another quarter; so he and the admiral resolved to get into the Yazoo River below the fort, cut it off from all help from Vicksburg, and capture the garrison. With this object in view, the Sunflower expedition, consisting of five gunboats, four mortar-boats, and a number of transports loaded with soldiers, was sent into Steel's Bayou from the Yazoo River. This was the one to which the Decatur belonged.

No one, unless he took an active part in, and did a soldier's duty during the Vicksburg campaign, can have the faintest conception of the difficulties and dangers that beset this expedition from the day it started until it got back to the open river. The way was bad enough at the best; but in order to make it worse, the Confederates sent over a body of sharpshooters, who not only cut trees across the bayous in front of the gunboats, but shot every one of the crew who dared show his head at a port-hole. Now and then one of the harassed monsters would bellow forth an angry remonstrance from one of her big guns, but the shell had too much range, and always exploded too far behind the ridge to do any harm to the sharpshooters, who sent a shower of bullets into the port from which the gun was fired, and shouted tauntingly back at the blue-jackets:

"That wasn't much of a shot, Yank. Try it again. Mebbe you'll do better next time. Look out for that cap. I'm going to try my hand, now."

This was the way Ned Marsh and his shipmates were situated on the night I introduce them to the reader. Of course, under these circumstances the navigation of the narrow, crooked stream through which the fleet was slowly working its way, was irksome and perilous in the extreme. It took a man of nerve to run out with a line when the boat was tied up at dark, and when the vessel was under way it was as much as a pilot's life was worth to look through one of the loop-holes to see where he was going. It was no wonder that the crew chafed and fretted, and longed for a fight to break the monotony.

"We can't get through, and we might as well back out now as any time," said Ned Marsh, in a discouraged tone. "I am glad we are not in advance, and that the bayou isn't wide enough to allow us to get there. The crew of the leading vessel must have a fearful time clearing out the trees the rebels have thrown in front of them."

"Boat ahoy!" hailed the sentry on the fore-castle. He did not shout out the words as if his boat had been at anchor upon the broad bosom of the Mississippi, but spoke them in distinct tones just loud enough to reach the ears of the persons for whom they were intended.

"Ay, ay!" was the answer to the hail. "A wardroom officer from one of the other vessels," exclaimed the young ensign. "He is coming down with muffled sticks, too," he added, as a dingy, propelled by four noiseless oars, shot past the Decatur's bow and rounded to under her after-guard. "Who is he, and what does he want here at this time of night?"

About five minutes later this question was answered in a way that made Ned Marsh's hair stand on end.

CHAPTER II.

A MISSION OF DANGER.

NAVAL etiquette requires that, on ordinary occasions, an officer above the rank of ensign shall be received at the side during the day-time by the officer of the deck, the boatswain's mate, and two or more side boys, the first saluting, the latter uncovering their heads and the boatswain blowing his whistle. At night he is received with lanterns, the boatswain and his pipe being dispensed with. But this was not an ordinary occasion. A lantern would have proved a tempting target to one of those watchful sharpshooters on the ridge, and its use would have been contrary to orders; consequently the visiting officers had to scramble aboard in the dark, and there was no one at the side to meet him except the officer of the deck. The two were strangers to each other, but that did not prevent them from exchanging a few hurried sentences.

"How is everything at the front?" whispered the Decatur's officer.

"Bad enough," answered the visitor. "I don't see how things could be worse. We are completely hemmed in by sharpshooters, more are coming in every hour, and there is at least a quarter of a mile of fallen timber before us. We are within four hundred yards of Sunflower. If we could only get in there, so that we could have a chance to use our guns, we could soon clear the way; but we can't stir, and we've got to have help this very night. Now, take me to the captain, please. I've got dispatches for him which are made out in duplicate, and he must send them to Sherman without a moment's delay."

The officer of the deck complied with the request, and then came back to his post and told Chips and Ned Marsh what the visitor had said to him.

"Duplicate dispatches, eh?" muttered Chips. "That means that two of our ship's company are going to get disagreeable orders before they are many minutes older. The admiral thinks it is going to be a ticklish piece of business to get word to Sherman to-night, and so he sends two dispatches, hoping that if one of them is captured or lost, the other may wiggle through. I tell you, fellows, I am glad I am not a line officer. It is darker than seven stacks of black cats, the bayou is as crooked as a ram's horn, there are a thousand and one little streams branching off from it, and the bearers of those dispatches stand a first-class chance of getting lost before they are fairly out of sight of the ship."

The carpenter had hardly ceased speaking when the captain's clerk, breathless and excited, came up the stairs in two jumps, closely followed by the orderly. The former was bare-headed, and it was against the law for any one to come upon the quarter deck unless he was properly covered; but the officer on duty did not take him to task for it as he would have done under almost any other circumstances.

"Oh, boys," exclaimed the clerk, at the same time laying his hand on Marsh's shoulder, "here's the very mischief to pay. We are going to leave our bones up here, sure pop."

"What do you mean by that, and what do you want of me?" demanded Marsh.

"The captain wants to see you. You've got to go and hunt up Sherman. We are ordered to get ready to blow up the ship."

"No!" exclaimed his three auditors in a breath. "Yes, we are. The admiral has sent word to the captain that he is surrounded by the enemy on all sides, that he can't handle his boats without exposing his men to certain death, and that he's going to send the whole fleet to kingdom come before he will let it fall into the hands of the enemy. This is what comes of trying to take gunboats overland."

Ned Marsh waited to hear no more, but started post-haste for the captain's cabin. He took a very white face in there with him. He was nobody's coward—he had been twice promoted for gallantry in action—but he wished his commander had selected some one else to take one of those dispatches down to General Sherman. He didn't fear the danger of the undertaking, but he would have been glad to shirk the responsibility.

"Sit down, Mr. Marsh," said the captain, whose face wore an expression of anxiety and distress that the young officer had never seen there before. "Mr. Andrews will be in a moment."

"So my chum Bob is in for it, too, is he?" thought Marsh. "I am glad to hear it. Bob is a fellow of good judgment and undoubted courage, and if I am unlucky enough to get into trouble, he may be able to go through."

Young Marsh seated himself in the chair that was pointed out to him, and waited impatiently for his captain and the visiting officer to go on with the conversation which they had brought to a close when he came in; but they seemed to have nothing further to say to each other. The expression on the captain's face told him, in plain language, that affairs at the front were quite as bad as the clerk said they were, and Ned almost made up his mind, then and there, that he would see the inside of the prison-pen at Tyler, Texas, before he slept in his bunk again. Was this fear prophetic of the dangers he was about to encounter? Taken in connection with some thrilling events that happened before the night was fairly over, it certainly looked like it.

In a few minutes the door opened again, and another white-faced young officer came into the cabin. This was acting ensign Andrews, in whose courage and judgment Ned Marsh had so much confidence. He looked inquiringly at Marsh, and then his eyes wandered to a couple of heavily weighted official envelopes that lay upon the captain's table. These were the all-important dispatches which were to be thrown overboard, in case the bearers found themselves in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy.

"Young gentlemen," said the captain, who never wasted any words in giving an order, "here is a dangerous piece of business for you to perform. These dispatches," laying his hand upon the weighted envelopes, "are so very important, that the admiral has instructed to send them by two different officers, starting off one half an hour in advance of the other. I have neither seen nor heard of the transports since we left them behind day before yesterday, and they are probably ten or fifteen miles down the bayou. I shall send no crew with you, for I don't want to run the risk of losing them. We have captured a good many skiffs and ding-oes since we left the river, and you will find the best of them on the after-guard, from which you can make your own selections. Of course you know what to do with these documents in case you get into trouble," he added, handing each of the boys one of the weighted envelopes. "Mr. Andrews, you will start at once; and Mr. Marsh, you will follow in half an hour. Find General Sherman before you come back. I think that is all. Good-by, and good luck to you."

These young fellows held a high place in the estimation of the captain, who was a regular officer, and he was by no means as indifferent to their fate as he pretended to be. There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes when he arose from his chair to take leave of them, and there was something in the lingering grasp of his hand that thrilled them to every fibre of their being. It seemed as though the older sailor imparted to them some of his own indomitable courage; and when they said their farewells and hurried from the cabin, it was with the firm determination that those dispatches should go through, no matter how many perils and obstacles they found in their way.

"I can only repeat the captain's words, Bob," said Ned, as he held out his hand to his friend. "Good-by, and good luck to you."

"The same to yourself," replied Bob. "I would

rather go into battle this minute, than to leave the vessel and pull off down that dark bayou, but I shipped to serve my country, and if I can do it by carrying dispatches, why the old man might as well send me as to put a better fellow in danger. Now, Ned, there's the key of my trunk. In the tray you will find an unsealed letter addressed to my mother. Do me the favor to add a postscript to it, telling her what I have been ordered to do, and then give it to Chips with the request that he will mail it the first chance he gets. Good-by."

As Bob said this, he seized his side-arms (a belt containing his sword and revolver) and ran out to report to the officer on watch. A few seconds later Ned stood at the break of the quarter deck while a light skiff, that had been captured somewhere along the bayou, was pushed into the water, and then he saw Bob get in and pull swiftly but silently away into the darkness.

Ned had no time to be lonely or to indulge in gloomy forebodings after Bob went away, for he had matters of his own to attend to—a duty which no soldier or gunboatman ever neglects when he is called upon to go into danger. He had a letter to finish, and instructions to give regarding the disposition that was to be made of his property if he failed to return. Chips was his friend on this, as upon every other occasion, and Ned knew that he had but to hint at a wish in order to have it carried out.

"Mail the letter at the first opportunity, but hold fast to the trunk until you receive positive proof that I am dead," said the boy, earnestly. "If I am captured, I may turn up again most unexpectedly, and make a demand upon you for my clothes. It is nothing uncommon for a prisoner to escape, and make his way back to his vessel, you know, and don't want my mother to be frightened half to death unless there is some reason for it; so I say again, hold fast to the trunk as long as you can."

It soon became known among the ship's company that Bob Andrews had gone off with dispatches without stopping to bid anybody good-by, and that Ned Marsh was soon to follow him down the bayou, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the latter's little stateroom was crowded with sympathizing friends and messmates, who wanted to shake him by the hand and give him a word of encouragement. Chips kept close watch of the deck, and presently saw the orderly come up and report six bells—eleven o'clock.

"Very good," replied the officer. "But don't make it so."

The usual command, for every hour except meridian, is: "Make it so;" that is, "go forward and strike the ship's bell so that every one on board may know what time it is." But on this particular night the order given was: "Don't make it so." The officer was planking the deck with nothing but the empty hammock-nettings to protect him, and he knew that the very first stroke of the deep-toned bell on the turret would bring a shower of bullets about his ears. He had heard so many of them during the last few hours, that he was glad to be allowed a short breathing-spell.

"Time's up, boys," said Ned, jumping to his feet and buckling on his side-arms. "Take good care of yourselves, and look to see Bob and me come back with another stripe around our sleeves."

Accompanied by all his friends Ned ran down the stairs that led to the after-guard, and laid his hand upon a light dug-out which he had helped capture the day before. Chips protested that the cranky little thing would spill him out before he was fairly away from the side, but the boy was so determined to have his own way in the matter, that his friends finally put the canoe into the water for him, and saw him glide away out of their sight.

CHAPTER III.

LOST IN THE SWAMP.

CELEBRATED naval commander, in commenting upon a very dangerous but exceedingly brilliant exploit that had been successfully performed by one of the officers of his fleet, made use of this remarkable language:

"Other men are wanted for similar deeds of valor. The rewards are sure. They are honor, fame, promotion and death."

Ned Marsh thought of these words as he turned the bow of his dug-out away from the vessel and sent it flying off into the darkness, and wondered which of these rewards would fall to the lot of himself and his friend, Bob Andrews.

"There's this much about it," said he to himself. "If God will, we are of any avail, we would be certain to go through all right; but in a case like this, the wishes of one's friends do not count. Good judgment, skill, and, above all, good luck, are what tell the story when a fellow is sent out with dispatches."

When his canoe shot into the first bend in the bayou Ned faced about and took a long, lingering look at the spot where the noble vessel, which in his home ever since he put on the "honored blue," was lying at her moorings. The darkness was so intense that he could not see the faintest outline of her. She seemed to be shut off from him by a solid wall of ebony, and the young officer strained his eyes in the vain effort to pierce through it.

He longed for just one more glimpse of her, for something told him that it would be a long time before he saw her again; but he was obliged to go away without it.

In front of him the same black wall loomed up. There was no moon, the night was cloudy and starless, and, to make matters worse, the thick branches of the trees, which grew on each side of the narrow channel, were closely entwined overhead, forming a natural arbor so dense and matted that the rays of a vertical sun could scarcely penetrate it.

"If the darkness that settled over the land of Egypt was any thicker than this, it was no wonder it could be felt," soliloquized Ned, as he turned about and dipped his paddle into the water again. "I didn't see how Bob Andrews could get through here, rowing backward, and I thought I was doing a smart thing when I selected my canoe, so that I could sit with my face to the bow; but Bob will do as well as I shall, for my eyes are of no use to me."

Knowing the full value of the precious document he carried in his pocket, Ned laid out all his strength on his paddle, and, somewhat to his surprise, he never encountered a single obstacle. If there were any in his path some unseen power turned his canoe away from them.

During the two hours that followed he did not once pause to take breath. The current in the bayou was sluggish, backed up as it was by the high water in the Mississippi, but still it helped him along a little, and finally Ned began to ask himself why he had not started at once for the bottom with his paddle, since he left the Decatur, and a peremptory command to halt would have been a cheering sound to his ears just then, but he listened in vain to hear it. He knew that he could not have passed the transports in the dark, because the bayou was so narrow that he could not run by them.

"When this hour passed that I have lost my way," thought Ned, the cold chills creeping all over him. "If I have, good-by, Decatur; good-by, home and mother, and everything else that is worth living for."

If I have among my readers a veteran who served in the Southwest during the days of which I write, there is no need for me to tell him that Ned Marsh was frightened when he passed through his mind. The latter had heard of the horrible prisons at Shreveport and Tyler, of that gang of ruffians who called themselves the "Louisiana Wildcats," and who, with the assistance of their bloodhounds, guarded the Union captives during the march from Vicksburg to one or the other of these prisons; and it was little wonder that his heart sank when the conviction forced itself upon him, that he was destined to learn by experience the full meaning of that little word, captured.

And if he failed to get through, and something happened to prevent Bob Andrews from giving his dispatch into General Sherman's hands, what would become of the gunboats and their helpless crews?

Ned fairly gasped for breath when this inquiry forced itself upon him, and his paddle bent under the increased strain he put upon it. But with all his great anxiety and nervousness he did not forget to be very cautious in his movements.

His paddle rose and fell with noiseless, measured stroke, and his boat glided through the water with scarcely a ripple disturbing the surface; but, silent as his progress was, it was detected.

Loud and long, and with startling suddenness, the bay of a hound arose upon the air. In the deep hush of night the melodious notes sounded forth with as much volume as those of a steam whistle.

Ned Marsh could remember the time, and it was not so long ago, when he thought the voice of a hound was the sweetest music in the world; but he did not think so now. It made him tremble in every limb, for it told him that there was danger near.

At the moment the watchful hound gave tongue the canoe glided past a point of bushes, which grew in water so deep that Ned could not touch the bottom with his paddle to check his headway, and out into an open space twenty yards long, at whose farther end were the smoldering remains of a camp-fire.

It had almost burned itself away; but still the coals that

were left threw out light enough to enable Ned to see that there were four men lying beside the fire, and that the fifth had raised himself to a sitting posture, and was rubbing his eyes, preparatory to waking up.

The man was a Confederate soldier; there was no doubt of that in Ned's mind, for he could see the fire-light shining on the buttons of his jacket.

To stop where he was meant capture, and to go on meant something worse, the boy told himself, for he did not see how he could get by that clear space without being discovered; and the latter was the only course that was open to him, and he determined to try it, hoping to accomplish his object before the man got his eyes open.

He made three swift, noiseless strokes with his paddle, and then drew it in and laid his hand upon his revolver. Under the impetus thus given to it the canoe shot ahead, and, after a few seconds of suspense, Ned wound his arms around a tree on the opposite side of the glade, and held himself there.

He was afraid to go on until that man had gone to sleep again; for there were no bushes to conceal him, and the trees grew so far apart that it would be an easy matter for even an indifferent marksman to pick him off, as he moved among them.

But Ned Marsh knew that the majority of the men who wore gray jackets were anything but poor shots with the rifle. He had learned that their aim was fatally accurate, and it was not his intention to run any risks.

He kept his canoe stationary by holding fast to the tree, and took good care to keep his brass buttons out of sight behind him.

As he waited the hound continued to give tongue lustily, and now three or four companions joined in with him, although they did not know which way to look to find the object their leader was barking at. By their united efforts all the men in camp were at last brought to a sitting posture.

"I wonder if those are some of the hounds that are used to hunt our poor fellows who try to escape from Shreveport and Tyler?" said Ned to himself. "If they are, I would like to put a ball into the last one of them; and if they are," he added, a moment later, trembling all over with excitement and alarm, "I have stumbled upon some of the very worst men in the rebel army."

"What is the name of sense and Tom Walker is the matter with the dog?" growled one of the men who had just been awakened. "They haven't got on the trail of a Yank, have they?"

"No, I reckon not," answered one of his companions, getting up to mend the fire, an action on his part that caused the listening Ned no little uneasiness. "We ain't a-hunting Yanks now, for we can get enough of that up in Tennessee. We're after bear and nothing else. Bogus scented a coon, most likely."

When Ned heard these words, and saw the preparations the campers made to go to sleep again after silencing the hounds, he told himself that he understood the situation perfectly.

They were all soldiers—their uniforms showed that—but they had come home on leave of absence to see their friends and go bear hunting.

At any other time Ned Marsh, who was an enthusiastic young sportsman, would have been glad of an invitation to join them; but just now he wanted them to go to sleep, and leave him at liberty to find his way back to the bayou and down to the transports.

He was fully satisfied by this time that he was lost. The camp-fire was on the right bank of the bayou, and when he came along there on board the Decatur a few hours before, he took note of the fact that there was not a foot of dry land to be seen in that direction.

It followed, then, as a matter of course, that he had left the bayou in the morning, when the name of the bayou in which the feet was tied up for the night, and turned into one of the numerous little streams that branched off from it in every direction, and there he was, on the borders of an extensive swamp, with darkness all about him, with not a single familiar landmark to guide him in his search for the transports, and with a fair prospect of falling into the hands of the enemy as soon as daylight came to reveal his presence to them.

"I am not caught yet, but for fear that I may be, I will just take this dispatch out of my pocket and place it on the bottom of my canoe, so fashion," thought Ned, suiting the action to the word. "Then when I am summoned to come ashore and give myself up, I can jump to my feet in alarm, capture the boat, and the dispatches will go down among the catfish and gars, while Ned Marsh will take a trip to Texas. Now, then, are those men ever going to sleep, I wonder?"

The campers seemed in no hurry to do so. They were wide awake now, their fires were burning brightly, and they sat up to see it burn, composedly smoking their pipes and conversing in low tones, while Ned hugged his tree and listened to the beating of his own heart.

If he saw his canoe, and Ned did not see how they could help it if they made any use whatever of their eyes, they probably took it for a log which had come down with the current and got stranded there.

At length, to the young officer's immense relief, the campers sought their blankets, one after the other, and in fifteen minutes more they were fast asleep again.

Then Ned let go his hold upon the tree, placed the blade of his knife against it, and with one strong push sent his canoe out into the current, which took it in its grasp and carried it slowly out of the light of the camp-fire.

That danger was passed, but where in the wide world was he, and which way should he go to find the transports? He was hopelessly bewildered.

(To be continued.)

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

CLEVER ADVERTISING TRICKS.

THERE are few tradesmen who work an advertisement of their wares into the epitaph of a deceased wife, but we hear of a French blacksmith who had so strong an eye to business that he succeeded in doing so. In a cemetery near Paris may be seen the following words engraved on a tombstone:

"Here lies Madame Henri, wife of Jules Henri, blacksmith. The railing around her grave was manufactured by her husband."

A man in Detroit hit upon a new plan of advertising, according to the *Free Press*. He suddenly appeared at a third-story window in an unfinished building on Grand River St., and seemed to begin preparations to commit suicide by leaping to the pavement. A crowd of forty or fifty people speedily gathered in a half circle below, and although all seemed to be aware of what was going on, not a voice was raised to prevent the stranger carrying out his designs. He removed his coat, and looked down as if estimating the distance. Then he removed his vest and looked down again.

Some of the crowd asked each other in low tones if his intention was to jump, and were answered that there was no doubt of it. The man removed his collar and tie after his vest, and then spat on his hands and took his position square in the window. No one below moved a foot.

There was half a minute of silence, during which everybody mentally calculated on the exact spot he would strike, and something like a shudder passed through the crowd. Then the unknown man spat on his hands once more, raised them above his head, and calmly remarked:

"My friends, this is to inform you that I shall occupy this building November 1, with a large and well selected stock of staple and fancy groceries. I shall do a strictly cash business, and it will be my aim to—"

But the last one had turned the corner.

THE DOMESTIC LABOR QUESTION.

ONE phase of the labor question was developed by an official taking a school census recently. He was met at the door by a tired-looking little woman.

"What is your husband's business, madam?"

"Oh, he has no business."

"What does he work at?"

"He does no work; he is a labor reformer."

"What do you do?"

"I take in washing and ironing."

That is the way a number of "friends of the laboring man" settle the labor question; they let their wives do work to support them, while they are reforming the country and putting down the monopolist.

ARMOUR'S GENEROSITY.

A FEW years ago Phil Armour, the great Chicago pork-packer, saw a negro porter in a palace car industriously trying to spell out words in a well-thumbed reader whenever he had a moment's leisure. He became interested in the boy, and offered him \$25 if he'd read six lines before the train reached its destination. By a big effort the porter "got there," and now he is a student at Oberlin College, very ambitious of further progress.

A DROP OF INK.

BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

THIS drop of ink chance leaves upon my pen, What might it write in Milton's mighty hand! What might it speak at Shakespeare's high command! What words to thrill the throbbing hearts of men! Or from Beethoven's soul a grand amen, All life and death in one full compass spanned! Who could its power at Goethe's touch withstand? What words of truth it holds beyond our ken,— What blessed promise we would fain be told, And cannot,—what grim sentence dread as death,— What venomous lie, that never shall unfold,— What law undoing science with a breath! But—mockery of life's quick wasted lot— Dropped on a virgin sheet, 'tis but a blot!

[This story commenced in No. 193.]

WHO SHALL BE THE HEIR?

OR,

FRED SOMERSET IN THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE.

CHAPTER XXI.

"NO!" cried Cora, in reply to Mrs. Lyall's demand; "I hate, abhor it! Mr. Lyall is forcing it upon me!"

"Then come with me," said the lady, holding out her hand. Cora clung to it; it drew her behind her protectress.

"You all hear what this young lady declares," said Mrs. Lyall, turning her pale face and flashing eyes upon the others; "this child, not yet seventeen—so helpless in her innocence and friendlessness—abhors a marriage with that man's son. Shall she be forced, then, to marry him for any man's convenience? Women, will you suffer it?" The women gaped open mouthed; even the German knew by appearances what was wrong; they might not help a rescue, but they would no longer hinder one. "As for you, base man," continued Mrs. Lyall, fixing her taunting eyes upon her husband, who stood as if transfixed, with fallen jaw and prayer book mechanically held open at the marriage service, "when I have said to you that your slave has revolted at last, you will know better than to oppose my will. Who can judge so well as yourself the reserves of hate I have stored up against you? Remember the insults, the cruelties, the wrongs you have heaped upon me. I have rebelled at last; I throw off your chain; I defy you!"

She passed her arm around the now trembling Cora, and drew her towards the door. Lyall made one frantic effort to turn the tables; he made a wild leap, and confronted the two ladies at the door.

"You can't suppose I will allow you to destroy all my plans, madam?" said he, putting a strong constraint upon himself, because of the presence of his humble tools. "Drop Miss May's hand this moment, and retire to your room. Go, I say, or—*you know me, madam!*" he uttered the threat in a lower tone, but in spite of himself his voice was thick, and his face purple with suppressed fury.

"Yes; I do know you well," said Mrs. Lyall, slipping her hand into her bosom with a strange, wild smile, which showed the pearly edges of her teeth, and set her eyes dancing; "so well that I feel perfect confidence in your cowardly nature to allow Miss May and myself to depart in peace the moment I have offered you your choice of either standing aside, or taking a bullet through—say your hand, for I would not save your life, poor worm!"

Here she flashed out a small pistol, and laughing, aimed it at one of his outstretched hands.

He sprang aside with an oath, his eyes starting from their sockets.

"Would you murder me?" shuddered he, in as utter consternation as if he had never given her cause to wish him dead.

"Oh, no, Richard," mocked she, moving onward with the girl held close to her side: "you're not worth any more trouble to me; you have given me enough in the past."

She and her companion mounted the staircase. On the landing Mrs. Lyall once more paused to call down, with another mocking laugh:

"I only borrowed your pistol for effect, my heroic Richard. It is not loaded, as you know. In fact I did not dare to load it in case I might be tempted to aim at your heart—your false, craven heart."

She passed away out of hearing. At Mrs. Somerset's door she paused.

"You will go in, and lock yourself in until I return," she said, hurriedly. "I have yet a few minutes' grace through a coward's panic, and must gather what friends we have into my mother's suite of rooms. We may have to stand a siege until we can communicate with the lawyer, Mr. Chearnley."

She vanished up the next flight to Mitford's rescue. She knew of another key to her door than the one of which Mr. Lyall had taken charge.

Cora did as she was bid, and advanced as if on wings to her dying protectress.

She stopped, mid-night, in amazement, which soon changed into joy unutterable. For she saw Mrs. Somerset—no dying woman, lying helpless and alone, calling her name in vain—she was sitting up in bed, feeble indeed, but with the light of reason in her eyes, and the power of motion in her limbs.

"My Cora! Come to me, my darling!" cried Mrs. Somerset, yearningly, and Cora flew to her arms, half wild with wonder and rapture. "It was time that the foolish old mother should come to life again when these money-hunters had their fangs in the heart of my Cora!"

The afternoon of that morning which saw Fred Somerset kidnaped from his native land on board the smuggling schooner Chancy Nancy, found the little privateer anchored off a lonely point about ten miles down the bay from Blackridge. The captain was waiting for one of his crew, who lived inland, and had begged permission to join him at Dead Man's Point, instead of taking the long tramp to Blackridge. But as hour by hour passed and Parks did not appear, the hot temper of Captain Ryde began to subside, and his mate Durfy, having a wholesome fear of his captain's ill humor to begin the voyage with, got him down to the little cabin to taste the super-excellent Hollands which he had shipped, and so the tardy sailor was forgotten for the time. Fred roused himself from his moping fit as soon as their heads disappeared down the companion-way.

"Now's my time," muttered he, stealing to the bulwark next the shore, behind the rigging; "if only I can throw so far," he thought, eyeing the wide space between the schooner and the tip of the stony point, which showed distinctly the high-tide mark by a bank of bleached eel-grass. One of the boats rocked up and down on the farther side of the point, two men in her, lolling and smoking, while they waited their comrade. Having looked round the deck at the scattered crew, who were

each and all too busy with their own concerns to watch him, Fred took from his pocket a brown lump of bees-wax, measured the distance carefully, and with a quick motion set the ball whirling across the waves to lodge among the stones above the tide mark on the point.

"Thank Heaven, that's done!" murmured the boy, with a great sigh of relief. "And, oh! may Mrs. Polson find it, and may Cora's be the eyes that read what's hidden there!"

He watched a while; no one had noted his movement aboard; no one had heard or seen the fall of the wax ashore. Ten minutes afterwards Parks came puffing down the rocks, his bundle on a stick across his shoulder, jumped into the boat, and was pulled to the schooner. Then she shipped anchor, set sail, and skimmed away from Dead Man's Point; and Fred's letter to Frank was on its way to him.

The small parcel which Mrs. Polson had secretly put in his pocket was composed of a lump of bees-wax, a pencil stump, a scrap of blank writing paper, and a few words scrawled on the wrapper by herself. She directed him to write to his friends what he thought would ease their anxiety, only to beware of mentioning names; then he must melt the wax and bury his letter in the center; and then throw the ball of wax ashore at the point she named, where she would herself go and find it, and get his letter into the hands of his friends. And loyally did she perform her promise, as we have seen, walking the ten miles to the point and ten miles back, the next day, and searching patiently till she had found the ball of wax.

This privilege of communicating with his friends was an unspeakable consolation to Fred, whose courage was well nigh sunk to despair.

And his courage was soon required; the Chancy Nancy had not been twelve hours at sea, when Fred was forced to meet Captain Ryde in an open struggle, will against will.

That miscreant had resolved that he would break the spirit and bow the neck of this lad, whose manly scorn of vice seemed to cast a slur upon his own course. He would make a poor coward thrall of him first, afterwards he would feed him on to fitbits of self-indulgence, and lure him on to become all that he most abhorred—a bold and remorseless scoundrel. And first, he set himself to force him to drink. That insidious chain around him, he knew that he could lead him whither he willed.

Fred was receiving instruction in seamanship, practical and theoretical, and during many hours of every day was kept busy; then the captain called him into his cabin in the evening to give him a lesson in navigation, after which he was invited to join the captain, the mate, and Polson in a game of cards.

Fred politely took a hand, but presently the captain snuffed over a tumbler of grog to him with a careless nod, immersing himself immediately in his cards.

As before, Fred declined to drink, courteously but firmly, and resisted the captain's utmost endeavors to induce him to do so.

Ryde's amiability was not proof against this sort of thing long. He began to add a sting to his jokes.

"You're one of the Somerset elect, are you not?" sneered he.

"I'm one of Mrs. Somerset's grandsons," said Fred, simply.

"Chief favorite, eh?" jibed the captain.

"No, indeed, sir. Mrs. Somerset has no need of new favorites," replied Fred, his loyal thought returning to Cora.

"Meaning that she has one in stock in that girl?" demanded Captain Ryde, with a dark look.

Fred was silent. It was not to the smuggler captain that he could speak of that pure lady.

"I ask you do you refer to the girl—Cora May the imbeciles call her?" repeated the captain, his tone hardening.

"You must excuse me from talking about home affairs to you, Captain Ryde," said Fred, coldly, his cheek aflame.

The smuggler looked more attentively at him, a strange blending of admiration and sardonic amusement in his eye.

"By the gods, I believe I see before me the future son-in-law of Raoul de Mersac! Ha, ha, ha!" and he fell back in his chair uttering a shout of laughter.

Fred caught a glance of intelligence passing between the mate and Polson—one of apprehension. The captain finished his laugh abruptly; but a laughing devil was still in his eye as he returned to the attack.

"Do you know I take a great interest in the young lady at Somerset? I should be glad to see her married to a fine fellow worthy of the name of man, not a sniveling Methodist, you comprehend? I mean to take her *fiance* in hand. She'll be all the prouder of him if he is a dare-devil. Come, my boy, drink—drink to Cora May. A toast, all—Cora May!" and they drank, shouting the name. But Fred rose, with the red flush of anger on his cheek, and stood aloof. This time the captain's fierce nature leaped forth. With a sudden storm of curses he turned on the lad, knocked him down, and ordered him to be put in irons and confined in his cabin, which was next the captain's.

Polson and Durfy carried the senseless captive to his berth and tumbled him in, returning to the captain to finish the evening.

Fred recovered himself, slept awhile, and awoke far on in the night. He heard the captain moving about his stateroom with unsteady step. Evidently he had been drinking deeply, for he was muttering to himself, and lurching against the frail partition.

Suddenly something fell with a clash and a tinkle of broken ware. Captain Ryde cried out as if startled, then breathed a low exclamation of grief; then he seemed to be picking up the shattered pieces. Wondering what could have power to cause him such regret, Fred scrambled to his knees in his berth, and looked through the ventilator which pierced the partition. The captain stood under his hanging lamp, with some bits of blue china in his hand, at which he was gazing with a strange expression of dismay.

"Broken at last!" said he. "Well, I've had it a long time—a long time. Maybe it's better out of my sight. She may forget me if I can forget her. Bah! What set me thinking of her to-night? I thought I had almost driven her away. Ay, the lad, and his chivalrous feeling towards the child—*your* child, spirit, do you hear?"

He raised his face; the light fell upon it; it was quivering with strong, yet fiercely curbed emotion.

"You are with me, as usual, are you not? Hovering about me in the air, on the sea, in the very clouds of heaven, Cara; always hovering just beyond my longing hands. Come to me!"

His wild eyes, filled with dread and desire, roved about the little cabin, and then became fixed. He surveyed one particular portion of space, up and down, as if he saw a bodily presence before him, and a ghastly smile showed the edges of his teeth for an instant, like a convulsion.

"Ah, Cara!" he breathed in a tone of exquisite tenderness. "Oh! my love, come nearer. Let me touch your cold, wet hand just once—only this once, Cara, though your avenging hand should calmine mine—*my accursed hand that slew you, sweet!*"

The wild words, half choked in sobs, the unutterable grief and longing expressed in both look and tone, wrung Fred's compassion forth for the guilty man, despite the shocking nature of his confession, and the superstitious nature of his raving. He listened, breathless, for the next words, which were not long delayed. The captain wailed with outstretched hands for a few moments, then threw them up, bursting out fiercely:

"No, not she; she's implacable. Always just beyond me—her wild, sweet eyes flashing wonder into mine—changing into the eternal condemnation of a murdered victim's stare—always hovering near. But she will not give me her little dead hand—not though I pray her with tears of blood to take mine and lead me through the fatal gates of madness into death. Oh, God! it's more than poor mortal can endure—will you not end it?"

He struck his forehead with his clenched fist, his teeth gnashing under a cry that was like the agonizing howl of a wounded wild beast. The fragments of china had long ago fallen unheeded from his hands, and he threw himself face down among them, and lay motionless.

Utterly amazed at what he had seen and heard, Fred slid back to his berth and lay quiet. At intervals he heard the wretched man drawing long, shuddering sighs, and sometimes whispering the name of "Cara Mia!" Suddenly he cried aloud, with a mocking laugh:

"And they thought to give my darling's name to the foundling when they called it 'Cora May.' Cora May!" with utter disdain, and his voice sank to hoarse whisperings again.

Fred never slept that night.

What was it this man had said about Cora? What had he insinuated? Was it possible that he could know anything of her origin? He had intimated that she was the child of one "Raoul de Mersac," then he had raved to the spirit of a woman whom he had loved and murdered, about "your child." Who was this "Cara Mia," this darling of his wicked heart, whom he had slain?

"Can it be that I am on the track of Cora's parentage?" thought the lad with thrilling pulses.

Dinny Polson, who had been promoted to the dignity of cabin boy, brought Fred his breakfast, and indulged in a little innocent amusement by squatting on the floor just out of reach of Fred's chained hands, and picking out the choicest morsels on the plate, to devour with loud smacks of relish. Fred took no notice of him, which brought the performance to an untimely end, as Dinny dearly loved an audience, and cared little for teasing folks who never felt it.

"Guess ye wants yer grog this mornin'?" experimented the imp, watching the preoccupied prisoner curiously; "thar's nothin' like a nip for blue devils—I allers takes a tot when I'm low."

"I say, Dinny, what was it the captain broke in his stateroom last night?" asked Fred, rousing himself.

"What'll ye give me if I tells ye? A fig o' baccy?" whispered the imp, eagerly.

"No indeed, you bad boy! Tobacco for a little fellow like you! Shame! No; I'll give you nothing for answering a trifling question."

And Fred pretended to absorb his attention in his breakfast.

By the law of perversity, Dinny was now burning with desire to tell all he knew. He had something to yarn about, and was he to be snuffed out that way?

"Ye heard him smash it, then?" whispered he, cocking one white eye. "Lor! wish I'd ben you! Was he blazin' mad? Did he curse'n' swear like brimstone? Wish I'd ben you!"

"He was sorry that he broke it," said Fred, surprised at the boy's apparent knowledge of the captain's fondness for the article, "but what was it—something very valuable?"

"Cost piles; regular genooine severs chany. We've got the mate to hum. Oh, I tell you we're nob's, we are," vaunted Dinny.

A sudden recollection flashed on Fred.

"Oh, I know. That blue porcelain caudlestick. Is it that you mean?"

"Lor! how come you to know about it?" cried Dinny, giggling.

"Oh, I've been in your house. Your mother has one, and Captain Ryde has the other. How comes that?" demanded Fred, sternly. He was resolved to get out of the boy all he knew. He began to suspect that the confederacy in crime between Captain Ryde and the smugglers of Blackridge had lasted as long ago as to the date of Cora's being fung ashore from the wrecked steamer.

Dinny did not answer his last question, but wriggled uneasily, and made monkeyish grimaces in silence.

"Did you ever hear the story of the little girl who was drifted ashore on Blackridge beach fourteen years ago?" asked Fred, bending forward to look in his face. Dinny got blue with fright.

"Oh, my soul and body! what makes ye ax me?" whimpered he. "I wasn't even born then!"

"But you know what happened, Dinny. Don't dare to deny it!"

"Wal, an' what of I do? I couldn't help hearin' granny talk. It was her, too, an' not marm, that was with the captain."

"When he murdered the lady?"

"Oh, whist! Ef dad hears ye he'll cut yer throat, and mine, too, for knowin' about it."

"Yor' mother is as wicked as the captain. She should have saved the lady," ventured Fred, still drawing the boy out.

"She couldn't!" wept Dinny. "She was way up the beach when the raft come ashore, and the captain he'd done it before she could get nigh; an' granny she was for shovin' the corp out agin afore she'd see it. But the captain had it all huggud up a-kissin' of it, 'cause he'd choked her afore he knowed her for his own old sweetheart. An' marm untied the baby and kerried it home—that's all she did in it."

Dinny stopped short with a great start. His father was entering the cabin. Fred hid his pale face, the horror of the tale almost overwhelming him. Dinny cunningly drew his father's attention from Fred to himself. In the twinkling of an eye he had regained his composure, and was chaffing his gruff parent with the brazen impertinence of a sparrow. Fortunately for the imp Fred's extreme paleness and discomposure passed with Polson as he drew near. He brought Fred his books, and told him it was best that he should remain quietly in his cabin out of the captain's sight for a day or two, as he had been seized with one of his fits of half mad melancholy, which, it seemed, were periodical, and during which it was not safe to cross him.

When left alone Fred reviewed the strange cir-

cumstances which he had gathered. Captain Ryde and the Polsons had been on the beach watching for that wreck to break up. Perhaps they and the Blackridge band of smugglers had lured the foreign steamer to her doom.

(To be continued.)

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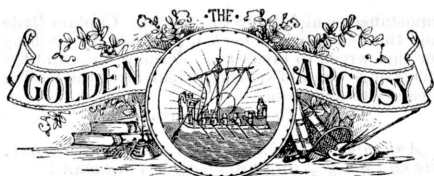
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owing to a mistake in the presswork, a few misprinted copies of No. 202 were issued. We shall esteem it a favor if every reader who received one will return it, sending us his name and address, when we will at once replace it with a perfect copy.

A WISE DECISION.

In a Kentucky trial for murder there was no defense except that the accused was drunk when he did the killing, and he was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The Court of Appeals has just affirmed the judgment, holding that drunkenness is no excuse for crime, and does not lessen the degree of the offense.

SWINDLERS AND HONEST MEN.

THERE have lately been a good many defalcations in positions of trust, and we hear the cry that our whole world of business is honey-combed with corruption and dishonesty.

One man steals money entrusted to him, and the news runs from ocean to ocean. A thousand men are honest and honorable all through their lives, and the world knows them not. Yet American society is made mainly of such men, and not of swindlers.

A Boston clergyman well said a few weeks ago:

"I, who have lived a good deal more than seventy years, say that I have found ten thousand honest men to one dishonest."

The crimes of a few bad men need not make us disbelieve in the honesty of myriads of upright and worthy citizens.

HE NEVER MET HIS MOTHER.

HERE is a touching little incident of city life which may well bring a tear to the reader's eye:

A few days ago a bright, pale-faced boy went to Castle Garden and inquired if the City of Rome was in. He was told that she was coming up the bay. He said that his mother was among the steerage passengers and he had come to meet her. He was told to wait, but when the news came that the City of Rome would remain at quarantine over night he started for home with tears in his eyes. On his way home he was run over and killed by one of the dummy engines on Tenth Avenue. His father found the body at the station house late that night. The following morning he met the mother in Castle Garden and told her that Willie had just been killed.

THE FROZEN SOUTH.

THAT mysterious, unknown land, the Antarctic Continent, has hitherto attracted few explorers. While expeditions have penetrated the arctic regions nearly every year, in the hope of finding a northwest passage or of gaining valuable material for science, the other end of the globe has remained almost unvisited. Almost nothing has been done there since forty-five years ago, when Sir John Ross discovered the huge volcano, Mount Erebus, flaming amid the everlasting snow and ice.

Expeditions towards the north pole are not exactly pleasure excursions; but the south pole presents still more terrible difficulties. To reach it, the traveler must leave his ship, and traverse probably a thousand miles of land covered with almost impassable masses of ice.

This arduous task will be attempted next year by an expedition dispatched by the government of Victoria, Australia, who are to sail southward from Melbourne, and push on to reach the pole, if they can manage it.

TO INVENTORS.

AMERICAN boys have generally an inventive mind, and probably there are many readers of the ARGOSY who are busy with the construction of some new contrivance.

A great field is open to the inventor, espe-

cially in the improvement of the simple and common devices which everybody uses every day. A vast number of these little improvements have already been made, as we can see by comparing our every-day life with that of our ancestors; but we cannot doubt that a vast number remain to be made, and that future generations will advance beyond our civilization as far as we have surpassed those before us.

Much may be done by constant thought. Keep thinking of your subject, if you wish to succeed. And though the prizes in this field are not very common, they are sometimes very great. While many would-be inventors have toiled without result, some have made small but important improvements which have brought them wealth.

Your friends ought to read THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Tell them that they ought to read it. Tell them about the two new stories that commence this week. Tell them to ask their newsdealer to get the ARGOSY for them.

ONE OF AMERICA'S EARLY HEROES.

THERE was a lad of seventeen in a Moravian settlement in the early days of Pennsylvania, who had a great piece of good fortune. A nobleman visiting the settlement was pleased with the boy, and offered to take him to Europe, give him a first-rate education, and start him in life. Assured success lay before him, and amid the congratulations of his friends the boy started with his patron.

As the ship passed down the Delaware, the boy was seen gazing earnestly at the land.

"David," he was asked, "do you wish to return?"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"To tell the Indians of God. That is my true work."

"Then, in His name, go back, even now."

He was sent ashore in a boat, returned home, entered into the lodge of an Indian chief for two years, to learn their language and customs, and then gave up his life to preaching to them. No missionary has ever exercised a more powerful influence on the Indians. He founded forty Christian villages, and brought thousands of savages to Christianity and civilization.

His name was David Zeisberger.

WHAT A YACHT COSTS.

PERHAPS the most expensive and at the same time the most delightful of all the millionaire's luxuries is his yacht. It costs more to maintain a steam yacht than a large household on shore, and every year more than a million dollars are spent in this way on the Atlantic coast.

A member of the New York Yacht Club says that the most costly yacht afloat is James Gordon Bennett's Namouna, which eats up about \$100,000 in twelve months. The Alva, now being built for W. K. Vanderbilt, will cost an equal sum. Jay Gould spends \$70,000 a year on his speedy Atalanta, and William B. Astor \$60,000 on the Nourmahal.

The Galatea's trip across the ocean cost her owner about \$10,000 for racing equipment, wages and fees, and personal expenses. Lieutenant Henn doubtless enjoyed the visit, but it has not been a very cheap or successful one.

Of course, a great deal of pleasure may be obtained from less pretentious craft at vastly lower expense. A steam launch can be maintained for two or three thousand dollars a year, and a small sloop for a few hundred. And a great many people get "lots of fun" from a little sailing-boat which costs them practically nothing.

STATESMEN AND FISHERMEN.

MANY great men have been earnest devotees of the gentle craft of old Isaac Walton. It is remarkable to observe how many of our leading statesmen find a fascination in the rod and line, and the trout brook bounding through the cool rocks. At some spots in the mountains up the Potomac, the bigwigs of the Senate are often to be seen enjoying a holiday from the cares of state.

Edmunds, the stern and dignified senator from Vermont, thaws out so completely on these fishing trips that he is well known to the villagers as the "jolly old bald-headed fellow." Senator Frye is also a good angler; he is as keen as a schoolboy, and he uses schoolboy tackle—a common line and a pole cut out of the woods.

Senator Vest of Missouri, on the other hand, uses an outfit which cost \$150; his rods are of a particular reed, and his reels are silver. He intersperses his sport with wonderful tales of his exploits in the Missouri streams and the Yellowstone, and is allowed to be the champion fish-story teller.

Kenna of West Virginia tells some stories, but his imagination is not so active as Vest's. He always sallies forth in backwoods costume, jean trousers and a hickory shirt. He is said to be the only senator who has a genuine bait bottle, which does not come from the Senate restaurant.

Hampton of South Carolina is also a keen fisherman, and the present and late Presidents have spent their brief holidays in the same fascinating pursuit. Of Cleveland's skill in the art many and very different stories have been told, but of his enthusiasm there is no doubt. Our "funny man" suggests that he is anxious to solve the puzzling fisheries question by a little personal experience.

JAY GOULD,

From Farmer's Boy to King of Wall Street; A Career which shows the Possibilities lying before Young America.

WE are going to give a brief sketch of one of the most powerful men in the world; a man who has far greater command of wealth, and far greater influence upon the destiny of his fellow creatures than many a king or emperor; a man who has played a foremost part in developing the vast resources of our land; a man who has risen to his high position and great achievements from a penniless country boy on his father's farm!

The career of such a man is a type and a proof of the wonderful progress of our land, and illustrates the boundless opportunities which are here opened to keen sagacity and untiring perseverance. The golden dreams of Eastern fables pale before this American story; its hero has mounted from poverty and obscurity to the pinnacle on which he stands today, where he commands the respect and admiration of his friends, the envy of his rivals, and the wonder of the whole world.

Fifty years ago the country around the head-waters of the Delaware River was more thinly settled than it is now. It was a region of hills and woods, with scattered farms [which produced cattle and horses, milk and butter. Here, at Stratton's Falls, Delaware County, N. Y., lived John B. Gould, farmer and storekeeper, and here, in November, 1836, was born his son Jay.

Young Gould's boyhood was spent amid the ordinary surroundings of country life. His mother died when he was five years old, and he learned early the habits of self-reliance and reticence which have always marked his character.

He had no education beyond that of the common schools; but he made the best of his opportunities, and by quiet study gained a store of information unusual for a boy in his position.

The future railroad king commenced his business career when sixteen years old, as clerk in a small store at Roxbury, owned by one Squire Burhan. It was a country store of the ordinary kind, selling a little of everything, from pens to ploughshares. Two years later, failing health obliged him to give up this occupation and to seek open-air employment.

It is said that at this time he visited New York to dispose of the model of a new mouse-trap which he had invented. He carried it so carefully wrapped up under his arm, that a rough snatched it and ran off. Jay promptly pursued and overtook him; he was found to be a well-known thief, and when he saw what the stolen bundle contained, he exclaimed with the most profound contempt, "Well, only a mouse-trap!"

For a while young Gould tried book canvassing. Then he fell in with some surveyors who were making maps of Delaware and Ulster Counties for an Albany publishing firm, and was engaged to carry their rod and chain at ten dollars a month. He turned the time to good account by picking up a knowledge of surveying; and when the publishers failed a few months later, Gould actually issued the maps and a history of the two counties on his own account. Then he tramped from farm to farm throughout the district, with a sample copy under his arm, and took so many orders that he netted a thousand dollars!

His next venture was in another direction. He left his home and moved into Northern Pennsylvania, where he started a tannery at a place which was named Gouldsboro. At first he was in partnership with a Col. Zaddock Pratt, but he soon became the sole owner.

The business was successful, bringing in a profit of \$6,000 in two years; but the young man's ambition only regarded it as a stepping-stone to greater things. His eyes were steadily fixed on the future, and his whole energies devoted to acquiring sufficient capital to form a basis for the career which he had marked out for himself. He lived quietly and economically, and was entirely averse to smoking, drinking and gambling.

It was natural that Gould should be attracted to the metropolis. He first appeared there in 1859, beginning the business of buying and selling hides, in an unpretentious office on the top floor of 49 Gold Street.

The following year he married Ellen Miller, whom he had met in Pennsylvania. And it was this marriage that first brought him into connection with railroad affairs.

The father of his bride had an interest in the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, a small line which traversed Gould's native district. The concern was a failure, and Mr. Miller wished to dispose of the stock, which was almost worthless. Before doing so, however, his son-in-law went to take a look at the line. With his thorough knowledge of the country, he concluded that the line could be made to pay, with good management.

Here was a chance of which Gould was not slow to avail himself. He quickly disposed of his other business, and got possession, at a very low price, of most of the stock. Then he went to work to reform the management of the road, and by his businesslike methods he succeeded in operating it at a profit.

Gould had now found the work for which he was especially fitted. His foot was set in the path which he has since steadily pursued, and which has led him to his present power and wealth.

He entered Wall Street, and began to deal in railroad securities. Good judgment and good luck combined in his favor. The stirring times of the civil war soon came, and his keen foresight enabled him to turn to his own advantage the colossal business commotions which resulted. With unerring sagacity he forecasted the rise and fall in the price of gold and stocks

which followed the varying fortunes of the struggle, and almost every fluctuation was made to yield him a profit.

He was a millionaire before the close of the war; but his greatest financial successes have been achieved since that time. His operations have been on a vast scale. He has built up great railroads, without which the wonderful growth of the Western States would have been impossible; which have added billions to the wealth of the country and millions to that of their organizer.

The first large company with which he was connected was the Erie. Next he bought 25,000 shares

of Cleveland and Pittsburgh, and by improving the road he doubled the value of the property. He went into the Union Pacific when its fortunes were at their lowest ebb, and the present bettered condition of that important system is largely due to his efforts.

The Kansas and Texas is another enterprise which has been sustained by Mr. Gould's financing.

He is a very large stockholder in the Western Union and the Pacific mail, but the concern with which he is most closely identified is the Missouri Pacific, a great railroad which is especially his own creation. Altogether he controls property to the amount of nearly a billion dollars, and is himself worth about \$100,000,000. Mr. Gould resides with his wife and family at his stately residence at Irvington, on the Hudson River, a few miles from New York. He is an excellent husband and father, and is very fond of quiet family life. His holidays are generally spent on board his magnificent and speedy steam yacht, the Atalanta.

His eldest son George, whose recent marriage to Miss Edith Kingdon attracted so much notice, is a young man who inherits his father's character and ability, and will, no doubt, succeed to his great position and influence.

Jay Gould has been made the subject of much indiscriminate abuse. He has been described as a selfish monopolist, a heartless oppressor of the poor, an enemy to his country. These accusations are unjust, and can generally be traced to the machinations of envious rivals. A great public character always has such detractors, and Jay Gould is a great public character. His enormous wealth is in good hands. He has sincerely at heart the interests of his thousands of employees, and the millions served by his companies. The organizer of railroads and telegraphs is a servant to his country no less than the victorious general and the successful statesman.

CONFIDENCE.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THINK not that you may calmly tread
The loftier height that thousands miss,
Till you have measured all the dread
And darkness of the abyss.

That foot which climbs where towers most high
The peak of blended sun and snow
Is always guarded by an eye
That dares to look below.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

LABOR is the girdle of manliness.—Canon Farrar.

STUDY the grace of silence when provoked. Resolve to defer reply to another day.

AN open mind, an open hand, and an open heart will find everywhere an open door.

THE charities that soothe, and heal, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

THE real things are inside. The real world is the inside world. God is not up, nor down, but in the midst.

AIM high. You may not touch the mark, but by a high aim you will come nearer to it than by not trying at all. Then by making the effort many persons have come nearer to it than at first anticipated.

THE encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of profit on the sale of drink, is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravoes of any age or country.

If a man elects to mount the rounds of the world's ladder, he must have what Charles Lamb denominates "grit." The man who expects that quality of nature must become a pugilist, knocking the "I" out of "ifs." It is the chief element in the body politic of every successful man. A man low down you cannot keep low down if he wants to rise. Men rise from gutters to rule in palaces of kings, and to command the men content to remain in bondage.

If all had hearts like those which beat so lightly in the bosoms of the young and beautiful, what a heaven this earth would be! If, while our bodies grow old and withered, our hearts could but retain their early youth and freshness, of what avail would be our sorrows and sufferings? But the faint image of Eden, which is stamped upon them in childhood, chafes and rubs in our rough struggles with the world, and soon wears away; too often to leave nothing but a mournful blank remaining.—Charles Dickens.



THAT TREASURE OR ADVENTURES OF FRONTIER LIFE. A Story of the Plains

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,
Author of "The Mystery of a Diamond," "Jack Bond's Quest," "Pepper Adams," "Blown Out to Sea," "Phil Asher," "Darcy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE VISION OF THE LOST TREASURE.

SHARPLY outlined against the blue southern horizon rise the summits of two mighty volcano peaks. On every side stand mountain ranges, which the keen, clear air seems to bring close to the broad streets of the city; a city stately with domes, towers, and steeples, a city of ancient power and grandeur, a city famed in history, in poetry, and in romance, the old capital of the Aztec Emperors, the City of Mexico.

In one of its streets was a low stone building, with flat roof and balconied upper windows. In the doorway there stood a handsome, athletic young fellow in his seventeenth year, as straight as an Apache arrow, with crisp dark hair, and keen black eyes; American by birth, cosmopolitan from force of circumstances.

"How do the Mexican dollars come in to-day, Mr. Britzer?" Tom Dean asked carelessly, of a middle-aged man, broad-shouldered and long-armed, but dwarfed in stature, and with a singularly repulsive face.

"They don't come in," growled Britzer, who was sitting in a dilapidated rocker, that formed part of his stock in trade. This stock consisted entirely of second-hand goods of American manufacture, some of which were displayed about his store door. "It was a big mistake, this openin' a branch store down here, where these furriners don't know a bargain when they see one," he went on, "and I wish I'd stayed in New York. How's bizness with you and the professor," he asked.

"Oh, so-so," was the evasive answer. "I don't think any one of us Yankees is going to make his fortune here," he added.

Britzer muttered something uncomplimentary to Mexican enterprise, and proceeded to fill a well browned meerschaum in gloomy silence. Tom stood idly watching the passing panorama, the novelty of which had not entirely worn off.

Pack mules from the mountains loaded down with ore were rambling along in single file through the dusty streets, with now and then a Mexican horseman in his strikingly picturesque garb. There were peon laborers and olive hued natives, handsome creoles, Europeans, and mulattoes, and everywhere the dirty half-clad lepero with loaded revolver concealed somewhere under his ragged blanket. He is the Thug of Mexican society. When begging and imposture fail him, he takes to robbery or murder.

A bronzed and bearded man of middle age, who was entirely different in dress and appearance from the throng of mixed races about him, suddenly arrested Tom's attention. He was elbowing his way nervously through the indolent natives, his gaze being evidently fixed on the stores of the American traders.

He wore the typical border dress, the wide-brimmed sombrero, the blue shirt knotted at the throat with a bright handkerchief, riding overalls tucked into high boots, and the inevitable revolver in its stamped-leather holster at his hip.

"I reckon this yere's the place," he said, half aloud; and, halting directly before the doorway where Tom was standing, he glanced upwards at a small sign between the two second floor windows, on which was this inscription:

PROFESSOR DEAN,

El gran Americano Medico e Astrologo.

"Anything in my line to-day?" blandly asked Britzer, confronting the newcomer; "a second-hand rifle, good as new, or—"

"There's nothin' in your line," was the curt reply. Elbowing Britzer aside with scant ceremony the speaker ascended the stairs to the upper room, which Mr. Britzer had leased to Professor Dean, the great American Physician and Astrologer.

Obedient to a call from above, Tom ran lightly up the stairs.

"That's only four has be'n to the professor in a week—he can't be earnin' his salt," muttered Britzer; "next thing he'll be pulling up, and the room left vacant."

And very wrathfully Mr. Britzer resumed his seat and his pipe.

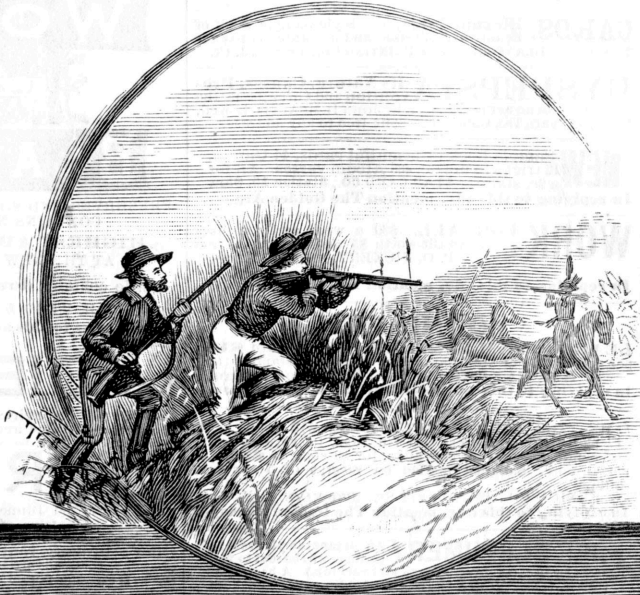
Tom entered the room above, and stood wait-

ing the will of the professor. The latter was a tall, gaunt man, with a smooth shaven, colorless face; his iron gray hair fell on his shoulders in heavy masses.

"As I was tellin' you, p'fessor," the young man was saying, "I heard of your bein' kind of an—an astrologer, so I come here jest to see if you could give me any light on the subject of my lost gol' dust—but, mind you, I want a fair deal an' no humbuggery bizness about it—savey?"

"I understand," was the quiet reply. The professor motioned the visitor, who had briefly remarked that his name was William "without nothin' else," to a seat, and turned to Tom. The boy, knowing what was expected of him, had seated himself in an old chair.

"Look," said the professor, holding one of his long, thin, fingers upright; and Tom's upturned eyes became fixed and staring. Professor Dean made a few passes before his face—his eyelids drooped, and he was no longer master of his own thoughts or will.



THEY SPURRED HASTILY FORWARD WHILE THE SHOUTS OF THE PURSUERS SOUNDED NEARER AND NEARER.

"What do you see?" asked the professor; but Tom did not immediately reply.

"He is now under the control of the spirits," said Professor Deane to his visitor. His manner was earnest, and he seemed to be perfectly sincere in what he was saying.

William muttered something which sounded remarkably like "gammon," but seemed to be impressed withal.

Suddenly Tom began speaking in a clear but monotonous voice.

"There is a desert, with white sand, and gray dust. Prickly plants grow in little patches, but nothing else—"

"Ceptin' sage brush"—hoarsely whispered William. Tom went on precisely like a person talking in his sleep.

"Miles and miles across this desert are hills, with trees and shrubs and grass. There are great ledges where men have blasted the rocks, and deep cuts where they have dug in the earth. Down through the hills runs a stream, that divides a little settlement of one-story board houses all falling to pieces, with here and there a larger building of unburnt bricks—"

"Adobe," again put in William, who now drinking in every word with intense eagerness—"Go ahead, young fellow."

Entirely unmindful of the interruption, Tom continued:

"There are only two men in the whole settlement. It is night, and they are sitting at a table in the largest of the buildings. Before them are four little leather bags of yellow dust. All at once there are fierce cries and yells outside. One of the men springs to his feet, snatches a gun from the corner and runs out. He fires again, and again! Then— And here Tom paused.

"Go on!" said the professor, fixing his eyes on the boy's face, over which an expression of horror was passing.

"I cannot see plain now," returned Tom in a

troubled voice. "I can only make out the man down, with Indians dancing and yelling about him."

"All that's c'rect as fur's it goes, for I'm the man that the hounds was on to," interrupted William, springing wildly to his feet; "but it ain't him I want know about—it's the other man, with the gol' dust—what come to him!" But the interruption had broken Tom's mesmeric slumber, and with a start and a sigh he opened his eyes.

"Say, youngster," excitedly demanded William, "can't you tell what came to the other chap?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," replied Tom, simply; and his face showed that he was speaking the truth.

"Another crusher," muttered William, as though in soliloquy, "an' twenty-five thousand dollars in gol' dust apiently as fur off as ever."

CHAPTER II.

TOM FINDS A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE professor's and Tom's frugal evening meal of eggs, tortillas and fruit, was finished.

The building in which they were constructed after the Mexican style, in the shape of a quadrangle. A wide stone balcony extended entirely around the square interior, only broken by flights of stone steps leading into the patio, or court-yard below.

The house was divided into tenements, whose occupants seemed to live in the open air. Men lounged about the court-yard, smoking the inevitable cigarette, in the faint twilight; señoritas and matrons leaned over the balustrade, and children played in and out of the rooms. The tinkle of a guitar, blended with rather a fine voice, rose to the ears of Tom and the professor, who were sitting on the balcony before their windows.

"Tom," said the professor, who had been unusually silent, "my heart has been troubling me more than ever, of late. I sometimes wish we were back in New York, where I could see Dr. Mott again about it."

Tom had wished so more than once, within the past week. He was quite sure that the extreme rarity of the atmosphere at such a height above the sea was anything but good for the professor's chronic ailment. Besides, he had begun to feel, like Britzer, that their Mexican venture would not be a success.

"If anything should happen to me—a—" sud-

professor in his varied wanderings through the continent, and by his help picked up a haphazard half education. His intense love of reading was a great help to him. For the rest, he had been taught to be truthful, honest, and clean-mouthed.

All this passed through Tom's mind. What could he do, if anything happened to his friend and protector? The streets were almost deserted. He met occasionally a drowsy policeman, or a slouching lepero, but the rest of the community was asleep.

He lingered a moment to gaze at the great structure built on the site of the former palace of the Montezumas. With the magnificent public gardens and wide square adjoining, it was bathed in a splendor of moonlight. Hence he walked passed the enclosure where had stood the historic sacrificial stone, on which, as Prescott tells us, more than a thousand victims suffered a horrible death. He went by the cathedral and market-place to the canal, and then turned to retrace his steps, when he caught the sound of a scuffle and angry voices close at hand.

Rounding the nearest corner, in a dark angle made by the junction of two buildings, he saw a bare-headed man striking out fiercely with a clubbed revolver at five swarthy Mexicans, who were fiercely closing upon him, knife in hand, to accomplish their murderous purpose.

Tom glanced quickly about him. Upon a pile of stones, close at hand, where the pavement had been that day repaired, lay an ironwood lever, five feet long, a couple of inches through, and heavy enough to fell an ox.

A second later, as Tom's powerful young arms swung it above his head, a yell of dismay on one hand, and of exultation on the other, echoed on the midnight air. The sound, however, did not awaken the nearest native policeman.

"Whoop-ee! give 'em p'tier!" shouted the assaulted man, bringing down the butt of his revolver with telling effect upon a Mexican's head.

Two of the leperos were now disabled, and the rest took to their heels.

"You'd better leg it, you coyotes," exclaimed the stranger, stepping forward into the clear moonlight.

Tom saw at a glance that it was William, of the afternoon's interview; while without any exhibition of surprise, that individual grasped his extended hand.

"Come on out of this, youngster, an' let them fellers rekker at their leisure," he said, with a contemptuous glance at the half-stunned Mexicans. And picking up his sombrero, William dropped his revolver into place and linked his arm in Tom's.

"I thought when I see you this afternoon you was built for something better'n mouth-piecin' for sperits," he said, gravely, "an' now I'm sure of it. Much obliged; mebbe I'll do as much for you some day."

"How did it happen?" asked Tom, quietly, amused at the matter-of-fact speech of his companion.

"They was into a place where I was havin' a drink of this here Mexican pulque, that tastes wuss'n spiced butter-milk," explained William. "I hauled out some gol' pieces when I paid, an' they follered me out. Fool-like, I come away from my room without puttin' kertridges in my revolver, else I'd ha' settled the posse of 'em in no time, same's they been so many perary wolves."

Thus discoursing, the two walked rapidly along without further signs of molestation, till they reached San Luis street, and turned the familiar corner.

"Somethin's wrong to your place," exclaimed William. Tom saw lights flitting from room to room, and heard the sound of excited voices at the open window. He did not wait to hear further. He ran through the wide open door, and up the stone stairway, where half-dressed men and terrified-looking women were swarming. A native policeman at the door was solemnly waving off the curious intruders in the entry.

"What is the matter?" gasped Tom, pushing his way forcibly into the room.

But the question was needless. Stretched on a couch covered with rawhide lay all that was mortal of Tom's protector. Throwing himself on his knees beside the dead man, with a great cry, the boy hid his face in his hands.

There was little to tell; yet that little was full of significance. The portero, or court-yard janitor, had been awakened by some one softly descending the steps from the balcony. Upon being hailed, the intruder gave no answer, but ran quickly to the gate and drew back the fastenings. Convinced that a thieving lepero had gained admission, the portero discharged a rusty blunderbuss, and shouted lustily for the police.

Of course the intruder was unharmed by the fire, and escaped. Lights were brought, the little community was aroused, and it was discovered that the professor was dead in his swinging cot, yet without wound or bruise on his person.

The pillow on which Professor Dean's head had rested was lying on the tiled floor. Whether the midnight intruder had robbed the dead, or whether his unexpected entrance had caused the fatal shock, none could tell; for although the lifeless eyes were wide open, the professor's features were calm and composed.

The old-fashioned pocket-book which had always been under his pillow at night was gone, and with it a sum of money in silver and gold kept for ordinary expenses.

Britzer, who claimed to have been aroused by the report of the blunderbuss, said that beyond doubt the robber was a lepero. He had seen him, he added, quite distinctly for a moment in the moonlight, as he fled through the gate; he wore the regulation blanket and slouch hat of the suspected race. The portero corroborated Britzer's statement, and as there was no

denly continued the professor, with something of an effort. "our little fortune—it will be yours, then, remember—is all in the old pocketbook, which I put under my pillow every night. Those five one thousand dollar bills, Tom, have been the rounds with us quite a—"

"Hush!" interrupted Tom, turning his head quickly. "I thought I heard some one breathing, just behind us."

The professor started nervously, as a dusky winged vampire bat came sailing out of Britzer's open window, uttered a soft hiss as it flitted by.

"Bah!" he said, with a half shudder, "it's an evil omen! I don't want to talk any more. I'm going to bed."

"And I," said Tom, who had been made uneasy by Professor Dean's words, "shall go for a stroll. The moon is rising, and the Plaza Major will look beautiful in half-an-hour."

Thus saying he turned towards the door. It always gives him a sad pleasure to remember that as he passed the swinging cot in which the professor lay smoking, the latter gently laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Good night, my boy, and God bless you," he said, tenderly. "No son could have been as dear to me as you, Tom."

And Tom, with an unwonted moisture in his eyes, silently pressed the caressing hand, and descended to the street, thinking of the professor's singular mood, and particularly of his last words.

For Tom was a waif and a stray. The professor had found him, a sturdy urchin of four years old, toddling about one of the steamboat piers in New York, after the departure of the Fall River boat, looking for "papa." Mamma had "gone to heaven," as he said, and this was all the family history Tom could relate. Advertisements were tried in vain, and the professor, a lonely single man, had taken Tom into his own life. The boy had accompanied the

TO A MARI GOLD.

BY THOMAS WESTAR.

Marigold, bright marigold,
The autumn sky is clear and cold;
The sun withhold his cheery ray
And storm clouds threaten all the day.
Yet still thou lovest to unfold
Thy precious store of light and love;
Thy petals surely are unrolled
By some good spirit from above.

Marigold, bright marigold,
When my poor heart is dark and cold,
The star of faith withhold its ray
And doubt and fear beset my way.
Then like a child of simple grace,
Unwavering in faith and love,
I see the lift thy smiling face
And look from beareth to heaven above.

Marigold, bright marigold,
Oh, may my memory still hold
The lesson now from thee I learn,
When low life's waning embers burn.
Then may I, little flower, like thee,
With smiling face lift up mine eyes,
My soul from earth's pollution free,
And hail my Maker in the skies.

[This story commenced in No. 198.]

SCHOOL AND THE WORLD:

A Story of School and City Life.

By PAUL BLAKE.

Author of "The Two Chums," "The New Boy," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

FOUR months have elapsed since the day when Lang received official intimation that he had passed the matriculation in the first division. When the news arrived he was still in bed; his recovery bid fair to be a long and weary one.

He is now, however, back in town. The physician whom he has consulted has decided that he may begin work again; so for the last month he has been a fairly regular attendant at the Rev. Peter King's, reading law with Mr. Edward King, barrister-at-law, who spends some of his spare time in coaching backward students.

Not that Lang is supposed to be backward; his passing his examination so well puts that idea out of the question. But it is not thought wise to article him just yet.

"If I were in your place, sir," said the physician to Mr. Lang, "I should not insist on his settling down to steady work for a month or two. There is every reason to believe that he has perfectly recovered, yet there is a strange depression about him which I cannot understand. Has he any secret trouble or anxiety?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied Mr. Lang. "He is not in debt, I suppose?"

"I cannot imagine that he is; I may say that I am sure he is not."

The physician looked thoughtful. "Then I should let him lead a fairly easy life for the next month or two, or even three. Then, if he seems to regain his spirits, well and good, let him have steady work. If he still remains depressed you must come to me again."

So it happened that Lang was in clover, according to most fellows' idea of clover; doing just as much work as he liked and no more. But he did not lose the feeling of depression. He had been able to send a five-pound note to Fanshawe soon after he returned to town.

It was a source of continual wonder to him that he had not heard from him. Fanshawe was always more or less in want of money, generally more; and he was not the sort of fellow to forget to remind another of a promise to pay.

Fanshawe's acknowledgment of the note showed the reason: "DEAR LANG: Thanks for the cash, which was very handy. I should have bothered you about it before, but I had a windfall at the beginning of the year, which has kept me going ever since. I'll stand you an evening's fun out of your fiver if you'll come up to my place."

It was the postscript which gave Lang a shock. "P. S. Can I be of any use to you for your 'intermediate'?"

Could he never get rid of the tempter? No, never. He had commenced his career by a fraud. Even supposing he were article'd, became a successful practitioner and made his fortune, he would have to endure the constant fear that some one would whisper to him some day: "You are no lawyer; your articles were obtained by fraud; go and stand in the prisoner's dock, that is your proper place!"

Is it any wonder that he did not regain his spirits? Garland was living at Mr. King's, expecting to go to college after the long vacation. Soady had passed his examination with very creditable success, and was now a clerk in the Patent Office. He was still a lodger at No. 15A, and had gained a signal victory over Caractacus. He saw a great deal of Garland, and as much as he could of Lang, but the latter rather avoided him.

"Can't make out what's the matter with Lang," he said to Garland one day. "He isn't half the fellow he was. Do you know anything about it?"

"No," replied Garland; "perhaps it's his illness."

"He was just as bad at Christmas, so 'tisn't that. I wish we could stir him up a bit. Perhaps this bazaar of Mrs. Hawtrey may wake him up."

"I hope it may."

Soady was on quite the wrong scent about Lang. The note the latter had sent him to receive letters addressed "A. B. C." had aroused the strangest ideas in Soady's imaginative mind; but none of these bore any resemblance to the actual fact.

Yet the actual fact was nearer discovery than any one imagined.

It was the day before the bazaar in aid of St. Peter's Home for Cripples. Mrs. Hawtrey had kept her word, and had made the young men whose services she had enlisted work nobly.

"It's as hot as Vesuvius," sighed Soady, as he wiped his forehead. He had been engaged for the last hour in fixing up a platform in the schoolroom of St. Peter's, Garland giving him valuable aid.

"Who'd think 'twas only May?" asked Garland.

"I don't know," was Soady's guarded reply. "I don't care what month it is, it's a baking one in here. Do you think that platform looks firm?"

"Try it."

Soady stepped on to the planks from the side. There was a sudden elevation of the other end of it, and Soady subsided backwards.

"Oh, I do hope you haven't hurt yourself!" exclaimed Maggie, who was standing near.

"Not much, thank you," was the reply. "Didn't your head strike that pole?"

"I don't remember its doing so," said Soady. "The worst of the affair is, we shall have to fasten down these planks, or else we shall have every one shooting into the air to-morrow."

"That would spoil your tableaux rather badly, wouldn't it?"

Yes; the Sleeping Beauty would have a rude awakening," said Soady, for he had been getting up some tableaux, the admission to which was to be threepence only, and Miss Hawtrey was to be the Sleeping Beauty.

At this moment Mrs. Hawtrey came up. She had just given the final touches to her stall. "Isn't it time we all went home?" she asked. "It's nearly ten, and I'm, sure you have all worked enough for to-day."

"I must just fasten down these planks to the trestles," said Soady. "I sha'n't be half a minute."

"Look, mamma!" cried Miss Maggie, "the men are bringing in the piano."

Garland went off to superintend placing it, while Soady whacked the nails with a big hammer, and raised such a tumult that no one could hear what any one else said.

"Oh, do be quiet for a moment!" shouted Garland. "Get up early and finish it."

"There," said the unconscious Soady, proudly, "that's done. Why, here's the piano. How do you like it, Miss Hawtrey?"

"I haven't tried it yet."

Soady opened it, and gave the keys a dust with his handkerchief. "Do just see if you like the touch," he said. "You may have three minutes," said Mrs. Hawtrey, graciously.

There were only a dozen people present—ladies and gentlemen who had been working all the evening in the cause of charity, and one or two workmen. The big room was lighted by a couple of chandeliers only, which left most of it in gloom, through which the white stalls loomed strangely.

Maggie sat down to the grand piano, and began playing a reverie of Heller's. She was a skillful and feeling pianist, and she had now an instrument worthy of her powers, and an audience in the right mood for appreciating their display. Piece after piece she played, from a tender andante of Beethoven's to a spirited tarantelle of Raff's. The three minutes were lengthened to fifteen, and then twenty, before she ceased.

She had the best reward she could have had, and she appreciated it. No one thanked her, but there was a dead silence as she closed the piano. Then there was a sob heard in the farther recesses of the hall, and hasty steps of some one going out.

That broke the spell. "Who was that?" asked Mr. King. "No one knew; the hall-keeper was sure that no one was there when Miss Maggie began to play."

Who would have guessed that it was Lang? Yet so it was; he had come round to walk back with Soady for the sake of companionship, had heard the wonderful music, and it had touched his very soul. He burst into a sob, and, ashamed of his emotion, hastened home alone. Would that he had looked upwards for pardon and help in his hour of repentance and need.

CHAPTER XVII.

SOADY was at Mr. King's earlier than usual next day, for he had taken a holiday on the strength of the bazaar. He had come to fetch Garland.

"Hurry up, my archbishop in embryo," he said; "there's lots to do before Sir Robert proclaims the affair open and gives the public permission to ruin themselves without reserve. Where's Lang?"

"He's in the library; do you want him?" "Rather; I've got a message for him. Mrs. Hawtrey wants to know why he didn't turn up yesterday, and we're to bring him with us to have lunch at her house at twelve o'clock. Lucky I had an early breakfast, wasn't it?"

Lang heard Soady's voice and came into the room. Soady delivered his message. "Thanks. I don't think I can come," said Lang.

"Why, what's the hindrance? Aren't you well?" "Not very; and I've some work to do."

"But you know the doctor told you not to work too hard," persisted Soady; "you'd better come."

But Lang declined, and Soady could not press the point, so they started without him. No sooner had they gone than Lang threw himself back in his chair, leaving his books unopened.

"I wish I were dead," he said to himself, sadly. Soady was puzzled at Lang's refusal to accompany them. "Tisn't as if he had a lot of work to do by a given day; he won't have to sign his articles till he likes. I'm afraid his head is going, aren't you?"

Garland did not reply; he seemed in a reverie. Mrs. Hawtrey welcomed them very kindly. Her house seemed thrown open to the world; the rooms were full of people who were to take part in the opening ceremony or the succeeding sale. Mrs. Hawtrey had the gift of putting every one at ease, and Soady was soon explaining in detail to a young lady the subjects of the tableaux.

An adjournment was made soon after lunch to the schoolroom, which was gayly decorated. Flags were hung about in profusion, the stalls were arranged for display, flowers and plants filled the corners and gave a pleasant cool look. A fountain had been arranged at one end of the room, and in the basin below gold and silver fish swam swiftly about.

"How pretty they look," said Soady's latest friend, Miss Richardson.

Yes, a great deal too pretty to be eaten; perhaps that's why they never cook them."

"Who has lent them?" "No one," replied Soady, "they are for sale. Everything in the room is for sale. Look at those kittens with the label on their necks."

Miss Richardson drew near to inspect. The pretty little soft balls of fur were each placarded. "Please buy me, or I may be drowned to-morrow."

"What a shame!" she exclaimed. "Yes," acquiesced Soady, "it does seem rather hard on them, doesn't it?"

"I'll buy one of them," said Miss Richardson. "I couldn't bear the thought of their being drowned."

"Thank you," said Soady; "they are only five shillings." He took the money and handed over a white kitty.

"I'm glad that my suggestion has been so successful," he said, complacently. "I thought people wouldn't be able to resist that appeal."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Miss Richardson, "that you put that placard on?"

"Yes," replied Soady; "it wasn't a bad idea, was it?"

Miss Richardson seemed uncertain for a moment whether to be angry or not, but her good-nature prevailed, and she began to laugh.

"You said everything was for sale, and this is a sell," she remarked; "but I shall have my revenge, so take care."

Soady learnt later on what she meant. She beguiled him into purchasing a smoking-cap (he didn't smoke) at fourteen shillings, the facsimile of which he saw next day on a stall marked four shillings and sixpence. But, as he told Garland, it was in a good cause, so he didn't care.

Garland was cashier, and made a round of the stalls every two hours to collect the cash, which he then took to the vestry of the adjoining church and counted. He had just finished

one installment, and tied it up carefully in chamois-leather bags, when something curious occurred.

A concert was being held in a side room, and it had been found that there were not enough seats. A messenger had been sent in hot haste to a contractor, ordering the immediate delivery of a lot of chairs.

As Garland stood at the vestry window for a moment the chairs were being brought in. The face of one of the porters seemed familiar to him.

"Where have I seen that fellow?" he thought. "I know his face perfectly."

He waited until the young man should return to the van; then he would have a better glimpse of him.

No sooner had Garland caught sight of his full face than he started back in amazement. "Melhuish!" he exclaimed.

He drew back out of sight. What should he do? Go out and speak to him? That would scarcely be wise. Supposing Melhuish saw himself recognized, he might fear discovery and bolt. No, the wisest plan would be to go more quietly to work.

He could see the van from the door of the vestry; he took a careful note of the contractor's name and address.

"I'll look him up to-morrow," said Garland to himself, "and see what I can do for him. Poor fellow! he doesn't seem to have been making his fortune."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THEY don't work you so hard as this at the office, do they, Mr. Soady?" asked Miss Hawtrey, with a smile, when evening had come and the crowd had begun to throng the stalls.

"It's a different sort of work," replied Soady, "and the hours are not quite so long; but this is the pleasantest," he added, gallantly.

For the last hour or so, Soady had appeared in a new character—that of bottle opener in chief to the refreshment stall. He had his best coat on, and a beautiful little bouquet (which cost him half-a-crown) in his buttonhole, so he was not quite in a state to handle dirty lemonade bottles; but he stuck to his work, and in return, his work stuck to him, for lemonade is one of the stickiest things on earth.

"I wish I could take off my coat," he confided to Garland; "but I suppose it wouldn't be the thing."

"I'm afraid not, unless you could get out of sight."

"I did try to hide, but this lemonade is so tremendously up, that unless you have the tumbler close at hand, you lose half. Directly you slip the wire, the cork is up like a rocket."

"I've heard a report to that effect," said Garland; "have you had any accidents?"

"Only two. One cork hit the dean on the head, but he thought it was a piece of plaster from the ceiling, and sent out to get a man to inspect it. I ought to have owned up, but I shirked; besides, I had a big order on, just then."

"What was the other accident?" "Ah, that might have been a nasty one. There was one bottle that looked as if it was ready to burst, but when I took off the wire and eased up my thumb, nothing happened. So I brought a corkscrew to bear on it, and I couldn't stir the thing. Then I shook the bottle, to try and raise the wind, and before I knew where I was, the cork, with the corkscrew in it, was flying up with the velocity of a comet."

"Damage anybody?" "No; fell into a globe of goldfish and made them scatter. I can tell you. Mrs. King told me I really must be careful, as if I'd shied it up out of pure amusement. Have some lemonade?"

"Yes, I think I will," said Garland. "All right; there's a bottle. Open it yourself and see how you like it."

As the evening advanced, the crowd became thicker, and the heat greater. Immense business was done, though chiefly in the smaller articles. Garland was glad to find his "pile" increasing. If things went on as well as this, more than the required sum would be obtained.

He found himself obliged to concentrate his attention on his business when he was checking the returns from each stall. His thoughts were continually wandering. He could not get Melhuish's face out of his mind. When for a moment he managed to do so, he found himself thinking of Lang.

It was easy to see that Melhuish had passed through trouble, and that even now he was in need of help. It was not so easy to see how to help him, yet Garland had resolved to do his utmost to give him aid.

But he had another duty to perform before he was able to seek Melhuish. It was a duty which he dreaded, though he knew it must be performed. He must have a talk with Lang.

There was a terrible suspicion in Garland's mind, and he could not rest satisfied till he had cleared it up. He dreaded doing it; he tried to persuade himself that it was no business of his; that Lang would justly resent any interference with his private affairs; but he could not thus satisfy himself. He must speak.

The opportunity came earlier than he expected. The bazaar next day did not open till two, but Soady and Mr. King, who were both on the committee, had to be at the schoolroom by twelve. Garland stayed behind for an hour's reading. Lang was in the house, and had promised Soady he would come up some time in the afternoon.

"Yes, mind you do," said Soady; "you'll have no end of a time, and pick up some things awfully cheap. I saw a splendid wax doll go for two and a penny last night. I'd half a mind to buy it for Belle."

"I don't hanker after wax dolls," said Lang, with an attempt at a laugh; "but I'll try and come."

"That's right. Good-by. I must be off now."

Lang looked wistfully at him, but settled down to his work. He was reading a law book, but didn't seem to make much progress.

Garland had a Horace before him, but was only pretending to work. He felt his heart beating great thumps. He wished himself miles away. But he set his teeth, and by pure force of will calmed himself. Then he spoke to Lang.

"Been feeling better lately?" "Yes, thanks," he replied; "I think I'm getting all right. The doctor says there's nothing much the matter with me."

"That's right; you find you can work now without feeling the effects?" "Oh, yes. I've been trying to stick at it lately. How do you get on?"

"Pretty well on the whole. I'm floored just now, though; that's what made me interrupt you. I wish you would give me a hint about this bit."

(To be continued.)

A HARD FATE

it is indeed to always remain in poverty; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.—Adv.

[This story commenced in No. 190.]

PERILS OF THE JUNGLE.

A TALE OF ADVENTURE IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

By LIEUTENANT R. H. JAYNE,

Author of "Auka-Yata," "Lone Wolf," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.

WHEN the boys felt weak and exhausted, they partook of the fruit they had brought to camp with them, but neither slept a wink during the entire night.

At daybreak they rose to their feet, washed their faces and hands in the brook, ate a little more food, and then made ready to trail the missing lad—that is if the task should prove possible.

While discussing the plan during the night, both acknowledged many misgivings as to success; but, inasmuch as it seemed to be the only thing they could attempt, they were anxious to undertake it without a moment's delay.

Knowing the precise point, as they did, from which Ike started, they were sure of making a good beginning.

Dick stooped down and scanned the ground with the closeness of an Apache Indian seeking to pick out a certain trail from a score of others.

"There is the imprint of his shoes," said he, passing his fingers gently over the ground. "Ye are right," added Tim Dougherty, who was stooping at his side; "though it may be 'cause we knowed the boy thramped over that same spot that we see the footprints so plain."

The Irish lad undoubtedly spoke the truth when he made the remark; for the difficulty lay not alone in the lightness of Ike's steps, but in the fact that most of the ground had been trampled over by the feet of the wild animals that had been prowling about the camp during the night.

However, the lads moved forward with comparative rapidity, feeling certain while doing so that they were on the right track.

They soon entered a more open portion of the jungle, where the trees were at a respectable distance from each other, and there were very few vines.

Hundreds and thousands of birds were flitting from limb to limb, singing, screaming, fighting, playing, and filling the air with harmony and discord. Few wild beasts were seen, though now and then a glimpse of a hyrax, zebu, wart-hog, or panther was obtained.

Twice, when the boys glanced up, while walking, they observed a movement on the part of what appeared to be a thick, heavy vine coiled about some limb or tree. It was a boa constrictor, or python. The reptiles made no attempt to disturb the lads, because the latter took care to give them a wide berth.

It was perhaps a couple of hundred yards from the starting point that the boys came to a halt, convinced that they had lost the footprints altogether. A minute scrutiny of the ground in front failed to show any impression of a boy's shoe.

Dick and Tim straightened up and looked in each other's face; there was no need of speaking; they understood the dreadful truth too well.

At this point a most unlooked-for and thrilling diversion took place.

The heavy tramp of some animal was heard, and the boys each leaped behind the trunk of a tree, at the moment that the horns of an African buffalo were observed advancing through some sparse undergrowth.

The lads for several minutes had been following a faintly marked path, along which some animals had been accustomed to make their way to and from the water. The beast was approaching from the opposite direction, and knowing his terrible nature they were wise to give him all the room he could ask.

"Shall we shoot?" asked Dick, in a cautious undertone, looking across to Tim, two or three paces distant.

"Wait for developments," was the sensible reply.

The reader may not know that one of the most ferocious and justly dreaded animals found in the Dark Continent is the buffalo. There can be no comparison between him and the creature in America, to which the name bison properly belongs.

It is said to be a common expression among the natives of Cape Colony, that it is safer for a man to fold his arms and stand up before a rifle aimed by an unerring marksman a hundred yards distant, than to take such a position before a buffalo bull without any tree or refuge within reach.

There is one chance in a thousand that the weapon at the shoulder of the hunter may miss fire; there can be no escape from the ferocity of the wild beast.

The creature of which the boys caught such a timely glimpse was an enormous bull, of a coal black color and with an immense spread of horns. The upper part of the buffalo's head consists of a huge ridge of bone, strong enough to resist any bullet or blow. From this a horn branches out on each side, curving downward and then upward, in the shape of a bow, bent to the full.

At the base, the horn may be five or six inches in diameter, but they taper gradually to a point, the tips being a yard apart. When the buffalo makes his rush like a cyclone, his head is lowered and turned on one side, the points of the horns and the iron-like ridge which form their basis projecting about the same distance forward.

Whoever fires at such a magnificent foe must be prepared for the consequences; there can be no child's play. Unless the bullet bores its way to the seat of life, the hunter must have an immediate and sure refuge or be doomed.

The bull was advancing, and was within a hundred feet of where the boys were furtively peering from their shelter, when he abruptly halted and with a snort threw up his head.

"He suspects something," whispered Dick Haverford, softly raising the hammer of his rifle.

"Sh! no; it's something else, as me second cousin—sh! Look off to the right, yonder!"

A wild beast of some kind was approaching from the left, straight toward the spot where the defiant bull stood. The supposition of the boys was that it was either a bull or a cow buffalo; if the former there was likely to be a furious fight, for nothing can exceed the fierceness of the struggles between the bulls when they happen to encounter in the jungle or on the plain.

But, while the lads were watching, a medium-sized elephant swung to view and was moving steadily forward when he was brought to a sudden standstill by the threatening bellow and the sight of the black bull glaring at him.

"Begorra, but there will be fun!" exclaimed Tim, with sparkling eyes, forgetting his grief for the moment in the excitement of the scene.

It would hardly be thought that the elephant will flee before any animal, no matter what its size and courage may be. It is not often that he does so, and the one which had appeared upon the scene showed no disposition to withdraw even though such a magnificent bull disputed his way.

(To be continued.)

SEA BREEZE.

The eager wind is speeding from the sea,
O leaping tall brown cliffs that thwart the wave,
Around whose feet the angry waters rave,
Then wild careering on the upland lea.

The dusty clouds from beaten highway whirled
Are scattered 'mong the fluttering fields of grass;
O'er sprouting grain the gleaming wind-waves pass,
And then against the dark-brown wood are hurled.

Thro' bare fields winds a brook with water brown,
That trickles down the gorge's shelvy rocks;
But at each rocky brow the gusty shocks
Upjet the stream to form a sparkling crown.

Yet to the sea the water falls at last,
Where weed-strewn trunks upon the shore are borne,
Whose earth-embracing limbs were wrenched and torn
And riven from the land by furious blast.

The breakers madly dashing o'er the reef
Ride haughtily with foaming crests erect;
But treacherous sloping shore doth aye deject
Their wind-urged pride, and prone they fall in grief.

Thus glad and strong and free the sea breeze comes,
Leaving white footsteps over all the bay—
From rock or tree or wave brooks no delay;
While all the coast resounds like roll of drums.

[This story commenced in No. 199.]

TOM TRACY.

OR, THE TRIALS OF A
New York Newsboy.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

Author of "Number 91; or, The Adventures of a New York Telegraph Boy."

CHAPTER XX.

TOM MEETS A FRIEND IN WALL STREET.

THE sailor's attack upon Tom was so sudden that if the newsboy had not been on his guard he might have been seriously, perhaps fatally wounded. But Tom generally kept his eyes open, and he saw the movement in time. Springing aside, the sailor fetched up against one of the roughs, who had most enjoyed his persecution of the poor Chinaman. When he found himself attacked, though unintentionally, he quickly changed to anger—especially when the knife grazed his arm (he wore no coat, and his sleeves were rolled up).

"What are you doin', you lubber?" he exclaimed; and without further ceremony he drew off and hit the sailor such a vigorous blow that he measured his length on the ground.

"Cheese it! The copp!" exclaimed a boy in the background.

Up came a policeman, and, after a few inquiries, took Jack by the collar, and walked him off to the police station. The rough whom he had slightly wounded readily volunteered to go and prefer a charge against him. Meanwhile the Chinaman, the innocent cause of the *melee*, surveyed the scene from a distant point of the promenade, and laughed gleefully when he saw his tormentor move off under police escort. He was standing in the same place when Tom came up.

"You had a narrow escape, John," said Tom, with a smile.

"Are you the Melican boy that saved me from sailor man?" asked the Celestial.

"Yes, John."

"Good boy! You bring me shirtee, I washee for nothing," said the grateful Chinaman.

"Thank you," said Tom. He made it a point to be polite to all, whatever their position.

"Did he hurt you, John?" he asked.

"Most pullee head off," answered the Chinaman, with a grimace.

"It is a pity the sailor didn't have a cue so that you could pull it. Then he would find out how it feels."

John made an imaginary grip with his long, slender fingers, and evidently enjoyed the suggestion.

"I pullee good and strong," he said.

"Pullee evly hair out."

"I guess you would," laughed Tom, and nodded good-by.

"I wonder what time it is," thought Tom, and looked about for a public clock.

"What time is it, sir?" he asked a gentleman.

"Why don't you look at your own watch, my lad?" asked the person addressed.

"Doesn't it go?"

"I beg your pardon; I forgot I had it with me," answered Tom. In the excitement of the scene which had just passed, he had indeed forgotten that he was the fortunate possessor of a watch.

He drew it out with pardonable pride, and ascertained that it was half-past ten o'clock. He had no especial work waiting for him, and strolled in a leisurely way up Broadway.

He turned into Wall Street, without any definite object, and had walked as far as New Street, when he had an encounter that surprised him. From the office of a prominent broker came out a tall, slender, gray-headed man who appeared absorbed in thought.

"Surely that must be the man that lives in the cabin at Central Park," thought Tom.

"Shall I speak to him?"

He decided to do so.

"Good morning, sir," said he, touching the stranger's arm.

The old man looked round, and eyed Tom at first in surprise. Then his eyes lighted up with recognition.

"So it is you, my young friend?" he said.

"I did not expect to meet you here."

"Nor I you," said Tom, frankly.

"Sometimes I venture into the busy haunts of men," said the old man.

"I suppose you have been buying stocks," said Tom, more in jest than in earnest.

"No," was the unexpected reply, "I have been selling some."

"To defray expenses," thought the newsboy. He concluded that the mysterious stranger might have a small sum in government bonds which, from time to time, he was compelled to part with in order to obtain the means of living.

"I was once a business man and a capitalist," said the old man, "and I occasionally make a purchase where I consider it safe. You look surprised," he added. "You did not expect to find a capitalist in a man housed as I am."

"No, sir. Why don't you live in a better house, since you are able?"

A shade of pain swept over the old man's face.

"Did I not tell you that it was an act of expiation?" he said. "You don't understand it, and I cannot tell you at present. Some time I will do so, if we remain friends. But let me speak of yourself. Are you employed? Are you doing well?"

"I have been very lucky this morning, sir," answered Tom. "Look at this!" and he drew out his watch.

"And it is yours?" asked the old man, surprised in his turn.

"Yes;" and Tom told the way in which he had obtained it.

"I am glad of it, Thomas. You deserve good fortune," said the old man. "When are you coming to see me?"

"To-morrow evening, if you will be at home."

"I am always at home."

The old man walked away.

A boy employed in the office from which he had just emerged had observed the conversation between Tom and the stranger.

"Say, Johnny, do you know that old chap?" he said, nudging Tom in the side.

"Yes; I know a little of him. I have been at his house."

"Whereabouts does he live?"

"Up town," answered Tom, not caring to betray the old man's secret. "But what makes you ask if I know him?"

"He's had a streak of luck. I wish I was in his shoes."

"What kind of luck?" asked Tom curiously.

"He's just made two thousand dollars on a turn in stocks. That's what I heard one of the young men in our office say."

Tom was amazed. He could hardly believe that a man living in such a squalid manner could speculate in so large a scale.

"Does he often come to your office?" he asked.

"Yes; he comes pretty reg'lar to ask the price of stocks. He only goes in now and then, and is always lucky."

"You and I had better speculate," said Tom, with a smile.

"All right! I've got a quarter. How much have you?"

"I've got that," said Tom, displaying his watch.

"My eyes! What a beauty! Is it yours?"

"Yes."

"You must be doin' a big business to sport a gold watch. What are you up to?"

"I sell papers."

"You don't mean to say you've made enough that way to buy a gold watch?"

"No; it was a present to me."

"Say, Johnny, if the feller that gave you the watch has any more to give away, you just mention my name, won't you? Jest say that I'm poor but virtuous, and an angel, all but the wings."

"I'll bear it in mind."

"I must be startin'. There's the boss jest comin' up the street."

When Tom went home to dinner, his observant little brother Bertie spied the watch.

"What's that, Tom?" he asked.

"Look and see," said Tom, with a smile.

The little boy drew out the watch, and uttered an ejaculation of admiring surprise.

"O, mother, look at Tom's watch! Isn't it a beauty?" he said.

"Where did you get it, Tom?" asked his mother, in surprise. "Did any one lend it to you?"

"No; it was given to me."

Of course Tom had to tell the story to his mother and Bertie.

"You are certainly a lucky boy," said his mother. "It is not often that such philanthropic strangers are met."

Tom was obliged to admit that he was fortunate; but when he thought of the narrow escape he had had that morning from the sailor's knife, he felt that he was not altogether a child of fortune. Still he had come safe thus far out of his trials, and had every reason to feel encouraged.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. ABJAH FUNDY.

AS a general thing Tom did not commence selling papers till four o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes, if there was an important piece of news creating a demand for earlier editions, he began sooner. During his leisure hours he was ready to undertake any job that offered.

One day he chanced to be near the junction of Cortlandt Street and Broadway, when his attention was drawn to a plainly dressed, elderly man, who was looking about him in the vague, indefinite way of a man who was out of his bearings.

"Can I be of any service to you, sir?" said Tom, politely.

The man turned his glance upon the newsboy, regarding him as a ship-wrecked sailor regards a plank which may prove the means of deliverance.

"Do you live in York?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And you know the way round?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't mind sayin' I'm sort of frustrated. I come from Pennsylvania, and I haven't set foot in the city for thirty year."

"I can't remember it so far back as that, but I suppose it has changed a good deal."

"That's so. I kind of thought I would know it agin, but I don't know it no more'n the dead. I should know my way round London jest as soon. What street is this?"

"Broadway. You're just coming out of Cortlandt Street."

"Sho! You don't mean to say this is Broadway? I've heerd a sight about that street. What high buildings there are! I'm a carpenter myself, but I shouldn't dare to work on some of these houses. I always had a steady head, but York carpenters must be ahead of me."

A countryman might well regard with wonder the seven, eight, and nine-story buildings which make the lower part of Broadway so stately and noticeable.

"Shall I tell you the names of some of these buildings?" asked Tom.

"If you've a mind to."

So Tom pointed out the Western Union Telegraph building, the *Herald* office, the Park Bank, and, lower down, the Equitable building. He was beginning to be interested in the country visitor, whose remarks were refreshingly unsophisticated.

"I suppose you wonder what brought me to York?" remarked the stranger, in a half confidential tone.

"Perhaps you came on business," suggested Tom.

"Well, no, not exactly; although my wife told me if I saw any pretty calico I might buy her a new dress."

"You will find plenty of pretty dress goods in the dry-goods stores up town," Tom said.

"My darter Tillie will, may be, go with me and pick out something that will wash. You didn't know I had a darter married in York?"

"No, sir. Have you?"

"Yes. She's lived here six or eight years. Lemme see: she was married the year I had my brindle cow choked with a carrot—that's seven years since. You wouldn't hardly believe it, but I haven't been to see her, nor her mother neither, in all that time."

"She'll be glad to see you," suggested Tom, politely.

"She don't expect me," chuckled the old man. "I'm goin' to take her by surprise."

"All the better, sir."

"I'll tell you how 'tis. I live a hundred and twenty miles from here, not far from Harrisburg. It costs a good deal of money on the railroad, or I'd have come before. But this week there's an excursion at less than half price, and, says I to myself, 'Mother, I'll never have a better chance to go and see Tillie.' With that she wanted to go, too, but I thought one at a time would do, and so I came. But now I'm here, I'm so frustrated and turned round that I don't know as I can find out where Tillie lives."

"I suppose you know the street, sir."

"Well, there, I ain't quite certain. It's either Twenty-ninth Street or Forty-ninth Street, I don't justly remember which."

"They are only a mile apart, sir."

"Sho! You don't mean to say you can tell just how far one street is from another?"

"Oh, yes, sir; that's easy. If you will tell me the name of your son-in-law, I will look out the name in the Directory, and I can tell you directly which street it is."

"Tillie married a man named Dudley Weeks," said the country visitor.

"What!" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of great surprise.

"Do you know him?" asked the other.

"Yes, a little," said Tom, after a pause.

He decided not to say that he was a relation just at first, but to find out what he could about his uncle's second wife.

"Perhaps you know where he lives?"

"Yes, sir. In Forty-ninth Street."

"Is it far from here?"

"Over four miles, I should think."

"Gee-whillikens! That's enough to tucker me out."

"If you walk; but you can ride for five cents."

"Well, I don't begrudge that; but what kind of a kerriage do I ride in?"

"In the horse cars. The best way will be to go up to the Astor House and take the Sixth Avenue car at the corner of Vesey Street."

"There you have me, young feller, I don't know one place from t'other; if I only had some one with me that knew the way, it would be a load off my mind."

"Will I do?" asked Tom.

"You? I wouldn't want no better guide, but you'd expect to be paid?" suggested the old man, cautiously.

Now Tom had a great curiosity to learn more about his uncle's second wife, and was willing to accompany him for nothing.

"I won't charge you anything," he said; "if you choose, you can pay my fare on the car, and I will take you to your daughter's door."

"All right!" said the old man much relieved. "I'll pay your fare, and take it very kind of you."

"Very well, sir. Then we'll go right up to the car."

They proceeded up Broadway on the western side, past St Paul's church, and reached Vesey Street, through which the Sixth and Eighth Avenue cars pass. The former are distinguished by their straw color.

Taking seats in a car, Tom said to his companion, "Your son-in-law is a rich man,"

"So Tillie writes me. Have you any idee how much he is wuth?"

"No; but he lives in a nice brown-stone house, and has a large store on Sixth Avenue."

"How much is the house wuth?"

"I don't know, but the rent of such a house would be as much as two thousand dollars."

"You don't say! two thousand dollars rent for a house! Why, my house in the country—the one in which Tillie was born and brought up—wouldn't fetch over fifteen hundred dollars."

"There is a good deal of difference between the city and country."

"So I should say. Dudley Weeks must be wuth a pile of money."

"I expect he is," answered Tom, gravely, thinking how poor in comparison his mother was.

"It's kind of strange," continued the old man, musingly, "seein' how rich Tillie is now, that she don't do more for her mother and me. I've had losses of late years, and I can't work as smart as I could once, but Tillie never seems to think that a new dress for her mother, or a new coat for me would be very acceptable. I'm kinder high-spirited, and so is mother, and I wouldn't give her a hint for the world, but I don't mind tellin' you that it does seem strange she doesn't think of us. Last Christmas she sent me a silk handkerchief, and her mother a couple of pairs of stockings, but that ain't as much as might be expected of one who lives as rich as Tillie does."

"I agree with you, Mr—"

"Fundy. My name is Abijah Fundy."

"Where did your daughter meet Mr. Weeks, Mr. Fundy?"

"At Saratogy. Tillie had made some money by dressmakin', and being rather high-strung, went to Saratogy, and stopped at a tip-top hotel. It must have cost her an awful sight, but it's my suspicion she was after a husband."

"And she got one?"

"Yes; it proved a payin' investment. She met Mr. Dudley Weeks, and they both took a shine to each other. Tillie was an old maid, and it was her last chance."

"Did she come home to be married?"

"No; they was united at Saratogy, and went right down to York. Tillie has been home once, but Mr. Weeks neither her mother nor I have ever seen."

"You'll see him now."

"Yes, I hope to. I want to see what Tillie's husband's like."

They reached Forty-ninth Street, and Tom assisted the old man out. He took from him his rusty carpet-bag, and attended him to the steps of his uncle Dudley's house. As they were going up the steps, the front door opened and Gerald Weeks came out. He stared in indignant amazement at the two visitors.

"What do you want here?" he asked, haughtily.

(To be continued.)

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

SNOW-SHOE THOMPSON'S DARING LEAPS.

"SNOW-SHOE THOMPSON," says the *Overland Monthly*, was the most expert snow-shoe runner in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. At Silver Mountain, Alpine County, Cal., in 1870, when he was forty-three years of age, he ran a distance of 1,600 feet in twenty-one seconds. There were many snow-shoers at that place, but in daring Thompson surpassed them all. Near the town was a big mountain, where the people of the place went to assemble on bright days in winter to the number of two or three hundred. The ordinary snow-shoers would go part way up the mountain to where there was a bench, and then glide down a beaten path. This was too tame for Thompson. He would make a circuit, and come out on the top of the mountain. When he appeared on the peak he would give one of his wild high-Sierra whoops, poise his balance-pole, and dart down the face of the mountain at lightning speed, leaping all the terraces from top to bottom, and gliding far out on the level before halting.

Snow-shoe Thompson seldom performed any feat for the mere name and fame of doing a difficult and daring thing. Yet W. P. Merrill, post-master at Woodford's, says that he once made a jump of 180 feet without a break. This seems almost incredible, but Mr. Merrill is a reliable man, and for many years Thompson was his near neighbor, and a regular customer at his store. Thompson doubtless made this fearful leap at a place where he would land on a great drift of soft snow. C. P. Gregory, formerly Thompson's neighbor in the mountains, but at present a resident of Virginia City, Nevada, says that although he never heard of that particular leap, he does not doubt what Mr. Merrill said. "I know," adds Mr. Gregory, "that at Silver Mountain he often made clear jumps of fifty and sixty feet."

THE BARBER HAD NERVE.

THE terror of the recent earthquake shocks at Charleston has passed off now, and we are hearing of their amusing side. The *News and Courier* of that city tells the following anecdote:

A certain well-known clergyman was sitting in Nesbitt's barber shop on Monday afternoon last, when a shock came. He was in the hands of Nesbitt himself, and was only half shaved. The ground began to tremble just as Nesbitt was handling the razor with the intention of applying it to the face of his customer. Nesbitt says a peculiar sensation came over him. He paused a moment, and looked down into the eye of his customer, who also looked up at him. Not a word was exchanged. Nesbitt says he would have given anything to be able to put down his razor and get out into the street, but the unflinching look of his customer chained him to the spot, and he thought he was as safe alongside of a minister as he would have been anywhere else. So, after catching his breath and trying to deafen his ears against the sound of the horrible rumbling that he could hear away down in the bowels of the earth, he braced himself up, and went on and finished the job. After he had brushed off his customer, the latter congratulated him on his nerve, and gave him a gold dollar in place of the regular fee of fifteen cents.

MEDICINE FOR EARTHQUAKES.

"YAS-AS," said an Indiana citizen whose home lies in the fertile valley of the "Waybosh." "I happened ter be in Charleston when the fust earthquake cum."

"What did you do when you felt the tremblin'?"

"I tuk thirty grains o' quinine."