

# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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## MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF

By OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "The Boat Club Stories," "Young America Abroad Series,"  
"Upward and Onward Series," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SHANTY IN THE WILDERNESS.

"NOW'S your time, Clipper," said Stilt Buckram, in a scarcely audible whisper.

A stout boy of fourteen stood at the door of a rude shanty with a rifle on his shoulder aiming at some object in the woods. The speaker had not finished his sentence before the boy fired.

"Good enough!" exclaimed Stilt, who was an old Adirondack guide and hunter. "There

ain't no better shot nor you be, Clipper, in the wilderness."

"I didn't expect to do so well, Stilt," replied Clipper Graves, as he dropped the butt of the rifle on the log floor of the shanty.

"The rain pours down so that I thought it would spoil my aim."

"A rifle ball will find its way between the rain drops, if you only send it right. That deer lays still, and I calculate you put the lead in the right place."

"I aimed at his head: and I don't think the deer knew what hurt him," added Clipper,

"NOW'S YOUR TIME, CLIPPER," SAID STILT BUCKRAM, IN A SCARCELY AUDIBLE WHISPER.

H. C. Goodway

proudly, as he approached the door of the shanty.

"I don't reckon he argued that question with himself," added the hunter, with a broad smile. "But 'tain't no use to go out in the rain after him. He can wait where he is just as well as he could under this ruff. He won't mind gittin' a little wetter than he was when he dropped. I cal'late you are wet to the skin now, and 'tain't no use to get your skin wet through."

"I am not going out, Stilt; I only wanted to take a look at the game, and make sure that I had done something more than stun him. He don't move, and I think we shall find him when we want him," replied Clipper, as he proceeded to load his rifle.

"I cal'late that's one of the pair we seen furder down, only he followed the river when he lost his mate, while we came across. That makes one apiece for us, and we won't have to do no cuttin' up."

"We have done well to-day, Stilt. I begin to feel as though there was an empty space in my inner man which I should like to fill up."

"Them's my sentiments, and it don't make no difference who's giv' nor. But, afore we eat, I reckon we'd better make a fire, and dry off a little. This ain't nothin' but a shower, and it won't rain long. I guess your mother won't expect you back afore night."

"She will not be worried about me, and I begin to feel chilly standing here."

"There's a lot of dry wood in the shanty, and we've got as good a right to't as the next couple that comes along."

The shanty was built of logs, and was a log-house rather than a shanty, though the hunters called it by the latter name. It contained only a single room, not more than ten feet square. On one side was a fireplace, built of stone, with a chimney of the same material. Near it was a rude bunk, constructed of poles. It was filled with fine twigs, which served the purpose of a mattress. On it was a ragged comforter, and another was thrown over the framework of the bunk. In the middle of the floor was an immovable table, the legs of which were nailed to the floor. A log bench on one side formed a seat. By the side of the chimney was a shelf, made of poles of uniform size, on which was a coffee-pot, a frying-pan, and an iron pot. There was no other furniture or utensils in the hut.

Stilt Buckram drew a long-bladed knife from his pocket, and whittled a piece of stick till he had kindlings enough to start a fire. He was liberal of the wood collected in the shanty, and in a few minutes a tremendous fire was blazing in the fireplace, sending out a great heat into the interior.

The door was closed, and a window, not more than two feet square, admitted all the exterior light the room contained. Before the fire burned up, the place was dark and dingy; but the blazing wood wrought a wondrous change, and then it looked even cheerful. On the floor lay a deer which Stilt had shot; and the hunters were looking for another they had seen when a drenching rain drove them to the shelter of the shanty.

"This isn't a bad place in a heavy rain," said Clipper Graves, as he stood before the roaring fire, the steam rising from his wet clothes.

"I've often wished for a shelter not half so good as this," added the old hunter. "I could live in a wose place than this, and feel poety good. But I reckon you'd better take your clothes off and crawl in 'twixt them kiverlids. Your clothes will dry off a good deal quicker."

"I'm not a baby, Stilt," laughed Clipper. "I can dry myself as well as you can. Besides, I'm half starved."

"You ain't no baby, Clippy; but I want to fix you up about right," added Stilt, as he took the comforters from the bunk, and heated them at the fire.

Clipper consented to this plan at last, and his clothes were hung on a stick before the fire. It was almost as "hot as an oven" in the cabin by this time; and, as soon as he put the boy to bed, Stilt opened the haversacks in which they carried their provisions. He drew from them cold sausages, hard-boiled eggs, a roast chicken, bread, and doughnuts.

"I cal'late you can fill up on these fixin's, Clippy," continued Stilt, as he placed a variety of the food on the bunk.

"I should think I might," answered the junior hunter, as he proceeded to attack the dinner. "You live well at home, Stilt; but I shall have to send for Dr. Green to dissect this chicken. We don't often have roast chicken at our house."

"I had some fall chickens, and this is one of them. It's a nice one, too. I reckon I can fint him as well as any doctor."

The old hunter took his big knife and cut the chicken in four parts. Handing a couple of them to the boy, he stood before the fire, with half a loaf of bread in one hand and a quarter of a chicken in the other, from which he alternately took enormous mouthfuls.

"Nothin' better'n that down to Pol Smith's," said he, when he had the relish of the bird.

"What do you suppose became of the man who built this shanty, Stilt?" asked Clipper, as he looked about the interior of the hut.

"I hain't the least idee. He was a queer dove, he was. If anybody come within a quarter of a mile of him he made tracks. He lived here goin' on three years, and then he wan't seen no more. He may be drowned in some pond, and maybe he went off when so many folks begun to find their way up this hill."

"The shanty stays just as he left it, I have heard you say."

"Once in a while a hunter stops over night here, or cooks his dinner at the fireplace; but they allus leave things jest as they find 'em."

"I have heard of several hermits in the Adirondacks."

"Solve I; more'n twenty on 'em," added Stilt, bestowing an earnest look upon his companion. "I reckon they got tired of livin' among folks, or else they got into some scrape, and had to keep out of sight."

"I never knew how my father happened to settle in the wilderness," said Clipper, musing as he continued to eat.

"David Graves was the best man that ever lived, and I don't care who t'other man was," exclaimed the old hunter, warmly, as in his interest he suspended his attacks upon the chicken and bread. "Maybe he got sick of livin' among folks, but he never did nothin' he wanted to kiver up. He was the best friend I ever had; and I shed a whole bar'l o' water out o' these eyes o' mine when we laid him away in the ground."

"I hardly remember my father," added Clipper. "If he was half as good as my mother, he was an angel."

"When I shot myself in the leg in the dead o' winter, your father carried me a mile on his back, and then walked fifteen miles arter a doctor. He fetched him; and, after your father and mother nu'sed me for two months, I was as good as new. The good God knows 'em if other folks don't; and he'll make angels of 'em, and give 'em a harp, and sprinkle posies arter 'em through all eternity. I reckon it's done raimin'."

The old hunter brushed the tears from his eyes, and looked out at the door. The rain had ceased for the time, though the ominous clouds promised another shower soon. Stilt felt of the garments of the young hunter, and declared that they were quite dry. Clipper had finished his dinner, and rose in the bunk.

"What's this, Stilt?" said the young hunter, as he took a large pocket-book from beneath the comforter under him. He opened it, and found a considerable pile of bank bills in it.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE TREASURE FROM THE SHANTY.

"W"HERE on 'arth did that come from?" demanded Stilt Buckram, as he walked from the door of the shanty over to the bunk.

"I have no more idea than you have," replied Clipper, as he held the pocket-book up so that the hunter could see it. "I felt something under me, and I reached beneath the comforter to see what it was. It was down in among the twigs."

"Is that money in it?" asked Stilt, as he bent over and looked closely at the pocket-book.

"Of course it is money, and there is a big pile of it, too."

Clipper took the pocket-book to the table and spread it out. It was an old-fashioned, calf-skin affair, and had doubtless seen many years of service. The bank-bills lay between the two sets of pockets it contained without being folded. From one part a few papers could be seen.

Clipper and the hunter looked for some time in bewildered astonishment at the pile of bills, neither of them saying a word. Certainly the boy had never seen so much money at one time before in his life, and probably Stilt had no larger experience of the "root of all evil," though some insist that the want of money is the root. Possibly it depends upon how much one has of it.

"We are lucky to-day, Clippy," said the old hunter, his wrinkled face relaxing into a very cheerful smile. "We have shot two deer and found a pile of money. We can board to Pol Smith's next summer."

"We are lucky to get a deer apiece just when the butcher doesn't come round every day," added Clipper.

"Ain't we lucky to find the pocket-book with the heap o' bank-bills in 't?" asked Stilt, with considerable energy in his tones.

"That depends upon how honest we are. If we put it into our pockets and say nothing about it, we should be the most unlucky brace of pups that ever trotted about in the Adirondack woods," replied Clipper, looking sharply at his companion.

"Didn't we find it?" demanded Stilt. "Didn't we find it, jest the same as we did them deer?"

"If you should lose your rifle, and I should happen to pick it up, would finding it make it mine?" asked Clipper.

"I cal'late that ain't the same kind of a case, Clippy. No owner don't turn up for this pocket-book, and 'tain't likely none will ever turn up," argued Stilt.

"In that case we may be lucky; but it hasn't come to that yet. If we are honest, the lucky one will be the owner."

"'Tain't likely we shall ever find any owner. Who on 'arth could have left his pocket-book in this shanty?"

"That's more than I know, or can even guess at. I don't remember of seeing any one come up the hill to this shanty last summer."

"Nor I, nuther. Is it any harm to see how much money there is in that pile, Clippy?"

"I don't think there is; in fact, we ought to know how much there is. While we are together, I think it had better be counted," added Clipper, as he took the bills from the pocket-book.

Stilt Buckram watched him with intense earnestness while the boy counted the money. Clipper was not a bank teller, and it took him some time to go through the bills. Then he repeated the operation.

"Two hundred and sixty-two dollars," said he, when he had finished the count.

"Creation!" exclaimed Stilt. "I never heard of so much money before."

"It is a great deal of money out here in the woods; but I have heard my mother talk about bigger piles than this," added Clipper, as he placed the bills in the pocket-book again, just as he had found them.

"How much is half of that, Clippy?" inquired Stilt, as he looked at the pocket-book.

"One hundred and thirty-one. But, Stilt, I don't want you to ask such questions, for it looks as though you thought of dividin' it," said Clipper, soberly.

"Jest so, Clippy; you are right every time. I hain't got no business to think of divyin' 'cause you found the pocket-book, and it belongs to you. You might jest as well a slid it into your pocket and said nothin' about it. I was a little too fast, and I—"

"No, no, Stilt! I don't mean that," interposed Clipper. "If the money belongs to us it would be the fair thing; and I give you my word that it shall be divided if we find no owner."

"That sounds jest like you, Clippy, and jest

like your father. If you and me are out shootin' deer, it don't make no difference who shoots the critter, half the meat's your'n, Clippy," said Stilt.

"We are both of the same mind about that. Stilt. But here are some papers which may tell who owns this pocket-book," continued Clipper, as he opened one of the pockets from which the papers protruded.

"It ain't no use; you'll never find no owner. Perhaps some feller stole it and hid it here," suggested the hunter.

"If any one did, he would have come after it. Ah, here is the name of the owner on the flap!" exclaimed Clipper. "I thought there must be some clue to the person that lost it."

"Sho! You don't say it!" said, or rather groaned, Stilt Buckram, when he realized that his hope was in peril. "Can you read it, Clippy?"

"Of course I can. It is Almon Gaybrook," answered Clipper, reading the name.

"Gaybrook!" almost yelled the hunter, as he retreated a pace from the table, looking very much startled and disturbed. "It's that mean skunk that camped with them boys over 't'other side o' Smoker Pond. I hate that man wose'n pison! Do you want me to find that man's pocket-book, and give it back to him? I cal'late I don't do no sech thing."

"It's no matter how mean he is; if the pocket-book is his, it belongs to him, and he alone has any right to it. Do you know where he lives, Stilt?"

"No, I don't; and I wouldn't know for all the tobacco I could smoke in the rest of my lifetime. Gaybrook cheated me out o' two days' work guid'n him and his boys. I fetched 'em up to this shanty; and then I took 'em over to Wickford."

"Perhaps Mr. Gaybrook lost his pocket-book while he was here," added Clipper.

"No, he didn't; for I know he didn't git into that bunk then. We didn't stop long enough that time. I cal'late I know how he did lose it though. He used to drink whisky enough to float your boat from here down to Smoker Pond. He didn't like to drink too much afore them boys; so he used to take his bottle off into the woods, and soak himself till he couldn't stand up; and then he slept it off."

"I didn't know that he drank too much."

"I knowed it all the time. There!" exclaimed Stilt, and he went to the bunk, and reached under it, drawing out a large, flat bottle. "That was his'n! I found another jest like it over on Flash River. I've seen him more'n once sleepin' on the ground."

Clipper was willing to accept this explanation; but he insisted that the money belonged to Almon Gaybrook, drunk or sober, mean or generous. Stilt wanted to submit the matter to the boy's mother, and Clipper was entirely willing to do so.

In the middle of the afternoon they reached the log cabin which had been Clipper's home for the last eight years. Each of them dragged a deer after him. They followed the mountain stream, swollen into a river by the melting snow and the copious rain.

Clipper could not remember when he first came to this home in the wilderness. He had often asked his mother about his father and his own antecedents; but she gently evaded his questions, and was unwilling to tell him anything. Mrs. Graves came to the door of the cabin as they approached, and spoke pleasantly of their good fortune in the hunt.

Stilt Buckram opened the matter in dispute, and declared that such a man as Mr. Gaybrook had no right to have his pocket-book restored to him. Clipper said not a word, for he was willing to let his mother settle the question without argument.

"If the pocket-book belongs to him, it must be returned to him," said Mrs. Graves, decidedly. "It makes no difference who or what he is. Do you know where to find him?"

"Neither on us; but I cal'late he and his boys will be here agin in June," replied Stilt, submissively.

"Give me the pocket-book, then, and I will see that it is restored," added the lady. "Neither of you shall know where it is; and then you won't be tempted to use any of the money."

Clipper gave up the pocket-book without a word, and the old hunter did not think of disputing the decision of Mrs. Graves. Probably Stilt was disappointed, but he did not murmur, and soon started for his cabin, three miles away, though he was the nearest, and indeed the only neighbor of the widow and her son.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE HAVOC OF THE WATERS.

THE log cabin of Mrs. Graves was on the right bank of the Smoker River, which twisted about for many miles in a group of mountains forming a spur of the Adirondacks. From a hill-top half a mile from the cabin one could look down upon a considerable plain below, in the middle of which was a lake three miles in diameter.

From this perch, the eastern shore of the lake had some resemblance in its contour to the face of a man. A stream flowed into it at the place where the mouth belonged. A bend in the river made it look like a pipe.

Looking down upon the lake and river, only a little effort of the imagination was required to enable the observer to see a man with a pipe in his mouth. It was Smoker Lake and Smoker River. The outlet of this body of water was on the west side; and upon it, a mile distant, was the Plainbridge Hotel.

Civilization congregated in the summer on the west shore of the lake, but it seldom penetrated the wilds of the Smoker Hills. There was not a traveled road within five miles of the Graves cabin. In the winter no one but Stilt Buckram ever came there, and not once in a month did a summer visitor disturb the denizens of the forest.

David Graves had been in his wild home several months before even Stilt Buckram discovered him; or rather before David discovered Stilt, for he first saw the hunter when he found him shot through the leg a mile from his cabin. For three months Stilt lived with his benefactor; and his gratitude knew no limit,

Three years before, David Graves died of lung fever. Stilt wept hardly less than the raved widow. He brought a clergyman fifteen miles away to attend his funeral; and all that any man could do at such a time, he brought deer, trout, poultry, other supplies for the widow.

But Clipper soon proved that he could provide for the family. The boy became a guide and hunter, and served many parties from the Plainbridge Hotel. His father had taught him to handle a rifle and a shotgun. From Stilt he had learned the duties of a guide, and the best localities for fish and game. At fourteen he was almost a man in stature and strength.

The log cabin had been greatly improved since it was built. David had left it in his younger days, and he wose'n chanic. Little by little he had cople of tools, procuring them by stage drivers, who acted as expressmen. There was a post-office at the hotel during the summer, and he could get whatever he wanted, books, ammunition, groceries, hardware, by writing to a dealer in a large town twenty-five miles from his home.

The house contained three rooms on the ground-floor, and it was always kept as neat as such a place could be. Mrs. Graves was a cultivated woman, and the education she gave her son was quite as good as he could have obtained in the common schools. When her husband died, Stilt began to question her; but he was never made the wiser by anything she said. The hunter thought she must have friends, and he wondered that she staid in the woods after the death of her husband.

The mystery of their presence in the wilderness had begun to perplex Clipper even more than the hunter. The boy asked questions; but he could get no intelligent answers. His mother seemed to be troubled at his curiosity, and he soon learned to be silent on the painful topic.

After the departure of Stilt, Clipper dressed the deer he had killed, and put the venison in the storeroom. This was in a separate building, called the shop, on a little plateau, just above the log cabin. It was built of hewn logs, and was a better building than the house. Part of it was fitted up as a carpenter's shop, and the rest was the storeroom.

While he was skinning the deer, Clipper saw his mother go up to the shop, and he wondered if she had concealed the pocket-book there. If she had, he would not look for it. Whatever his mother did or said was right to him. It was wrong for him to search for what she wished to conceal.

The rain was pouring in torrents again when he joined his mother in the house. It was a warm April rain, and it was carrying away the snow and ice at a rapid rate. He did not go out again; and he noticed that his mother was unusually silent and thoughtful.

"Do you think the river will rise any higher to-night, Clifton?" she asked, after a long interval of silence, as they sat before the fire. "The water is almost up to the door of the house now."

"I never knew it to be any higher than it is now, and I don't see any reason why it should be," replied Clipper, looking at his mother, and noticing that she called him "Clifton," a name by which she had never addressed him before.

"I am going to tell you something to-night, my son," continued Mrs. Graves, with some agitation in her tone and manner. "I have been thinking about your father all the afternoon, and I feel very sad, Clifton."

"Why do you call me Clifton, mother?" "Because that is your name. Stilt Buckram first called you Clipper, misunderstanding your name, and for certain reasons we decided to call you so from that time."

"It is very strange that I did not know my own name," added Clifton, with a smile.

"No stranger than that you did not know a hundred other things about yourself. You have come to years of discretion, my son, and I am going to tell you all about yourself and your father," continued Mrs. Graves. "What I have to tell you has been a momentous secret, which your father kept till his death, and I have kept it until now."

"I know there was some mystery about your being here in the woods," Stilt told me that a great many had fled to the wilderness here to get away from people, or because they had done something wrong," said Clifton.

Your father was the victim of a conspiracy. He had done nothing wrong; but the shadow of a trivial fault, atoned for at the time, made him timid, and he hid himself in the woods. He intended to redeem himself, but he died before the time came for him to do so. On his death-bed all his care and his thought was for you. He told me that the whole energies of a boy should be used in making a man of himself. By a man he meant a pure, honest, Christian man. He wanted you to make this the whole business of life."

"I shall try to do so, mother," replied Clifton, earnestly.

"I know you have the right principles, my son. What passed between you and Stilt to-day assures me that you will be true to the end. Your father's last message for you was: 'Do right, whatever the consequences.' Your father did a trivial wrong, and it was that which wrecked his life, as you will see when I have told you the history of his coming into this wilderness."

"He begged me to leave him and take you with me; but I could not do that; I could not leave him alone in his misery. Your father hoped that, in time, you would be able to redeem his name from unmerited obloquy, and see justice done to him. The name in that pocket-book—no matter now. It will take me some time to tell the story, and perhaps we had better have supper first."

"I am in no hurry for my supper, mother." "We will get supper first, and then we shall have the whole evening to ourselves; and perhaps you will—what is that noise, Clifton?" asked Mrs. Graves, starting up from her chair with a look of terror.

Clifton rushed to the door. A heavy roaring sound almost deafened him. It was like the rumbling of an earthquake. He had hardly

before he felt the floor of beneath him. The next he fell into the water, sweeping down with the energy of desperation, and was driven down with the furious current, leaving himself up for lost, for giving that he could do to help of yet dark, and he looked back at for, even in his terrible agony and thought of his mother. The log longer there. The angry flood into as many pieces as structure.

other? She might door. If she had, looking him. Then the rush- batters bore him around a bend in the swollen stream, and he could no longer see the site of his house.

If his poor mother was lost, he did not want to be saved. There was nothing but despair before him. He prayed that the good God, to whom she had taught him to look up both in sorrow and in joy, would spare his mother, whatever might be in store for him.

While he was still crying for succor from above, he felt a heavy shock, which very nearly deprived him of his hold upon the log. He had reached a point of the river called the Narrows by his father. It was a passage for the river through the masses of rock, where the stream was suddenly compressed into a narrow compass. This passage was piled up with ice, which obstructed the flow of the water. The log had struck against the mass of ice.

At the same time, Clifton saw that the obstruction was giving way, and the log would the next instant be hurled through the narrow pass, and over the narrow abyss. It was a moment of supreme peril.

(To be continued.)

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

### THE MATHERS' THANKSGIVING.

BY W. H. W. CAMPBELL.

WHAT was the trouble in the garret? That was precisely the question that disturbed the family.

"My opinion is, rats!" observed Uncle Joe, with emphasis.

"Now, Joe! There isn't a rat on the premises!" retorted Mother Mather.

"Squirrels, maybe," suggested Zenas the oldest boy; "or perhaps it is the cat."

"More likely it's a ghost," remarked Father Mather, with mock solemnity, casting a glance of pretended terror at Sophrony, the venerable hired girl.

"Sakes alive!" shrieked Sophrony, throwing her apron over her head at the bare suggestion.

"That's it, I vow," chimed in Uncle Joe; "or it might be burglars. What do you think, Rosy?" As he spoke he turned to Rosabella, the youngest daughter, a bright girl of twelve.

"Why," replied Rosy, "I don't believe there's anything in the garret at all."

"Then I'd like to know what's made all the racket there," shouted Tommy, the youngest son. "Ain't it so, Ben? Didn't we hear 'em tramping about, and groaning?"

Ben, Tommy's twin brother and bed-fellow, eagerly confirmed his brother.

"Yes, sir," he declared. "It was clean into the night, and it waked me up. I heard 'em as plain as anything."

Sophrony hastened to add that she was sure she heard footsteps in the garret, "and they was too heavy for rats, too," she said.

"Yes; an' it's two nights running," Tommy put in, triumphantly.

"Then, why don't you sleep up there to-night," their father remarked, with a laugh, "and see what you can discover? Try it, boys, and you may catch a high old ghost."

Tommy and Ben, however, did not relish the proposal. The suggestion of goblins unnerved them, although they were boys of very creditable courage when it came to skunks and woodchucks, and even that ferocious foe of the barnyard, the fox.

Such was the conversation of the Mather family circle, as it gathered in the sitting room of the farmhouse on the evening before Thanksgiving.

In the old garret, all the unused furniture of several generations of Mathers was stored away, as well as all sorts of other trash, for which there was no other handy place.

There was plenty of room there for rats, or ghosts, or elephants in fact. Many a good game of hide and seek had the children enjoyed in its dim and roomy nooks and corners.

"I tell you, boys," Zenas remarked, as he saw the hesitation of his younger brothers, "I don't mind going to the garret with you, just for a lark."

"Hooray!" bawled Tommy, and then stopped, short with a whispered: "Oh, I daren't."

But Zenas poured such a torrent of ridicule upon the cowards, that they yielded at last. So it was agreed that the three boys should camp for the night on a shakedown in the musty old attic.

There was a roguish twinkle in Rosy's eyes, as if she were devising some trick to play upon her brothers. She was a frolicsome miss, and far from averse to making merry in a harmless way at the expense of her companions. Uncle Joe observed the twinkle, and the flush on her cheeks, and wondered what mischief his favorite niece was plotting. "She'll make things lively for those young rascals before morning, I'll warrant," thought he.

Then, as if the hint of ghosts had turned his mind to dismal thoughts, he said aloud: "Twas just a year ago the Saracen went down; wasn't it, Martha?"

"Mrs. Mather's eyes quickly brimmed with tears. "My poor boy! My poor dear Herbert!" she murmured.

"I beg your pardon, Martha," cried Uncle

Joe. "I hadn't ought to a' spoken of it. I'm an old bloke, and didn't think. But don't cry! Herbert is alive, I believe myself, and you will see him again some day."

Mrs. Mather wiped her eyes. "It was God's will, I suppose," she sighed, "but now when Thanksgiving day comes round, it almost breaks my heart to think of it."

Father Mather put an end to the scene by taking up the Bible for family prayers. The three boys returned at this juncture, the evening chores being done, and all the preparations made for their night's camp in the garret.

"There isn't any ghost there now, I'll warrant," said Zenas, emphatically, whereat little Rosy looked up with a smile.

In his evening prayer Mr. Mather referred touchingly to the loss at sea of his son Herbert, who went down in the Saracen a year before. If he had been harsh to his boy, he humbly begged the Divine forgiveness, for he had meant it for the best.

In fact, Herbert Mather had been misunderstood by his father. He was a sensitive lad, addicted to books and to experiments with tools, and this counted with the matter-of-fact farmer for laziness.

One night, the boy disappeared from home. The first news from him was that he had shipped on the barque Saracen to seek his fortune in Australia. Weeks went by, and brought no further tidings. On Thanksgiving day his vacant chair and unused plate sent a pang to all hearts in the home circle.

Later on came the startling news that the Saracen had foundered in a gale, and all hands were supposed to have perished. Since that day, Father Mather had never ceased to reproach himself for having, unknowingly, driven his poor boy to his death. It was a sad story.

The family soon retired for the night, and the three boys found themselves in the attic. The two younger ones felt, under the circumstances, very much like castaway mariners, on a haunted, dismal island.

Zenas, however, swallowed the last mouthful of doughnut and cheese which he had "pinched" from the pantry in passing, curled himself in his rug, and went to sleep without more ado. In spite of nervousness, the youngsters soon ceased straining their ears for mysterious sounds, and followed their brother to the land of dreams.

All passed quietly till long after midnight. Then Zenas was startled from slumber by a sudden sound like a distant heavy footstep.

He raised himself upon his elbow and listened.

Again he heard the mysterious sound, still as distant as before. A gleam of intelligence shot into his eyes, and with the next repetition he burst into a low chuckle.

"So that's the ghost, eh?" he murmured.

"If it isn't old Kate, moving in her stall, I'll eat her."

So saying, he rose and took up the lantern.

"They may as well sleep it out here," he muttered, glancing at Tommy and Ben, who were sleeping soundly.

He stepped softly to the attic stairs, and the gleam of his lantern shone fainter and fainter on the dingy roof, till all was profound darkness.

As Zenas began to descend the stairs, a white object raised itself over the top of an old bureau in one corner of the attic. A pair of eyes gazed eagerly through the gloom. Just before all gleams of light vanished, a form, wrapped in a wolf-robe, stole out and stepped lightly across to the opposite side, where it disappeared behind a pile of wooden chests.

A half hour of utter silence followed, except for the echoes of Zenas's voice from the barn. Then his footsteps were heard returning to the house. Up the stairs they came, but halted on the floor below; and the shutting of a door followed, and all was quiet again.

It was not long after this before Tommy stirred in his sleep. Ben was awakened by the movement, and cried: "Keep still, will you, Tommy?"

This request was followed by a low moan close to his ears.

"What's that?" ejaculated Ben, in a fright.

Another prolonged sound, more like a groan, answered him, and then a hoarse whisper: "Here I am!"

"My gracious!" cried little Ben, hustling himself into a sitting posture. "Wake up, Tommy! wake up!" At the same time he gave his brother a punch in the ribs, which restored him at once to consciousness.

"What's the matter?" growled Tommy, angry at being thus disturbed.

Another low, mournful noise was the reply to his demand.

"Golly! what's that?" he cried.

Ben began to shiver. "The ghost!" he whispered.

"Get out o' this!" came in a sepulchral whisper, close at hand.

Ben began to cry. "Oh dear!" he said. "What shall we do?"

"You shut up!" retorted Tommy irreverently. "Tain't nothing! I don't scare for that!"

A deep, hollow groan followed, and put an end to Tommy's boasting.

Just then, a low rustling was heard in the corner of the garret where the mysterious figure disappeared, and then a smothered voice whispered near by: "Oh, go! Let me rest in peace!"

"My!" cried Tommy. "There's two of 'em! Let's go and call Zenas!"

Tommy started forthwith, dragging his trembling brother after him. After one unlucky stumble, which was echoed by a ghostly laugh in the distance, the boys reached the attic stairs, and soon tumbled into Zenas's room.

The wrath of Zenas, when he was awakened by their terrified outcries, was ludicrous. He refused to believe a word of their story.

"What do you take me for, you young idiots?" he cried. "To bed with you and let me alone, or I'll make it warm for your hides!"

Ben and Tommy crawled into their own bed. Sleep soon got the better of them, and the next thing they were aware of was the

tinkle of the cowbells, as the creatures were turned into the sunny barnyard after milking.

The two youngsters were severely frowned upon at the breakfast table, both by Zenas and Rosy, for their "cock-and-bull story," as Zenas termed it.

"It must have been a nightmare," said their mother.

A little circumstance had come to light which confirmed this theory in the mind of Mother Mather.

"Who's been making free with my cheese and doughnuts?" she remarked, with a sharp glance at Tommy and Ben, as she returned from a visit of inspection to the pantry.

Here Zenas blushed slightly behind his freckles.

"And who's ate up one of my big Thanksgiving pies, I'd like to know?" she added, looking at the youngsters as if she would wither them.

Here it was Rosy's turn to blush. She suddenly discovered that her pet kitten was getting into trouble, and left the room.

"There's a half painful gone!" continued Mrs. Mather. "Did you men folks take any?"

"Count 'em again, mother," suggested Father Mather.

"I did count 'em twice, but I'll just take another look!" she added, and disappeared.

"I think it must be the ghost!" suggested Uncle Joe, with a "aectious look at Sophrony.

So the Thanksgiving festival opened with two mysterious weighings upon the family mind—the ghost on Tommy, Ben and Sophrony, and the pie on Mother Mather.

The boys departed to watch Zenas and the other big lads play football on the green. Uncle Joe was there also, after meeting was out, and so was Father Mather.

As the family were about to seat themselves around the festive turkey, Mother Mather remarked, as she hastily wiped her eyes: "You've one chair too many, Rosy!"

Rosy began to speak, but her mother stopped her with a gesture and a sob: "Not this year, Rosy! I can't bear it!"

"But I set it there for the ghost!" clamored Rosy, and she colored up to her ears. "I'm going to call him!" she added, as she hurried to the door opening upon the back stairway.

"Mr. Ghost! Mr. Ghost!" she shouted, loudly. "Dinner's ready! Come down quick!"

A tramping echoed from the garret, and then heavy footsteps were heard descending the stairs, two at a time.

Mother Mather turned nearly as pale as the table cloth, and grasped the back of a chair.

The three boys, Uncle Joe, and Father Mather opened their eyes and mouths like saucers, while poor Sophrony fled shrieking to the washroom.

Thump! thump! thump! down the stairs! Rosy flung the door wide open, with a joyous laugh.

A stout young man, with sunburned features, burst into the room.

"Oh, God! I thank Thee! My Herbert!" and the glad mother sank into the arms of her darling son.

The scene which followed need not be described.

When all was peace and joy again, Herbert's story was soon told.

When the Saracen went down, Herbert was picked up by a vessel bound to Cape Town.

From the Cape he wrote to his mother, but this letter, and another forwarded six months later, had somehow failed of their destination. In South Africa Herbert at first lived out on an ostrich farm, and subsequently paid a visit to the diamond fields. There a lucky find had put him on his feet again. He had taken the first opportunity to sail for home, and now, with a good sum in his pocket, he was ready, as he said, to "settle down to scientific farming."

"Didn't I tell you, mother, that you'd see him again?" shouted Uncle Joe, triumphantly, when Herbert's narrative was finished. "And wasn't the ghost a good guess, eh, Sophrony?"

"You must charge the doughnuts and mince pie to me, mother," said Herbert. "That little minx"—pointing to Rosy, who looked like a summer sunset—"caught sight of me coming down the road. It was just like her to take me to the garret and keep me prisoner to treat you to a Thanksgiving surprise."

"Jingo!" interrupted Tommy, "but you gave us boys a good scare, though!"

"Well, a groan does sound rather ghostly when it comes through a coil of lead pipe," responded Herbert.

"Jiminy! Was that it?" cried Ben, greatly relieved by this solution of the mystery.

In all the broad republic there was no more genuine Thanksgiving that day than beneath the rafters of the old Mather farmhouse. The pride of the family, was "dead but is alive again; was lost but is found," as Father Mather fervently breathed it in his evening prayer.

### WOULD NOT GIVE IN.

"JUDGE" WINSHIP, a well-known Dakota editor, tells a funny story of the time when he and his partner, Col. William Budge, were running a little "shack," or stage route inn on the Red River of the North.

There was a division of labor between them based on strictly equitable principles. It had been agreed that the judge and the colonel should alternate each morning in performing the painful office of fire-builder. This was not as serious a job as one would think, for it was their custom to bank the fire over night, and there were always enough embers left for a respectable blaze to begin with. The fireplace was made of logs, as there was not a stone within thirty miles of the Red River, and the logs were protected by a thick coating of the tenacious Red River mud. Notwithstanding this, the chimney, or rather the wooden part of it, occasionally caught fire, and a bucket of water and a mass of mortar-like mud to extinguish the flame were ever present as household necessities. One morning, when the mercury was toying with thirty-five below zero, "Judge" Winship stuck his head from under the buffalo hide and saw that the chimney was ablaze, and that the fire was fast spreading to cover the entire end of

the building. He nudged Colonel Budge, who reposed beside him on the pile of skins which did duty for a bed.

"Budge!"

"Wa's up?" The colonel was not sufficiently awake to talk plainly.

"Budge!" Then came a little elbow action, and the colonel, in a semi-somnolent state, drawled out "Whoa!" dreaming of a kicking mule.

"Budge, she's afire again."

"Well, you needn't be so noisy about it. There is no need of forgetting that you claim to be a gentleman even if the house is afire," growled the colonel, who was waking up cross. "You spoiled the slickest dream I ever had with your stupid fire-alarm. Why couldn't you have let me have it out? And say, while you bunk with gentlemen, you ought, just out of common decency, to wear boxing-gloves or something on your elbows. Now you let me alone. I want to sleep."

The fire was spreading to the corners, and the whole upper part of the end wall was aflame.

"Say, colonel, the fire is spreading, and it's your turn to get up. You better put it out while it's easy."

"It ain't my turn to get up, judge."

"Yes, it is; there's the record, colonel."

The judge pointed to a row of W. B., W. B., W. B., in charcoal on the wall. The last letter obliterated was W., showing that Editor Winship had built the fire the morning before.

"Judge, I don't care for the record. You say it's my turn to build the fire. The fire is already built. That lets me out. Nature is on my side."

"Colonel, I got up yesterday, and when you think I'm going to get up first to-day, you're fooled, that's all. It's wrong. It's your turn, and you know it is."

"Judge, you think you're a terror on the argue, but I tell you that I can lie-able longer than you can argue. I'm willing to build a fire, but I never agreed to put one out. This fire is yours by right of discovery. Git up and take care of your property."

The whole end of the building was ablaze by this time, and the tongues of flame were licking along the dry rafters of the ceiling and the roof.

"You needn't think, colonel, that any man who came to America by way of Hudson's Bay is going to down me. I can stand it as long as you can."

The smoke and heat became oppressive. The partners drew the buffalo robes over their heads, and each waited for the other to move. The situation was becoming painful. The flames were now nearly over the heads of the men. The judge stuck his head out to prospect a little, and he met the critical and calculating gaze of the colonel.

"Will you give in, colonel?"

"Nary a give, judge."

Both heads ducked under cover. Presently falling embers began to sting the buffalo hide with which they were protected, and the smell of burning hair became intolerable. A rafter fell and startled both into putting out their heads again to prospect for further disturbances of the same sort.

"Will you git up, colonel?"

"Nary a git, judge."

Back under cover popped both heads. The roar and crackling of the fire were growing ominous. It was only a question of a few moments longer when the roof would fall. The explosion of a flask, which had contained a little powder, filled the room with flying sparks, and brought both heads to the surface again.

"Say, colonel, will you git up with me, simultaneously, as it were?"

"Why, certainly. Judge, you know I'm the most reasonable man alive. I'll do anything that's fair."

"Well, let's get out of this." Without undue haste and arm in arm they arose. Which was first and which was last has ever been a question. The judge had, and to this day has, a sneaking suspicion that the colonel held back a few inches. Once up they fell to and tossed out of doors the provisions and skins which the shack contained. An hour or two later, after they had burrowed a nest in the haystack and fixed things up for the night, the two stood and viewed the smoking ruins.

"This," said the colonel, sorrowfully, "comes from your mulishness. You might have suggested our getting up together long before."

### THE FRIEND OF MAN.

THERE are countless stories current of canine intelligence and devotion. We hear of dogs who carry messages, bring newspapers, and do all manner of chores.

A doctor in an Indiana town, says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, owns a clever dog. It is a large black-and-white Newfoundland. The faithful animal performs his daily work with the utmost promptness and regularity. This consists in keeping the kitchen wood-box filled. At intervals through the day he will go to the kitchen and view the wood-box. Whenever the supply of fuel is getting low he proceeds to the yard, grabs a stick in his mouth and takes it to the kitchen, repeating the operation till the box is filled again. He keeps a special lookout on wash-days, and never lets the box get empty as long as there is a supply in the yard.

The *Albany Journal* relates that a Cohoes blacksmith's life was saved by his dog, an English mastiff. He was working at his forge putting a new steel in the point of a pick. The steel was slightly burned in the heating, and, instead of welding, it flew in half a dozen pieces. One piece struck the blacksmith above the right eye with such force as to fasten itself in his forehead. The blacksmith staggered and fell backward.

How long he was unconscious he does not know, but when he revived the dog lay in the middle of the shop crying almost like a human being and rubbing his jaws in the dust of the floor. The piece of steel that had struck Mr. Templeton lay a short distance from the dog. The faithful brute had seized the hot steel with his teeth and drawn it from the frontal bone of Mr. Templeton's head. The dog's mouth was found to be badly burned.

## DREAM ISLANDS.

BY E. O. COOKE.

THERE are many blessed islands  
Lying in the sea of dreams,  
From whose glorious palm-crowned highlands  
Daylight never dies, it seems:  
Where, in the hushes of the ringing  
Of the surf, we hear the singing  
Of the soft and silvery streams.

And forever floating, drifting  
By their shores of shining sand,  
You and I, sad eyes uplifting,  
Pass and pass, but dare not land.  
Sirens beckon on the shore,  
Yet there cometh nevermore  
Mortal bark upon that strand.

## MRS. MERTON'S DOG "LION."

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

MRS. MERTON had the picture of a dog, painted life-size, the work of some painstaking artist a full generation before I was born. Yet it was well preserved, under its broad glass plate, in a heavy frame of polished oak.

It was the presentment of no common dog, and the work of no common painter. The artist must have been an enthusiast in animal painting, for he had produced on the canvas almost a *live* dog.

The noble creature was of a dark brindle color, with a glorious head, and such huge legs and paws as indicated the strength of a Brazilian jaguar. What a figure the original of this picture must have presented by moonlight in the path of any farm thief just turning to make off with some stolen prize!

We children who ran in and out of Mrs. Merton's old-fashioned, but substantial dwelling, used to think Lion must have been an exceedingly good dog; and some of the little ones would talk to the picture as if hung on the wall, as if they supposed it could understand them. Sometimes, indeed, we could fancy that the eyes grew brighter and gladder when we put our hands against the glass and said, coaxingly, "Good Lion! poor old Lion!" I know now that the tail didn't stir at all at these petting words, but then I half-imagined that it did. A dog can't smile without making its tail go; and I suppose that with a heavy weight attached to that appendage the merriest of these intelligent creatures would be forced to wear a look of gravity even if inwardly disposed to laugh.

Well, Mrs. Merton used to tell us much about Lion, and much, also, about her own early days.

She had, she said, a brother named Edgar. He was now an elderly and rich man in a Western city; but it seemed to her only a few months since he was a little boy.

It was he for whom Lion was purchased. The original of the large picture we saw was then a frolicsome puppy, whose playful teeth and paws reduced to strings more garments than his roguish neck was worth.

As, however, he advanced to the age of discretion, the freaks of a rollicking youth were gradually forgotten, and there was developed in him a remarkable degree of intelligence. He was, besides, in his adult state, one of the finest looking dogs anywhere to be seen.

As Lion grew to maturity, young Edgar Osgood passed from childhood to boyhood, and his sister Mary (the same who was now Mrs. Merton) to girlhood.

Edgar had always entertained a fondness for the sea, and at the age of seventeen, with the reluctant consent of his parents, he entered himself for a foreign voyage.

To his sister this was an extremely sad event. She thought how days and weeks and months would pass with no sound of her brother's voice in the house; how she would go in and out by day or evening and he would not be there, nor know anything of what was happening in the home where he had been so happy.

The parting was very painful to Edgar also, and the sadness he felt spoiled all his romantic satisfaction in view of the voyage to Leghorn.

The ship went out of port, and Edgar, once a dear reality of the household, became only an equally dear remembrance. At morning, at noon, and at evening, he was present, yet present only as a shadow. Where was the real Edgar to-day? What was his employment at this or that hour? Was he at the masthead or on the deck? Was he in storm or sunshine?

Such were the mental questions asked every day by all save Lion. If he revolved them, none might know; but certain it was that he appeared more uneasy than usual, and always in an attitude of listening and waiting.

The family at length received an affectionate letter, written at Leghorn by Edgar immediately after his arrival, and occupying a dozen pages. He remembered all with the old, fervent love, and devoted such a space to Lion as would have gladdened the good creature's heart could he have known it.

At length the ship was reported as having sailed for home.

And soon came further intelligence, thus rendered in the well-conned marine-list:

"Passed Gibraltar 4th ult., ship Adrian, Halleck, 28 days from Leghorn, for an American port."

"The 4th ult.," said Mr. Osgood; "that was the 4th of January. It is now the 23d of February. She passed Gibraltar fifty days ago, then, and ought to be in very soon."

But ten days more went by, and twenty days, and yet the ship Adrian did not arrive.

The vessel had taken a cargo of Italian marble, and this fact was remembered. It was, indeed, a thought that weighed as heavily as the marble itself.

How quickly would a ship go to the bottom with such a freight should she spring a bad leak in a gale! and was it not the very cargo to strain the timbers and render such a leak probable?

Ninety-one days passed since the Adrian

was last reported. Mary had begun to despair self seeing Edgar again, and she flung her-down in her own little room and cried bitterly. Then she heard heavy paws on the stairs, and Lion came up and put his nose close against her face as she rested it, bathed in tears, on the bed coverlet.

Did he, too, realize how little hope remained? Did he think his young master should have been at home weeks before, but now would never come?

She patted the dog's large head, and talked to him of Edgar, as she would have talked to a sympathizing human friend.

It seemed as if he understood her, for he looked piteously around, and gave utterance to a low whine.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood had been summoned to appear at a court of law as witness in a property case, and this was the day fixed for their attendance.

They set out in the morning upon their ride of some fourteen miles, leaving Mary, who was now fifteen years old, in charge of the premises, with a young girl of her own age—then visiting at the homestead—for company, and Lion as a trusty guard.

Mr. Osgood had intended to deposit in safekeeping a sum of a thousand dollars which he had received on the day previous, but had not done so from the occurrence of some unexpected duties which had detained him during the business hours of the village bank; and, as he had no time to do this on the morning of his journey to court, the money still remained in the house.

The girls talked and talked. They told gloomy stories, in keeping with their feelings, and then listened nervously to every slight sound which disturbed the silence without. Presently it began to rain—a slow, hesitating kind of rain, with no wind—a rain to make the joyful sober and the sad sadder. For there is nothing more suggestive of gloom than a slow, still rain in the night.

The clock struck ten and then eleven, and now the young watchers concluded to retire to bed. But the chambers seemed so lonely that, upon reaching their room above stairs, they decided to return and pass the night below. They would remain on the same floor where they had spent the day—where, indeed, there seemed to linger most of life and least of loneliness.

They therefore took possession of the bed usually occupied by Mary's parents, hoping to fall asleep and forget their fears. Lion was left upon his rug in the sitting-room, the door being open, so that by the light of their still

Then she thought of Lion, and in that thought there was a wonderful relief. She would give a very low call, and the faithful guardian would know that he was wanted. He was doubtless still asleep on his rug just without the open bedroom door, and unconscious of the presence of any intruder.

But, just as she was about to give the little signal, she heard a tremendous rush, then a sudden crash, and the great dog, at a single bound, plunged through the window, smashing glass and sash as he went.

The girls screamed in a frenzy of affright, while from without there were cries of terror and pain, and a sound of struggling, but still not a growl. Lion was too busy for talk.

Springing from bed, the young girls rushed into the sitting-room, where they succeeded in striking a light; then, not daring to re-enter the sleeping apartment for their clothing, they procured dresses from another part of the house, and, shrinking close to each other, sat pale and trembling until daylight.

Finally they resolved, without looking to see what had been done, to go out by the front door, and thence flee to the nearest dwelling.

After some hesitation the door was unfastened, and the two girls ventured nervously forth; but hardly had they passed out of the front yard when a loud barking was heard at the back of the house, mingled with the tones of a human voice that expressed surprise and bewilderment. That voice Mary knew!

"Edgar! Edgar!" she cried; "O, Edgar, have you come?"

It was indeed the long-looked-for sailor boy. He had entered the yard and passed around toward the back door while the girls were busied with getting out at the front.

In a moment he came rushing to the spot where they stood, as fast as Lion would permit, for the great dog was leaping upon him in a transport of canine joy, lapping the lad's face, and barking with a deep, glad bow-wow.

"Yes, Mary," exclaimed Edgar, "I have come! But what is the meaning of all this? What dreadful thing has happened? Are father and mother safe? There is a man lying almost dead at the back of the house. I found Lion standing over him. The bedroom window, too, is

completely smashed! What on earth is it? Tell me, quick!"

"Bow-wow-wow!" said Lion. "Bow-wow-wow-wow!"

"He wants to tell you!" cried Mary. "We owe our lives to him. Father and mother are gone away. They went yesterday to attend court as witnesses, and we have been alone all night with only Lion to guard us. A man tried to enter our window, but Lion sprang upon him through the glass and the sash! We haven't dared to look out on that side of the house, O, how glad I am to see you alive!"

Edgar's feelings were in a tumult. His joy at once more beholding the old home was mingled with surprise and horror at what had happened. He passed again to the place where the wounded burglar lay, the girls standing timidly behind.

Both the boy and his sister now recognized in the forlorn wretch, upon whom Lion had dealt such just vengeance, no other than the very Wamsley of whom Mary had dreamed. He was covered with blood, but the brutal features, which they had not seen for six years, were sufficiently distinct to be well remembered.

Lion had inflicted terrible injuries upon the ruffian's neck, but the large veins had escaped, and hence life still remained. It did not appear that the noble dog had given him a single bite after the first desperate struggle.

A number of the neighbors being summoned, the now feeble villain was removed to the almshouse, a mile or two distant; but it was said by the surgeon who dressed his wounds that he could live only a short time, and would therefore escape another term in the penitentiary.

Mary Osgood felt half beside herself with conflicting emotions; her horror at the recollection of the night scene, and her joy at Edgar's safety, were both at once so great. At noon her parents returned.

They were at once startled and overjoyed at the two pieces of intelligence with which Mary had flown forth to meet them the moment they were in sight. But, inexpressibly shocked as they were at the occurrence of the night, their rapture at their boy's return swallowed up all else.

"We arrived yesterday," said Edgar, "one hundred and nineteen days from Leghorn and ninety-one from the Straits of Gibraltar."

He then told how the stage coach in which he started for home had broken down in the evening upon the thawy road, how he had remained all night at the house of an acquaintance; and how, between daybreak and sunrise, he had walked five miles, arriving as he did in the dear old dooryard to be surprised and horrified at what he saw.

Lion, who had now become the canine hero of his native town—a lion no less by reputation than name—lived for many a happy year, beloved by the Osgood household and respected by the entire community. His death, resulting, at last from old age, caused Mary and her brother a real grief.

When it occurred the young girl had become a married woman and a mother, and Edgar a thriving man of business, whose voyage to Leghorn had proved his last experience of the sea, as it had been his first.

Such, in substance, was the history of Lion as Mrs. Merton gave it; and she would point out in a garden corner a smoothly carved gray stone, with the single word "Lion" cut upon it in tasteful letters.

In this garden corner no weeds ever grew; but flowers perfumed it in their season. It was here that Lion slept; and we did not tread the less carefully about the spot from the thought that he had been only a dog.



LION PUTS AN END TO THE CAREER OF A DESPERADO.

Mary cried very often during the day, and grew more wretched than ever as night drew on. Her young visitor, Annie Rivers, essayed in vain to cheer her with the hope of her brother's safety, and Lion himself seemed to give his dog-sympathy by sad looks; and affectionate actions.

Her parents were not expected to return until after dark; but the evening hours wore on, and they did not come. The truth was that a bridge which they had crossed in the morning had, during the day, been carried away by ice, and the swollen stream which it had spanned was now so obstructed by the floating masses from above that no boat could pass it. Hence Mr. Osgood and his wife had been obliged to remain in the town where they had attended the court. But Mary, having learned nothing of what had happened, was greatly alarmed at their non-arrival.

She, however, with her friend, finally concluded that the business of the court must have detained them to so late an hour that they had resolved to remain all night.

Nevertheless, she was still greatly troubled about them; and her anxiety in this respect, joined to the grief entertained for Edgar, made the evening by far the most wretched of any she had ever passed.

The two girls sat up very late, with the doors securely fastened, and huge old Lion lying half-sleeping, half-waking, on a large rug by the fire.

mind some dreadful impression, and she feared that they might have been significant of her brother's loss, or of some misfortune to her absent parents.

At length the subject of her dreams suddenly occurred to her. It had nothing to do with her friends. She had seen in her troubled sleep one Wamsley, a half-breed Indian, some years before a vagabond of the neighborhood, but since missing from it. Wamsley had been a terror to her, from his evil reputation and fierce looks, but she had not seen him since she was a little girl of eight or nine years. He had, both before and since, been in a penitentiary, and was a most brutal and murderous character.

She now remembered having casually heard, a few days previous, that he was once more at large, having served out a term of six years for burglary.

In thinking of this desperate character she grew more nervous, and was on the point of waking her companion, when a slight sound was heard at the curtained window! She was not asleep now, and this was surely a real noise. The slow rain had stopped falling, but the darkness remained.

The sound was repeated, as if some one was endeavoring to remove a pane of glass. Then, too, there was just the least movement of a foot on the ground. She awoke Annie softly, and bade her listen, at the same time whispering to her to be silent. How her heart beat!

burning lamp they could catch glimpses of his brindled head.

At length both slept; but Mary had troubled dreams, and at length, after many uneasy tossings, once more lay completely awake.

She saw that the lamp had gone out, and it occurred to her that she had not, as she should have done, refilled it before retiring. However, this now mattered little, as the night was fast wearing away.

She lay trying to remember what she had dreamed; for her visions in slumber had left upon her

NO MAN CAN SAVE HIS BROTHER.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FROM David's lips the word did roll,  
 'Tis true and living yet:  
 "No man can save his brother's soul,  
 Nor pay his brother's debt."  
 Alone, self-poised, henceforward man  
 Must labor; must resign  
 His all too human creeds, and scan  
 Simply the way divine.

**THAT TREASURE**  
 OR  
**ADVENTURES OF FRONTIER LIFE.**

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Author of "The Mystery of a Diamond," "Jack Bond's Quest," "Pepper Adams," "Blown Out to Sea," "Phil Asher," "Dovey," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

TOM, the adopted son of Professor Dean, was left destitute in the City of Mexico by the professor's death, and the loss of his money. He found a friend in William, a rough but kindly frontiersman, who was on his way to a deserted mining town in Arizona, called Bonanza City, where he had, two years before, washed out twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of gold with his partner Bob Cope. On their way, William and Tom rescued Mr. Sherard and his daughter Dolly from some Apaches, and all four settled at Bonanza City.

They found two Chinamen in possession, who treacherously murdered William; and one day when Tom and Mr. Sherard returned from a rich deposit of gold which they had discovered, Dolly had disappeared. While Tom went to search for her, Mr. Sherard secreted the nuggets under the floor of the house they occupied. But one of the Chinamen was lying in wait for him, and stunned and bound him.

The two miscreants then divided the gold, and were leisurely preparing to depart, when they were surprised by the arrival of a band of miners, whom they prepared to resist to the death.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOB COPE TO THE RESCUE.

"RENDER, you moon-eyed leper!" called a bearded man, smashing in the window-sash with the butt of his rifle. Meanwhile a fierce battering at the front door shook the frail building to its center.

Ah Sin's answer was a shot from within, and the speaker, with a choking cry, threw his arms in air and fell backward.

The mad yell of rage from without was followed by the crash of the rear window and the door in front.

A frontiersman perfectly acquainted with his weapon would have ejected his discharged cartridge, and pushed another into place, with two movements of the guard lever. He could have kept loading and firing without taking his weapon from his shoulder, till the contents of the magazine, which holds fourteen shots, were exhausted.

Ah Chow and Ah Sin, not being rifle experts, bungled in their excitement. Their minds were made up for the death of one or two more of the bravny, bearded men who had filled the room in an instant, but their purpose failed.

Their Winchester were beaten down, and in less time than is occupied in describing the event, Ah Sin and Ah Chow, who fought like incarnate Chinese fiends, were overpowered and tied.

The leader of the invading band, one of whom had at once released Mr. Sherard's ankles, was a tall, powerfully built individual, whose sunburned features were nearly hidden by his bushy whiskers.

"Now then, stranger," he said, turning to Mr. Sherard, "mebbe you'll kinder explain the situation, so's we'll know what all this bizness means."

Part of the "bizness," to which he alluded was evidently the contents of the saddlebags. One of the newcomers had poured them out on the table, amid the loudly expressed comments of the others, who had crowded round.

It did not take Mr. Sherard long to tell his story in brief, reserving detail for a more appropriate season.

Darker and darker grew the brow of the leader, as Mr. Sherard went on to the conclusion. Striding across the floor to the spot where the Chinamen were sitting, bound and guarded, with dogged despair written on each leaden-lued face, he drew his revolver, and cocking it, placed the muzzle against Ah Sin's temple.

"Do you know who I be?" he fairly shouted, while his eyes blazed with suppressed fury.

"Yes; you Mist' Cope," was the sullen reply.

"I'm Bob Cope, an' murderin' my old pard is one uv the things that'll come up agin you an' yer yellin' chum presently," significantly and sternly responded the bearded man.

"But jes' now what I wantin' know is this: What hev you two done with this gentleman's little gal an' her dog? Speak quick, for my fingers is itchin' to pull."

"Gal alee light; she in lockup," said Ah Chow, without raising his eyes from the floor.

"In the lockup," repeated Mr. Sherard, in a bewildered but hopeful tone.

"I know whar he means," returned Bob

Cope. Instructing two or three of the men to keep close watch of their prisoners, Bob saw that the gold was returned to the raw-hide receptacle, which was tossed carelessly into the corner cupboard.

"Now then two Chinamen is tied up, yer nuggets is as safe with us as though it war in the Holcomb bank, whar poor William's gold's been layin' all this time," said Cope. "So now we'll git along to the lockup an' let out the little gal an' her dog."

A big fire had been started outside. At least forty men were unsaddling horses, broncos and Indian ponies, while others brought cooking implements and stores from a large tilted wagon drawn by mules. A number of mounted men were to be seen coming down the trail from the divide.

"It's a little party I got up to Holcomb fer workin' over these here claims agin," explained Bob Cope, as he and Mr. Sherard hur-

sitting with Brave on the stoop the afternoon before, Ah Sin had run up the street, wringing his hands and making a tremendous outcry. Ah Chow, as he declared in voluble pigeon English, had cut himself terribly in their little house at the other end of the street. He was bleeding to death, and they did not know how to stop the flow of blood. Would Missy—

Of course "Missy's" sympathies were at once roused. She tore off some strips from the cotton cloth on which she had been working, and seized her carbine as a matter of necessary precaution. Then, accompanied by Brave, who growled all the way, she followed close at Ah Sin's heels till they reached the lockup. Stipulating, still as a matter of precaution, that Ah Sin should stop outside, Dolly entered, carbine in hand, with Brave at her side.

The slam of the door, accompanied by Ah

Jim nodded, and gravely answered:  
 "If signs is anything to go by, you kin jes' bet yer sweet life she did."

CHAPTER XIV.

SWEPT DOWN BLACK CANYON.

WHEN Tom Dean left Mr. Sherard at the close of the afternoon, and went in search of Miss Dolly, he proceeded directly down the river's edge, hopping each moment to hear her returning footsteps, or meet her face to face with Brave at her side.

But as he lost sight of the settlement in the thick growth of willow and cottonwood, he saw or heard no trace of the missing girl. His uneasiness was giving place to something like alarm.

That the two Chinamen would dare to harm an unoffending girl, protected, as Dolly was, by the presence of Brave and by her own skill with the rifle, Tom could hardly believe. And yet, what did her prolonged absence mean?

Putting his hands to his mouth, Tom called loudly:

"Miss Dolly! Miss Dolly!" but only the mocking echoes from ravine and defile replied.

Filled with apprehension, Tom stood for a moment motionless on the bank of the river. Increasing in width and gathering strength as it swept onward after leaving the foot of the hills, the stream ran deep, turbid and swift towards a distant canyon.

A slight rustle in the underbrush a few feet behind Tom caused him to turn his head suddenly. The movement doubtless saved his life.

For almost simultaneous with the sound came the stunning report of a rifle not twenty feet away; and the ball, which would have penetrated the skull, only struck the side of his head, just above the right ear; and plunging its way almost to the temple, it flew off at a tangent.

But apparently the bullet had done its work. Stunned by the shock, Tom reeled, dropped his rifle, and fell insensible, while a torrent of blood flowed from the ghastly wound!

Even Ah Chow, hardened to such sights as he was, shuddered a little as he saw the motionless form lying in its own gore; but this did not prevent him from making a thorough examination of Tom's outside pockets, without, however, finding much to reward his search.

Three Mexican dollars, a penknife which had been the professor's, a pocket compass, and some matches in a waterproof box, formed the entire contents. Taking these, together with his weapons and cartridge-belt, Ah Chow launched the body into the water with a vigorous push.

"Dead man tellee no tale," he muttered, repeating a phrase he had heard the miners use. With one final glance at the body drifting swiftly away, he turned back to discover how successfully Ah Sin had performed his own part of the prearranged plot.

The plunge into the cold water of the rushing river had the effect of partially restoring Tom Dean to consciousness. It was enough, at least, for him to realize that he had only escaped death in one form to be threatened with it in another.

As he struck out with the blind instinct of self-preservation, his fingers touched a log which had in some way become detached from the bridge above, and drifted slowly down with the current.

Clutching this as desperately as a drowning man grasps a straw, Tom succeeded in getting his arms over it and resting upon it.

Weakened by loss of blood, and encumbered by his soaked clothing, he did not feel strong enough even to swim the few yards needful for reaching the shore.

The flow of blood from his wound had abated. Resting his elbows on the log, Tom contrived to free the silk handkerchief from his neck, and tie it about his head. Then he began slowly and painfully striking out with his legs and feet for the river bank.

But, to his alarm, Tom found that the current was hurrying him on faster and faster. As he was swept suddenly round an abrupt bend, the river perceptibly widened, and he was soon in the midst of foaming rapids, against which his feeble efforts were futile.

On and still on through the fast-gathering darkness, tossed hither and thither like a cork, by the mimic waves, yet clinging convulsively to his frail support, Tom felt himself carried downwards by a resistless force!

In this terrible situation Tom became delirious. He fancied that he was swimming after a white canoe, which Dolly, all unconscious of danger, was paddling swiftly forward, a little in advance. His warning shouts and cries, echoed back as though by the walls of a great cavern, were finally drowned by the roar of a dashing waterfall. Then the canoe with its fair burden plunged downward in the seething torrent, and Tom was swept unresistingly after it.

There was no fancy as to the latter part of Tom's experience! Gasping and half-strangled, he came to the surface at the foot of what he dimly saw to be a tolerably high cataract. Seized by the eddying current, he was



"TOM FELT HIMSELF CARRIED DOWNWARDS BY A RESISTLESS FORCE."

ried down the street. "An' considerable many of 'em was with them that started in here when the diggin's was just struck. The Black Hills an' round there is playin' out, so a lot of us has drifted back here agin, for we know that's gold here som'eres."

"Hark!" interrupted Mr. Sherard, as the deep bay of a dog was heard proceeding from some penned-up spot. In another moment they were standing before the small square structure which the Chinamen had occupied.

"This was the lockup, when Bonanza City was boomin'," began Bob, but Mr. Sherard did not listen. A clear voice came from within, as he tugged at the hasp and staple of the closed door.

"I'm all right, father," it said, and this interested him far more than Mr. Cope's description.

In another moment, Dolly, looking pale and anxious, but otherwise quite herself, was in her father's arms, while Brave capered about them, barking in boisterous delight.

Dolly's story was short and simple. While

Sin's triumphant laugh, told Dolly that she was trapped. To her dismay, she discovered that the carbine was unloaded, while her cartridge-belt had been left behind; else in this way she might have given the alarm by discharging it between the logs. A prey to all kinds of fearful apprehensions, she had remained a prisoner all night; and her joy can easily be imagined when she was once more at liberty.

Bob Cope listened in surprise and respectful admiration, as the young girl, with her graceful bearing and frank, outspoken manner, told her story, and in turn exacted from her father a detailed account of all that had happened since her imprisonment.

"As plucky a gal as you'd see in a day's ride, Jim," he said to his lieutenant that evening, when they returned from a thorough search for missing Tom along both banks of the river; "but when I broke it as easy as I knowed how to 'em that we found the marks where one of the Chinamen hed rested his gun in a crotch, an' shot the young feller plum through, to judge by the blood on the grass, an' then dragged his body to the bank an' chucked it in—I say when I come to tell her this, an' how the current hed likely kerried him miles an' miles down stream, through the kenyon—she jest turned whiter'n any sheet, an' I calculate she was goin' to swoond. But she didn't; she only sighed es though her little heart was breakin', an' I heard her kinder whisper to herself like, 'Oh, Tom! Poor, dear Tom!' I calculate, Jim," continued Bob Cope, proceeding to light his pipe, "that Miss Dolly, as they call her, thought an awful sight of that ar Tom."

swept in towards a white pebbly beach, a little above which he saw a blazing fire.

Summoning all his strength, Tom reached the shore. Regaining his feet, he staggered towards the fire, about which two or three dark forms were moving.

"Who's thar?" demanded a rough voice; and then followed the sharp click of a rifle hammer drawn back.

Tom, unable to speak, answered the query by tottering forward and falling insensible just inside the circle of firelight.

"Thar, the water's about drained out of him; now turn him over, Steve."

Like one in a half-waking dream, Tom felt himself laid gently on a pile of skins by strong hands. Then a fiery liquid was poured down his throat, and, after a short period of strangling, he opened his eyes.

"He's comin' round all right. Now, Steve, rus'le inside the *tepe*, and tell Nita to send out a towel and some dry cloes."

The speaker was a short man with shaggy beard and unkempt hair, who, as he spoke, replaced the cork in the neck of the black bottle, and rose to his feet.

A tall Indian lad, who had been standing near Tom's head, hurried inside what appeared to be a camp or wigwam, into whose open entrance shone the cheery firelight. The speaker, without much ceremony, divested Tom of his water-soaked clothing.

The Indian, who had been addressed by the unromantic name of Steve, then proceeded to rub Tom into animation with a rough towel, and assist him into a dry woolen shirt and a pair of dilapidated trousers.

"*Bueno*—you better now," he said, in a low and rather musical voice, as Tom raised himself to a sitting posture, and held out his numbed fingers to the blaze.

"Course he's better," interposed the rough-voiced man, who was bringing out Tom's wet garments and hanging them about the fire; "that ar whisky would bring a dead man to life. Hyar, Nita!"

In answer to the call, a woman of somewhat dark but comely features appeared at the door of the *tepe*. Her long black hair fell loose over the *reboza* which was crossed in Mexican style about her breast and shoulders.

"Bring out that there medicine bag; his head wants tendin' to."

The woman obeyed in silence. Carefully removing the blood-stained handkerchief, she washed the wound with soft fibres of the soap plant, dipped in warm water, and bound it up again with rags, on which a pungent smelling ointment had been spread. Then she went back to the *tepe* without having once spoken.

The bearded man seated himself beside the blaze, and proceeded to light a short black pipe. Tom was vainly trying to collect his confused ideas, so as to explain his unexpected arrival.

"Mebbe you've heard of Rube Lund, the Injun trader; I'm him," Tom's new friend finally remarked, after vainly waiting for the boy to speak.

"I'm—my name is Tom Dean," returned Tom, putting his hands to his aching head. "I and another man have been placer mining back of Bonanza City. Some one shot at me to-day—Chinaman, I think. I fell into the river."

"Good Lord!" interrupted Mr. Lund, taking his pipe from his mouth, and staring aghast at the speaker. "Fell into the river up thar! Why, man alive, you've come through the rapids of the Black Canyon, that runs twenty miles an hour, and over the lower fall. It's plain to see you never was born to be drowned!"

"No," said Tom, beginning to talk very loud and fast, as he stared confusedly around him. "The professor used to say I was born to good luck, though it would be a long time coming. But I must go and find Dolly."

At this moment the Indian woman stepped from the *tepe*, with a cup containing a dark-colored liquid in her hand.

"Drink," she said, quietly, and she placed the potion to his lips. Tom instinctively obeyed.

"That stuff'll make you sleep like lodnum. I reckon you'd better turn in to once," said Rube Lund. He motioned to the Indian lad, and the two helped Tom, who felt strangely dull and heavy, to climb beneath the white tilt of a great prairie wagon. A dozen or more mules were contentedly cropping the scanty herbage around it.

The rear of the clumsy vehicle was piled up with dressed skins, upon which Tom stretched his aching limbs, after vainly trying to express his thanks connectedly.

"Hope he ain't goin' to hev a fever; w'ot'n thunder will we do with him if he is?" growled Lund, in an undertone, as Nita laid her cool hand on Tom's burning brow, and shook her head doubtfully.

"But that was just what was in store for Tom Dean."

Four long weeks of half delirium, burning heat, and torturing thirst; and all the while the heavy prairie schooner went creaking and rolling over the plains.

It passed through dense clouds of alkali dust, which hid the wagon from sight; across sandy deserts, where the only growth was the trident-shaped cactus tree, shooting upward to the height of sixty feet or more; over undulating prairie land, decked with gorgeous flowers; through canyons in the barren lava beds, and across lofty divides.

But through all this, Nita, the Indian woman, and "Steve," as Mr. Lund rendered his Mexican name of Stefano, rode close beside the wagon and gave every possible attention to their patient.

One lovely summer evening Tom awoke to consciousness, to find the tilted wagon at a standstill by the side of a gently flowing stream, bordered with the universal cottonwood and willow. All around stood the picturesque *tepes*, or wigwams of the peaceful Navajos, whose vast herds of sheep dotted the surrounding plain.

"I don't know how I shall ever pay you for all the kindness you and yours have shown me, Mr. Lund," said Tom, as he sat upright on the pile of buffalo skins, and drank in the free life-giving air.

"You kin pay me, if you want, outer one o' them thousand-dollar bills that's in the leather memorandum-book I dried for you along of yer cloes," replied Lund. He allowed no false delicacy to interfere with business, and had taken Tom's remark in its most literal sense.

Tom gazed in the trader's face in blank astonishment.

"I don't know what you mean," he returned; but Mr. Lund only laughed grimly, as he produced the professor's diary, considerably the worse for its wetting, from an inside pocket.

"No, I s'pose not," was the dry answer; "only 'pears to me it's a kinder risky business luggin' five thousand dollars roun' in a kentry whar yer life wudn't be wuth a busted ketrige shell of it war knowed you hed a quarter of it."

Extending the book as he spoke, Tom's trembling fingers released the elastic band. Between the discolored leaves, where in some places the writing was almost illegible, lay five one thousand dollar notes, not very much the worse for their recent wetting and drying!

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### BLACK CLOUD, THE APACHE CHIEF.

LIKE a sudden revelation, it was all made plain to Tom, though he could hardly believe the evidence of his own eyesight.

On the night of the professor's tragical death, feeling perhaps more than usually uneasy about himself, he had probably mistrusted the safety of the little legacy which he had intended for Tom.

He must have taken the bills from the old pocket-book, and placed them carefully between the leaves of the diary, as the securest hiding-place he could think of; or, as Tom was more inclined to think, Professor Dean had risen in his sleep and thus concealed them.

In either case the robber, foiled of his plunder, had perhaps allowed some expression of anger to escape his lips, thus awaking the professor, who had succumbed to the sudden shock. Tom had carried the diary in an inside pocket of his woolen shirt, meaning some day or other to look it over; but so many things had happened since the professor's death, that he had never done as he intended.

All these things passed rapidly through Tom's mind, as he sat holding the partly open diary between his thin fingers. Mr. Lund's greedy eyes were covetously fastened on the five greenbacks.

"I kin change one o' them bills, if you say so," he insinuatingly remarked. Tom roused himself from his reverie.

"What sort of an outfit can you supply me with?" he asked, "and what will it cost?"

The question was music to the trader's ears. What could not he supply in the way of an outfit? The Indian trader is not supposed to deal in firearms or ammunition, yet Mr. Lund was able to furnish Tom with a Winchester, and a revolver, together with an abundant supply of cartridges for both. A stout hunting-knife, a sombrero, and a haversack containing the various necessities of the plainsman, were brought forth from the stores of the wagon. Through the agency of the trader, Tom also became the owner of a sturdy Navajo pony, with the needed equipments, and when all these were reckoned up (Mr. Lund making a hundred per cent on his sales), and Tom had made a liberal present to his kindly entertainer, he found that he still had five hundred dollars out of the broken bank bill, to put outside with the remaining four notes.

"An' now of you want keep along of us fer a spell whilst we're a-workin' to the north, towards Holcomb, whar I'm calculatin' to store the wool an' skins I've picked up this trip, you're welkin to," graciously remarked Mr. Lund after this (to him) gratifying termination of business.

Tom gladly accepted the offer. He had grown very fond of Stefano, who, though quiet and reticent like Nita, was very intelligent, a perfect horseman, a splendid rifle shot, and devoted to his Indian mother.

Moreover, Tom was gaining health and strength with wonderful rapidity in this life-giving air. As he learned from the trader that the wagon trail to Holcomb passed a few miles to the westward of Bonanza City, he knew it would be wise for him to journey in Mr. Lund's company till he was strong enough to strike out for himself.

Of course Tom's one definite purpose was to return to the mining camp, to learn the fate of his friends, and of his little fortune as well.

That the two Chinamen had conspired to kill and plunder Mr. Sherard and himself was beyond the shadow of a doubt. How far their dastardly scheme had succeeded, with relation to the former, was as problematical as the fate of Miss Dolly. Tom ground his teeth in silent rage, as he thought of the cold-blooded villainy of the unscrupulous fiends, one of whom had so nearly ended his own life.

The Navajo settlement was a model of its kind; and the people themselves were peaceable and industrious.

The *tepe*, or wigwam, which was occupied by each single family, was made of dressed buffalo hides, stretched over a framework of light, peeled poles, spread out in a circle at the bottom and crossed at the top. There was a flap entrance, which could be laced tightly against intruders.

Piles of skins composed the beds, and the fire was built in the middle of the *tepe* for cooking purposes. An iron pot, a water-bucket, and a couple of tin cups, made up the culinary department; and these, together with other loose articles, were kept in a *parfleche*, which is simply a huge wallet-shaped receptacle of dressed buffalo skin.

Immense herds of sheep, belonging to different members of the tribe, were grazing on the surrounding plains. The trader's visit to the settlement was for the purpose of buying wool. As he paid in cheap "notions," at a rate which enabled him to make from two to

three hundred per cent, the trader expressed himself as being tolerably well satisfied with the result of his venture at the end of the second week.

Tom was sitting near the wagon, on the evening before the day appointed by Mr. Lund for their departure. He had not quite regained his wonted strength; yet every day was adding to it. His face was filling out, and the color returning to his pale cheeks. In fact, Tom Dean was beginning to feel something like his former self.

Stefano was away antelope hunting. Mr. Lund was at the further end of the Indian settlement, closing his final transaction in wool, while Nita stood motionless in the door of the *tepe*. Her dark, melancholy eyes were fixed on the glowing western sky. She wore a tunic of buckskin reaching to the knee, fringed with antelope hide cut in narrow strips; leggings of the same material, and beaded moccasins, with a scarlet *reboza* thrown carelessly over her shoulders.

"Nita must have been a remarkably handsome Indian girl when she married her first husband, the Mexican *ranchero*," mused Tom, to whom Stefano had confided part of their simple history; "and how she ever came to take old Lund, who must be almost double her own age, for number two beats me."

As these thoughts flitted through his brain, he saw Nita suddenly draw her fine figure to its fullest height. Her dark eyes emitted an angry light, as they rested upon the form of an approaching horseman, who had ridden up noiselessly from the ford of the brawling stream. Tom instinctively reached out for his rifle, as he followed the direction of the Indian woman's look.

The object of Nita's gaze was a stalwart and brutal featured Apache Indian, dressed in buckskin. His saddle was an elaborate affair, fringed with what were evidently scalp locks. The cantle was notched for the rider's heel, so that he could swing himself at full gallop over his pony's side, with his left arm thrust through the rawhide loop which hung from the pommel, to escape flying bullets.

The headstall and bridle were of twisted and braided horse hair, dyed in alternate colors of red and purple. A riata of braided and well-oiled rawhide hung from the pommel, and balanced across the saddle itself was an elaborately mounted buffalo gun, which, as Tom saw at a glance, was undoubtedly of foreign manufacture. At either side of the rider's belt swung a handsome ivory-handled revolver, heavily plated with silver. As a finishing touch to the whole, a field-glass was slung across his brawny shoulders.

Tom looked round for Nita, but she had slipped into the *tepe*. Keeping the tilted cart between him and the Navajo encampment, the Indian walked his pony toward Tom, as the latter rose quickly to his feet.

"Hu!" ejaculated the Apache, with a scowl. Tom showed no signs of being overawed by this warlike apparition, but rather regarded him with a look of extreme dislike.

"Where of Rube—eh?" the Indian went on. "He's away," curtly answered Tom.

"Way where?" was the response. "I don't know," replied Tom, shortly and sharply, and again the Apache uttered the ejaculatory "Hu!" and seemed to study what next to say.

"Me Black Cloud—big warrior," said the Indian, after a pause, slapping his brawny chest. "Me come long way buy cartridge for hunt buff'lo nex' mont'. Plenty money have s'pose you sell 'um all same of Rube."

"I haven't anything to do with Mr. Lund's business, and if I had I wouldn't sell you a cartridge to save your worthless life!" Tom blazed out. For the sight of a few short blonde tresses among the scalp locks which decorated the Indian's saddle flaps had stirred him to the quick. He felt his anger rising higher and higher as he stood facing the scowling Apache, who at that moment, as Tom was quite sure, was decked out with the arms and equipments taken from some slain victim.

"Traders are not allowed to sell ammunition of any kind to Indians, especially to cowardly cutthroat Apaches, who murder white women and children," Tom went on, growing more angry with every word, "and if I was Mr. Lund, and you came to me on such an errand, I'd let you have one cartridge, perhaps, but it would be out of *this*." Tom tapped his rifle in a most suggestive way.

Black Cloud's evil face was distorted with rage. He understood English much better than he spoke it, and to be thus defied by a beardless boy—a young boy of a pale face—was too much.

Swinging his sinewy brown hand to his hip, the Apache's fingers clasped the handle of his revolver; but Tom Dean was too quick for him!

His cocked Winchester was at his shoulder in an instant and his forefinger touching the trigger.

"Take your hand from that pistol—quick!" he said, in tones which he hardly recognized as his own, so hard and stern were they. For Tom was wrought up to that pitch of excitement in which every nerve in the system is at too great a tension to permit a tremor in voice or muscle.

Black Cloud's hand was removed with marvelous quickness, while his face took on a smooth and crafty smile.

"Pale face, young brave," he said, with an entire change of voice and manner, as Tom, a little ashamed of his impetuosity, lowered his weapon, without, however, relaxing his vigilance for a moment.

Suddenly Nita stepped from the *tepe*, her dark eyes flashing with mingled excitement and wrath; and without a word she leveled the cocked rifle in her hands at Black Cloud's breast.

"Nita!" cried Tom, springing forward. But her finger was already touching the trigger, and the Indian, who was sitting as though paralyzed at the sudden apparition, involuntarily closed his eyes.

"Click!" and the hammer fell on the edge of an imperfect cartridge!

Before the disappointed Indian woman could recock the rifle, Black Cloud, with a

triumphant yell, wheeled his pony sharply round and dashed away at full speed across the shallow creek. He was followed by an ineffectual ball from the rifle of old Rube's stepson, who had that moment appeared on the scene.

Nita looked reproachfully at her weapon as the Indian disappeared behind a sandhill on the opposite side of the creek.

"Not miss next time," she muttered, vengefully; "life for life—he kill my husband—I kill him."

(To be continued.)

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

#### THE HEAD OF A FAMILY.

It may seem strange that a boy ten years old should support a family; but yet it is not impossible, and actually occurred not long ago, according to the *Chicago Herald*.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a gentleman who manages his own estate in Chicago; "but the one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years old. A few years ago I bought a piece of land. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it. After a while a man came to me to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well, I said, 'you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you.' "The first month he brought me \$2; and the second month, a little boy, who said he was the man's son, came with \$3. After that I saw the man once in a while; but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly, sometimes \$2 and sometimes \$3. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

"I took his money; but I made up my mind that I would go over and investigate, and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked decent. I knocked at the door, and a little girl let me in. I asked her for her mother. She said she didn't have any.

"Where is she?" said I.

"We don't know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

"Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these three children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of baby. Well, I just had my daughter call on them, and we keep an eye on them now. I thought I wouldn't disturb them while they were getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent, I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"My boy, you're a hero! You keep on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together, and never leave them. Now, look at this."

"I showed him a ledger in which I had entered up all the money he had paid me for rent, and told him that that was all his interest. 'You keep right on,' says I, 'and I'll be your banker; and when this amounts to a little more I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own.' That's the kind of tenant to have."

And that's the kind of landlord to have.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR DR. MOORE.

The late Dr. Tyng, the Episcopalian divine, had a sharp, incisive tongue, and used it pretty freely sometimes.

A writer in the *Philadelphia Record* relates that on one occasion it was necessary for the oldest clergyman in the New York diocese, the Rev. Dr. Moore, of Richmond, Staten Island, to open the convention in the absence of a Bishop. Dr. Moore was a plain country parson, and the new honor stunned him so that he did not know how to act. He went to Dr. Tyng, who was rector of St. George's Church, for advice. "What shall I do when I get up there?" he inquired, anxiously. "Do?" said Tyng, who was provoked at such timidity on the part of his senior; "the Lord put a word into the mouth of Balaam's ass, and I suppose he will put one into yours. Get up and go ahead."

#### DISORDERLY CONDUCT.

For many years after the war, the South was politically divided on race lines, colored and white men being in opposite camps. We are glad to believe that this system, with the feuds which it caused, is beginning to pass away.

Cornelius Van Cott, says the *New York Sun*, tells a funny story about the old days when the colored vote was solidly Republican. It was on the day of the Hayes-Tilden election. A very enthusiastic Republican colored man was seen dragging another colored man through the streets. "What are you doing with him?" Mr. Van Cott asked. "Going to have him locked up, sah," said the enthusiast. "What for?" queried Van Cott. "He voted the Democratic ticket," said the enthusiast. "But hold on!" said Van Cott. "You can't lock a man up for that." "You can't?" said the darky, "why, ain't that disorderly conduct at the polls?"

#### THOUGHT HIMSELF KILLED.

GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE, recently appointed Postmaster at Boston, fought gallantly in the civil war. At the battle of Alatoona, the story runs, a rifle ball took him alongside the head. Word was sent to General Sherman that Corse's ear and part of his cheek-bone were gone, but he was still able to hold his position and fight it out.

As soon as possible Sherman got over to see him, full of anxiety for his safety. He found Corse with his head swathed in bandages; and, eager to know the extent of the fearful wound, he impatiently ordered the surgeon to remove the cloths. This was done, and there was revealed a slight scratch on the cheek and a hole in the ear.

Sherman looked intently at it, and calmly remarked: "Why, Corse, they came mighty near missing you, didn't they?"

## THE CREW OF THE ARGOSY.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

OUR bark is new, our hearts are gay,  
We leap on board at call,  
To sail where tropic breezes play,  
Or 'neath the iceberg's wall.

At home on ocean's foamy swell,  
The petrels not more free;  
And oh, the tales our shipmates tell!  
And oh, the lands we see!

If midnight watch be ours to keep,  
Or straining sail we furl,  
Still safe before the gale we sweep,  
Though high the billows curl.

And none may know the joy we share,  
Save we who thus have sailed;  
Our fathers had no ship so fair,  
No shores so bright they hailed.

But we shall dream, when seasons flee,  
And sunny youth is o'er,  
How, with THE GOLDEN ARGOSY,  
We roamed from shore to shore.

[This story commenced in No. 193.]

## WHO SHALL BE THE HEIR?

OR,  
FRED SOMERSET IN THE  
SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

FRANK knocked at his grandmother's door, calling out at the same moment who he was; whereupon Mitford opened, and very calmly ushered in the whole company, not even excluding Mr. Lyall.

And Mr. Lyall could scarcely believe his eyes or trust his senses when they showed him the paralytic sitting clothed and in her right mind—that is, becomingly arrayed in her cashmere dressing-gown, and seated in her easy chair surrounded with her women, and greeting her visitors with her old grace and dignity.

The lady rose slowly, supported on either hand by her daughter Marcia and her foster-daughter Cora. Her two allies, the doctor and the lawyer, ranged themselves behind her, while Frank inserted himself beside Cora, to whose fingers he imparted a congratulatory pinch. Thus Lyall stood alone, a scoundrel, confronted by both his victims and by his judges.

"Richard Lyall," said the old lady, in proud, measured tones, "you comprehend in one glance that your plot is defeated, your baseness exposed, and that nothing is left you but to retire in disgrace from the house whose happiness you would have destroyed. Your son, tutored by you, has played the hypocrite in vain. Take with you the knowledge that but for your counsels he would have received of my wealth equally with his cousins. I have put him to the test; he has been found wanting. I renounce him as my heir, now and forever. And now, sir, go, and take your son with you!"

Richard Lyall perceived the ruin which had come upon him. All was over; in grasping after too much he had lost all.

He could not gain one dollar out of this most detestable of old women; but could he not get some satisfaction in the shape of revenge? And what revenge? What could he do? At the first breath of bluster, those two friends of hers would kick him down stairs. And all this had come upon him because of his devotion to that cub Clarence!

He had still a little power to annoy, and he would make the most of it.

"Madam, d'ye hear? We're dismissed. Come along at once," said he, much as an ogre might say: "Madam, I'm hungry; come and be devoured."

"Not so, Mr. Lyall; never again will I dwell under your roof," cried Marcia, her beautiful eyes flashing fire and scorn. "My mother has not dismissed her poor, unhappy daughter. She has forgiven me the mad rebellion which sundered us so long, and I shall never again leave her," and she turned her filling eyes upon the old lady, who murmured lovingly:

"Never again, Marcia; never again."  
"And you abandon your son, unnatural woman!" cried the righteously indignant father.

"He is your son—a true Lyall," answered Marcia, bitterly. "In your hands he has become a shame and a curse to his mother. Take him, then, and endure the fruits of your training."

"This is a very comfortable arrangement for you, madam," snarled the baffled villain, in a fury. "But look out; I'll give you some trouble to put it through." But here the two gentlemen put a stop to his ravings by advancing upon him, and forc-

ing him, through sheer dread of assault, to sneak out of the presence he insulted. Mr. Lyall was escorted down stairs by the same officious gentlemen, who waited, grim and silent as sphinxes, while he roared for Clarence; while the two outcasts sullenly put on their coats, and tramped out of the house, shaking the dust off their feet at every step, in testimony against the iniquity of the land. Lyall had sent back to Ibbotsfield the stylish conveyance which usually bore him to Somerset in the morning, little expecting that it would be wanted that day to carry him away in a hurry. When he went to the stables in a fit of insolent defiance to take the use of a team for the purpose, he found that some malign influence had been at work to frustrate him. The stable and coach-house were locked up, and there was no man visible who might be ordered to deliver up the keys. Mr. Charnley was, in fact, the delinquent, for it was necessary to the ruse agreed on with Fred that the Lyalls should leave Somerset on foot.

And so the too clever father and the conceited son trudged ignominiously forth from the noble property into which they had driven in such dashing style, when they arrived to take possession of the land two months before; and as they wended their weary way, carrying a heavy valise between them, they took turns in cursing their ill luck and, I fear, each other.

The road to Ibbotsfield is very lovely on a summer morning; but, strange to say, they did not feel any of the sweet influences of the gracious summer time. The hill was steep, the sun was hot, the bag was heavy, and their tempers were shocking; had any stranger passed them, he might have been excused if he mistook them for a pair of materialized evil spirits, and looked for their hoofs and horns.

Arrived on the top of the hill where we met Fred Somerset first, a small stretch of forest lay before them, into the shade of which they plunged with physical relief, yet with no corresponding gratitude in their spiteful hearts. A double line of spreading horse-chestnuts extended on either side of the road, and behind them stood a wealth of oak and other hardwood trees, the shade under this leafy firmament being deep enough to conceal a regiment of soldiers.

The two rogues were about half-way through the wood when some one approached swiftly from the opposite direction and barred their way, calling out imperiously:

"Stop, gentlemen; you owe me an explanation. Not another step till you pay your debts!"

Clarence fairly yelled out in his panic, and dropped the valise. Even Lyall himself looked utterly shocked and startled; for it was Fred who stood before them, the boy whom they believed to be miles across the sea, in the hands of desperadoes who would rather take his life than risk letting him go free!

But Lyall was too hardened a villain to be disconcerted long, and bethinking him of a device that might rout the foe, he cried, with pretended wrath:

"Is this Frederick Somerset, the thief? Wretched fellow, have you come back to rob your grandmother a second time?"

But Fred wasn't roused "worth a cent."

"There is not the least use in your attempting to play a part, Mr. Lyall," said he, contemptuously. "I have found out your whole plot, and mean to have satisfaction out of you for all the evil you have done me."

"What do you mean, boy? Are you pretending to know nothing about the emerald?" blustered Lyall, wondering how he was to shake him off.

"On the contrary, I know a great deal about it," retorted Fred, unexpectedly; "I have a strong idea that it's not very far from me at this moment." As he watched their startled and guilty faces, he saw that he was on the right track.

"Enough of this shameless ribaldry," cried Lyall, roughly, "stand aside, fellow; let us pass," and, grasping the valise tightly, he attempted to shove Fred aside.

"Did you ever hear of a Mr. Watson?" called Fred, laughing maliciously. Another start thrilled the rogue's nerves, but he moved on.

"Or the Polson family?" Fred went on; "or the old woman from whose babble the honorable Watson picked up the smugglers' secret?" In spite of himself, Lyall's steps were lagging slower and slower. He must hear this. "Because, if you should happen to meet the said Watson, you'd better warn him"—Lyall stopped—"that Polson's on his track; a word from me and it's all

over with him." Lyall turned around; he was ghastly pale.

"What do you want?" demanded he, in very different tones from his last. Clarence, half turned away, listened helplessly, frightened to go and frightened to stay.

"I want you to clear my character of the stain which you have cast upon it," said Fred, firmly. "If you don't agree to that on the spot, I solemnly threaten you that I will send Polson after you, and leave him to avenge me."

Fred might threaten this, though he could never be so base as to do it; however, as Lyall did not know this, and believed in the threat, it acted as a persuader, just as Fred's counselor, Charnley, had expected.

"Speak plainly," exclaimed Lyall, returning to Fred and throwing the valise on the ground as a support for one foot. "If I have injured you, I am willing to admit it; but I don't see that I can do anything else."

"You can set me right with Mrs. Somerset by owning your part in my disappearance," said Fred, promptly. "You do own that it was entirely through your machinations that I was thrown into the smugglers' hands, I suppose?"

"Yes; I own that," answered Lyall, hoping to propitiate the lad, and not seeing how a verbal admission without witnesses could harm himself. In the same easy way Fred got him to confess to all the details of his abduction. Clarence, too, was compelled by his father to admit that he had willfully left Fred in the peat hole, and misrepresented him to Mrs. Somerset. But when Fred attempted to extract a confession of the theft of the specimen emerald, the rogues, junior and senior, struck work.

"I must protest that I know nothing about that," quoth Lyall. "I am ready to believe that you are innocent since you declare yourself to be so, but farther I cannot go. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

"No, sir; he's done of ye. But we've a word or two to say to ye," cried a hoarse, fierce voice at his ear. In a moment the group was surrounded by half a dozen coarsely clad men, with blackened faces, each one of whom brandished a formidable looking bludgeon. Lyall gazed at them in amazement; then he darted a look of demonic fury at Fred, and made a dive for his valise. But the man who had spoken tore it out of his grasp, and flung it to a distance among the trees. "So you're the sneakin' spy wot stole our secrets?" said he, with a threatening scowl. "You was the half deaf gent, called Watson, wot ate Polson's bread and salt, an' went away for to betray him?"

"Wretch, you have spread this tale of me!" hissed Lyall, turning on Fred with a furious blow which stretched him on the ground at his feet. The next instant the man had felled Lyall with a blow more furious yet, and the others sprang forward, and joined in raining upon him a storm of brutal whacks with their clubs. Fred was stunned for a few moments; but, hearing the sounds, he sprang up to see his enemy writhing on the ground under a descending hail of sticks, while the figure of Clarence was just visible in the distance, as he made off at full speed.

"Stop, stop! you'll murder him!" cried Fred, fighting his way desperately to the fallen man. "Murder, help, help!" and his voice rang through the wood just as three persons came up, running out of the trees and shouting as they came. The roughs ceased beating Lyall when they saw the rescuers, but seized Fred by the arms as if to force him along with them.

"Let go!" growled the only man who had spoken. "He's cla'r grit, an' desaves to git off." The would-be captors dropped his arms and moved off. "Sarch this beggar's kit, Fred; guess ye'll find the stolen gimcrack into it," added the leader, hastily. Just as Mr. Charnley, Dr. Arlington and Frank came up he bounded after his men, and the whole band were immediately lost to sight.

Fred's friends had, in fact, been concealed in the wood by preconcerted design, that they might overhear Lyall's admissions, and be able to testify to the truth of Fred's statements. The band of smugglers had evidently been concealed listeners also, and had taken the opportunity to wreak their rage upon the man who had outwitted them.

Fred knelt on the dusty road with Richard Lyall's head on his knee. He was bathed in his blood, and unconscious; a pitiful sight even to those who had such good cause to despise him.

"My brave, good boy," exclaimed the impulsive Charnley, as he reached the

pair. A second glance at Lyall put Fred's manly conduct out of mind.

"Is he badly hurt, do you think?" continued the lawyer, bending with the doctor over the ghastly form. While they were examining Lyall's injuries, Frank wrung his admired chum's hand in earnest congratulation, and then ran off for the valise and brought it safely into the camp as the spoils of war.

"A bad case," the doctor was saying, as he came back; "broken arm, fractured collar bone, bruises all over; worst of all, fractured skull. May prove fatal. These men have in all probability murdered Richard Lyall."

He was too far gone to bear the journey back to Somerset, and so they carried him to a humble cottage, a little farther on towards Ibbotsfield. Hither came his injured wife at once, to minister to him devotedly to the end; but his wretched son, for whose sake he had sinned so grievously, never returned to learn his father's fate, but kept on his flight to the Ibbotsfield railway station, and from thence went home to the empty house in Wyckenham.

It was Fred who remained with Mrs. Lyall throughout those trying hours, when her husband was moaning his shattered life away. It was his hand, gentle as a son's, which wiped the dying man's brow; his arm which supported the heavy head; his kind, true eyes which watched the frozen face of the suffering wife, to catch every chance to be of use.

And when, after a few hours, all was over, and the shattered form was laid to eternal repose in its pure, white shroud, it was still Fred who stood beside the half-stunned wife, as she gazed with incredulous, aching eyes at him whom she had once loved, and said, with simple fervor:

"May God forgive me as I have forgiven him any evil that he may have done me. And now I will only remember what was best in him."

And when Mrs. Lyall heard his words, and saw the tears standing in his honest eyes, she clasped him to her heart and murmured:

"My noble boy, would to God that you had been my son!"

Quietly, unostentatiously, was Richard Lyall laid in his grave, in the Wyckenham cemetery. There had been an inquest, to which Clarence had been reluctantly dragged, to give what evidence he could as to the men who had assaulted them; but upon the shrinking Fred devolved the principle portion of the testimony. And terrible it was to Fred to be forced to spin, word by word, a web of circumstantial evidence around the man who had saved his life. For the evidence was no more than circumstantial, since Fred could not swear to Polson's identity with the leader of the band who beat Lyall to death. Fred was almost sure of Polson's voice, but not quite, and so he was spared the pain of tying the noose about the wretch's neck.

"He saved my life—and so did Mrs. Polson when she nursed me so faithfully; and afterwards she risked her own life for my sake, when she helped me to write to you," said Fred to Frank, in talking confidentially to him; "it would have been a murder that would haunt me forever, if I had been the cause of Polson being hung."

The verdict was death by violence. Justice looked sharply after the smugglers of Blackridge, and made minute inquisition into their several whereabouts on the fatal day; but justice got little or no satisfaction.

The smugglers of Blackridge—where were they? When anxious inquiries would fain have "spotted" them, there was not one smuggler in the whole of Blackridge—at least not one who would answer to the name; and the only two whom Fred might have identified, namely, Mr. and Mrs. Polson, were not to be found at their old home.

For within an hour of Lyall's murder, Mrs. Polson had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

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

## TOO INDEPENDENT.

SOME people glory so much in their independence that they have to contradict every one else's opinions, and turn their roughest edges to all with whom they come in contact.

Andrew Jackson was dining with a gentleman of this description, who loudly remarked to him across the table:

"I always vote against you, sir."  
The company was naturally rendered speechless by this unexpected disclosure, and the scene looked squally; but General Jackson put a stopper on the boastful individual and avoided further trouble by smilingly remarking:

"And I, sir, have always fought the battles of my country that you might enjoy that privilege."



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In ordering back numbers enclose 5 cents for each copy. No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,  
81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

### OUR NEW FORM.

This week THE GOLDEN ARGOSY commences its fifth year of life with a very marked change in its size and appearance. Eight more pages of reading matter have been added, making it now a sixteen page journal. In place of the three illustrations in the old form we shall now give eight or nine in every issue, and sometimes even more. The character of the new ones, moreover, will be far superior to those published in the past. They will be much larger, more effective and more artistic.

Many new authors have been added to our corps of writers, and nearly every one of the old favorites is now under contract to write for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Among these popular writers are

OLIVER OPTIC,  
HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,  
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON,  
EDWARD S. ELLIS,  
FRANK H. CONVERSE,  
GEORGE H. COOMER,  
ANNIE ASHMORE, and  
ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

In the new form six serial stories will be published weekly; and they will all be stories of high character and undoubted merit—such stories as are afterwards put into book form and sell readily for \$1.25 a volume. Over twenty of these fine book stories will be published in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY during the next year.

There will be every week a large amount of short matter of the best character.

It will, in short, be our constant aim to discover in what way more money can be spent upon THE GOLDEN ARGOSY to improve its contents and the beauty of its appearance.

### THE HANDSOMEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

We believe we are justified in claiming that THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, in its new form, is the handsomest paper of its kind in the world.

A careful examination of the periodicals of both Europe and America fails to reveal a single publication (the large illustrated newspapers always excepted) so fully and beautifully illustrated as THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. In typographical appearance, in the quality of its printing, in the number of its illustrations, and the character and beauty of the same, no paper in the whole world equals THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. It leads them all.

### HOW TO BECOME A CADET.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "W. K. B." writes to us from New York City:

"I am seventeen years of age, and it is my desire to become a cadet in the U. S. Army; and I think it would not only interest me; but a great number of your readers, if you would tell us something about West Point. How can I become a cadet? Where must I apply, and what influence is required? Is money necessary, or are cadets paid? I apply to you because I think your paper is capable of giving a good reply."

Our young friend aspires to a much sought-after position, and, like all good things, he may find it hard to obtain.

The number of cadets at West Point is limited to one from each congressional district, and ten cadets at large. These ten are appointed by the President, the rest by the secretary of war, on the nomination of the congressman from each district. Cadets are admitted at any age between seventeen and twenty-one; they are paid five hundred dollars a year, and one "ration," against which are charged board and other expenses.

Our correspondent must apply to his congress-

man. There are not enough vacancies in our small army to accommodate all the brave young fellows who would like to fight for their country, and the applications are generally very numerous. Some of the New York congressmen make their selection by a competitive examination; and if this is the case in our young friend's district, he may attain his wish, if he is a good scholar.

### LEADING AMERICAN JOURNALISTS.

ON this page we publish the first of a series of sketches of leading American journalists—a series that will include all the most prominent editors in the profession. A fine portrait and a sketch of the career of each one will be given.

Charles A. Dana, Editor of the New York Sun—the man who has given to that journal its present high rank—is a fitting subject for the commencement of this series. The portrait accompanying the sketch of Mr. Dana's life is an excellent likeness of that gentleman.

Next week Whitelaw Reid, Editor of *The New York Tribune*, will be the subject of our sketch.

WHAT is to be done with the clipped silver coins? asks a contemporary. Some people utilize them for the "bobtail" horse-cars, but the church-members generally reserve them for the collection.

A BROOKLYN fancy feather worker writes to protest against the anti-feather-trimming movement, which may deprive many poor girls of their employment.

### TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

ONCE more wintry days have returned, and the ARGOSY starts forth on another year's voyage. Her journeys in the past have not, we hope, been entirely unavailing. She has honestly striven to perform a good work, not wholly, we trust, without success.

We earnestly desire to urge and aid the rising generation of this country—the boys and girls, who will soon be the men and women of America, to raise themselves step by step to higher and better things; to endeavor to improve their worldly position, their mental powers, and above all their character.

Wide possibilities lie before every young American; they can be achieved by his own efforts, and by no other means. No acts of Congress, no scheme of state socialism, can confer upon one who wishes to rise a tithe of the benefits which he can secure by his personal exertions.

To point the way which leads upwards will always be the mission and the endeavor of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

### DO THE LADIES KNOW MOST?

A DISTINGUISHED German, who recently visited this country, said that he found American women to be much better educated than American men.

There is perhaps a certain amount of foundation for this remark. A large class of business and professional men devote their entire energies to their daily occupation, while their wives and daughters spend at least a short time cultivating their minds.

Too often men despise all those accomplishments which are not likely to be pecuniarily profitable. We have ourselves heard business men declare that the study of literature and general culture is mere waste of time.

The German observer concluded that, as knowledge is power, the women of America are likely to obtain complete control of the men. We don't wish to say anything displeasing to the Women's Suffrage party, but we do not agree with this opinion. Still, there is room for more culture among the men.

Boys should not make a bonfire of their books as soon as their school days are over. They should keep them, and get more, and read whenever they can.

### SUNDAY PAPERS.

In the recent Congregational Conference at Hartford, Conn., a clergyman created quite a sensation by speaking strongly in favor of Sunday newspapers, which he termed "great engines of public good." And after all, is not the general denunciation which these papers receive from the clergy rather a mistake?

It is the Monday, and not the Sunday issue, which causes the newspaper staff to violate the Sabbath. And we do not think that it is worse to read the news on Sunday than to hear it when told by a friend.

The Sunday paper is pre-eminently the working man's paper. Thousands read what the world is doing on that day who have no time to do so during the week. No doubt there are some bad Sunday papers; so also are there some vicious books, and even some depraved clergymen; but that is no reason for condemning those of good character.

We think the Sunday paper should have a little more tolerance from the clergy. The press and the pulpit—the two "great engines of public good"—should not waste their powers in fighting each other.

### CHARLES A. DANA, EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "SUN."

#### A Leader in Modern Journalism.

THE American newspaper is one of the most distinctive features of American life, being a product entirely peculiar to this country. The British daily press has a high but utterly different character; while the journals of France and Germany are not newspapers at all, in our sense of the word.

Perhaps the most characteristic of all the American dailies is the *Sun*. If imitation be flattery, the *Sun* has had plenty of flatterers, and yet there is no paper like it in the world. It takes its character from the remarkable man who presides over it, the only remaining survivor of the brilliant group which a generation ago made New York journalism what it now is.

Charles Anderson Dana was born Aug. 8, 1819. He comes of an old New England family, which has supplied as many students to Harvard, and as many well-known names to literature, as any in the East. Among its members are numbered Francis Dana, the revolutionary patriot; Richard Henry Dana, the poet; the other Richard Henry, who wrote "Two Years before the Mast," and James D. Dana, the geologist.

The present editor of the *Sun* was following the ancestral track at Harvard, when weakness of the eyes interrupted his studies, and obliged him to leave the university without taking a degree, in spite of his high scholastic attainments.

College life over, he joined with Emerson, Hawthorne and other men of letters, in their attempt to found the Brook Farm Community. This was an endeavor to form an ideal society, based upon real equality and perfect fraternity.

But such plans, from Plato's "Republic" downwards, have rarely possessed the elements of practical success, and the members of Brook Farm were soon scattered. Young Dana abandoned his visionary hopes, and turned to face the hard reality of a life of toil.

He entered upon the newspaper profession, which he has followed ever since. He was first employed by Elizur Wright, who was then publishing a paper called the *Chronotype* in Boston, at the modest salary of five dollars a week.

From this point his rise was rapid. In 1847 he came to New York, having been engaged as city editor on Horace Greeley's rising paper the *Tribune*. The following year he was sent as special correspondent to Europe.

Those were stirring times across the ocean. In February of that year Louis Philippe was driven from the French throne by a popular uprising, and the wave of revolution swept through every country on the continent. There was a chance for the right man to make his mark as European correspondent, and this chance Mr. Dana was able to grasp.

He is an accomplished linguist. French, German, Spanish and Italian he speaks like a native; and he has, it is said, learned several others, including Icelandic. This unusual gift, together with a wide knowledge of European literature and politics, made him a very successful correspondent, and on his return to New York he became Greeley's principal assistant. His salary was gradually increased from a thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars a year, this being the highest salary paid at that time by any newspaper.

Mr. Dana's leisure hours were spent in literary work. He published a volume of poems, and commenced, in association with George Ripley, to edit the "New American Cyclopaedia."

In 1862 a difference in opinion on the conduct of the war led to his withdrawal from the *Tribune*, much to the regret of its readers.

After this Mr. Dana was appointed to several successive positions in the State Department, and finally President Lincoln made him assistant secretary of war. His official duties were ably and conscientiously performed, and he came out of that trying period untouched by a breath of slander.

When the war was over he went to Chicago, and for a year acted as editor of the *Republican*. Then he returned to the metropolis and organized the

company which now publishes the New York *Sun*. The *Sun* was already an old-established journal, having first appeared in 1833. It had at this time a good circulation, although it possessed but little influence or prestige. But under Mr. Dana's auspices an entirely new start was made.

The old Tammany Hall building was purchased and transformed into the present *Sun* office; the new quarters were occupied Jan. 1, 1868. Such a paper as went forth from them had never been seen before. Its editors and reporters were picked men; all the news was presented in the most crisp and attractive form; most of the editorials were shaped by the pungent pen of Mr. Dana himself; printing and paper were of the very best. Altogether the *Sun* was, to borrow a familiar piece of slang, a live newspaper. The change of management was large-

ly advertised, and though at first old subscribers fell off, the loss was soon more than made up. The circulation, which had been forty-eight thousand under the former regime, rose steadily till it was over one hundred thousand a day, and even touched the well-known "million a week."

The *Sun* has had ups and downs of recent years; yet it has always maintained a high character, a large circulation, and an extended influence.

Mr. Dana still comes every day to the publishing office, and bestows a glance at the working of each depart-

ment of the paper. He overhauls the editorial articles in hand, dictates others to a stenographer, and, scissors in hand, scans the leading journals for "clippings." He seems to enjoy the work, and talks and jests good-humoredly with his subordinates and his son Paul. To callers he is easy of access, and all sorts and conditions of men come to his sanctum. This is a plainly furnished room, whose principal ornament is a large stuffed owl, the gift of Thomas C. Acton; the famous cat, which batters on the MS. of many a would-be contributor, is sometimes seen by visitors.

Mr. Dana's snowy beard and scanty hairs tell of approaching old age; yet his step is firm, his bearing erect, and he is as ready for work as he was twenty years ago.

May he live and flourish for another twenty years!  
RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

### LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

A TENDER child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark stairs timidly,  
"Oh, mother, take my hand," said she,  
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.  
John G. Whittier.

### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

KIND words cost no more than unkind ones.  
THE secret of success is constancy to purpose.  
THOSE can conquer who think they can.—*Emerson*.

A GOOD life hath but few days, but a good name endureth forever.

EVERY one who is born into the world has his work; it is born with him.

LITTLE by little fortunes are accumulated; little by little knowledge is gained; little by little character is achieved.

WE complain that our life is short, and yet we throw away much of it, and are weary of many of its parts.

HISTORY shows that those nations are the mightiest where the morals of the citizens are the purest and the laws of God are best obeyed.

SOME books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and a few to be thoroughly digested. But a good many ought to be thrown into the fire.

"God giveth grace to the humble." He pours it out plentifully on humble hearts. His sweet dew and showers slide off the mountains, and fall on the low valley of humble hearts and make them pleasant and fertile.

DON'T be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind to begin with that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble and bear it bravely.



CHARLES A. DANA.



# BOB BURTON; or The Young Ranchman of the MISSOURI

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.  
Author of "Ragged Dick Series," "Struggling  
Upwards," "Facing the World," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

BOB BURTON was the only son of a ranchman in Western Iowa, whose ranch was encumbered by a mortgage held by Aaron Wolverton, a real estate agent in the neighboring village of Carver. Wolverton had a secret grudge against Mr. Burton; they had been suitors for the same lady's hand, and Mr. Burton had been successful. This grudge had been intensified by a scuffle between Wolverton and Bob, who had been shooting on the estate agent's land.

Mr. Burton had driven to Carver to pay Wolverton the interest on his mortgage. In returning, he was thrown from his carriage and killed. As he lay dying, Wolverton happened to pass, and stole from his pocket the receipt for the interest, intending to make the widow pay over again. Unknown to him, he had been observed by Clip, a negro wail whom Mr. Burton had befriended.

CHAPTER V.

WOLVERTON'S FIRST MOVE.

WHY did not Aaron Wolverton burn the receipt, and get rid once for all of the only proof that the interest had been paid? It would have been the most politic thing to do, inasmuch as he had made up his mind to be dishonest. But, though unprincipled, he was not a bold man. The thought did certainly occur to him, and he even went so far as to light a match. But more timid counsel prevailed, and he concealed it in his desk, carefully locking the desk afterwards.

It is unnecessary to describe the grief of the little family at Burton's Ranch when the body of the master was brought home. No one had dreamed of speedy death for Richard Burton. He seemed so strong and vigorous that it would have seemed safe to predict for him a long life—long beyond the average; yet here, in middle life, in the fullness of health and vigor, the summons had come.

To Mrs. Burton, who was a most devoted wife, it was a crushing blow. It seemed at first as if it would be happiness to lie down beside her dead husband, and leave the world for him.

"What have I to live for now?" she asked, mournfully.

"You have me, mother," answered Bob, gently. "I have lost my father. What would become of me if I should lose my mother also?"

"You are right, Robert," said Mrs. Burton. "I was wrong to give way; but it is a very hard trial."

"Indeed it is, mother," said Robert, kissing her affectionately. "But we must try to bear up."

Mrs. Burton felt that this was her plain duty, and henceforth strove to control her emotions. She ceased to sob, but her face showed the grief she suffered.

The funeral took place, and the little family held a council to decide what was to be done.

"Can we carry on the ranch, now that your father is gone?" asked Mrs.

but my proposal is to assist you, relieving you of the greater part of the care. Between us we can carry it on, I am confident."

"You are only a boy of sixteen, Robert," objected his mother.

"That is true; but I have watched carefully the manner in which the ranch has been carried on. Of course you must help, and you will try to get a man with whom I can advise. I am sure we can make a good deal more out of the farm than we could realize from investing the money it would bring."

"And are you willing to undertake this, Robert? It will be a hard task."



"IS YOU WET, MASSA WOLVERTON?" ASKED CLIP, SHOWING HIS WHITE TEETH.

"Try us a single year, mother," said Bob, confidently.

Mrs. Burton gave her consent, and Bob at once took his father's place, rising early and going to the field to superintend farming operations. He seemed to have developed at once into a mature man, though in appearance he was still the same. Clip was his loyal assistant, though, being a harum-scarum boy, fond of fun and mischief, he was of very little service as adviser.

He had mentioned to Bob seeing Aaron Wolverton bending over the body of his father, and exploring his pockets. This puzzled Bob, but he was not prepared to suspect him of anything else than curiosity, until his mother received a call from the real estate agent a month after her husband's decease.

Aaron Wolverton had been anxious to call before, but something withheld him. It might have been the consciousness of the dishonorable course he had taken. Be that as it may, he finally screwed up his courage to the sticking-point, and walked out to Burton's Ranch early one afternoon.

Mrs. Burton was at home, as usual, for she seldom went out now. She had no intimate friends in the neighborhood. All that she cared for was under her own roof.

She looked up in some surprise when Mr. Wolverton was ushered into the sitting-room. "I hope I see you well, Mrs. Burton," said the real estate agent, slipping to a seat, and placing his high hat on his knees. "I am well in health, Mr. Wolverton," answered the widow, gravely.

"Yes, yes, of course; I understand," he hastily answered. "Terribly sudden Mr. Burton's death was, to be sure, but dust we are, and to dust we must return, as the Scripture says."

Mrs. Burton did not think it necessary to make any reply.

"I came over to offer my—my condolences," continued Mr. Wolverton.

"Thank you."

"And I thought perhaps you might stand in need of some advice from a practical man."

"Any advice will be considered, Mr. Wolverton."

"I've been thinkin' the thing over, and I've about made up my mind that the best thing you can do is to sell the ranch," and the real estate agent squinted at Mrs. Burton from under his red eyebrows.

"That was my first thought; but I consulted with Robert, and he was anxious to have me carry on the ranch with his help."

Aaron Wolverton shook his head. "A foolish plan!" he remarked. "Excuse me for saying so. Of course you, being a woman, are not competent to carry it on—"

"I have my son Robert to help me," said the widow.

Aaron Wolverton sniffed contemptuously. "A mere boy!" he ejaculated.

"No; not a mere boy. His father's death and his affection for me has made a man of him at sixteen. He rises early every morning, goes to the fields, and superintends the farming operations. Peter, my head man, says that he is a remarkably smart boy, and understands the business about as well as a man."

"Still I predict that he'll bring you deeper in debt every year."

"I don't think so; but, at any rate, I have promised to try the experiment for one year. I can then tell better whether it will be wise to keep on, or sell."

Burton, anxiously. "Would it not be better to sell it?"

"No, mother; the sacrifice would be too great."

"But I do not feel capable of managing it, Robert."

"You may think me presumptuous, mother,

"I'll help him, missis," said Clip, eagerly.

"I shall have Clip to advise me, mother," said Robert.

"No doubt Clip is willing," said Mrs. Burton, smiling faintly; "but after all, it will be only two boys."

"Now, Mrs. Burton, I have a better plan to suggest."

"What is it, Mr. Wolverton?"

"In fact I have two plans. One is that you should sell me the ranch. You know I hold a mortgage on it for three thousand dollars?"

"I know it, Mr. Wolverton!" answered the widow, gravely.

"I'll give you three thousand dollars over and above, and then you will be rid of all care."

"Will you explain to me how Robert and I are going to live on the interest of three thousand dollars, Mr. Wolverton?"

"You'll get something, and if the boy runs the ranch you'll get nothing. He can earn his living, and I don't think you will suffer, even if you have only three thousand dollars."

"It is quite out of the question," Mr. Burton considered the ranch worth ten thousand dollars.

"A very ridiculous over-valuation—pardon me for saying so."

"At any rate I don't propose to sell."

"There is another little circumstance I ought to mention," added Wolverton, nervously. "There is half a year's interest due on the mortgage. It was due on the very day of your husband's death."

Mrs. Burton looked up in amazement.

"What do you mean, Mr. Wolverton?" she said. "My husband started for your office on the fatal morning of his death, carrying the money—one hundred and fifty dollars—to meet the interest. Do you mean to tell me that he did not pay it?"

"That is strange, very strange," stammered Aaron Wolverton, wiping his forehead with a handanna handkerchief. "What became of the money?"

"Do you mean to say that it was not paid to you?" asked the widow, sharply.

"No, it was not," answered Wolverton, with audacious falsehood.

#### CHAPTER VI. THE LOST RECEIPT.

"I CAN'T understand this," said Mrs. Burton, beginning to be troubled. "My poor husband had made all arrangements for paying his interest on the day of his death. When he left the house, he spoke of it. Do you mean to say he did not call at your office?"

If Aaron Wolverton had dared, he would have denied this, but Mr. Burton had been seen to enter the office, and so that lie would not do him any good.

"He did call upon me, Mrs. Burton."

"And said nothing about the interest?"

"He said this, that he would pay me the coming week."

"He said that, when he had the money in his pocket?" said Mrs. Burton, incredulously.

"Of course I didn't know that he had the money with him. He probably thought of another way in which he wanted to use a part or all of it."

"I don't believe it. He never mentioned any other use for it, and he was not owing any one except you, Mr. Wolverton. I don't like to say it, but I think he paid you the interest."

"Do you doubt my word?" demanded Wolverton, with assumed indignation.

"Suppose I say that you have forgotten it?"

"I would not forget anything of that kind. You are very unjust, Mrs. Burton, but I will attribute that to your disappointment. Let me suggest one thing, however. If your husband had paid me, he would have been sure to take a receipt. If you have his wallet here—"

"I happened to know that he was in the habit of carrying a wallet—and you doubt my word, examine the wallet and see if you can find the receipt."

Mrs. Burton thought this a good suggestion, and went upstairs for the wallet. She opened it, but, as Wolverton had good reason to know would be the case, failed to find the important papers.

"I can't find it," she said, as she re-entered the room.

"Did I not tell you so?" returned Wolverton, triumphantly. "Doesn't that settle it? Wasn't your husband a good enough business man to require a receipt for money paid?"

"Yes, yes," murmured the widow. "Mr. Wolverton, if you are right, it arouses in my mind a terrible suspicion. Could my husband have been waylaid, murdered and robbed?"

"No, I don't think so. His death was evidently the result of accident—the upset of his team."

"What then became of the money—the hundred and fifty dollars which he carried with him?"

"There, my dear lady, you ask me a question which I cannot answer. I am as much in the dark as you are."

"If this story is true, then we are one hundred and fifty dollars poorer than we supposed. It will be bad news for Robert."

"It need not be bad news for you, Mrs. Burton," said Wolverton, in an insinuating tone, shoving his chair a little nearer that occupied by the widow.

Mrs. Burton looked up in surprise.

"How can it fail to be bad news for me?" she asked. "A loss like that I cannot help feeling."

"Do you think I would be hard on you, Mrs. Burton?" asked Wolverton, in the same soft voice.

"If you are disposed to wait for the money, or relinquish a part under the circumstances, Robert and I will feel very grateful to you, Mr. Wolverton."

"I might, upon conditions," said the agent, furtively shoving his chair a little nearer.

"What conditions?" asked Mrs. Burton, suspiciously.

"I will tell you, if you won't be offended, Mrs. Burton—Mary—you can't have forgotten the early days in which I declared my love for you. I—I love you still. If you will only promise to marry me—after a while—all shall be easy with you. I am a rich man—richer than people think, and can surround you with luxuries. I will be a father to that boy of yours, and try to like him for your sake. Only tell me that you will be mine!"

Mrs. Burton had been so filled with indignation that she let him run on, quite unable to command her voice sufficiently to stem the torrent of his words. As he concluded, she rose to her feet, her eyes flashing, and her voice tremulous with anger, and said: "Mr. Wolverton, are you aware that my poor husband has been dead but a month?"

"I am perfectly aware of it, Mary."

"Don't address me so familiarly, sir."

"Mrs. Burton, then, I am perfectly acquainted with that fact, and would not have spoken now, but I saw you were anxious about the future, and I wished to reassure you. Of course I wouldn't hurry you; I only meant to get some kind of an answer that I might depend upon."

"And you thought that, after loving such a man as Richard Burton, I would be satisfied to take such a man as you?" said the widow, with stinging sarcasm.

"Richard Burton was not an angel," said Wolverton, harshly, for his pride was touched by the contempt which she made no effort to conceal.

"Don't dare to say anything against him!" said the widow, her eyes flashing ominously.

"Well, then, he was an angel," said Wolverton, sulkily; "but he's dead, and you will need to look to another protector."

"My son will protect me," said Mrs. Burton, proudly.

"That boy?" said Wolverton, contemptuously. "But I make allowance for a mother's feelings. Once more, Mary, I make you the offer. Remember that I am a rich man, and can surround you with luxuries."

"I would rather live in a log house on a crust, than to marry you, Mr. Wolverton," she said impetuously. "If you were the only man in the world, I would go unmarried to my grave rather than wed you!"

Wolverton rose, white with wrath.

"You are tolerably explicit, madam," he said. "I can't charge you with beating round the bush. But let me tell you, ma'am, that you have done the unwise act of your life in making me your enemy."

"I did not mean to make you an enemy," said Mrs. Burton, softening. "I suppose I ought to acknowledge the compliment you have paid me, but I must decline, once for all, and request you never again to mention the subject."

Aaron Wolverton was not so easily appeased.

"I do not care to stay any longer," he said. "You had better mention to your son about the interest."

Mrs. Burton had an opportunity to do this almost immediately, for Bob and Clip entered the house just as Wolverton was leaving it.

"What have you done to Mr. Wolverton, mother?" asked Bob. "He looked savage enough to bite my head off, and wouldn't even speak to me."

"Robert, I have some bad news to tell you. Mr. Wolverton tells me that your father didn't pay him the interest on the day of his death."

"I believe he tells a falsehood," said Bob, quickly.

"But he says, with some show of reason, if the interest was paid, why didn't your father take a receipt?"

"Can no receipt be found?"

"No; I searched your father's wallet in vain."

"What is a receipt, missis?" asked Clip.

"It's a piece of paper with writing on it, Clip," said the widow, adjusting her explanations to Clip's intelligence.

"Golly, I saw de old man take a piece of paper from Massa Burton's pocket after he was dead—when he was a lyn' on the ground."

"Say that again, Clip," said Bob, eagerly.

Clip repeated it, and answered several questions put to him by Mrs. Burton and Bob.

"It's all clear, mother," said Bob. "That old rascal has got up a scheme to rob you. He thinks there isn't any proof of the payment. If he suspected that Clip had been a witness of his robbery he would have been more careful."

"What shall I do, Bob?"

"Wait a while. Let him show his hand, and then confront him with Clip's testimony. I wonder if he destroyed the receipt?"

"Probably he did so."

"If he didn't, I may get it through Sam. Don't you be worried, mother. It'll all come out right."

One thing the widow did not venture to tell Bob—about Mr. Wolverton's matrimonial offer. It would have made him so angry that she feared he would act imprudently.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### WOLVERTON'S ADVENTURE WITH CLIP.

BOB and his mother deliberated as to whether they should charge Mr. Wolverton openly with the theft of the receipt. On the whole, they decided to wait awhile, and be guided by circumstances. If he took any measures to collect the money a second time, there would be sufficient reason to take the aggressive.

Bob had another reason for delay. He intended to acquaint Sam Wolverton with the matter, and request him to keep on the lookout for the receipt. Should he find it, he knew that Sam would gladly restore it to the rightful owner. He cautioned Clip not to say anything about what he saw on the day of his father's death, as it would put Wolverton on his guard, and lead him to destroy the receipt if still in his possession.

I must now relate a little incident in which Clip and Aaron Wolverton were the actors.

The creek on which Burton's Ranch was located was a quarter of a mile distant from the house. It was about a quarter of a mile wide. Over on the other side of the creek was the town of Martin, which was quite as large as Carver. In some respects it was a more enterprising place than Carver, and the stores were better stocked. For this reason there was considerable travel across the creek; but as there was no bridge, the passage must be made by boat.

Bob owned a good boat, which he and Clip used considerably. Both were good rowers, and during Mr. Burton's life they spent considerable time in rowing for pleasure. Now

Bob's time was so occupied that the boat was employed only when there was an errand in the opposite village.

"Clip," said Bob, one morning, "I want you to go down to Martin."

"Yes, Massa Bob," said Clip, with alacrity, for he much preferred such a jaunt to working in the fields.

The errand was to obtain a hammer and a supply of nails at the variety store in Martin. Clip was rather given to blunder, but still there was no reason why he should not execute the errand satisfactorily.

Clip went down to the creek, and unfastened the boat. He jumped in, and began to paddle away, when he heard a voice calling him.

"Here, you Clip!"

"Looking round, Clip recognized in the man hailing him Aaron Wolverton.

Mr. Wolverton did not own any boat himself, and when he had occasion to go across the river he generally managed to secure a free passage with some one who was going over. If absolutely necessary, he would pay a nickel; but he begrudged even this small sum, so mean was he.

Clip stopped paddling, and answered the call.

"Hi, Massa Wolverton; what's the matter?"

"Come back here."

"What fo'?"

"I want you to take me over to Martin."

Now Clip was naturally obliging, but he disliked Wolverton as much as one of his easy good nature could do. So he felt disposed to tantalize him.

"Can't do it, Massa Wolverton. I'm in a terrible hurry."

"It won't take you a minute to come back."

"Massa Bob will scold."

"You needn't mind that, boy. Come back, I say!"

"I dassn't."

"Don't be a fool, you little nigger. I'll pay you."

"What'll you give?" asked Clip, cautiously.

"I'll give you—a cent."

"Couldn't do it nohow. What good's a cent to me?"

"A cent's a good deal of money. You can buy a stick of candy."

"Tain't enough, Massa Wolverton. I ain't goin' to resk gettin' licked for a cent."

Cunning Clip knew that there was no danger of this, but he thought it would serve as an argument.

"I'll give you two cents," said Wolverton, impatiently.

"Couldn't do it," said Clip. "Ef it was five, now, I might 'sider it."

Finally Wolverton was obliged to accede to Clip's terms, and the colored boy pushed the boat to shore, and took in his passenger.

"Can you row good, Clip?" asked Wolverton, nervously, for he was very much afraid of the water, and he had never had Clip for a boatman before.

"You jes' bet I can, Massa Wolverton. I can row mos' as good as Massa Bob."

"Well, show it then; I am in a hurry to get over the creek."

Clip rowed to the middle of the creek, and then stopped paddling.

"I reckon you'd better pay me the money now, Massa Wolverton," he said.

"Why, you young rascal, are you afraid to trust me?"

"I dunno 'bout dat; but I wants my money."

"You haven't earned it yet. What are you afraid of?"

"You might forget to pay me, Massa Wolverton."

"No, I shan't. Push on."

"I'm goin' to sleep," said Clip, lying back in a lazy attitude.

"You young rascal! I've a good mind to fetch you a slap on the side of the head."

"Better not, Massa Wolverton," drawled Clip. "Might upset the boat."

"Give me the oars," said Wolverton, impatiently.

He took them; but he had never rowed in his life, and he almost immediately turned the boat around.

"Hi, yah!" laughed Clip, delighted. "Where was you raised, Massa Wolverton, not to understand rowin' no better dan dat?"

"Take the oars, you black scoundrel, and row me across, or I'll pitch you out of the boat!"

"Ef you do, what'll come of you, Massa Wolverton?" said Clip, not at all alarmed.

This was indeed an important consideration for a man so timid on the water as the real estate agent.

"You put me out of all patience," said Wolverton, furiously. "Are you going to row or are you not?"

"I want my money," said Clip.

Wolverton was compelled to hand over a nickel, but registered a vow that if ever he caught Clip on land, he would make him pay for his impudence.

Clip took the oars, and made very good progress till he was about fifty feet from the other side of the creek. Then he began to make the boat rock, stopping his rowing.

"What are you about?" shouted Wolverton, turning pale.

"Is you wet, Massa Wolverton?" asked Clip, innocently, showing his white teeth.

"Come ashore, and I'll lick you!" shouted Wolverton, who had by this time landed, his clothes dripping wet.

"I reckon I'm too busy," answered Clip, with a grin. "I'm sorry you's wet, Massa Wolverton. Hi yah!"

"I'll wring your neck, you young tike!" said Wolverton, savagely.

"Dat old man's a hog," mused Clip. "Ain't much like my poor old gran'ther. He was always kin' an' good. I mind him sittin' in front of de ole cabin door down in Arkansas. I 'spee' de ole chap's done dead afore this," concluded Clip, with a sigh.

Clip kept at a safe distance from shore, and the agent was compelled to defer his vengeance, and go to the house of an acquaintance to borrow some dry clothes.

When he returned, it is needless to say that it was not in Clip's boat.

He opened his desk, to enter a business transaction in his account book, when he made a startling discovery.

The receipt had disappeared!

(To be continued.)

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

#### WHO THE QUIET STRANGER WAS.

THE President's private secretary is not one of those who love to parade their dignity; he prefers to avoid the curious eyes which are always turned towards a celebrity.

When he was fishing last summer in Canada, says the *Syracuse Standard*, he was encamped on the Trent River.

He desired to preserve his incognito, and therefore was introduced to such fishermen and hunters as were about and congenial as simple Mr. Lamont. The Canadians did not think of the little man with the red mustache as the Lord Chamberlain of the American governmental household. After he had gone, however, called back by business, a neighboring lumberman came into camp with an inquiry as to the identity of "that friend of yours, Lamont."

"He is the private secretary of President Cleveland," was the reply.

"You don't say so! Is that the man we hear so much about at Washington?"

"The same."

"Well, I wouldn't have guessed it, but come to think of it, he is a cute fellow. Do you know, we got well acquainted yesterday up the river, as I thought, but when I came to go over the conversation I recollect that he learned all about me and my business, but I don't know the first thing about him."

#### HE WAS NO TELL TALE.

THE code of schoolboy honor outweighs a tell tale, and there is no meanness which high spirited boys more thoroughly despise.

When Salmon P. Chase, afterwards senator, Governor of Ohio, Secretary of the Treasury and Chief Justice of the United States, was a boy, he was at a school in Cincinnati.

One day, says the *Cleveland Leader*, there was a fire made in one of the rooms. The boys were called up and catechised as to its origin. All except Chase denied all knowledge of the affair. When the question was put to him as to whether he knew who had lighted the fire he replied:

"I do."

"Who was it?"

"I will not tell."

The professor grew angry. The president was called in and Chase was again asked. He again refused, saying: "Mr. President, I did not intend to insult Prof. Blank, but I am not going to lie. I know who made the fire, but I will leave the school before I will become a tell tale."

As he said this his large intellectual eye looked squarely into that of the president, and the latter fully appreciated that he meant it. He said that he would excuse Chase this time, and dismissed him with a slight reprimand.

#### A QUEER WAY OF FISHING.

THERE are more ways than one of catching fish: Senator Vest uses a \$150 rod and reel, while Senator Frye casts a pole out of the woods.

The *Chicago Herald* tells of a queer way they have at a place on Lake Michigan. The sinital natives buy a bottle of whiskey and drink the contents. Then they put the cork back in the bottle, fasten about five feet of the line around the neck, and bait the hook with a minnow. When they reach deep water they throw the bottle away from the boat and wait for results. Of course the bottle is as buoyant as a cork, and the action of the waves has the effect of keeping the bait in a constant state of agitation. By and by Brer Pickerel comes along and snaps at the oscillating minnow. The hook catches him before he knows it, and then the bottle begins to scoot under water or scud along on the surface. The natives in the boat may be playing seven-up or poker, but the minute the bottle begins to skip they drop everything and begin to pull out for the flask as though a sea serpent was after them. When the bottle is captured and the big squinting pickerel removed from the line, the hook is rebaited and the tackle thrown overboard again.

#### DOWN PLUMPED THE DUKE.

PEOPLE who are always thinking of their own dignity may read with advantage the following anecdote of the great Duke of Wellington, which the *London Times* relates as it was told by the duke himself.

"After the battle of Talavera," he said, "I wanted the Spanish force to make a movement, and called upon Cuesta, their general, to take the necessary steps, but he demurred. He said by way of answer: 'For the honor of the Spanish Crown I cannot attend to the directions of the British general, unless that British general go upon his knees and entreat me to follow his advice.' Now, I wanted the thing done, while as to going down upon my knees I did not care a straw, so down I plumped."

PRUDENCE,  
BY IDA D. MONROE.

SHE walks sedate, with kind and thoughtful eyes,  
O, would that all might heed her counsel wise!  
Her gentle hand light Folly throws aside,  
Conceit doth pass her by with haughty stride.  
And dimpled Youth, amid the flowers at play,  
Unthinking sees her pass, nor thinks to stay.  
Gray-haired Experience knows her power to aid,  
And Wisdom by her voice is ever swayed.  
Twin sisters these, and he who would succeed,  
Should court their presence, and their counsels heed.

# 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."

**SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.**  
TOM TRACY, the young hero of this story, was a New York newsboy, whose earnings, from the sale of papers and from odd jobs, were the principal support of his mother and little brother. They lived in a Bleeker Street tenement, having been reduced from comfortable circumstances to this humble condition by the failure and death of Mr. Tracy, Tom's father.  
Mr. Tracy's father had been a man of reputed wealth, but when the old gentleman died his executor declared that he left no property, except a tract of waste land in Minnesota. This executor was Dudley Weeks, whose first wife was a sister of Mr. Tracy. He had a son, Gerald, who thought himself far above his cousin, Tom the newsboy.  
Mr. Weeks had found that the Minnesota land was really of great value, and was scheming to deprive the widow of the share that belonged to her. But Tom, by the aid of Mr. Duncan, an estate agent, had discovered his plans, and was preparing to checkmate them.  
Meanwhile our hero was engaged on another task. An old man who lived in a shanty near Central Park, and called himself Noah Outbank, had revealed to Tom that he had once robbed a savings bank at Clinton, Pennsylvania. He had at length accumulated sufficient to repay those whom he had wronged, and had despatched Tom to arrange the restoration, and procure him a pardon.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### LORD HARRY VERNON.

THE hotel at Clinton was of good size, larger indeed than would have been anticipated from the size of the place, being patronized during the summer by city boarders to a considerable extent.

Tom entered the office and registered his name.

In half an hour supper was ready, an announcement which our boy hero heard with no little satisfaction, for his journey had prepared him to do justice to it. First, however, he took possession of a neat bedroom on the third floor, and enjoyed the luxury of a wash.

Tom took his seat at the supper table. Next to him sat a young business man of Clinton, who was a permanent boarder at the hotel. He seemed disposed to be social.

"Are you from Philadelphia?" he asked.

"No," answered Tom; "I came from New York."

"Are you traveling on business?"

"On a little matter of business," answered Tom, cautiously.

"You seem young to be a drummer."

"I am not a drummer."

"I was about to say that I am in the dry goods business, and if you have anything in my line, I should be glad to have you call at the store."

"Thank you; I will perhaps call, but not on business."

"I shall be glad to see you. I am yours truly, John Fitch, as I sign my business letters."

It occurred to Tom that Mr. Fitch, being a citizen, and well acquainted in Clinton, might be of service in answering his inquiries.

Just then there was a turning of heads at the table, occasioned by the entrance of a tall young man, dressed like a dude, with an eyeglass in one eye, meaning evidently to imitate a young English swell. Tom eyed him first with curiosity, and then with unrestrained astonishment. He recognized him, in spite of the change in his dress, as Tim Griffith, a well-known pickpocket, whose arrest he had once caused in New York for one of his exploits.

"How came he in Clinton, and what business kept him here?" was the question that suggested itself to Tom.

"Who is that?" inquired Tom of his neighbor.

"That?" said John Fitch. "Oh, that's our star visitor. He's the pride of the establishment."

"You surprise me," said Tom, very truly.

"Looks like a dude, doesn't he?"

"Very much."

"He's an English lord, and has been here a week."

Tom opened his eyes in good earnest. Tim Griffith, the New York pickpocket, an English lord! This was most surprising.

"What is his name?"

"Lord Harry Vernon. You will see the entry on the hotel books."

"What brings him here?"

John Fitch winked.

"The fact is," he said, "he has found an attraction here."

"A young lady?"

"You've guessed it. It is the sister of Thornton Ross, the president of our savings bank."

"Is she pretty?"

John Fitch shrugged his shoulders.

"That's according to one's fancy," he replied. "She is thirty-five, if she is a day, but she calls herself ten years younger. She is an old maid, but she has a small fortune of her own, fifty thousand dollars it is generally supposed. What should attract him to her I can't understand, but she is very much taken up with him."

"Perhaps he is after her money," suggested Tom.

"Not likely! He has an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year from his estates in England."

Tom was secretly amused, but he did not care at present to intimate that he knew something about the so-called lord.

"I wish I were in his shoes if that is the case," he said, gravely.

"So do I."

"Do you think he will marry the lady?"

"He is urging her to a speedy marriage, and I presume he will succeed, for she is nothing loath. It is amusing to see what airs Clarissa Ross—she calls herself Clarice now—puts on. She carries her head high, I can tell you, and is looking forward with the greatest delight to assuming the name of Lady Clarice Vernon. The young man is the eldest son of an earl, so when his father dies he will be an earl, and our Clarissa will be a countess. Sounds large, doesn't it?"

"I should say it did. Has he presented any proof that he is what he claims?"

"I believe he has satisfied Mr. Ross and his sister. Ross himself is pleased at the idea of his sister becoming a countess, though I fancy he is a bit surprised at an old maid like Clarissa landing such a big fish."

"No wonder. If she is thirty-five, she must be older than the young lord," said Tom, wanting to laugh.

"That's so. I don't admire his taste. Clarissa has for a long time been an ungathered rose, but at last her good fortune has come."

Of course Tom understood pretty well the motive of Tim Griffith in figuring as a British nobleman, and laying siege to a rich young lady. Fifty thousand dollars to him would be a large fortune, and for it he would have been willing to marry Miss Ross if she had been twenty years older.

"What was Tom's duty in the premises?" he asked himself. The answer was plain: he must defeat Tim Griffith's scheme, and save the young lady from being the prey of an adventurer. How to do it he did not yet know, but circumstances would point out the way. It was rather curious that his own business was with this very man Thomas Ross, president of the savings bank.

"Will my old acquaintance know me?" he asked himself. On the whole, he thought not; for in New York he had been a ragged newsboy, and here he was a nicely dressed young gentleman, who might naturally be supposed to belong to a rich family.

Tom was amused to see how much attention his old acquaintance received from every one connected with the hotel, from the landlord down.

The landlord, a stout, elderly man, took pains to walk round to the seat of his aristocratic guest.

"How do you find yourself this evening, my lord?" he inquired, deferentially.

"As well as could be expected in such a blasted country," drawled Lord Vernon. "I beg your pardon, I didn't mean that; but I miss hold Hengland, don't you know?"

"Naturally, my lord."

"This is such a new country, don't you know? No old castles, no fine parks, and all that."

"I suppose your lordship has a fine castle?"

"Several of them. I really don't remember how many."

The landlord seemed awestruck. How immensely rich Lord Harry Vernon must be not to know how many castles he possessed.

"I hope my servants make you comfortable," he said.

"O, so-so! Of course I don't expect to find things here as in hold Hengland."

"Of course not. If your lordship wants any extras, please mention it."

"Thanks, my good man; I will indeed."

Tom was near enough to hear this conversation, and it amused him. Though he had never met an English lord, he could not help

thinking that a genuine lord would show better breeding, and abstain from boasting of his possessions. Yet everybody took stock in Lord Harry Vernon.

When the guests rose from table, the young man stepped out upon the piazza. He drew a cigar from his pocket and lighted it. Chance drew his attention to Tom, and he seemed a little uneasy. Though he could not place him, there seemed to be something familiar in our hero's face. He hesitated, and then accosted Tom.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" he asked abruptly.

"Perhaps so, my lord," answered Tom, keeping a straight face. "Were you ever in New York?"

"Aw, yes; I have passed through the city."

"Then it is hardly likely you have seen me. Perhaps you have seen some one like me."

"Perhaps so. I—aw—didn't know but you might be from hold Hengland. You—aw—look like the youngest son of my friend Lord Somerset."

"I feel very much flattered, I am sure," responded Tom; "but I am an American boy."

"Aw—yes—to be sure! Funny these resemblances, don't you know?"

"I hope you like our country, my lord," continued Tom, who thought it was fine fun to humor the deception.

"It'll do very well," said Lord Vernon, "but it can't come up to hold Hengland, don't you know?"

"Shall you stay here long, my lord?"

"I really don't know. It depends upon circumstances, don't you know?" drawled the other. "Have a cigar?"

"No, thank you; I don't smoke."

"Ah, indeed! Very strange; but then, you're so young, don't you know?"

This ended the conversation.

"It's all right," said Griffiths to himself. "I thought he might know me, but I was mistaken."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A LORD'S COURTSHIP.

IN the evening the pretended nobleman walked round, as usual, to the house of Thornton Ross, president of the bank.

It was a rather pretentious house—mansions, Miss Clarissa called it—with a stable in the rear and a lawn in front.

Ring the bell, Lord Vernon made his stereotyped inquiry for Miss Clarice.

The Irish servant girl, who in the old country had been taught reverence for rank, received him with deference, not doubting that he was a genuine lord.

"I'll tell her right away that you're here, my lord. Won't you step into the parlor?"

Lord Vernon caressed his tawny mustache, and replied, condescendingly: "Thank you, my good girl, I will do so."

"Ain't he a rare gentleman?" thought the delighted Bridget. "Shure, I never thought I should be spakin' so comfortable like with a lord."

Miss Clarissa did not keep her adorer long waiting. She entered the parlor bowing gracefully—she had been practicing the bow in her chamber—and said, with attempted ease: "I hope I see you well, my lord."

"And you, my sweet Clarice," said Lord Vernon, tendering his hand. "I trust you are well."

"Always well, my lord, in your refulgent presence."

Poor Clarissa had been reading a high-flown novel, and was trying to emulate the diction of the elegant and high-bred heroine.

"Well said, fair one. Come sit beside me," Clarissa, assuming an air of bashful coyness, seated herself on the sofa beside the young nobleman.

"Have you received any letters from England, my lord?" she asked.

"No, Clarice; I am beginning to be apprehensive that my father, the earl, is unwell. I left him in a delicate state of health."

"How sad!"

"Yes; but after all, he may be well. It is only a son's anxiety. I am troubled in another way."

"How? Let me know, my lord."

"I am almost ashamed to tell you, Clarice. Still, I have no secrets from my future wife."

"Of course not," said Clarissa, bridling with delight.

"But let it go no further. My agent was to have sent me a thousand pounds by the last steamer, but no letter has reached me."

"A thousand pounds! Is not that five thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"It is a large sum."

"Do you think so?" returned Lord Vernon in a careless tone. "Well, perhaps it is; but I have always had money in plenty, and I don't regard it so. Still, just now it is a consideration, I assure you. Why, I am positively getting short of money. I fear I shall have to leave your side and go to New York to make arrangements for a fresh supply."

Clarissa looked alarmed. She feared, and not without reason, that if Lord Vernon once left her, she might never see him again.

week—from a lady, especially the one to whom I am engaged."

"Why not, my lord? Surely, if I am to be your bride, you need not hesitate."

"Impossible, Lady Vernon—I beg pardon, Miss Clarice."

Clarissa's face beamed with delight when she heard her high-born visitor himself name her "Lady Vernon." After that, she could have no hesitation.

"I insist, my lord," she said, really in earnest.

"I only accept the loan, my sweet Clarice, on one condition."

"Name it, my lord."

"That henceforth you call me, not my lord, but Harry."

"I think I like to call you my lord; still, if you prefer it, Harry," she concluded, with a middle-aged archness which made her plain face grotesque.

Lord Vernon's reply was to raise her sallow hand to his mouth, and imprint upon it a kiss.

Clarissa rose from her seat, and left the room. She was absent about five minutes.

During this time her noble lover wiped his mouth on a delicate cambric handkerchief.

"She's as homely as a hedge-fence," he said; "but the kiss is a penalty I must pay to appearance. If I get five hundred dollars out of her it will be a good haul. I don't know but it would be well to be content with that. But no, there is fifty thousand dollars behind, and I can have it by marrying her. I must see this thing through. It will never do to let such a chance slip."

This soliloquy will give the reader an idea of the disinterested attachment felt by the counterfeit nobleman for the fair Clarissa.

Clarissa entered with a long envelope, which she handed to Lord Vernon.

"I am sorry I have not the money," she said, "but here are five hundred dollars in government bonds, for which you can readily get the value."

"A thousand thanks, my fair Clarice," said Lord Vernon, carelessly thrusting the envelope into his inside coat pocket. "You shall be paid ten times over for this trifling loan when you are once the Lady Clarice Vernon."

Clarissa was never happier in her life.

"Shall we soon go abroad—to your beautiful home—after our marriage, Harry?"

"It shall be as you wish, Clarice."

"I should like to see England."

"And I should like to show you to the earl, my father, and my sister, Lady Lily Hargrave."

"I hope they will like me, my lord—I mean Harry."

"How can they help it?"

"You see I am only a rustic flower," murmured Clarissa. "I fear they will be disappointed in me."

Lord Vernon assured her that she would be much admired by the English aristocracy, and Clarissa was silly enough to believe him.

"And when shall we be married, dear Clarice?"

"I leave that to you, my lord—Harry."

"Then let it be this day fortnight. Your property—is under your own control, is it not?"

"Oh, yes."

"I only asked because I feared there might be some delay in connection with it. I thought your brother might be your trustee."

"Mr. Thornton has nothing to do with it."

"That's good news, at any rate," said Griffith, to himself.

"I shall have to leave you now, Clarice," said Lord Vernon, suddenly.

"What, at eight o'clock?"

"I must send letters home to England to mention our engagement. I want to get them off by the next steamer."

"In that case I won't object."

As Lord Vernon was leaving the house, he met Tom Tracy entering the yard.

"Good evening, my lord," said Tom.

"Good evening," answered Griffith.

"Somehow the sight of that boy makes me uneasy," he thought. "I have a presentiment that he will interfere with my friends. No doubt it is foolish, but nevertheless I wish I was already married, and in possession of the girl's fortune."

(To be continued.)

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

## BISMARCK'S GRIM HUMOR.

PRINCE Bismarck, the controlling spirit of the great German Empire, is a brave soldier, an adroit statesman, and a grim humorist. In his younger days he was a keen sportsman. It is said that on one occasion, while Bismarck and one of his friends were gronse-shooting on a lonely and swampy moor, his companion got into a bog, and found himself sinking. Bismarck immediately threw up his gun and was about to fire straight at his friend's head, when the latter cried out in horror:

"Why," said Bismarck, "wouldn't you rather be shot than die an awful death by suffocation in the bog?"

However, he didn't fire, and succeeded in extricating his friend.

The *St. James's Gazette*, of London, tells another story illustrating the same quality.

When the young diplomatist was employed at Frankfort, then an independent city, he was lodged in the house of an old patrician who had no love for the Prussians. Bismarck found that he had no bell in his room, and had to go to the door and call his servant whenever he wanted him. He pointed this out to his host, and courteously asked to be provided with a hand-bell. The Frankforter replied, a little brusquely, that when his guests wanted bells they usually provided them at their own cost. At a late hour in the night the sound of a pistol-shot rang through the house. The master hurried from room to room in a great fright, and came at last to Bismarck's apartment, where he saw the pistol lying on the table still smoking, and the young diplomatist, also quietly smoking, behind a heap of papers. "Do not be alarmed," said he, "it is only the signal agreed upon between me and my servant. It does quite as well as a bell, and you will soon get accustomed to the sound." Early the next day Bismarck found a hand-bell upon his work-table.

## THE LOST CHORD.

BY ORLANDO WILTON.

Lost! in the depth of a dreamer's soul,  
The golden link of a wondrous tune,  
Carved as the angels carve their crowns,  
Sweet as the roses of fadless June.  
Found! in the choir of an unseen land,  
Voiced by the singers of heavenly lore,  
The golden link of the missing chord  
That my soul shall lack no more.

## Harry Bryce and the Jaguar.

BY GERALD A. GOULBURN.

"SO we are lost, are we, Francisco? How can we make our way back to the farm?"

The speaker was a sunburnt lad of seventeen, who was seated, gun in a large canoe. The scene was a strange one. The canoe was floating, not upon a river or lake, but between tall tree-trunks, among dense shrubs and myriads of trailing vines. It was in the midst of a flooded forest of the Amazon valley.

In the canoe were two boys and an old swarthy-hued man, evidently of Indian birth, who skillfully guided the boat with a single paddle. To explain their queer voyage, a short piece of history is necessary.

After the war, some of the ruined planters of the South saw a new hope in emigration to Brazil. They had lost everything they possessed, and eagerly grasped at the chance of making a fresh start on a new soil. The imperial government was anxious to gain them as citizens, and actually paid agents for each American farmer whom they could induce to come to Brazil.

Of course these agents drew a very rosy picture of the country, and omitted to mention any of the numerous difficulties which would face the emigrants. Several sets of colonists made the voyage, and all were disappointed.

One of the colonies settled in the country near Santarem, a commercial town near the junction of the dark river Tapajos with the yellow waters of the Amazon. It was composed of bad material, and did not have a fair start. A few industrious farmers were among the party, but the rest were loafers and hangers-on of the army. The people of Santarem received them at first with a friendly welcome, but soon became disgusted by the conduct of these vagabonds.

Gradually the worthless emigrants died, or drifted away to more attractive spots; and the rest were left, to fight against poverty, on the one hand, and the ill-will of their neighbors on the other.

In time, however, the Brazilians learned that these American farmers were very different from the sealawks who had accompanied them, and began to respect them for their perseverance and industry. And not one was more generally liked than farmer Jonathan Bryce.

The armies of Grant and Lee had passed and re-passed over his farm in Virginia, and his homestead had been burnt, his crops destroyed, his fences torn up for camp-fires. In despair he had collected what little money he could, and had joined the Brazilian colonists.

His farm, which lay near the Tapajos, a few miles above Santarem, was fertile; but he found difficulties and discouragements in plenty. An emigrant with push and energy should go to the enterprising West, and not to unprogressive Brazil.

Farmer Bryce cultivated nothing but sugar-cane. Coffee or cacao might have paid him better, but he could not afford to wait for such slow-growing crops. There were no railroads to carry his produce to market; only a few small steamers plied on the Amazon, and the wagon-roads were few and extremely bad. He had a good-sized house of hewn logs, with the luxury, unusual in those parts, of a floor of planks, from a sawmill which an American had set up near Santarem.

His only son Harry had been a mere baby when he was brought to Brazil. He had no remembrance of his native country, which he longed to see; and when at long intervals an American visited the farm, Harry would eagerly listen to descriptions of the unknown country which he still called home.

So he was delighted when Farmer Bryce was visited by Mr. Follinsbee and his son Frank, who was a couple of years younger than Harry, and the first boy from America the latter had ever seen.

Mr. Follinsbee had been sent out as the agent of a New York capitalist who wished to invest in cane plantations in Brazil. He had come by steamer to Para, the seaport at the southern mouth of the Amazon, and thence to Santarem by one of the boats that ply on the mighty river. He called upon Mr. Bryce to obtain the advice of an experienced planter, and of course was very hospitably received.

On the second day of his visit, while Mr. Follinsbee and the farmer went to inspect the cane-fields, Harry and Frank went out for some sport in the vast and lonely woods which covered the wide valley below the farm. They took with them Francisco, an old In-

dian of the Munducuru tribe, who had devoted himself to Mr. Bryce's service, and who was a skillful hunter and guide.

It was the rainy season, when all the low-lying ground in the Amazon valley is flooded, and becomes a vast lake. It was a new and surprising experience to Frank Follinsbee, when Francisco's paddle was guiding the canoe among the great trees.

Below the bluff on which Mr. Bryce's farmhouse was built, a stream called the Arapichuna, which is simply an arm of the Amazon, and leaves the main stream some miles above Santarem, runs into the Tapajos. On the left bank of this stream is a dense forest, into which the hunters had turned.

It was full of game, and they had plenty of sport. The eagerness of the boys led them further and further into the forest, after the numerous birds and animals which attracted their attention. Monkeys of all sizes and colors were climbing among the trees; and

At the same instant, the sharp report of Frank Follinsbee's rifle rang through the woods, and the bullet struck the jaguar between the eyes. The wound caused him to swerve in his spring; he fell against the side of the canoe, and overturned it, spilling Frank and the old Indian into the water.

Harry had grasped the limb, and when the boat capsized he still clung to it. Steadying himself as well as he could, he discharged his gun point-blank at the head of the jaguar, which was directly beneath him in the water.

The brute was so badly wounded that he could not do the hunters any further injury. After struggling for a few moments to swim after them, he sank, and they saw him no more.

The canoe was quickly righted and the paddle recovered. Then the boys and Francisco resumed their way, with no worse loss than Frank's rifle, which he had dropped in the struggle with the jaguar. The wetting under

Here is another story of a business man's mistake, which made him liable for more than six hundred millions of dollars.

A bright-looking young man entered a counting-room in response to an advertisement for an assistant shipping clerk. He said he desired the position more than wages for the time being, and was willing to accept a nominal salary to start with.

"Well, sir," said the old man, "what would you consider a nominal salary? What would you be willing to accept in beginning?"

The young man deferentially replied: "I want to show you, sir, that I mean business, and I will work for one cent the remainder of this month, providing you think it would not be too much to double my salary each month thereafter."

"That's a novel proposition, surely," said the old man, with a smile. "Don't you know what you're talking about, my dear boy?"

"Well, sir, my principal aim is to learn the business," responded the young fellow, "and I would be almost willing to work for nothing, but I'd like to feel and be able to say that I was earning something, you know."

"I'll take you," remarked the old man. "One cent, two cents, four cents, eight, sixteen," he enumerated. "You won't get much for a while," he added.

"In consideration of my working for this small salary, might I ask you to assure me a position for a definite period?" inquired John Smith.

"We don't usually do that," replied the governor; "but we can't lose much on you, anyhow, I guess, and you look like an honest fellow. How long do you want employment?"

"Three years, sir, if agreeable to you."

Well, the old man agreed, and young Mr. Smith, on pretense of wanting some evidence of stability of his place, got the governor to write out and sign a paper that he had been guaranteed a position in the house for three years on the terms I have stated.

He worked along for six months, and said he would draw all his earnings at Christmas. The cashier one day thought he'd figure up how much would be coming to the young man. He grew so interested that he kept multiplying for the three years. The result almost staggered him. This is the column of figures he took to the old man: First month, .01; second, .02; third, .04; fourth, .08; fifth, .16; sixth, .32; seventh, .64. Not much so far, but when he came to the twenty-fourth month it was \$83,870.08; the thirty-sixth month was \$343,597,383.68; and the total for three years \$687,194,767.35!

The governor nearly fainted. He concluded to discharge the modest young man at once. Smith had figured how much would be due him, and reminded the old man of his written agreement. Rather than take chances in courts and let everybody know he had been duped, the governor paid Smith \$5,000 and bade him, good by.

He doesn't pay any more salaries on the doubling plan.

## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON, better known as Stonewall Jackson, was certainly one of the most remarkable men America ever produced. Even those who fought against him in the civil war are now ready to honor his chivalrous character.

From the pen pictures of the Confederate chief, which are just now appearing so plentifully in the newspapers and magazines, we select one or two characteristic traits.

On the field of the first battle of Manassas where Jackson was wounded in the hand, a writer in the *Southern Biographic* narrates that "Colonel Baylor, of Augusta County, rode hurriedly up to him and said: 'General, my men are armed with the old flint lock musket, and not half of them will fire.' He replied: 'If you will examine it you will find that old musket has the best bayonet in the world. Use the bayonet, colonel.' In a short while the Federal troops began to give way, and it is possible that this circumstance turned the tide of battle."

Jackson was a queer mixture of sympathy and sternness.

When Harper's Ferry surrendered to him in September, 1862, says the *Portland Oregonian*, he halted his horse in front of the Ninth Vermont, and, taking off his hat, solemnly said: "Boys, don't feel bad; you could not help it; it was just as God willed it."

One of the staff asked Colonel Stannard, of the Vermont regiment, for his flask, and arrogantly drank "to the health of the Southern Confederacy."

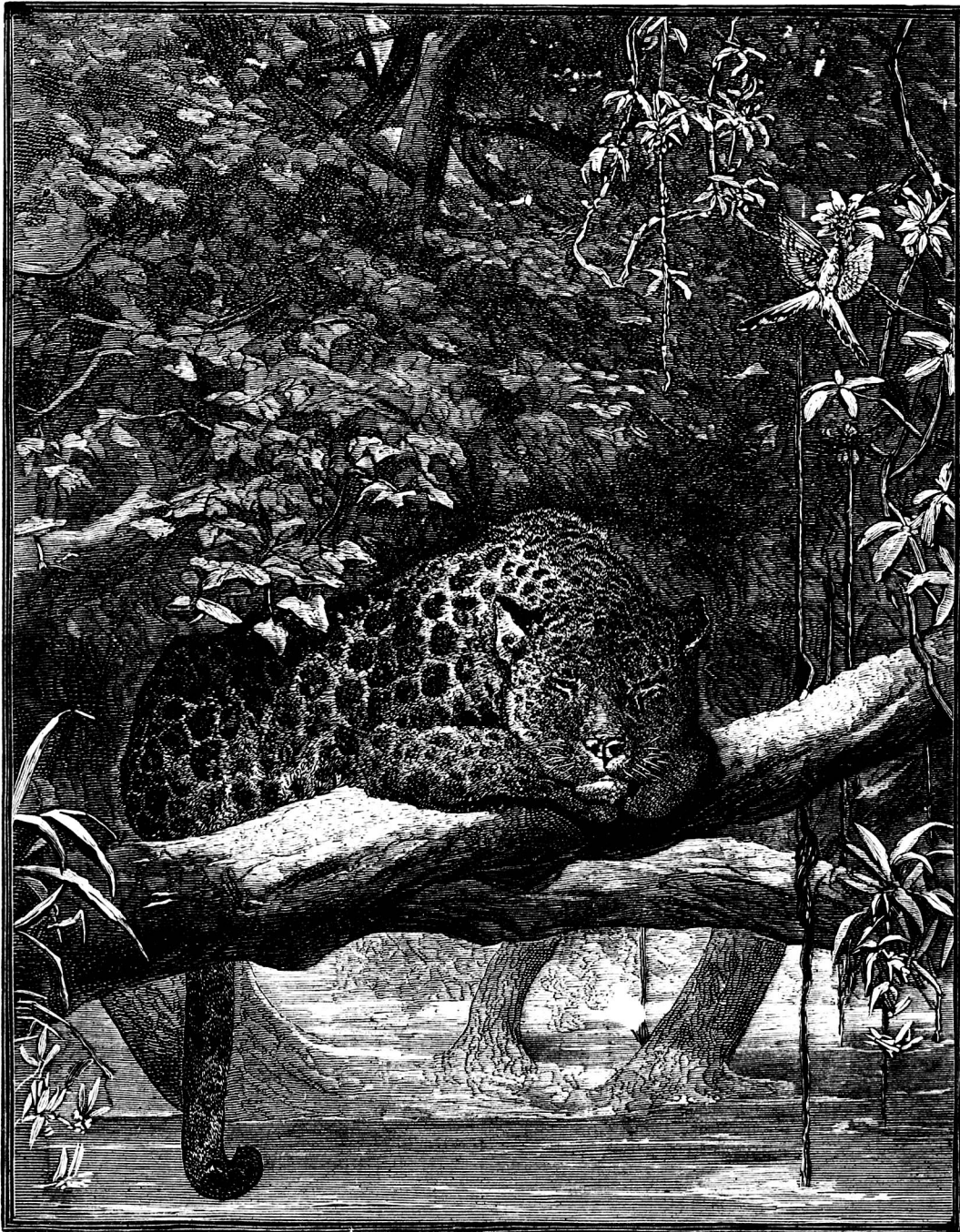
Jackson turned on this officer and gave him a severe scolding, saying the repetition of such an insult to a prisoner would cost him his place. Then turning to Colonel Stannard, General Jackson apologized for the conduct of his officer, saying that it was an exceptional act of insolence on the part of a young and reckless man; and, bowing gravely, the famous Confederate captain rode away.

And yet he was a man of "blood and iron" on the battle field. At the storming of Chapultepec, in the Mexican war, he commanded a battery which was ordered to sweep a street filled by a panic-stricken crowd.

"He opened fire," says his sister-in-law, writing in *The Century*; "and after the clouds of smoke which followed the volley had lifted, he could visibly trace the line of death which his guns had made."

"And had you no compunctions," I asked, with a woman's feeling of horror at the devastation, "as you thought of this multitude being hurried into eternity through your agency?"

"None whatever," was his instantaneous rejoinder. "What business had I with results? My duty was to obey orders."



ON A BRANCH DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE CANOE THERE CROUCHED AN ENORMOUS JAGUAR.

they went so far in pursuit of one of these, whose skin Frank was determined to get, that Francisco finally declared he had never been in that part of the forest before, and didn't know whether he could find the way out again.

They could not guide themselves by the sun, for it shone directly over their heads. But if they followed the gentle current of the water it was sure to lead them out, ultimately, into one of the river channels, down which Francisco could easily guide them home. So they floated on leisurely, with but little feeling of uneasiness.

It was about noon, and the intense heat was making a dead silence throughout the forest, birds and animals taking their midday siesta. The hunters also began to feel drowsy, and were progressing languidly among the trees, when they were suddenly awakened by an alarming sight.

On a branch, which bent over the water only a few feet in front of the canoe, there crouched an enormous jaguar, the tiger of the South American forest. The great beast's head was resting upon its paws, and its eyes were closed; it was evidently dozing, and had not perceived the approach of the canoe.

There was no time to turn out of the jaguar's way; in another instant the impetus of the canoe bore its bow against the branch. The jaguar awoke the monarch of the forest, who raised himself, and sprang, with a savage growl, at the hunters.

the blazing sun was rather pleasant than otherwise.

They paddled on for an hour or so more, when they suddenly emerged upon a wide sheet of yellow water, flowing with a gentle current. On its broad surface a small steamer was moving, while far away on the opposite bank rose a line of graceful javary palms. It was the river Amazon itself!

They had passed through the flooded forest from the channel of the Arapichuna to the main stream. At any rate they knew where they were, and had only to push on down stream to Santarem, and there turn up the Tapajos till they arrived at the farm landing-place. They soon reached the town, and thence made their way home without any further adventure.

## QUEER MISTAKES.

It is a mistake to make a careless agreement, as an Illinois railroad company discovered.

On some land bought by them was the house of an Irishman who had a three years' lease of the land. The company offered him \$300 for the lease, and agreed to move the cabin to any place he named. He accepted, pocketed the money, and said that they might move the house to the banks of Lake Killarney in Ireland. He was in earnest, too, as the company soon found out; and he still has that house, and the \$300 too.

WESTWARD HO!

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

The sun sails down to the West,  
O, friends! let us drift in its wake  
To the mountains with snowy crest,  
To the canyons hung high with brake;  
To the pine-trees that bend and blow,  
To the copses where roses hide,  
And the streams that run swift beside—  
O, friends, let us go, let us go!

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

BY CAPT. C. B. ASHLEY,

United States Scout.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

The Union gunboat "Decatur" had been ordered by General Grant to force its way along one of the bayous near Vicksburg, where the famous siege was then in progress. The "Decatur" got into difficulties, and Ned Marsh, a young officer, was dispatched at night with messages calling for assistance. He missed his way, and, after barely escaping the bullets of some Confederate soldiers, was led by a negro to a spot in the trackless swamps, which had been selected as a hiding place by Luke Bennett and four other lads.

These young men had no sympathy with the secessionist cause, and when their fathers were conscripted, and forced to fight against Grant, they had secreted themselves to avoid a like fate. They also had a good deal of money hidden; and some Confederate guerrillas, led by a rascal named Captain Ryder, were determined to find both the money and the missing boys. Ryder had invaded some of their houses and treated the inmates with disgraceful roughness. Luke and his friends kept up communication with their homes by means of the old negro Sam, and a dog, Tramp, who carried letters to them. When they heard of the outrages of the guerrillas they were determined to be revenged on them.

CHAPTER XII.

GETTING READY FOR ACTION.

"LOOK wild thar, you-uns!" shouted Captain Ryder, as he dug the spurs into his mule, and rode along in front of his company of braves, who had assembled in obedience to his orders of the previous day. This command was meant for "Attention, company!" but his men did not pay the slightest heed to it. They had made an awkward attempt to fall in double rank, but they did not know enough to "right dress," and the line was as crooked as a rail fence.

Very fierce and war-like looked the guerrilla chieftain, as he paraded before the daring spirits whom he had called together to raid the houses of the obnoxious Union men who had to be conscripted before they would go into the army to fight for the South. His slouch hat was turned up on one side, and fastened with a regulation Confederate plume, and in his hand he held a rusty saber, instead of the heavy bear-killer he usually carried on his raids. No doubt he would have looked like a model rough-rider had it not been for the unpatriotic spirit that animated the mule he bestrode. That much-abused and long-suffering animal said, as plainly as a mule could say anything, that he had had about enough of this soldier business. He kept his back arched, like the segment of a circle, moved with short, uncertain jumps, and came down stiff-legged, as if he had half a mind to "buck."

There was a look of resignation and sorrow in his meek, brown eyes, but he was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to send his rider sprawling in the dust.

For a wonder, there was no laughing or joking among the guerrillas, but there was a good deal of suppressed excitement among them. They were about to undertake a very disagreeable as well as a dangerous piece of work. They wanted the money that the Union people in the settlement were keeping hidden from them, and which they hoped to have the pleasure of dividing among themselves before the day was over; but they dreaded the punishment which they knew would be inflicted upon them when those fiery young fellows in the swamp found out what had been going on at their homes. They knew Luke Bennett to be a dead shot; as patient and untiring on a trail as an Indian, as nearly devoid of fear as it was possible for a human being to be; and it was not likely that he would remain idle in his hide-out after an indignity had been offered to his mother.

"We-uns will have to look out for ourselves from this time on," remarked Pete Williams, throwing one leg over the horn of his saddle, and knocking the ashes from his pipe by tapping the bowl against the heel of his boot. "I wish Kurnel St. Clair had stayed with the army up in Tennessee 'stead of comin' hum an' puttin' ideas like this'n into the head of Cap'n Ryder. He wants to show off before the kurn, Ryder does, an' that's what he's doin' this for. I'll bet you that some of us won't have no houses to sleep in before another week has passed over our heads. The settlement'll look as though the Yanks had

been through here. I say, let the houses alone, an' look for the money in the swamp, whar it is hid; an' that's what Ryder himself always said till like Bishop an' St. Clair got after him yesterday."

"Ha-yoop!" shouted Captain Ryder, flourishing his sword in the air. "Look wild thar! Come up in the middle thar, you-uns who have got so fur behind the—"

What else the chieftain was about to say the company did not know. When that wild Indian y'll rang in his ears the mule thought that the moment for which he was waiting had arrived, and he improved it by putting his hind ones straight into the air. The result was that the captain was sent headlong to the ground. Paying no heed to the jeers and laughter of his men, he raised himself to a sitting posture, wiped the dust from his mouth, and said, sadly:

"That's what makes me 'spise a mule." One would think that he would have fallen upon the offending beast with the flat of his saber, and given him a severe pounding; but Ryder did nothing of the kind. Without the least exhibition of anger he got upon his feet, laid hold of the bridle (the mule did not stir

go endways down the lane. Say, you-uns," added the captain, for a new idea occurred to him just then. "When the war first broke out, St. Clair, he told me that every one of them five conscripted fellers, Barron, Ramsay, Pike, Bennett an' Jones, was worth a clean half milling apiece, an' they got it all turned into gold, an' brung it hum an' kivered it up somewhars. Now, how many hul millings would that be?"

"Two and a half," replied some one in the ranks who was quick at figures.

"An' how much would that be apiece, if it was divided among eighty of us?" continued the chief. "As much as a hundred thousand, wouldn't it?"

"Yes; and more than three hundred thousand," was the answer.

"Thar you be!" exclaimed the captain, triumphantly. "Now, what be you-uns settin' thar thinkin' about? Be you goin' to hold yourselves back from reachin' out after this money, when your women folks an' young ones are all the time a pesterin' of you to know whar the next mouthful of bacon and corn meal is comin' from? Don't you want to be worth three hundred thousand dollars apiece when night comes? Then crowd up

face of the guerrilla chief, for there was something in the little woman's look and bearing that took all the courage out of him. He could not forget that she had fed him when he was hungry, and given him medicine that broke up his wife's chills and fever; and if he had been alone it is probable that he would have offered some excuse for his intrusion and beat a hasty retreat; but the eyes of his men were upon him, and it was as much as his position was worth to back out now. More than that, if he did not find the money he had come there after, and of which he and the members of his company stood so much in need, the unscrupulous Colonel St. Clair would take possession of it, and he had more than his share already. With this reflection to spur him on, Captain Ryder recalled the frown to his face, and said, with a desperate attempt to appear at his ease:

"We-uns have come here to tell you that we want the money you've got. If you will hand it out peaceable, well an' good; if you won't—"

"You and your men will search my house," said Mrs. Barron, putting her hand into her pocket. "Well, I will save you that trouble.

I believe now that there is some truth in the reports I have heard regarding the way you conduct yourselves when you go off on your raids."

"We-uns don't know what you have heard; an' what's more, we don't care," shouted Ryder's lieutenant, the man who was the most to blame for all the outrages that were committed by the band during their absence from the settlement. "But we-uns can tell you this, Miss Barron: When men, who are too big cowards to put on a gray jacket an' fight for the 'Federacy, has to be conscripted an' took off an' made to fight, an' leaves their women folks here at hum to war their silks an' satins, an' grow fat off'n the best kind of grub, while other folks, who are jest as good as they ever dare be, has to go hungry, I tell you that things has gone fur enough. An' when your ole man comes hum from the trenches, if he ever does, he won't find no house to creep into, if you don't trot out that thar money without no more foolin'." said the lieutenant, turning to his men, from whom he received many winks and nods of encouragement. "Tell him that the next time you write to him."

"If I do, it will be no news to him," was Mrs. Barron's quiet rejoinder. "Knowing the character of some of the people who live in this settlement, my husband does not expect to find his home standing when he returns."

"He won't be disappointed, I bet you," chimed in Captain Ryder. He saw the winks and nods, as well as the beaming looks of admiration that his men bestowed upon the lieutenant, and something told him that if he wanted to retain command of the company, he must wake up and perform some exploit worthy of a Confederate rough-rider. He had seen those signs of approval before, and he began to be suspicious that his first officer was trying to oust him from the captaincy and shove himself in. "He won't be disappointed, I bet you," repeated Ryder, turning to the guerrillas with an air which seemed to say that no Union man, or

woman either, could trifle with him. "An' thar's that boy of your'n, an' the fellers that's with him! Why don't they all come out an' fight, like they had oughter do, 'stead of hidin' themselves away in the swamp, like so many cowards? If you-uns don't give up that thar money, we-uns will hang the last one of them boys for traitors."

"Frank's course has my hearty approval, for he is doing just what his father told him to do," replied the brave woman, without the slightest tremor in her voice. "I have no fears for his safety; but I shall fear for yours, if you attempt to carry your threat into execution. But there is no need of any more bluster. There is every cent of money there is in the house."

As Mrs. Barron spoke, she took her hand out of her pocket, and placed in the captain's outstretched palm twenty dollars in Confederate bills. The whole roll would not have purchased as much bacon and flour at any store in Mississippi as a five dollar green-back.

"Tain't that sort of stuff we-uns want," shouted the lieutenant. "It's the Yankee gold that we're after. What is it? I ask you that for the last time."

"I have already told you that that is every cent there is in the house, and I have no more to say," answered Mrs. Barron, who knew very well what the excited and angry officer's next order would be.

"Hey-yoop!" yelled the lieutenant. "It's jest as I expected, boys. Now turn to an'—"

"Hold your yawp!" sternly commanded Captain Ryder. "Do you want to alarm Ramsay's women folks so't they can run off the gold afore we-uns get thar?"

"Hold your jaw yourself, Amos Ryder," re-



"HA-YOOP! LOOK WILD THERE!" CAPTAIN RYDER WAS SHOUTING, WHEN HIS UNPATRIOTIC MULE SENT HIM HEADLONG TO THE GROUND.

from his tracks after performing this exploit, and went on with his speech as if nothing had happened.

"Now, you-uns, quit your laughin', an' pay some heed to what I'm tellin' you," said he. "We're goin' to hunt for the money that them conscripted Union fellers has got hid away somewhars, an' we're goin' to have it afore we quit lookin'. You hear me? Some of you-uns is mighty skeary that Luke'll come outen the swamp when he hears of it, an' go to shootin' an' burnin'. Ain't that a game that we-uns can play at well as he can? We'll leave the houses whar we find 'em this time; but if Luke comes from his hide-out an' begins a pesterin' of us, we-uns will turn to an' burn the last one of 'em. We can tell him that."

"It's a good idee, too," observed one of the men. "Why don't they divide their gold with them that needs it? We-uns think jest as much of our women folks an' young ones as they do, if we are poor; an' we don't like to see 'em go hungry any better than they would."

"Perzaekly," assented the captain. "That's good reasonin', Sam'l, an' nobody can't dispute it. Barron's house is the first one we shall come to, an' when we get in sight of it, we'll make a charge an' surround it, so't none of the folks can't run out an' warn the rest. Then some of us will go in an' ask for the money. If they will trot it out, well and good. We-uns will go off as quiet as lambs, an' we won't never trouble 'em no more. But if they won't do that, we-uns will see if we can find it. We'll tear up the floor, look into beds an' up the loft an' behind the chimney—we'll take a peep in every place that money can be hid. Now, turn yourselves around, an'

together, four in a line, an' go endways, like I told you, an' when you get down to them houses, show yourselves to be the men I take you for."

These words were all that were necessary to excite the guerrillas almost to frenzy. They had little or nothing to lose and everything to make, and this is the sort of men that the police and military have to meet when they are called on to fight a mob. With alacrity they obeyed the captain's order to "crowd up together and go endways down the lane." For a while they rode along in an orderly manner; but when they came within sight of the house, to whose defenseless inmates they intended to pay their respects, they put their animals into a gallop and went tearing up the broad, tree-lined avenue, like a horde of savages. Dividing right and left in front of the door, they came together in the rear, and thus the house was surrounded, and its occupants made captive for the time being.

Having seen his men posted to his satisfaction, Ryder and about a dozen others who were as mean as he was, got off their horses, and walked up to the door, where they were met by Frank Barron's mother, who faced them with the utmost composure. It takes something besides a plume and a cavalry saber to strike terror to the heart of a Southern woman.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GUERRILLAS IN ACTION.

"O what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?" inquired Mrs. Barron, after she had waited a full minute for Captain Ryder to make known his wants.

The fierce frown faded instantly from the

torted the insubordinate lieutenant. "You ain't fitten for work of this kind, an' we-uns have had about enough of you. I can tell you that. Now turn to an' pull up everything, boys. The shanty is your'n to do what you please with it. Look under the floors, an' into the beds an' cupboard, an'—"

The guerrillas, who were like so many blood-hounds held in the leash, waited to hear no more. With a wild yell, that was taken up and repeated by their comrades outside, they entered upon their work of destruction (for that was what it really amounted to), and in less time than it takes me to write it, every room in the house was in the greatest confusion. All the floors were torn up, quilts and wearing apparel were tossed about, after every seam in them had been submitted to a thorough examination; the bricks that formed the hearths were taken up, the walls were sounded, and even the piano was split up and looked into. There were no carpets to interfere with their frantic but useless search, for those articles had long ago been cut up and sent to the shivering rebels in Vicksburg.

After they had wrecked the house and found nothing, the guerrillas, headed by Captain Ryder, ran out into the yard to see what they could find there. The captain tried to be everywhere at once, for he was afraid that if his malicious lieutenant discovered the hiding place of the money, the men would want to reward him by making him commander of the company. Every nook and corner of the cellar, smokehouse, corncribs and negro cabins were overhauled, and flower-beds were sounded with iron ramrods. Whoever there was a soft spot found in them, there was a loud call for spades; and by the time the guerrillas grew tired, and began to show signs of giving it up as a bad job, the doorway looked as though a squad of men had been at work throwing up rifle-pits.

"Tain't no use wastin' more time hyar, boys," shouted the captain at last. "Git onto your critters, an' we'll go down an' try t'other places. Sorry to have been the cause of so much bother to you-uns, Miss Barron, but you see what yer git by not trottin' out that money when I told you."

Frank's mother, who had stood quietly by and witnessed the wanton destruction of her property without uttering a single word of remonstrance, had nothing to say in reply. When the guerrillas had mounted and ridden away out of sight, she turned to the weeping "mummy," who acted as housekeeper, and who had kept close to her side as if she feared that some indignity might be offered her beloved mistress.

"Martha," said she, "it isn't worth while to fret about things that we can't help. Get some of our people together, and straighten up as well as you can."

"What for day wan' come hyar an' do dis?" sobbed aunt Martha. "We-uns never pestered dem no fashion, anyway, an' what for dey can't let us be? If young Moss' Frank don't shoot dat rebel de fus' ting he do, his ole mammy'll be powerful sorry dat she tuk such mighty good care of him when he was a baby—she will so."

Mrs. Barron turned away without making any answer. That was just what she was afraid Frank would do when he heard of it. She had kept up a brave front during a terrible ordeal, but now, woman-like, she locked herself in her room and had a good cry over it.

During the next few hours these things were acted over again in the houses of four other Union men in the settlement, and when the sun went down, Ryder's enraged and disappointed men slowly wended their way homeward. They had incurred the enmity of some of the most determined men and boys in the State, and they had made just a hundred and twenty-five dollars in Confederate money by it. It was a poor day's work, and now they wished they hadn't done it.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PICKETS.

WHEN Captain Ryder put the spurs to his mule and galloped away from Ike Bishop's gate, a wagon drove up, bringing a supply of provisions and blankets for Colonel St. Clair and his hunting party. As soon as Ike had secured his gun and a few necessary articles which his mother had provided for him, he put himself at the head of the squad, and led it through an old cotton-field, and into a narrow strip of woods that bordered upon the swamp. There they found the four canoes that Ike had been instructed to have in readiness on this particular morning. Without any unnecessary delay they put in their luggages, and shoved away from the shore.

"Now, then," said Colonel St. Clair, the acknowledged leader of the expedition, addressing himself to Ike Bishop, who had been brought along to act as guide, pack-horse, and man-of-all-work, "strike as straight a course as you can for Rollin' Fork. If we find that our friends there would be glad of our help, we will stay an' give it to them; but if they can get along without us, we'll come back and hunt bears."

Ike was by no means so knowing and talkative in the presence of Colonel St. Clair and his friends as he had shown himself to be during his interview with Captain Ryder. The guerrilla chief belonged to his own "set," but the men who were following in his wake did not. For four long hours he paddled straight ahead, without once offering a remark, while the colonel and his companions had a good deal to say to one another. They talked about bears and nothing else, as they did that night when Ned Marsh stumbled upon their camp, and no one would have supposed that they had any other game in view; but Ike knew all about it, for the real object of the expedition had been fully explained to him.

"This here thing is a goin' to be the makin' of me," soliloquized Ike, who saw more pleasure in communing with his own thoughts than he would have found by taking part in the conversation. "I wish I knowed jest how much Luke Bennett an' the rest of them fellers have got the handlin' of, so I could

make a few kalkerlations. It's a power of money anyhow, an' the kurn says my shar' of it will make me rich. I'll give a thousand dollars of it to mam—that'll be enough to keep her in grub an' clothes till we-uns get the Yanks whopped and drove outen the country—an' I'll take the rest up to Tennessee with me. It's the rich fellers that gets the stars onto their collars—the poor ones all have to stay in the ranks, and that is what makes 'em call it a rich man's war and a poor man's fight—an' who knows but when Gen'ral Bragg finds out that I have got money, he'll give me a star or sunthin' to put onto my collar? Then I'll be as big a man as any of 'em, won't I? Kurnel Bishop! Hey-woop! But afore I let that thar Luke Bennett go, I'm a goin' to punch his head to pay him for that whoppin' he give me. I bet you," said Ike, carefully passing his fingers over his nose to see if the lump that had been raised there by the young Unionist's hard fist had gone away yet. "I ain't forgot that, an' I won't nuther, as long as I stay on top the ground."

All on a sudden Ike ceased his exertions at the paddle, and after listening a moment, raised the implement aloft, to draw the attention of his companions. The talking was instantly hushed, and the three rear canoes were pushed up alongside his own.

"I couldn't have taken you-uns any straighter to whar them gunboats be that we're goin' to captur', if I had been hyar a hundred times afore," said Ike, in response to the colonel's inquiring glances. "I heard shootin' jest now, an' that tells me that we're close onto Rollin' Fork."

There was a moment's silence, and then a defiant roar rang through the swamp with startling distinctness. Some frate gunboat commander, who was getting tired of being tormented by the sharp-shooters, had sent a load of canister or a stand of grape among them, in the hope of compelling them to keep still for a while.

"I don't think it would be quite safe to go any farther in this direction," observed the colonel. "As we want to get among our friends and see what they are doing, perhaps we had better drop down a mile or two, and cross the bayou below the fleet."

The others agreeing to this proposal, the guide, in obedience to a wave of the colonel's hand, turned and followed a course that lay almost at right angles with the one he had been pursuing. The incessant fire of musketry kept up by the sharp-shooters grew more and more indistinct, and when it died away in the distance, Ike, believing that they had got below the fleet, called another halt, and volunteered to go ahead alone, and see if the way was clear. He was gone about half an hour, and returned with the gratifying news that there was not a single vessel, either gunboat or transport, to be seen in the bayou, and there was nothing to prevent them from crossing over the ridge to see how their friends were getting on. This they did in safety; but no sooner had they pushed their canoes through the bushes that lined the base of the ridge, and run their bows upon the shore, than they were surrounded by a squad of rebel pickets.

"Hallo, here!" exclaimed the officer in command, with a ring of triumph in his tones. "This is once that the game didn't work, ain't it? Where did you drop down from, and what are you doing on the wrong side of the ridge?"

"We dropped down from Bragg's army," answered the colonel, who knew that the officer took him and his party for deserters from Vicksburg, "and we landed on this side of the levee, because we have just come from home. We live a few miles back in the country, and have come home on a thirty days' furlough."

"Of course you have brought your papers with you?" said the officer, in little milder tones. "You see," he added, as the colonel produced a printed document and passed it over for his inspection, "we are losing a good many men by desertion just now, and whenever we find a soldier outside the lines, we want to know how he got there."

"No apologies are necessary, captain," replied the colonel. "I hope I am too good a soldier to find fault with an officer for doing his duty. My companions are all right."

"That assurance is sufficient, and I don't care to see their papers," said the captain. "You heard the firing and came over to see what we are doing, I suppose? Well, we're not doing much, although we have got the fleet cut up into three sections. The four gunboats in the lead can't go any farther, because we have cut trees across the bayou and stopped their progress. About two miles lower down lies the Decatur, which can't do anything on account of our sharp-shooters; and about fifteen miles still lower down, are a lot of transports, with General Sherman and a division of soldiers on board. We have kept the bayou closely guarded day and night, to prevent all communication between these different boats, but I don't suppose we have succeeded in doing that. The nights are very dark, and it would be an easy matter for a boat's crew to slip up or down the stream without attracting the attention of our pickets. We are looking for the soldiers every hour, and when they come, we shall have to dig out."

"Then you don't expect to capture the gunboats?" said the colonel, in a disappointed tone.

"Oh no," replied the officer, with a laugh. "All we can do is to bother them so that they can't force their way into Sunflower, and from there into the Yazoo, and come up on the rear of Haines' Bluff. If they could do that, they would have the dead wood on Vicksburg, sure. I don't know but they've got it, anyway. If Grant gets a footing on this side of the Mississippi, and begins a regular siege, he will starve us into submission, because there isn't grub enough in the city to last for any length of time."

"And yet the country, for miles around, is full of it," said the colonel, who was plainly very much disgusted with such a state of affairs. "What's Pemberton been doing that he hasn't gathered it all before this time?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders, as

much as to say that the question was too deep for him, and then he turned the conversation into another channel, by suggesting that if the colonel wanted to take a look at the gunboats, and see what ugly monsters they were, he would find horses enough to mount his party a mile or two up the ridge. But that officer didn't care to look at the gunboats, so long as there was no prospect of capturing them, and using them to regain control of the river. He much preferred to engage in an enterprise which held out promises of success—the capture of Luke Bennett and his party, and the discovery of money they had hidden in the swamp. So he thanked the captain for the information he had given, got into his canoe, and shoved off toward the bayou.

(To be continued.)

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

#### A STORY OF THE GREAT FIRE.

BY CARL SHERMAN.

ANY interesting anecdotes have been told of the Chicago fire of 1871; but among them are few such instances of combined shrewdness and daring as the following true story, which I heard last winter from a friend of my father in Washington.

"My father," said he, "at his death left me the possessor of a considerable sum of money."

"Leaving my widowed mother in Maine, I went, in the course of a year, to Chicago, there to invest my fortune with a large hardware firm, well known to my father, as this had been his wish."

"I arrived in that city a week before the fire. My money was deposited at a bank in a fire-proof vault, where I supposed it would be secure from all danger for a few days. I engaged a room in a boarding-house, and spent the week in leisurely looking about the city."

"On Saturday evening, while preparing to retire for the night, I heard the furious ringing of the fire bells, and could see from my windows that a terrible conflagration was in progress, though I did not as yet dream of danger to my property. Even when the raging flames were between me and the bank, I gave myself no uneasiness for the safety of the vault which contained all my property."

"I stood for an hour upon the roof watching this grandest of sights. A mile of massive buildings were yielding to an unconquerable enemy; church spires were falling, and whole blocks crashing down into one vast tomb. I heard the far-away din of hastening engines, and still more distant sound of alarm bells. Now and then I caught the clamor of a hurrying crowd, visible at intervals as they followed the brave firemen through the streets. Had I been able to see from the shelving roof the confusion which prevailed in the streets immediately below me, I should not have remained so long idly watching."

"I was in ignorance of the throngs of teams which were hastily conveying families and household goods to the lake shore. I had no idea of the great danger, for the fire seemed to be much further off than it really was."

"When at last I descended to my room, and saw the panic of the fugitives and the anxious crowds who were undecided whether to remain or fly, I began to be alarmed. Accosting a policeman, I asked him whether it would be wiser to take my trunks to the lake or to remain where I was. He answered that the fire would be checked before it reached us."

"This reassured me; and as I had no doubt that it would prove to be the case, I returned to my room and went to bed, for I was greatly fatigued."

"I had slept some time when I was awakened by a servant, who calmly told me that the house was on fire!"

"I had tried rapid dressing before, but that morning I easily beat all my previous records. Before the lazy servant had reached the lower floor, I had passed him, rushing down to find out the real state of affairs."

"I found that the fire was still several squares away; but it was coming nearer and nearer. The prospect looked so bad that I hastily packed my two trunks and carried them to the door. I began looking around for a wagon; but though the streets were crowded with vehicles of all sorts, all were loaded to their utmost capacity, save one, whose driver was away for the moment."

"Leading it to the steps, I put my trunks into it, and drove off, just as the driver arrived with an armful of furniture. Not heeding his expostulations, I picked my way carefully through the immense and excited crowd, and was soon out of his sight and reach. At such a terrible moment, I did not stop to think whether my action was justifiable."

"In order to get my trunks to a place of safety, it was necessary to take them some distance up the lake."

"To this end I drove down to the shore and put the trunks into a rowboat, hitched the horse to a post, and, turning to the owner of the boat, tried to make a bargain with him for the use of it. He refused to let me have the boat, fearing that in the great confusion it would never be returned to him again. So I calmly jumped in and cut the rope, tossed a coin at his feet, and was off before he had recovered from his surprise."

"He made no attempt to follow me, for a crowd of refugees was coming down to the slip and diverting his attention."

"The wind had risen, and a heavy gale was blowing. I had nearly reached a safe landing place when the frail boat capsized, tipping all its contents out into the lake."

"The trunks lay in three or four feet of water, and only a few yards from shore. I found a long rope among the wreckage, and with this proceeded to haul first one trunk and then the other to land."

"This was not an easy task, and by the time

I had them both on the shore, I was completely exhausted."

"After resting for awhile, I set off to get a view of the mighty fire. When I returned to the trunks, a drunken fellow was in possession of them, and claimed them vociferously as his own."

"I drove him off, and once more turned my attention to the wonderful spectacle of the burning city. Two women were near with a load of silverware, and furniture, in a wagon which I had managed to procure for them, and I requested them to look after my property for a few moments."

"When I came back, after about a quarter of an hour, women, wagon and trunks had disappeared; whither, I have never known."

"This was a terrible loss. Although the trunks were not of great value to any one else, to me they were, as they contained private papers of importance, and many treasured possessions, such as remonettes of my late father, which could not be replaced."

"It was useless to attempt a recovery, so I strolled along the beach, bemoaning my great misfortune, and watching the gathering crowds from the doomed city."

"For hours the utmost efforts of the firemen were of no avail, but at last the flames began to subside. I found my boat, which had remained unmolested on the beach; I returned to the boat house and restored it to its owner."

"On entering the city, what a frightful sight presented itself! In one direction, as far away as the eye could see, there was nothing but a mass of ruins; in the distance they were black and smoldering; nearer, they were still fiercely burning, and threatening to cause the destruction of that part of the city which had escaped."

"Up to this time I had not been at all anxious about the money which I had deposited in the bank; but when I saw how extensive the fire had been, I began to fear that I had seen the last of my \$20,000, although both the building and safe were guaranteed to be perfectly fire proof."

"When at last I was able to reach the spot, I found that the bank had been utterly destroyed. Brick and steel had been conquered by the flames; no handiwork of man had been able to resist the intense heat of that awful fire."

"Imagine my feelings when I realized that I was nearly penniless!"

"Returning from the ruins of the bank, I passed a large store, which, owing to some freak of the fire, was still standing uninjured among the ruins."

"A bright thought struck me. I went in and asked to see some member of the firm."

"While I waited for him I looked around the building. It was nearly a hundred feet deep, and had contained hardware, but was now nearly empty, and packing-straw and broken dishes strewed the floor and shelves. The store was evidently to be closed."

"When the owner appeared, I bought a lamp from the small stock remaining, not because I wanted it, but that I might commence the desired conversation on more friendly terms."

"We chatted for a while on the subject of the fire, and at last I asked him to lease me the store."

"The neighborhood was an excellent one, and I well knew that I could readily re-lease it at a large advance, for the demand for such property would immediately be great."

"He quickly assented, thinking only of the present condition of trade, and I soon had prepared the papers for a five years' lease on the store, at a comparatively small figure. I also bought his small stock of lamps, which I knew would have a quick sale, and took possession next day."

"Although the loss of my fortune was a terrible blow to me, yet so confident did I feel of regaining it during the next few months, that I telegraphed to my mother that I had 'come out of the fire all right.'"

"Of course the price of real estate in the burnt district was at its lowest ebb, and many were anxious to sell."

"Another class, realizing how rapidly the price of land would advance during the year, and consequently what enormous profits would be possible, were equally anxious to buy."

"Then I decided to take a bold step. "Finding in the rear of the store a lot of pine boards and some black paint, I sawed out a half dozen sign boards, and painted on them: 'This lot for sale, Inqu' of —, at Johnson's lamp store. Nothing like — for small posts, and hiring a boy to carry them for me. I started out and stuck my 'shingle' here and there among the ruins, choosing the desirable localities as far as I could judge."

"You will agree that this was a bold step—deliberately offer for sale land whose rightful owner I had never seen!"

"It was a desperate chance; but I took it, and awaited the result with anxiety."

"This was on Thursday. The next day the watchful agent of one of these lots called on me, and with a few preliminary oaths demanded to know why I had offered his land for sale. I told him that my agent had perhaps marked the wrong lot, but that possibly I might be able to give him a good round price for the land if he would allow the sign to remain in its place for a few days."

"At this, his swearing stopped, and, after a few moments of reflection, he consented to let the board remain. I told him to call daily until I could arrange matters definitely with him."

"Late that afternoon a gentleman called and offered me \$5,000 for lot No. 2. I told him to call the next afternoon, and that meanwhile I would consider the offer."

"On Saturday my agent put up two more signs, while I went in the forenoon to a prominent real estate broker and from him found out the owner of lot No. 2."

"He telegraphed to the owner, who consented to sell to me for \$1,500. I promised the broker that I would call that afternoon to conclude the bargain."

"When I got back to the store the applicant of the day before for lot No. 2 was there, and still anxious to buy at \$5,000. Bidding

him come again in a couple of hours. I went back to the agent of the lot and had the papers made out on the spot, and returned with them in my possession.

"At the end of two hours the applicant again called. He took away with him the papers conveying the title, and left me the gainer by \$500.

"Five hundred dollars in three days! \$1,000 in a week! My fortune back in less than five months! I could not believe the testimony of the draft in my hand, and put the thought aside as an idle dream.

"Before night I had taken the owner of lot No. 1 into equal partnership. After this our signs went up by the dozens, and at the end of a month we had made many thousand dollars apiece. During this time our office occasionally rang with the imprecations of some indignant proprietor or agent whose land we had marked with our signs. The fire had obliterated entirely all division lines between the lots and only by careful surveys could the 'metes and bounds' be known. It was, therefore, very easy to pacify the owners and agents of lots which we had marked, and, of course, no action was attempted, or could be taken against us. Our signs merely helped us to find the proprietors and purchasers, and no sale was undertaken until the lawful owner gave his consent. On the other hand, we bought no land for which we had not a customer ready. Meanwhile I turned over my lease of the lamp store to a merchant, making thereon a handsome profit.

"At the end of five months I had nearly made up my great loss, and now, as we had capital enough to warrant it, we became real estate agents in earnest."

THE REDSKINS LEARNED A TRICK.

THE Indians are not so sharp as the Western traders who deal with them, but they are pretty clever, and soon learn the white man's tricks.

An amusing story is related in the Boston Traveler, as it was told by an old Mississippi river captain and Indian trader.

"I was in the Ute reservation in Colorado," he said, "and had strolled down to the shores of a small lake, while my mules and teamsters were eating dinner, when I came across a party of about a dozen Indians. They were armed with rifles, and were shooting at a snag which stuck out of the water about 200 yards distant. The stakes for which they were shooting were composed of a quarter of a dollar from each man. I stood watching them for some time, and then decided to enter the competition. Each man had three shots, and the man who hit the snag the most times won the pot. The misses were told by the splash in the water; the hits by the absence of the splash.

"After some parley with the redskins I got them to allow me to enter the match, though they compelled me to deposit half a dollar, while they put in but a quarter. I had a Henry repeater with me, which, fortunately for my purpose, was then unloaded. I slipped three cartridges into my rifle, and as I did so I broke the ball off, thus leaving a blank cartridge. Of course no splash followed any of my shots, and the Indians thought I had hit the snag every time. I won that pot, but the next time I intentionally lost by not breaking the balls off and by taking indifferent aim.

"I then broke all the balls off until I had won \$18. Then the Indians, who began to look at me with suspicion or awe, refused to shoot any more. I invited them up to the store, spent the money on knick-knacks, which I divided among them. I then took them back to the lake and showed them the trick. They were very much surprised, but took it in good part.

"On returning that way a few days after I found the same Indians on the lake shore, shooting a big match with a neighboring tribe, whom they were rapidly cleaning out of everything. I learned that they had 'skinned' every Indian in the country that they could get to shoot against them. I said nothing, but mused on the readiness of the savage to adopt the white man's tricks."

HE FOOLED THE CRITIC.

THOSE who know Charles Reade's writings will remember that in one of his stories an actress put her face in a frame and passed it off for a picture, which a spectator criticized as not being life-like.

A similar story is related, by a writer in The New York Tribune, of the sculptor Hiram Powers. He was in Cincinnati, working on a wax bust of Thomas Jefferson. There was a critic in Cincinnati in those days named Simms, who had incurred the displeasure of Powers and others. He was told one evening that the bust was completed, and was asked to inspect it. It was in the days when the only light was from tallow candles, and, as the room was dark, he was given a candle with which to make a close inspection of the bust. He began to comment upon its unnatural appearance, declaring that the color of the flesh was not natural and so on. As he leaned down for closer inspection, the burning candle was brought close to the figure, which suddenly dodged back, winked its eye, and shouted: "Don't burn me." It was Powers himself.

Simms always denied this story, but Powers told it with great gusto.

MORRISON'S HUMOR.

COL. WILLIAM R. MORRISON, of Illinois, has been a prominent member of the House of Representatives for the last fourteen years, and his defeat was the most noticeable incident of this year's elections. He is certainly

one of the most striking figures in American politics.

Col. Morrison, according to the New York Sun, possesses, in common with most Americans, a keen sense of humor, but like everything else about him, it is as grim and cold as his expressionless face. A year ago, when he nominated the Rev. Dr. Milburn as Chaplain of the House, Congressman O'Neill, of Missouri, rather sarcastically inquired who the Rev. Milburn was.

Morrison quickly replied: "He is a man who loves God, hates the evil one, and votes the Democratic ticket."

Mr. Milburn needed no better indorsement, and his nomination by acclamation immediately followed. Quite in keeping with this was Morrison's advice to one of his constituents, who came to Washinton last year to secure the Postmastership at his place. Among other things the man informed Morrison that he had voted the Democratic ticket for over forty years and had never before asked for an office.

"Humph!" was Morrison's unfeeling reply. "You had better go back home and not break your record."

MIGHT HAVE LOST HIS BOOTS.

MOSBY, late one of our consuls in China, was a famous leader of guerrilla cavalry during the war. His audacity was marvelous. With a dozen of his men, disguised in blue overcoats, he would ride into a Union camp or picket, fire a volley and gallop off.

One evening, when the army had halted for the day, a dozen of these reckless fellows rode at full gallop through the space enclosed by the tents of General Emory's headquarters, fired half a dozen shots, and were off before the astonished captain of the guard could order his company to take arms. The general heard the commotion and came out, and learning how narrow had been his escape from capture, he poured out the vials of his wrath upon the head of the unlucky captain. "Confound you, sir," he roared, "do you call this guarding my headquarters? Those scoundrels might have stolen my boots as easily as a snout."

"General Emory's boots" were often referred to atter that in connection with the audacity of Mosby and his followers.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR.

THE authors of rejected manuscripts often think their compositions far superior to those which they see published, and wonder that editors can be so prejudiced as to exclude them.

The editor of a comic journal and an ambitious but unsuccessful author once met, with several others, at the table of a mutual friend. During the course of the banquet a guest of an inquiring turn of mind proceeded to interrogate the editor of the comic newspaper as to the manner in which he conducted it.

"Do you often," the guest asked, "get any good contributions from the outside public?"

"Oh, yes, very often," the editor replied, cheerily, proud of the capacities of the world at large.

There was a momentary pause in the conversation, broken by the author:

"Leaning forward and gravely gazing at the editor, he asked, in a tone of wonder and incredulity:

"Indeed! Then why do you never put them in?"

TWO BRIGHT BOYS.

THERE was a bright New England boy who asked his school teacher how far a procession of the Presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. When she gave it up he answered: "From Washington to Cleveland."

A poor little lad, says the Buffalo Courier, who was in a car on the Michigan Central Railroad, was endeavoring to please the passengers and get a few pennies by singing comic songs. When he had finished, and was passing along the aisle with outstretched palm, making his collections, the lady in question said to him: "Don't you know it's wicked to sing songs on Sunday?" The youngster looked at her for a second, and, with a twinkle in his black eyes replied: "Don't you think it's wicked to travel on Sunday?"

The other passengers roared, and no more questions were asked.

Coughs.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. Sold only in boxes.—Adv.

THOSE who preach, lecture, declaim, or sing, will do no find Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar the speediest restorative of the voice in cases of hoarseness. It cures coughs and sore throats rapidly and completely. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute. A.V.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

CATARH CURE.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.—Adv.

A Great Reward

will be secured by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. Full information will be sent you, free, about work that you can do and live at home wherever you are situated, that will pay you from \$3 to \$25 and upwards a day. A number have earned over \$30 in a day. Capital not needed; Hallett & Co. will start you. Both sexes; all ages. The chance of a lifetime. All is new. Now is the time. Fortunes are absolutely yours for the workers.—Adv.

TARANTULAR AND DANCING SKELETON, 10c. Catalogue free. ECHO NOVELTY CO., Oshkosh, Wis. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FOREIGN STAMPS, 1,000 mixed, 20c.; 100 all different 9c. Agents wanted; circular free. W. W. PHAIR, Box 27, Brooklyn, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

155 Elegant scrap pictures and agents large new style sample book of beautiful frosted, embossed and decorated cards 5c. BRANFORD CARD CO., Branford, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

6 PIECES SILVERWARE In Satisfaction Cases FREE to all who will take Agency or help make sales. Address NORTHFORD SILVER PLATE CO. Northford, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

NEW Sample Book of beautiful cards, 14 Games, 12 tricks in magic, 436 Album verses. All for a 2c. stamp. STAR CARD CO., Station 15, Ohio. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WE are sending out 10,000 SAMPLE CASETS of our SILVERWARE YOU can get one, express paid, by giving your Postoffice and Express address to secure new agents. Address WALLINGFORD SILVER CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ALL FREE! 51 Scrap Pictures, 49 Colored Removable Figures, 250 Album Verses, 250 Riddles & Conundrums, Games of Fox & Geese & Nine Penny Morris, 1 Book of Kensington and other Stitches, 1 Set Funny Cards. Send 10c. for Postage, etc. to HUB CARD CO., Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS. Agent's large size Sample Book of Choice Cards, latest, finest and best, on 2c. stamp. Steam Card Works, North Branford, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE PERFUMERY An elegant sample casket of perfume will be sent to your address for 10c. to cover postage and packing. A harvest of agents. Address WORTH BROS., 736 Ninth St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SECRET for making LUMINOUS INK, shines in the dark, 17 other secrets, and 6 of the FUNNIEST CARDS ever issued for only 5c. W. S. SIMPSON, 63 Jane St., N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CHAPPED HANDS CURED by COBBE COMPLEXION SOAP. Ask your Druggist or send 6c. for sample to A. H. COBB, Mfr., 33 Battery-march Street, Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SONGS 100 new and popular songs sent free to all who send 4 cents to pay postage. 100 pieces, choice music 6 cents. Catalogue free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

KITTIES The cutest pussies ever seen! Photo from life, handsomely mounted on gilt boards; mailed for 25 cents in stamps. F. PERO, Opera House, Chicago, Ill. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SEND for free Catalogue of Books of Amusements, Speakers Dialogues, Card Games, Fortune Tellers, Dream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquette, etc. Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

1 Game Authors, 1 Game Dominoes, 14 New Songs, 16 Complete Stories by popular authors, Agent's Sample Book of Cards, Novelties, &c. All the above and this Ring, 10c. NEPTUNE CARD CO., Fair Haven, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. McALPIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

AGENTS WANTED for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, ETC. Sample free. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Address DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one, send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Day Street, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS FREE. We give away our beautiful sample book of NEW CARDS, send 2 stamps for mailing, &c. Oldest card house in America. Agents paid big. HOLLEY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn. 12 Basket Hidden Name Cards, NEW, 10c. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PACKET of SOUTH AMERICAN STAMPS. Contains 40 varieties of South American Stamps, such as Paraguay, Bolivia, Ecuador, Buenos Ayres, Peru, U. S. of Columbia, Br. Guiana, Venezuela, Chili, Argentine Republic; worth many times the price. Price only 35c. Address Blair Stamp Co., 3724 Blair Ave., St. Louis, Mo. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN For Indigestion and Dyspepsia. A POTENT REMEDY FOR Indigestion, Acute and Chronic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases. Over 5000 Physicians have sent us the most Flattering Opinions upon Digestylin, as a Remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion. For 20 years we have manufactured the Digestive Ferments expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been largely and extensively prescribed, and today it rivals as a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great Digestive Power is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements, we would respectfully refer to the Wholesale and Retail Druggists of the country, and Physicians generally. Sold by Druggists, or Price \$1.00. WM. F. KIDDER & CO., 87 John Street, New York.

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This Book contains 700 Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. Something everybody wants. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address, J. S. OGLIVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind are cured, and long suffering have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All inversion and even whisps heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FIVE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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IT IS A FACT!

We have the prettiest lot of Sunday School, Reward, Christmas and Visiting Cards at home. For trade. To introduce samples at once we make this liberal offer: The person telling us the longest verse in the Bible before Christmas, will receive a lady's Watch worth \$60; Solid Gold, Hunting Case, Stem Winding. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive a gentleman's Watch; Solid Silver, Stem Winding, Hunting Case, the third an Open Face Silver Nickel Watch. Enclose 24c. in stamps with your answer, for which we shall send you a Pack of Samples of our Lovely Cards, Price List, Agents' Terms, a 32 page Christmas Book, cover 100 illustrations, and a plain Gold Ring, made from heavy 18k. pure rolled gold plate. We warrant every one for five years. See the cut. W. C. GRISWOLD & CO., Box 76, Centerbrook, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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We make a specialty of giving premiums for the forming of Tea Clubs for our pure Teas and Coffees. We defy the world on price and quality. No home gives same quality goods and premiums. A host of useful and ornamental works to select from. Silver-plated Casters for \$5, \$7, and \$10 orders; Silver-plated Tea Sets, elegant designs, for \$30 and \$50 orders; Band China Tea Set, or handsome Decorated Dinner Set, Moss-Rose Toilet Set, Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks, etc. Illustrated price and premium list and full particulars sent free. Special Offer: To every tenth person that answers this advertisement we will send free one pound of choice Tea. Write at once. NATIONAL TEA AND COFFEE COMPANY, Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



A CIVIL ENGINEER.



CORRESPONDENCE.

H. A. B., Rochester, Mich. The cent of 1857 is worth about 5 cents.

SENTINA, Flushing, N. Y. 1. Whitefield is pronounced with a short i. 2. He died in 1770.

OLAMON, Paola, Kan. Grallatory birds are those that wade, such as storks, herons, and cranes. The name comes from a Latin word signifying stilts, in allusion to their long legs.

ELY, Claremont, N. H. Galileo was the Christian name of the great inventor. His surname was Galilei, but he is known almost exclusively by the former. Fancy our saying that "Isaac" discovered the law of gravitation!

F. K. KINSTON, N. C. 1. We thank you for your good opinion of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. 2. The address of the firm which you mention is in the New York business directory, but we know nothing of their reliability.

A. X. Z., New York City. Mechanical drafting requires considerable skill. There is a steady, and probably an increasing demand for it; the average salary paid is from \$20 to \$30 a week, and a skilled draftsman can earn \$50.

M. M. T., Manchester, Iowa. The Manchester of England is without a rival in the civilized world in the manufacture of cotton. Next to this industry is the spinning of silk and the manufacture of silk goods, and the production of mixed fabrics of silk and cotton.

G. G., Circleville, N. Y. 1. Of the fifteen or sixteen hundred million inhabitants of the earth, 430 millions, or a little more than a quarter, are reckoned as Christians. 2. We believe that the Gospel will actually be preached over the whole world. Consult a Bible commentary on the passage you mention.

L. S. H., Oxford, O. The Excalibur was the wonderful sword of the legendary King Arthur. He was the only one able to take it from a certain stone, and was made king on that account. At his death, according to tradition, the Excalibur was thrown into a lake, when a hand and arm rose above water, caught the sword by the hilt, flourished it, and sank to be seen no more.

ABEL K., Middenville, Pa. The language spoken on the Madeira Islands is Portuguese. They consist of two islands, Madeira and Porto Santo, and three or four rocky islets. They were discovered in 1420 (though it is probable the Romans knew of their existence), and their name is derived from a Portuguese word signifying timber, given because of the magnificent forests which then covered the islands.

Cowboy, Sandusky, O. 1. A subscriber in Arizona recently wrote us that there is a good deal of depression in the cattle business in that territory, and we understand that there are better prospects of success further north. 2. The miners earn about \$3 a day, we believe, but their expenses are correspondingly high. We have known Eastern miners to go out there and save a good deal of money; but a green hand would find difficulty in obtaining work.

J. I. C., Buffalo, N. Y. 1. The word cyclorama means a picture which represents a complete view in every direction. 2. Stories by the authors you mention will appear in the ARGOSY during the coming year, though we cannot give the exact numbers of each. 3. A simple electric machine may be made with a glass cylinder revolving against a piece of flannel. Sufficient frictional electricity accumulates to give a sharp shock. 4. The old premium list still holds good, but the price of the ARGOSY has been raised, as it has been greatly increased and improved. 5. We may, perhaps, issue a new premium list.

G. L. N., Astoria, Ill. Ecliptic and elliptic are widely different, although the ecliptic is elliptic. The former is a noun, the latter an adjective. The

ecliptic is the path which the earth travels in its annual revolution around the sun, and is the apparent path of the latter body. It derives its name from the fact that the eclipses only take place when the moon is in or near this path. Elliptic means shaped like an ellipse, and such is the form of the ecliptic. You have confounded the two terms, as many do the words electric and eclectic.

EXCHANGES.

E. Broderick, Box 1, West Point, Va. Several handsome books, for type or blank cards.

S. B. Norton, Rome, Ga. 40 nos. of vol. VII, Golden Days, for a vol. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Walter Rich, New Bedford, Mass. About 20 books by Optic, Alger and Castlemo, to exchange for good offers.

F. W. Davis, Box 1195, Olean, N. Y. Vol. III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, for a vol. of Golden Days, in good condition.

B. F. Brockhoff, Read's Landing, Minn., would like to hear from some one who has a second-hand type writer to exchange.

Warren L. Reed, Abington, Mass. 4 fonts of type and 5 cases, for vol. I of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound, in good condition.

E. H. Adams, Box 1394, Evanston, Ill. A silver case watch, for a foot-power printing press and type, or a 50 or 52-inch bicycle.

F. J. Hall, 182 East 76th Street, New York City, would like to correspond with readers of THE ARGOSY about coins and stamps.

Wm. H. Brubaker, Latrobe, Pa. A vol. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, a vol. of the Weekly Family Story Paper, and half a vol. of Golden Days, for the best offer of books by Alger or Castlemo.

E. W. Thomas, Jr., Box 2274, Ocean Grove, N. J. Vol. IV of Golden Days, for any vol. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or for minerals, coins, stamps, or woods.

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George H. Purnell, 94 Gibbon Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. A pair of all-clamp B & B ice skates, to fit a no. 6 shoe, and a pair of half-clamp B & B roller skates, to fit a no. 5 shoe, for a printing press, chase not less than 3 by 5, with two fonts of good card type, or a set of good soft boxing gloves.

John P. Halsey, Box 485, Montclair, N. J. "The Boy Slave," by Reid. "Hairbreadth Escapes in Africa," "The Satiwood Box," by Trowbridge, and the "Fairport Nine," for vols. I and II or III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound. Also, a few original short stories to be given to publishers of amateur papers in exchange for a year's subscription; publishers please send samples, M. S. mailed for examination on condition that it will be returned.



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