THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

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

Vol. V.—No. 3. FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER. 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1886. TERMS. $3.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Whole No. 211.

A LITTLE HERO.

By JOHN H. WHITSON.

A FEW years ago Captain David Duncan was stationed at Fort Katamunk, on the Katamunk River, in the then new Northwest, and, as game was plentiful, the officers varied the tedious routine of military life with frequent hunts.

In the early spring Captain Duncan, whose wife was dead, finding it impossible to obtain leave of absence, sent for his two sons, who were residing in an eastern State.

Davy, named after his soldier father, was twelve, and Harry five; and as they were blessed with joyous, happy dispositions, they soon gained the good will and affection of all.

To them the confines of the fort and the adjacent grounds were a veritable wonderland. Certainly no genii of old, with lamp or wand, could conjure up such glittering pageants as were presented by the marching troops, or evoke such music as throbbed and pulsed from the drums and trumpets, and echoed among the surrounding hills. And then the cannon—the gleaming, pol-

FOR A MOMENT THE LYNX STARED SAVAGELY AT THE TWO BOYS, AND THEN BEGAN TO CRAWL SLOWLY TOWARDS THEM ALONG THE LOG TO WHICH THEY WERE CLINGING, AS IT WAS SWEPT ALONG BY THE SWOLLEN WATERS OF THE KATAMUNK.

ished cannon—what iron throats they had, and how like weird monsters they seemed, vomiting thunder and lightning and smoke! The boys had to stand on their toes and thrust their fingers in their ears when the gunners pulled the lanyards.

At last came the event of all—the day of the great fox hunt. It had been the talk of the garrison for weeks, and now the yards were full of long-legged hounds, that capered and leaped about, and got in the way, and wound themselves up in the ropes and canvas in the most absurd fashion. And there were prancing horses, gayly caparisoned; and officers and men bustling about, looking for guns and cartridges and caps and gauntlets.

Then suddenly the gates were thrown open, and perfect order succeeded the wild confusion. The boys were lifted to seats in front of two of the riders, and away they went, over hill and valley and brook, through bushes and timber, until they reached the place of the hunt.

"Captain," said one of the men, saluting, "the river looks to me like overflowing. You see it is rising, and, as it has been raining for two or three days away to the north, I am afraid we will have a freshet."

"I hope not," replied Captain Duncan; "for if it should inundate the lowlands it would force us to return."

Soon afterwards the deep baying of "Old Smart," the leader of the pack, announced that he had already found a trail. The rest of the pack joined in, and the officers and men hurried away.

Captain Duncan took Davy and Harry to the top of a little knoll, shaded by some tall elms; telling them to remain there, he rode after the others.

The fox must have led the hounds a long chase, for the hunt was soon out of sight, and after awhile all sounds of the pursuit ceased. The boys amused themselves as best they could. They gathered the cups of acorns and built toy houses; tiring of this, they were about to imitate their elders, and commence a game of fox and hound, in which Davy was to be the fox, and Harry the hound, when the deep baying of the pack came to them, from the direction opposite to that in which they had last heard it. The fox had made its circle, and was taking the old trail, in the hope of eluding its pursuers.

Eagerly the boys strained their necks in the direction from whence came the clamor of the dogs, which was every moment growing clearer and louder. Just then a reddish-colored, nimble-footed animal, with an immense bushy tail, leaped past like a beam of light, and disappeared in the bushes.

"Oh, it's the fox!" cried Davy. "Let's go down that way, and maybe we can find out where it went; for of course it must have a hole around here somewhere!"

The boys hurried off. A few minutes later the pack darted past in full cry, and, turning sharply to the right, sped away over the country.

"Oh, they have taken the wrong direction!" exclaimed Davy. "The fox didn't go that way, I know, or we'd have seen it leave these bushes. And yonder goes papa and the other men, riding right straight toward the hounds. If we run, maybe we'll be in time to tell them that the fox is in here yet."

And Davy, followed by Harry, ran toward the horsemen. They had just come in sight on a distant knoll, and had turned their horses' heads toward the hounds, now quartering past them.

Davy firmly believed he would have been in time if Harry had not tripped on a vine and commenced to cry. He slackened his speed to allow the little fellow to overtake him.

Grasping his brother by the hand, Davy ran on as fast as he could, but the horsemen swept by, far out of reach of his shouts. Again they passed out of sight.

Harry was still sobbing over his fall and the many scratches he had received. Davy, too, was tired, and they sat down against a bank to rest awhile before starting back to the knoll.

How long they remained there Davy could not tell. He dropped into a sleep, in which he had the most wonderful dreams of foxes with tails like comets, chased by flying dogs. He had just succeeded in catching one of these marvelous foxes, when it gave its tail such a fiery twist that Davy awoke.

The heavens were filled with a mass of angry, turbulent black clouds, from which the lightning leaped in blinding flashes, while the thunder rolled with a noise like cannon.

Davy scrambled to his feet, and stared wildly about. Then he shook Harry frantically. The little fellow sat up, and blinked like an owl. Seeing the angry sky, and hearing the sullen roar of the coming storm, and the deep booming of thunder, he began to cry.

"I want papa!" he moaned. "Papa's gone off in the storm, and Harry's 'fraid he won't come back!"

"O yes, he will!" assured Davy. "Come, we'll go and hunt him. I expect he's come back to the knoll by this time. Listen to the thunder! Doesn't it sound just like cannon?"

"It ain't cannon, though!" sobbed Harry.

"No, it ain't real sure-enough cannon," assented Davy, "but it sounds like it, and we can play it's cannon. Put your fingers in your ears now!"

Davy had in him the making of a diplomat, and in a little while he had drawn Harry's attention from all the terrible elements of the storm, and concentrated on its beauties and wonders.

But try as he might he could not retrace his way to the knoll. It did not seem to be where he had left it. The truth is that Davy had lost his bearings.

Hoarser shrieked the wind, and the leaden clouds seemed to roll over each other in their eager haste to rush on. The crash and roll of thunder became incessant, and the constant flashes of lightning gave to the landscape a wild and unearthly look. The twilight was beginning to fall, and brought with it a deluge of rain.

You may imagine that Davy was very much relieved when he came suddenly upon a cabin, surrounded by a little clearing. It stood upon the river bank, and was entirely deserted. But it offered a shelter, and Davy was not long in taking advantage of it.

The door stood ajar, and he entered, pulling Harry in after him. He was greatly surprised at finding the remains of a fire smoldering upon the rude hearth, and some bedding and worthless articles of clothing strewn about. There was also some food in the pantry, as he found on examination.

He questioned himself whether or not it would be wrong, under the circumstances, to use the food. Deciding that it would not, the boys made a hearty meal from it, for they were very hungry. Then he put some wood on the fire, fixed a bed for Harry, and in a little while the latter was sleeping soundly.

Davy determined to remain awake, but his resolution did not long sustain him. He was soon slumbering by the side of his brother.

He was aroused by a strange grinding noise, and what seemed to be the lapping of waves. The cabin appeared to quiver with a singular rocking motion. He got up, cautiously opened the door and peered out. He saw a sight which startled him. The cabin was afloat on a wilderness of water!

The storm had abated, and the moon, shining from behind a bank of clouds, revealed the scene with great distinctness. He knew now why the cabin had been so hastily deserted by its occupants. It had been considered perilous to remain in it longer!

The shore line on either side was marked by the tops and trunks of trees projecting from the flood, which seemed to extend for miles in every direction. The usually placid Katamunk River was a heavy, tossing sea. Uprooted trees and driftwood floated by, and occasionally struck the cabin with a dangerous thud.

Davy comprehended the perils of the situation at a glance. He did not awaken Harry, and the little fellow slept as peacefully as if in his bed at the fort.

The tempestuous night was succeeded by a gray, cloudy morning. The cabin was still afloat, but the constant jarring it had received from driftwood had weakened it greatly. It now careened alarmingly, and Davy became convinced it could not hold together much longer. So he aroused Harry, and they stood together in the half-submerged doorway, watching eagerly for some chance of escape.

At last it came; a desperate alternative, truly, but Davy determined to try it. A light log, with a bushy limb projecting horizontally from one end, drifted near, and Davy drew it to him with a short pole. He then tied it fast to the cabin, and, pushing Harry out upon the limb, he bound him there with a rope improvised from strips of bedding. He then climbed astride the log, in the center, unlashed it, and giving a vigorous push with his pole against the cabin, had the satisfaction of seeing the log float clear and continue its course down the river.

As for the cabin, it followed in their wake for, perhaps, half an hour; then, struck by a floating tree, it crumbled to pieces and was swallowed up in the flood.

Davy shuddered as he witnessed this, and felt truly thankful that he had left it when he did.

But the boys' perils were by no means ended. They were now drifting close in to the line of trees which marked the western bank. Davy noticed that one of these trees inclined far over the water, and was bending and swaying in a strange manner. And more remarkable still, some animal was clinging to it.

Before reaching it, the tree toppled over and fell far out into the stream, where it was at once swept away. But the animal, letting go its hold, swam directly towards the log on which the boys were riding.

This was a startling predicament, and Davy was thoroughly frightened when the animal drew himself up on the opposite end of the log; for he saw it was a large lynx. One had been killed and brought into the fort a few weeks before, and Davy remembered its peculiar form.

The lynx glared savagely at him a moment, and then, flattening itself against the log, began to crawl slowly towards him. Davy at once slipped back, and, throwing his entire weight on the very end of the log, he had the satisfaction of seeing the nearer half of it partially disappear under water. The lynx at once beat a retreat, and for a time contented itself with glaring at him from his now elevated station on the opposite end.

Two or three times, however, its ferocity got the better of its fears, and it advanced as if to begin an attack. But each time Davy tipped the log with all his might, and each time the beast retreated.

Suddenly a great shout was heard, and Davy saw a boat tearing through the water toward them. In its prow sat their father.

"Hold on, Davy!" he cried. "We'll be there directly!"

The lynx also saw the newcomers. He sprang from the log and started for the shore line. But he had tarried too long. Before he succeeded in taking a dozen strokes, he was run down by the boat and dispatched with a sword thrust.

You may be sure that the meeting was a joyful one. During all the long, weary hours of the night, Captain Duncan, with bands of picked men, had traversed the waters and searched the shores for his missing boys.

"God bless you, my child!" he said, pressing Davy to his heart, as he lifted him from the log. "If great soldiers are made of such metal, you will be a general some day."

"GHOSTS AS CUSS."

In some respects, it appears, ghosts set a good example to men of flesh and blood, by which some would do well to profit.

A prisoner was being tried for robbery in a Western State, says *Harper's Magazine*, and a woman was called to the witness-stand who testified that on the night before the robbery occurred she saw the prisoner and heard him talking to her husband. Upon her cross-examination, the following dialogue took place:

Q. "Now, Mrs. ——, tell us again how you happened to see the prisoner upon the evening in question?"

A. "He come to the house 'long in the fust part of the evenin', an' asked me where was my old man. I said out-doors, someers, an' he went out to find him. Bime by I 'lowed I'd better see if he'd found him; an' when I got out-doors I heerd voices in the corn patch, an' I went along kinder still like, an' looked through the fence. I was a couple o' fence corners from 'em. 'Twas light as day, 'most."

Q. "You saw them distinctly?"

A. "Yaas."

Q. "Well, Mrs. ——, I want to know if you believe in ghosts—in spooks?"

A. "Waal, I do. I've seen 'em."

Q. "I thought so. Now, can you swear that it wasn't ghosts that you saw and heard out in the cornfield that evening?"

A. "Yaas, I can."

Q. "Well, how do you know?"

A. "'Cause they war a-cussin'. I've seen an' heerd ghosts, but never ghosts as cuss."

LEARNED THE WRONG LESSON.

"My son," said a fond father to his little boy, whom he had been punishing by the use of the rod for the first time, "my son, I hope this has taught you a lesson."

"Yes, pa," the little boy sobbingly replied, "it's taught me that it is better to give than to receive."

WILL BEGIN TO-MORROW.

"I get up regularly at five o'clock now to do my practicing before school time," said Tommy, who is learning the violin.

"Ah, indeed? Well, I suppose getting up at five o'clock now means that you really got up at that hour this morning, doesn't it?"

"N-no, not exactly," said Tommy; "you see, I'm going to begin it to-morrow morning!"

THE DYING WOODSMAN.

BY F. L. PATTIE.

Oh! give me back my woodland home,
Its fountains cool and clear;
One breath of mountain air would bring
Life, e'en though death is near.

Lay me upon the leaves and moss
Beneath the rustic pine,
That I may breathe the balsamed air,
And drink the fountain's wine.

For I would die as dies the deer,
Beneath the trees I love,
With streamlets murmuring in my ear,
And heaven's sweet blue above.

[*This story commenced in No. 205.*]

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," "Darcy," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOM A PRISONER.

AGAIN the faint and distant creaking of the ponderous wagon wheels reached Tom's ear. With a slight shudder he stepped over the inanimate form of old Rube Lund, and followed as rapidly as he could in the direction of the sound.

Tom felt sure, whether he succeeded in his own undertaking or not, that the miners would sooner or later follow, if Brave himself reached the settlement to lead them back.

He did not mean to do anything rashly; and if, on making a reconnaissance, he should find that there was no chance of carrying out his plan, it would be comparatively easy to rejoin the miners at Bonanza City.

So reasoning, Tom hurried forward as fast as possible, guided by the sound of the wheels grinding over the dry, caked soil. As the moon began showing her face over the nearest range, Tom caught a glance of the white wagon tilt entering a dark defile between two tolerably well wooded hills, through which he remembered having passed that very afternoon.

"I wonder how much further they mean to go," muttered Tom, discontentedly. As he reached the deep shadows cast by the overhanging cliff at the entrance, his question was answered by the glimmer of a newly-started camp-fire. As it blazed into brightness, Tom counted something like a dozen or more dark forms dismounting from their ponies. He crept nearer, perfectly sheltered by the underbrush, and saw the tired mules untethered from the wagon, and led to a mountain pool or spring close by.

Sheltered by a dense thicket of mesquite, Tom, not twenty feet from the blaze, could see and hear all that passed without incurring the slightest risk of detection.

And the first discovery he made as the band gathered about the blaze, toasting strips of "jerked" deer meat over the glowing embers, was that Black Cloud, whose ferocious features and unusually burly build he would have recognized among a thousand, was the leader of the gang.

That Nita or Stefano were nowhere to be seen, was his next discovery. A moment or two later, however, in obedience to a muttered order from Black Cloud, one of the Apaches approached and threw back the wagon tilt, and Tom caught a glimpse of two forms, lying on the skins or wool packs, which he felt sure were those of the prisoners.

The Apache bent toward them as though to make sure that their lashings were all right, and apparently addressed to them some taunting remark, which remained unanswered.

Tom glanced at the position of the wagon itself. The front of it was facing the fire, while the back was turned towards a thick patch of scrub oak and pine.

"Easiest thing in the world to get 'em out of that," thought Tom, exultantly, as even his unpracticed eye could see that the Indians were without the slightest fear of pursuit.

But Tom had reckoned without his host. The Apache, under the most favorable circumstances, seldom forgets his wonted caution and cunning.

The hours wore on, and Tom listened in vain for any sound or sign to tell him that the Bonanza City miners were anywhere in the vicinity. One after another of the Apaches wrapped himself in his blanket

and lay down with his feet to the blaze, leaving Black Cloud and four others standing guard, more from habit, it seemed, than from fear of lurking enemies.

Only Black Cloud and two or three of his subordinates had firearms. The others were provided with the knife, hatchet, and stout lancewood bow, which latter, even at the present day, is carried, in addition to a rifle, by some of the border tribes.

From this, Tom inferred that the main object of capturing the wagon had been to obtain more firearms. That they had been disappointed in this, Tom was quite sure; he remembered having heard the trader say that he had sold the last of a few condemned army carbines to the Navajos of whom he had purchased his wool.

As he was vaguely conjecturing what the Apaches would do with their prize, and wishing that the dozing sentinels would drift off into slumber, so that he could attempt his release of the two captives, Black Cloud rose, and walked to the wagon.

A moment later Nita and her son were assisted rather rudely to the ground, the thongs about their ankles being loosened enough to allow them to be led nearer the fire. A skin was thrown on the ground, upon which the two captives were forced to recline.

Black Cloud rolled himself in his blanket and lay down a few feet away, with his gun at his side. A tall Apache sat on the other side of the prisoners, with his back against a rock; the glow of the fire threw his ferocious features into strong relief as he, from time to time, drowsily replenished the fire.

Tom's project of crawling into the wagon and releasing his friends was thwarted; but he began to think if in any way he could help them even now, impossible as it might seem.

An idea occurred to him as he was racking his busy brain. Softly withdrawing from the thicket, he made a long *detour* which brought him to the opposite side of the fire, still hidden by the dense underbrush. Here, he worked away with his hunting knife as noiselessly as possible, and succeeded in cutting and trimming a long stout sapling.

To one end of this he lashed the handle of the keen double-edged knife, with a thong of dried elk skin which he found in his haversack.

Leaving his rifle where he could find it, Tom laid himself flat on the ground and began worming himself through the thick clumps of alder and *bois d'arc*, dragging the pole after him, till he reached the edge of the little clearing in which the fire was built.

Had not the Apaches been so certain of their perfect security, Tom could never have reached this point without betraying his presence. He was not skilled enough in woodcraft to imitate the noiseless movement of the redskin or crafty scout.

The rustle of the leaves, the occasional snap of a twig, and similar trifling sounds, would have been at once detected; but the old Apache's usually sharp ear was dulled, and his eyes heavy with sleep, against the approach of which he was spasmodically struggling.

Nearer and yet nearer, and with his heart in his mouth, Tom began extending the pole, inch by inch, beyond him, till the end with the hunting knife touched the shoulder of Stefano, whose eyes turned downward toward it.

Not a muscle of his dark face moved. Without changing the position of his body, he succeeded in bringing his bound wrists to the ground in such a way that Tom began softly sawing away at the rawhide thongs.

Suddenly the sentinel Apache uttered a convulsive snort, opened his eyes and glanced sharply about him. Tom, almost paralyzed with fear, suspended operations and held his very breath.

The Indian looked at his prisoners, but they were lying motionless, with closed eyes. Luckily the pole itself was hidden by the short, thick grass. The Apache tossed another billet of dry wood upon the fire, and pulled his greasy blanket a little more closely about his neck. He listened intently for a moment, and then fell into another doze.

One or two more movements, and the sapling was softly drawn from Tom's hands! A breathless pause ensued, during which, as Tom conjectured, Stefano was getting the knife loose. Then he saw the Indian lad reaching down and severing the lashings about his own and his mother' ankles! Nita's wrists were then freed—and what next?

"Good heavens!" muttered Tom, "I never thought of *that!*"

For each had risen to a half-sitting posture. Stefano, whose glowing eyes were steadfastly fixed on the sleeping guard, as though to spring upon him like a young mountain tiger at the first sign of his awaking, silently passed the knife to Nita.

Drawing her lithe form forward, the Indian woman crept, snake-like, toward her enemy, Black Cloud, the slayer of her Mexican husband.

With every nerve at a tension, Tom watched her stealthy progress till she had reached the chief's side. Then, as she raised her bared right arm, the blade of the hunting knife glittered a moment in the firelight and descended!

But just at that instant the Indian turned in his slumber, and the keen blade, intended for his heart, missed its aim and buried itself in the fleshy part of Black Cloud's shoulder.

The yell which escaped the awakened Apache's lips as Nita sprang to her feet, holding the dripping knife clutched in her fingers, was echoed by one of exultation from Stefano, as together the two darted into the cover of the heavy growth, and in an instant were swallowed up in the darkness.

As yell after yell rent the air, Tom slipped back and secured his rifle. So far, everything had succeeded even beyond his highest expectations; he had secured the freedom of his friends, and now he must look to his own safety. The intense darkness was of course, greatly in his favor, but blundering about at midnight among a thick growth of young walnut and scrub oak was both difficult and dangerous. Tom dared not attempt to return to the more open plain by way of the mouth of the defile; for the entire camp was now aroused, and that point would certainly be guarded.

Oh, if Brave's mission had only succeeded, and the plainsmen, guided by the tumult in the defile, could sweep down upon the Apaches—what an opportunity to put an end to their further marauding!

Tom's meditations were brought to a sudden stop by the sound of clattering hoofbeats approaching at a gallop.

There followed in quick succession a volley of hoarse shouts—presumably as the camp-fire came in sight—a sharp fusillade, a wild and general stampede of the Apaches' ponies.

"Hurrah, there's Bob Cope and his party!" shouted Tom triumphantly, as he turned in the direction of the tumult, and began forcing his way through the underbrush.

Two dark forms suddenly confronted him; and feeling assured that he had fallen in with his friends, Tom called out:

"Stefano, is that you and Nita?"

Which was very unfortunate for him. For the only reply was a grunt and a guttural remark; and before Tom knew what had happened, a gigantic Apache swooped down upon him with a suddenness and ferocity before which his own fierce resistance was as nothing.

In another instant, he was disarmed, and thrown to the ground. One Indian, kneeling on Tom's writhing body turned him half over, and twisted his hands behind him with the dexterity of a London policeman; then he knotted two or three turns of rawhide about his wrists, which were held forcibly back to back. Tom's first assailant placed his knee on his prisoner's chest, and, covering Tom's mouth with one brawny hand, held with the other the sharp point of his scalping knife pressed against his throat.

"You keep um still," he muttered; and Tom, now aware that he was in the clutches of Black Cloud himself, lay very still indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

CARRIED OFF TO THE TORTURE.

The voices of the attacking party grew nearer, but still the Apaches remained crouched on the body of their helpless victim.

Tom uttered a silent prayer, for he knew very well that his life just then was hanging by the slenderest possible thread.

If discovered, his savage captors would kill him before making their escape, as they easily could, aided by the darkness. And a sound or movement on his own part would bring about a similar catastrophe.

"It's no use; the cusses has lit out an' scattered ev'ry way," Tom heard Cope call out, an' we'll on'y batter our brains out agin' the trees here, a huntin' around in the dark; so let's git back whar the camp fire is, an' see ef we kin find out what's become of ol' Rube's Injun wife an' the half-breed boy."

"All right, Cap'n Bob," replied another; "but I'd like derned well to know whar that there Tom got to after he sent the dog back to camp. Mebbe we'll find him stuck full uv arrers, same as ol' Rube wuz."

"I wuz hopin' the dog ud track him, but instid he took us stret up to the 'Paches campin' place," said a third, "which is kinder curis, 'cause——"

And then with the receding steps the voices died away in the distance, and Tom's last hope departed with them.

Urging their captive to his feet with no gentle hand, the Apaches, after exchanging a few rapid words, appropriated his rifle, revolver, haversack, and cartridge belt.

Then, half dragging, half driving him, the two hurried Tom into the more open ground of the valley itself, and began a sort of forced march through the now diminishing darkness. They took a northerly direction, as nearly as Tom could judge by the waning stars.

They traveled this way till the glimmer of approaching dawn began lighting up the eastern sky, and Tom began to make out his surroundings.

On either side were sloping, well-wooded hills, while their course seemed to be along the bed of an extinct river.

A low whistle broke the morning silence. It was answered by Black Cloud's companion, and in another moment three mounted Indians, leading as many of the stampeded ponies, emerged from a timber line close at hand.

A hasty conference followed, and Tom was bidden to mount one of the ponies, which he did, with the rough assistance of two of his captors. The others sprang into the empty saddles; and, with an Apache at either bridle rein, poor Tom began a ride the memory of which will abide till his dying day.

It was in the month of September, after the rainy season of July and August, and Nature was in full gala dress.

On every side the groves of pine, cedar and spruce, or of oak, juniper and ash, covered the grassy slopes, until they emerged from the valley itself, and came to a halt at the edge of a plain whose color was the color of copper—or rather verdigris.

Here some pounded parched corn and tough, leathery dried beef was handed round, while the ponies drank their fill from a sort of natural tank among the rocks, which had been filled by the recent rains.

Tom's hands were unbound for him to eat and drink his own scanty allowance.

Black Cloud washed and dressed with chewed leaves the ugly wound in his shoulder, scowling viciously at Tom as he did so.

"You knife do dat," he growled; "never mind, me pay you up bime by;" to which cheerful prophecy Tom made no reply. To escape was of course the one ruling thought in his mind, but how to accomplish it was quite another thing.

Preserving a dogged silence, he swallowed the food and water, and was again hoisted to the saddle. This time, as an additional precaution, Tom's feet were confined by a lariat passing from one to the other under the horse, and again the journey was renewed.

They passed over a barren desert, so arid that only the prickly pear and solemn *pithaya* can exist among the fastnesses of the volcanic rocks, which lay in great masses, scattered irregularly about the plain.

Sweltering with heat, tormented by thirst, driven half frantic by sand flies and mosquitoes, galled by the hard wooden saddle covered with green hide, and a prey to terrible apprehension as to his ultimate fate, Tom will never forget that terrible ride.

Through black gorges, between low ridges of treeless hills, which seemed burned and baked to a deep brick red by the fierce rays of a blazing sun, they journeyed on; sometimes with walls of rock like porphyry and jasper rising on either hand.

Here grew the trident-shaped cactus tree to the height of fifty and sixty feet; the tree, which, as it dies and shrinks, dries into impalpable powder, leaving only the tough and elastic ribs two and three feet apart, to serve as rafters for some rancher's house of adobe brick.

Here, too, is the maguey plant or *mescal*, whose bulbous root, as large as a cabbage, furnished a hasty meal at noon, wrested from the dry soil and baked over the coals of a hot fire of hickory roots.

But toward nightfall the scenery changed. Before them lay the mouth of a winding canyon, where ages ago some mighty river had swept its way.

Its sides were irregular masses of what was once molten lava, rising tier on tier, where successive streams of the fiery fluid had cooled after some great volcanic action.

In the canyon itself was a profuse growth of vegetation with abundant grass and cooling shade; while through the middle wound a cooling stream from a spring far up the height.

Here was a large encampment of Apaches; and as they dismounted among the *tepes*, Tom saw, with a sinking heart, that nearly all the Indians who came crowding round captors and captive were decorated with war paint.

Squaws and young girls, who by no means resembled, in looks or apparel, the typical Indian female as described by Cooper, were bringing water from the stream, or cooking the evening meal over a blazing fire in the middle of the *tepes*; while half naked Indian boys displayed their skill at shooting with bows and arrows.

Tom was given into the keeping of two stalwart Indian braves. After a meal of boiled deer's meat, he was thrust into an empty *tepe*. With hands and feet securely bound, he lay tossing unrestfully through the weary night watches; while his guard passed and repassed between a great fire in front of the *tepe*, and the wide open entrance, where Tom's every movement could be seen.

A thousand conflicting thoughts were busy in Tom's excited brain as the weary hours dragged slowly on toward the dawning of the day which had in store for him—what?

He had heard enough of Apache atrocities, even in his short experience on the plains, to know that mercy to a captured white is as unusual at the present day as it was fifty years ago. He knew, too, that from earliest boyhood the Apache delights in nothing so much as to torture the helpless bird or beast or human being that lies in his power.

As the horrible tales which he had heard passed through Tom's mind, his mental agony became even greater than that of the condemned man on the night before his execution.

The latter can at least look forward to a death which, if not painless, is quickly over. Tom was no coward; yet it is only the hero of very improbable fiction who can fearlessly look forward to a lingering death by torture with the mental resolve that he will not gratify his savage foe by look or word expressing his physical sufferings.

And so the long night wore away and gave place to dawn. That another morning would never break for him Tom felt assured. Silently, but from his heart, Tom prayed that the sins of his life, such as they were, might be forgiven him; and, as best he knew how, he commended his spirit to the God who gave it.

The memory of the sad beautiful face which he had seen in his dreams, and which he intuitively connected with that of the mother he could not recall, came before him. He thought of Professor Dean's tender and fatherly care throughout their wandering life, and of the friendship which had existed between himself and Mr. Sherard and Dolly, both of whom believed him no longer living.

"Ugh! white fellow cry like squaw—he 'fraid!" said a contemptuous voice, breaking in on the agonizing reflections which for the moment had forced a few natural tears from his closed eyes.

The speaker was Black Cloud, who, in all the glory of fresh war paint and a new blanket, had stepped inside, and was contemplating his captive with grim satisfaction.

Tom made no reply—simply because he could not call to mind words that were bitter enough to express his detestation of the murderer of helpless women and children who stood before him.

"You cry worse 'fore long," added the Apache, with a fiendish grin. He called something in his native tongue to a half-dozen of painted braves standing without, and two or three of them entered the *tepe*.

Tom's ankles and wrists were loosed. He was jerked rudely to his feet, and half led, half dragged, outside.

In a large open space before the encampment was gathered the entire population.

There were squaws and young girls, boys and old men, with here and there a tall "buck," strutting grandly about, proud in the possession of a stovepipe hat or a dilapidated fatigue cap, the spoils of some recent skirmish with the frontier soldiers.

Tom cast one despairing glance about him as he was led forward. There was no trace of anything like pity in the hard, cruel and brutal faces—nothing but a sort of fiendish satisfaction.

"God help me to die bravely!" was his inward prayer; and, summoning all his fortitude, Tom drew himself up proudly. He compressed his lips, and awaited the doom whose nature he could only conjecture.

At a sign from Black Cloud, Tom's heavy blue shirt was pulled over his head and tossed carelessly aside, leaving him naked to the waist. As he stood shivering in the cool morning air, with his muscular arms tightly folded across his broad white chest, Tom even then found himself wondering when he should awake from this horrible nightmare! It could not be true that in that present year of our Lord a white prisoner was to be put to the torture!

Without ceremony Tom was flung to the ground and laid on his back. His arms and legs were extended in what is known as "spread eagle" fashion. His wrists and ankles were securely fastened, by narrow thongs of rawhide, to stout hickory pegs driven deep in the soil.

Tom supposed that he was simply to be left to die of slow starvation, with all the additional sufferings of body and mind which such a position would engender.

But the fiendish ingenuity of the Chiricahua Apache has improved on this comparatively merciful form of torture.

A brave approached with an armful of hard pine splints, which he proceeded to arrange in a neat pile on Tom's bare white chest.

"Tell you I make you cry," coolly remarked Black Cloud, as an agonized groan escaped the lips of poor Tom when he realized what was to come.

Kneeling beside his prostrate victim, while a murmur of anticipation ran through the surrounding throng, Black Cloud struck a match on a flat stone, and held it a second or two between his fingers for the flame to burn up clear and bright.

(To be continued.)

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Stamp collecting seems to be as great a favorite as ever among young people, and with many grown-ups, too. It is not confined to this country. We hear of a gentleman in France who has over a million postage stamps, preserved in 130 splendidly bound volumes; while another employs two clerks to manage his collection, so enormous is it. In Paris alone, it is said, there are 150 wholesale firms in the trade; one of them has recently been offering to purchase certain stamps of 1836 at $200 apiece.

Here are a few details, taken from the *Type Founder*, on the printing of our own postage stamps, which may interest our readers:

The design is engraved on steel in sets of two hundred each. These are printed entirely on large hand presses. After the sheets have been printed and sufficiently dried, they are sent into another room for gumming. (The gum is made of a powder of dried potatoes and other vegetables mixed with water.) Here they are again dried and pressed in hydraulic presses of great power. The sheets are next cut in two pieces, by a girl with a large pair of shears, this way being preferred to machinery because fewer sheets are thus spoiled. If a single stamp is injured, the whole sheet is rejected. Not less than a half million stamps are each week destroyed on this account. It is said that not a single sheet of stamps has been lost by dishonesty of employes during the last twenty years.

THE CAPE OF STORMS.

BY ALAN ASHLEY.

A NIGHT of roaring, wild, tempestuous winds,
And blinding mist, and cruel, sweeping surge,
Deadening the light, drowning the fog horn's dirge,
While on the rock the doomed keel hopeless grinds.
Beauteous and wild the foamy Cape; but, ah!
Beauty but veils that false white Golgotha.

STRANGE TALES OF SHIPWRECK.

BY GEORGE GORDON MACLEOD.

THE tourist will not find a wilder spot in England than its extreme western point, where the Land's End looks out upon the wide and stormy Atlantic. When all is calm and bright there is no more beautiful scene; but think of a foggy winter's night, when the gale is sweeping in from the ocean, and the mighty waves thundering against the rocks, as they did when our luckless vessel met her doom.

The New Commercial was a brig of 250 tons, bound from Liverpool to South America. On the night of Friday, the 10th of January, 1851, she struck upon a ledge which runs between the Great and Little Brison, two detached rocks on the Cornish coast.

There was a fresh breeze blowing from the south - southwest, and the sea was running very high. The vessel immediately went to pieces. The crew got on to the ledge; with them was the wife of the captain, Samuel Sanderson.

As soon as day broke, the ten castaways were discovered from the shore, but no help could be rendered them, owing to the violence of the sea. About nine o'clock a tremendous wave broke over the rock and swept them all away. Seven were drowned; two, the master and his wife, were washed upon the peaked head of the Little Brison; and the third, a mulatto named Williams, managed to cling to a portion of the floating wreck. Williams remained for hours drifting about in the furious sea, and at last the Sennen fishermen at the other end of Whitesand Bay resolved to make an effort to save him. Five of them got their boat, the Grace, out through the breakers, and after a severe struggle put her alongside and rescued him.

The news of the wreck had spread, and Captain Davies, of the Coastguard, sent for the Revenue cutter Sylvia to take off the survivors. Just as the mulatto was being rescued, the cutter rounded the Land's End, and came up through the bay to the rocks. Mr. Forward, her commander, launched a boat, and with four men tried to get near the Little Brison, on which the captain and his wife were still clinging, with the waves foaming around them and threatening each instant to sweep them off. The attempt was fruitless; the rock could not then be approached, and the boat with great difficulty regained the cutter. Night was coming on, and all that could be done was to lie to; so up went the cutter's colors to encourage the wretched couple on the Brison, and all that night, without food or shelter, in the wind and the rain and the raging sea, they were left there to suffer and pray for help.

On Sunday morning the wind happily drew a little to the southeast, and the sea slightly abated. On the Saturday there had been many spectators along the cliffs, and on the Sunday at daybreak hundreds came out to see the end. The man and woman were still on the rock; the cutter was still in the bay. Toward noon the sun broke through the clouds, and lighting up the coast added to the feverish interest of the scene.

The morning was spent in preparation. At one o'clock three of the fishing-boats and the Coastguard boat came up from Sennen, and Captain Davies in another boat from Penden arrived with some rockets he had brought with him from Penzance. The cutter's boat, under Mr. Forward, was also launched; so that six boats were ready to take part in the danger. For the sea was still running so high that no boat could venture within a hundred yards of the rock. That far, and no further, could they get.

Thus the only way to effect the rescue was by means of the rocket apparatus, and that had never been tried on this coast before, nor had it anywhere been tried from a boat. And the boat was only an ordinary galley, twenty-six feet long by five wide. The printed instructions said that the person firing the rocket should be fifty feet in the rear to be free from danger, and these conditions could not be complied with in such a craft. One of the men who had never seen a rocket in use volunteered to fire it, but Captain Davies resolved to proceed systematically and take the risk himself. Driving his boat up as close as he could to the rock, he anchored her. He then entered the triangle or rocket-frame, and placed another boat astern to train his, and then he ordered his crew out into one of the Sennen boats while he remained alone to fire the nine-pound Dennett.

These manœuvers having been successfully accomplished, he discharged the rocket, and for an instant was wrapped in a sheet of flame from the back fire. He sustained no injury, but the line shot well over the rock, happened to fall on a sharp ridge, and was instantly cut in two.

When the boats fell back and left the captain alone, the excitement of those on the cliffs rose to fever pitch, and when the line was seen to break and the end slip back into the sea, the disappointment showed itself in a long moan of alarm. Soon, however, another rocket was procured, and again, with the boat behind training the galley, the captain fired it clean over the rock.

As the rope dropped beside her, the woman raised her clasped hands to heaven in sign of gratitude, and the sun again shot out from behind the clouds and lit up the group of boats, and in the bright sunlight the man was seen to tie the line round his wife's waist and encourage her to take the fearful leap, while she lingered, hesitating to jump into the white, frothing waters, which, now the tide had turned, were a dozen feet below her. At length his persuasions prevailed, and after a last embrace she made the plunge for life or death. As she left the rock the clouds rolled up again, and three immense waves broke in rapid succession, imperiling the safety of all on the scene. For a time the boats were entirely hidden from the view of the spectators, and a loud cry broke forth, "They are gone!" and the women turned away their heads towards the land and shrieked aloud.

Soon, however, the boats appeared on the crest of the waves, and then the cheering broke forth anew as slowly the line drew home. Alas! so fierce had been the sea that the woman had been under water all the three minutes she was being dragged to the boat, and when she reached it she was almost lifeless. All was done that could be done, but before the boat could reach the shore her spirit had fled. The captain did not remain on the rock long after his wife. He tied the line round him, and was safely hauled to the galley, after having been on the Brison over thirty-six hours.

Considering that this service was performed in ordinary open boats, not lifeboats, it deservedly ranks as one of the most daring in the records of the sea. But the survivors of the shipwrecked brig Nerina were rescued under still more extraordinary circumstances.

The Nerina, in November, 1840, was sixteen days out from Dunkirk, bound for Marseilles, with a cargo of oil and canvas, when she was hove to in a heavy gale about thirty miles south of the Scilly Islands, and after buffeting about for four hours, suddenly broached to and capsized. She was commanded by Captain Everard, who had with him, as cabin-boy, his nephew Nicholas—a lad of fourteen—and a crew of fine ordinary seamen. When the disaster occurred all were below except the helmsman, and he seems to have been at once swept overboard. The captain, mate and boy were in the cabin, and the three men in the forecastle. When they found the brig turning turtle, the men forward rushed downward, or rather upward, to the kelson. Two of them succeeded in keeping their heads above water, but the third got entangled among a coil of ropes and was drowned. The cargo had been shifted by the shock, and dropped on to the deck, and up along the ship's bottom there was left an empty space in which the imprisoned air kept back the water.

In the cabin the mate tore down the hatch in the deck, scrambled into the lazaretto, and rolled the casks away that were there stored. The captain caught the boy in his arms, helped him up, and then, as the water came rushing in, followed him through the hatchway. They were thus in the same position against the kelson as the men were, and in about an hour's time they were joined by the crew, who, hearing their voices, crept aft to them.

So shallow was the air space that they had to sit up to their waists in water. As they could not sit upright, they had to take it in turns to stretch themselves along the casks with their bodies squeezed close to the vessel's timbers. And all the time the ship labored and rolled and threatened to swing over and founder.

The night passed and the morning came, and they saw the light striking down into the sea and reflected upward to them through the cabin skylight and the open lazaretto hatch.

The day and night of Tuesday the 17th and the day of Wednesday the 18th passed without food, without relief, and almost without hope; but still each encouraged the others when no one could really entertain hope for himself. They endeavored to assuage the pangs of hunger by chewing the bark stripped off from the hoops of the casks. Want of fresh air threatening them with death by suffocation, the mate worked almost incessantly for two days and a night in trying with his knife to cut a hole through the hold. Happily the knife broke before he had succeeded in accomplishing his object, the result of which must have proved fatal, as the confined air alone preserved the vessel in a sufficiently buoyant state.

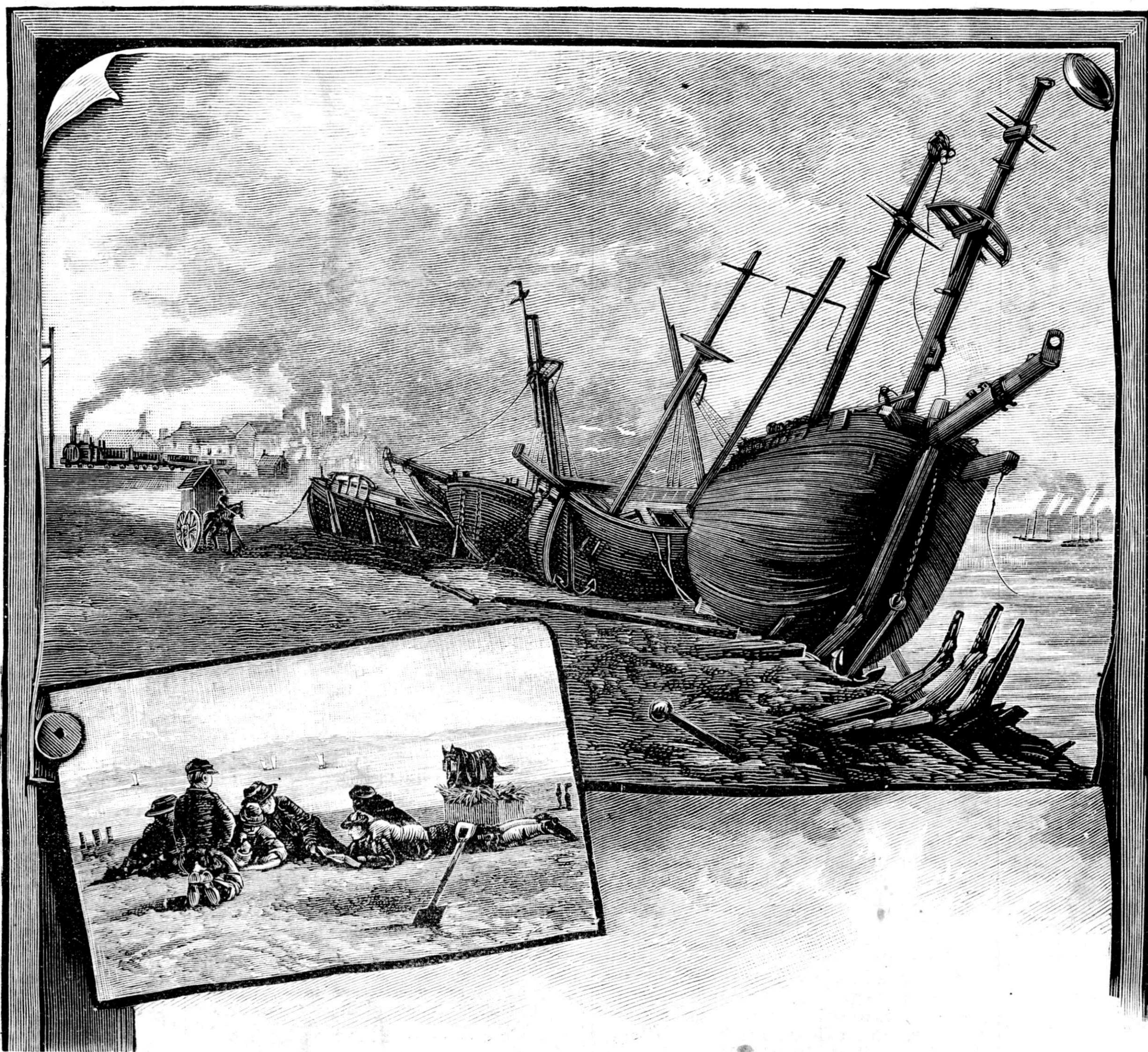
In the afternoon of the Wednesday the wreck was fallen in with by a couple of pilot-boats, who took it in tow for some time, ignorant, of course, that any living thing was within it. The ropes, however, broke, and night closed in, and the weather looking ugly they sheered off and left it to its fate. Their interference was important, for they towed it into the set of the current on to the islands, and when they left it with its keel barely showing above water it was being slowly but surely carried towards St. Mary's.

During the Wednesday night the Nerina suddenly struck and reeled. Then she struck again, and seemed to be going to pieces. Then she struck a third time, and the after part dropped so much in the water that the men had to creep towards the bow, and in attempting to do so, one of them dropped through the hatch into the cabin and was drowned.

Finding the vessel ashore and the water ebbing, the other man soon afterwards entered the cabin, and while searching for the axe usually kept there, was nearly washed out by the sudden inrush of the sea. As the darkness passed away, a rock was found to have been thrust into the broken skylight, and the prisoners saw to their intense relief that they were securely aground.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning. The captain got down into the cabin and found the quarter stove in. Through a crack he caught sight of a man on the beach. The man approached and thrust in his hand. The captain seized it. The man's terror may be imagined. He thought he had been clutched by some monster of the sea!

The alarm was given. The neighbors were soon collected and cut their way into the ship's side, and the four survivors were liberated from their floating sepulchre after an entombment of three days and nights in the mighty deep.



AFTER THE STORM—THE SHIPWRECKED BRIG.

THE OLDEST NAME.

THREE strangers, a Londoner, a Scotchman, and an American traveler, met, says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, in the dining-room of a little wayside inn in England, and agreed to dine together.

The dinner lasted a good while, for all three had walked far that morning. But nothing can last forever, except a lawsuit or a serial which is paid by the sheet, and at length our heroes showed signs of having had enough.

"Well," said the American, casting a glance through the open window at the westering sun, "I don't know how *you* feel, gentlemen, but it seems to *me* that it's just about time to be starting again."

"And before we go," suggested the Englishman, "let's toss up for who shall pay for the dinner."

"Aweel," remarked the canny Scot, "I'm thinkin' the best way wad be for each man to pay his ain share."

"No; I'll tell you how we'll do it," interposed the Yankee. "We haven't told each other our names yet, so whichever of us has got the oldest name shall go free, and the other two shall halve the score between 'em."

"Done!" cried his two companions, with one voice; and the Englishman, thrusting his hand into his pocket, produced, with a confident smile, a card inscribed "Richard Eve."

"My name's as old as humanity itself, anyhow," said he.

"Ay; but before Eve there was *Adam*, ye ken," observed the gentleman from Clydesdale, with a dry chuckle, as he displayed the name of "Adam McTaggart." "Can ye beat *that*, freend?" added he, turning to the New Englander.

"Seems to me I can," replied the unmoved Yankee, "for my name's the oldest in the world."

And so it was; for the card that he threw upon the table—at which the two others gazed with a stare of blank bewilderment that gradually broadened into a hearty laugh—bore the name of "*Mr. B. Ginning.*"

MY HUSBAND'S BANK.

SELF-MADE people are not always the most modest in the world. In one of the suburbs of Boston, says the *Record* of that city, there lives a family whose head has won considerable wealth from humble beginnings, not unlike those of Commodore Vanderbilt; with the difference that while he, like Vanderbilt, began as a boatman, he expanded into banking, instead of into the railroad business. Ever since he became a banker his excellent wife has became smitten with the great importance of her husband's new occupation, and has advertised it on every possible occasion. The horse car conductors all know her, and smile when she enters the car and grandly utters her command;

"Conductor, let me off at my husband's bank!"

One day lately a trampish looking old fellow, with a red nose, got on the car just as the banker's wife delivered her usual order to the conductor. The old man watched her performance curiously, and then arose, pulled himself together, and called out with a magnificent air that was inimitable:

"Conductor, let me off at my old woman's peanut stand!"

A roar went through the air, and "my husband's bank" has not been mentioned so often since.

THE LAST MONTH.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

December's sun is low; the Year is old;
Through fallen leaves and flying flakes of snow,
The aged pilgrim climbs the mountain cold,
But look! the summits in the afterglow!
Nothing before her but the peak, the sky!
Nothing? Ah, look! beyond is everything!
Over these mountains greener valleys lie;
A happier New Year, an eternal Spring!

[*This story commenced in 209.*]

MAKING A MAN of HIMSELF

By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER VII.

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

CLIFTON GRAVES did not reason in the excitement of the moment, and he was shocked at the very presence of so much money in the chest, for he was certain that it had been placed there and buried under the flat stone by his father. It was his father's handwriting in the paper before him, and there could be no mistake about it.

Had his father stolen it? The thought overwhelmed him. But David Graves would not have taken the money for the purpose of burying it in the wilderness.

Twenty thousand dollars! It seemed to the young hunter like all the money in the world. He could not read any more of the paper until he had satisfied himself of the truth of the first statement. He untied the strings with which the package was secured, and unfolded the oil-cloth.

Another wrapper of paper had to be taken off, and then he discovered a vast number of small bundles of bills, each with a paper slip around it. On each slip was written "$100." He counted the bundles, and found there were two hundred of them. It would have taken him all night to count the bills, but the number of bundles indicated the amount named in the paper.

Clifton, who had lived in the woods since he was six, thought he could buy out the whole world for this sum. But at that moment it occurred to him that he was careless to expose this vast treasure even in the loneliness of that mountain region. He placed the bundles of bills as he found them, and then tied up the package. He returned it to the box, and stuffed the rags around it.

When he had screwed the lid in its place, he began to consider what he should do with the chest. This subject gave him a great deal of uneasiness. He could not even trust Stilt Buckram with this "momentous secret," which the flood had revealed to him. The old hunter had been inclined to keep the pocket-book. He might yield to the temptation to take possession of this enormous amount. It would not be strange if he did. Stilt must know nothing about it. It was a hard task to keep the secret from his only friend, but he must do it.

After considering the question carefully, he concluded that his father's plan was the best one, and he removed a portion of the logs, which had been hewn on one side to form the floor. He then dug a hole under the shop large enough to receive the chest. He buried the treasure there, and then replaced the logs, nailing them down as they were before. He took the precaution to sweep out what earth had fallen on the floor while he was digging, so that its presence might not suggest anything to Stilt when he came into the shop.

When he had completed the work he felt easier, for no one could possibly stumble upon the chest while it was buried under the floor. Taking the lantern and a hoe, he went to the place where he had found the chest, filled up the hole, and removed the flat rock, so that neither of them could suggest anything to the hunter.

Returning to the shop, he sat down by the bench and picked up the paper. Even then he was not ready to read it, for he dreaded some painful revelation in regard to his father. Both his mother and the hunter had taught him to believe that David Graves was a good man, honest and true. But he soon mustered courage to read the rest of the paper, though he stopped to reflect upon every sentence it contained.

"This package contains twenty thousand dollars. This money is part of seventy thousand dollars stolen from the vault in the treasury of the city of Pinkingham," he read.

Pinkingham? He had never heard of the place. His father had never told where he lived before he came into the wilderness. He had often asked his mother, but she gently evaded a reply. Pinkingham must be the place, wherever it was. "A part of seventy thousand dollars." Who had stolen it? If it was his father, what had he done with the rest of the money? Was it hidden in another chest under the log cabin?

"It was not stolen by me," he continued to read. Clifton started from his seat and danced around the shop with delight as he finished this sentence. He did not care to read any more at present.

"Good! Good! Good enough!" he shouted, in a voice loud enough to startle the owls that were keeping vigil in the woods around the shop. "Father didn't steal the money from the vault! That's enough for me! I wonder what a vault is. It must be some place in which money is kept. Seventy thousand dollars! Worse and worse; and it must have taken the thief a month to count his money when he got it."

"I have written out a full statement of the robbery, which my wife keeps in a tin box in her trunk," Clifton continued to read.

"A full statement. That must be an account of the robbery, and that will tell who stole the money," Clifton commented out loud, for the sound of his own voice seemed to be some consolation in his loneliness. "Mother kept the statement in a tin box in the trunk. She would have given it to me had she lived till after supper.'

THEY LIFTED THE STOLEN BOAT, AND MOVED CAUTIOUSLY TOWARDS THE LAKE.

"In her trunk. She kept it in her chamber, which was on the front of the house. It must have been carried away by the water, for I did not find it with the other things. It must have been smashed to pieces on the rocks in the river. If it was, the box would sink; and I may find it when the river is low."

"If I should fail to restore the money, and vindicate my character during my lifetime, my wife will, in due time, instruct my son what to do in order that my memory may be redeemed from a foul charge.

"DAVID GRAVES.

"(Not my real name, which will be found in the statement.)"

"Not my father's real name!" exclaimed Clifton. "Then my name is not Graves. But my first name is Clifton; mother told me so. If I call myself Clifton, I may do some mischief in this case, which I can't understand. I have been Clipper Graves for years, and never knew myself by any other name. I think I will stick to the old name till I get out of the woods in this business."

Clipper (as he insists upon calling himself, and we will respect his wishes), felt that he could do nothing more that night, unless it was a great deal of thinking. He made up his bed on the shavings, using some of the bed clothes he had dried before the fire that evening. For hours he lay thinking of the astounding discovery he had made. The only conclusion he could reach was that the tin box containing the statement must be found. He could do nothing without it.

The next day he made a thorough search for the trunk, or any fragments of it, from the site of the cabin down to the boat landing. If it had been torn in pieces, as he was sure it must have been, the parts had been borne away by the swift waters. But the tin box must have filled with water and sunk. Very likely the statement had been spoiled by the water. He found pieces of many other articles along the stream, but nothing that he identified as a part of the trunk.

During the absence of Stilt, Clipper made the tablet, and cut the name of "Lucy Graves" upon it; but it was clear enough now to him that neither memorial bore the real name of the one buried beneath it. When this hallowed duty had been done, Clipper continued his search on the river, but with no better success than before.

When Stilt returned from the hunt with the party, he was greatly surprised to find that Clipper insisted upon living in the shop. The boy felt that he must be near the buried chest. If he deserted the place some wanderer might take up his abode in the building, and find the money concealed beneath it. There was no great danger that such a thing would happen, but Clipper was not willing to run the slightest risk in a matter of so much importance.

The heavy rains in May did not permit him to examine the bottom of the river, as he intended. He made several efforts to do so, but it was dangerous to fool with the torrent that still rushed on its winding way down the mountain sides. Both the tin box containing the important statement and the pocketbook were still undiscovered. Clipper had satisfied himself that the latter was not in the store room or the shop, for he had searched them a dozen times. It must have been in the cabin when it was washed away.

He told Stilt the result of his frequent searches for the pocketbook; but the old hunter seemed to be pleased that he had not found it. He was very willing that the owner should lose it for his meanness.

By the first of June the Plainbridge Hotel was open, and parties in search of health, pleasure, or rest, had begun to arrive. Many physicians order their patients to the Adirondacks in consumptive cases, and some invalids remain there during the winter.

"Them pesky varmints has come to the shanty, Clippy, and I have to lock my cabin when I leave it," said Stilt, early in June, when he went up to visit his young friend.

"I saw that their flag was hoisted; and there is a tent party on the south shore, near the outlet," replied Clipper. "It is about time for me to go over to the hotel and the camps to see if any one wants a guide."

A few days later the young hunter started on his trip over the lake. As he was rowing to the southward of Cape Island, in the centre of the lake, he was startled by loud shouts from the lonely islet.

"Help!" was the cry that came to his ears.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOINGS OF THE SHANTY BOYS.

CLIPPER turned his gaze in the direction of the island. It was covered with trees, and he could see no one. He rowed toward it, for it was possible that some one was in danger. No one would be likely to shout for help unless he needed it. When he was near to the island, he ceased rowing and looked behind him.

Certainly there was no one in the water in peril of drowning, and he began to wonder if the shanty boys, who were so troublesome in the neighborhood, were not trying to make a fool of him. It was like them to cry "wolf" when there was no wolf in sight.

"Here!" shouted a voice from the shore.

Clipper looked again, and saw a boy moving towards the point of the island nearest to his boat.

"What's the matter?" called the young hunter.

"I got left on the island, and I have no way to get off," replied the exile.

Clipper was always glad to help any one who needed his services, and he pulled for the shore again. The stranger stood so still that he could not see him till he moved. Clipper ran his boat upon the shore, and the boy came down to the beach, and leaped in at the bow. He was a gentlemanly looking young fellow, but he was pale and appeared to be in rather poor health.

"How did you get left?" asked Clipper, after he had hastily looked his passenger over.

"I didn't get left, for I came over to the island alone," replied the stranger. "I am camping over in that tent by the outlet. While Will was getting dinner, I rowed here in my boat to see this island. I ran into the little bay——"

"You mean Neck Cove?" interposed Clipper.

"I don't know what the name of it is."

"It must be Neck Cove, for that is the only bay on the island. This is Cape Island, because it looks like a woman's cape, as you see it from the hills. The inlet on the east side is the place for the neck, and that is how it gets its name."

"While I was looking the island over," continued the stranger, "I heard voices in the direction of the cove, and I walked back to see who it was. When I got there I saw two fellows in my boat, pulling out of the bay as fast as they could. There was another boat following it with only one fellow in it."

"Three of them, were there?" queried Clipper, smiling and shaking his head, as though the number was conclusive evidence to him.

"There were two of them in my boat, and one in the other. I saw the three in the other boat over by that little island when I went into the cove. I called to them to stop and not leave me on the island; but they only laughed and jeered at me," replied the stranger, indignantly.

"Did you know any of the fellows?"

"I never saw any one of them before in my life. I suppose it is a trick, played off on me for fun, but it was rough to treat a person they never saw before in that way."

"Those are the shanty boys," added Clipper.

"The shanty boys!" exclaimed the passenger. "Who may they be?"

"I don't know them; but they were here last summer, and made it warm all round for everybody."

"But isn't there any law here in the wilderness?"

"Plenty of law, but no one in particular to carry it out," answered Clipper. "I suppose if any man killed another or committed a robbery, the law would get hold of him; but generally, in this region, every man expects to take care of himself."

"But I want my boat again," suggested the stranger, with considerable energy.

"How long is it since it was taken from the cove?"

"I should think it was two hours ago; and Will must be wondering why I don't go back to dinner."

"Who is Will?"

"His name is Wilhelm Schmitt. He is a German, and does the work in our camp. Are you camping about here?"

"I camp all the year round up in the woods, about three miles from here. I do some guiding and hunting here in the season."

"O, you are a guide! Then I am glad to know you. My father is coming up here in a few weeks, and then we shall want a guide. I don't know but I shall want a guide before he comes. I want to get some fish, but I have not been able to catch a single trout since I came here."

"You didn't fish where the trout are," added Clipper, laughing. "What is your father's name?"

"John Bunse; and my name is Perry Bunse."

"Well, Perry, I suppose the next thing is to get your boat," added Clipper.

"That's so; and if you can do anything to help me, I will make it all right with you," added Perry. "But you did not tell me your name in return for mine."

"Around here they call me Clipper Graves, and you can follow the fashion if you like. Now we will pull around the island, and see where the shanty boys are. They are ugly customers, and as lawless as pirates on the ocean or highwaymen on the road."

Clipper seated his passenger in the stern of the boat, and pulled away from the island.

"Do your folks live in the woods, Clipper?" asked Perry.

"I haven't any folks; my father and mother are both dead," replied the young hunter, sadly, as he thought of the terrible scene at his mountain home a few weeks before.

"You don't live all alone, do you?" asked Perry, with interest.

"I have lived alone only a few weeks, though I stay some of the time over at Stilt Buckram's cabin. I don't see anything of the shanty boys, and I think they must have gone back to the camp."

"Do you know where their camp is?"

"It is at the head of Peach Bay."

"I suppose they will give me back my boat if I go for it, won't they?" asked Perry, anxiously.

"I don't know whether they will or not. They are hard boys, and do a great deal of mischief for the fun of it. But I should take my boat wherever I found it, whether they gave it to me or not."

"Perhaps I might get into a fight, and I am not very strong," replied Perry.

"We will go over to Peach Bay, and see what we can do, at any rate," added Clipper, as he pulled in that direction.

"You are very kind, Clipper, and I am willing to pay you for your time," said the campist.

"I am not guiding just now: and when a fellow has had his boat taken from him, I am willing to stand by him in getting it back. My boat may be stolen next; and I believe in doing as you would be done by, every time. If we find that the shanty boys are too much for us, we can run over to Flash River and get Stilt Buckram to help us. He has an old grudge against the shanty crowd, and he will be glad of a chance to pitch into them."

"Then you think there is some chance of getting back my boat?"

"Of course I do. If there isn't much State law here in the woods, there is a strong belief in right and fair play among the hunters and others that belong in here. Some of these people are rough, but you will find that they are honest, and mean right. If a man's boat is stolen, his house robbed, or his traps disturbed, all hands will turn out to hunt the fellow that did it. I think you will get your boat again, Perry," said Clipper.

"Have you always lived in the wilderness, Clipper? You don't talk like most of the people I have met in the Adirondacks," added Perry, looking over the oarsman in front of him.

"I have lived here most of my life."

"Where were you born?"

"I don't know; my parents never told me."

"You talk as though you had been to college, or had been brought up in the city."

"My mother was well educated, and I got my learning from her. She used good language, and I suppose that's the reason I do. We had a great many books at our house, and I have read a great deal about the rest of the world, though I have not been out of the woods since I was six years old."

"Is that what you call Peach Bay?" asked Perry, as the boat went into the inlet on the west side of the lake.

"This is Peach Bay, and there is the shanty at the head of it."

"There is a boat there, but I don't see mine. The three fellows are running down to the water."

Clipper ran his boat alongside the one at the beach just as the shanty boys reached the shore.

CHAPTER IX.

A MOVEMENT IN THE REAR.

"WELL, what do you want here?" demanded one of the shanty boys, who seemed to be their leader; and Clipper had no doubt it was Fordyce Gaybroon, the son of the man who had lost the pocket-book.

He was commonly called Fordy. His two companions were Buckingham Ward and Eliphalet Murkison. They were here for the summer, though not one of them seemed to be an invalid. They were believed to be the sons of rich men, though very little was known about them. They behaved so maliciously that the guides and hunters, and even the guests at the hotel, did not care to know anything more about them than they saw.

"I have come after my boat," answered Perry Bunse. "It was a very good joke; but I would like the boat if you please."

He spoke in a very gentle and gentlemanly manner; and there was nothing in his words or his manner to give offense. Clipper had advised him to begin very mildly with them; but it seemed to be the nature of Perry to do so without any advice.

"What boat?" asked Fordy Gaybroon, opening wide his eyes, with a pretense of great astonishment.

"My boat, which I left on the shore at Neck Cove, while I took a look at Neck Island," answered Perry, in the same gentle tones.

"We don't know anything about your boat, do we, Buck?" added Fordy, appealing to young Mr. Ward, the shortness of whose surname had been attoned for by the length of his Christian appellation, which his companions had abbreviated to Buck.

"I haven't seen his boat," replied Buck.

"Have you seen this fellow's boat, Life?" asked Fordy, turning to Eliphalet Murkison, whose name had been similarly reduced by his companions.

"Of course I haven't seen it!" protested Life, warmly.

"But I saw all three of you going out of the cove, and two of you were in my boat," said Perry, smiling to ease off the force of the remark.

"Do you mean to tell us we lie, you half-boiled lobster?" demanded Fordy, stepping down to the bow of the boat.

"O no! I meant no offense. I looked upon it as a joke; and as you have had it out, and left me on the island, I thought you might be willing to let me have the boat," pleaded Perry.

"We don't know anything about your boat, and wouldn't for a pint of peanuts," replied Fordy.

"Then you won't give me the boat?" said Perry.

"How can we give it to you when we haven't it, you hard-shelled crab? I don't think you had better stop here any longer; if you do, somebody may get a thrashing; and it won't be any of us, either," replied Fordy, beginning to look savage, as though he were spoiling for a fight.

Clipper did not say a word; but, at this demonstration, he backed his boat off the beach. Putting it about, he pulled out of the bay.

"Don't come over here charging gentlemen with taking your boat," shouted Fordy, as the boat receded from the shore.

"Never mind them; don't say a word," said Clipper.

"Am I to lose my boat?" asked Perry, looking very sad.

"Not at all. Of course those fellows are lying; and I mean to find out whether the boat is at the shanty camp or not," answered Clipper, as he saw the trio of marauders enter the house, probably satisfied that they had scared off the owner of the boat. "I am going to take a hand in this business, Perry, and I shall do all I can to help you, if I have to call in all the hunters and guides within ten miles of the plain."

"What are you going to do?"

"Those fellows have taken the boat out of the water, and probably they have hidden it in the bushes back of the shanty. We will look and see what they have done with it. We will land here, and make our way to the rear of their camp," replied Clipper, as he ran the boat on the beach.

"But we shall get into a fight," suggested Perry.

"Do right, whatever the consequences. When my father was about to die, this was what he instructed me to do; and I mean to do it," replied Clipper, with energy.

"But I am not a fighting character; and my health is not very good. I am afraid I could not help you much if you got into difficulty," added Perry.

"If I get into any trouble, you can run for the boat."

"And leave you to fight my battle! I wouldn't do that if they killed me!" exclaimed Perry.

"I don't think we shall have any trouble; or, if we do, we can take care of ourselves," said Clipper, quietly.

He was pleased with the pluck and high sense of honor his companion had manifested. He was the more disposed to do all he could to recover the stolen boat. He got out, and made the painter of the boat fast to a tree. He would have left the boat in charge of Perry, but he wanted him to identify his own boat if they found it, for the shanty boys had more than one boat.

Clipper led the way through the trees. There was little underbrush except on the edge of the forest, and the searchers had no difficulty in making their way speedily and silently to the rear of the shanty. Just inside of the border of bushes, through which a broad path had been cut by the campists, they found two boats. Clipper noticed that one of them had a streak started at the stem, so that it must leak badly when put into the water. The other was a "Rushton," and was a very fine boat.

Perry put his hand on the latter, and nodded with energy to signify that it was his boat. Then he pointed to a place under the rail, where the name of "Perry Bunse" had been painted in black letters, apparently for just such an occasion as the present.

Clipper nodded in a lively manner to indicate his satisfaction. The evidence of ownership was full and complete, and he was ready to take the next step. It was evident that they had taken the boat because the one by its side was not in condition to be used. The present resting place of the boat was not more than a hundred feet from the water, while it was twenty times the distance to the point where they had landed.

Though the boat weighed only fifty-five pounds, Clipper was not inclined to carry it any farther than was necessary, especially as Perry was not strong. He looked through the cut in the bushes and examined the situation. The enemy was still in the shanty. It was not more than fifty feet from him.

The shanty faced the head of the bay, and the door was on that side. The two windows by which it was lighted were also on that side. If they moved carefully they were not likely to be discovered until they were within twenty-five feet of the lake. Clipper thought they could get the craft into the water before the pursuers reached them.

He whispered his plan to Perry, who had so much confidence in him by this time that he was willing to do anything he suggested. They lifted the boat very carefully, and moved cautiously toward the water. The soil was sandy, and they advanced without noise. But the plan did not work as well as Clipper had anticipated. One of the graceless trio came out to get a pitcher of water at the spring, when the bearers of the Rushton were abreast of the end of the shanty. He discovered what was going on, and the shanty boys rushed to the rescue.

"We must put the boat down, Perry," said Clipper, with a calmness that astonished his companion. "Don't be alarmed, and when I run follow me. Take one of the oars, and I will take the other."

Clipper took an oar and the boathook in his hands, and Perry took the second oar. There was no more than time enough to do this before the shanty boys were close upon them. The young hunter stood as firm as a rock.

"What are you doing with that boat, you sneaking mud-turtles?" shouted Fordy, as he planted himself in front of Clipper, while Buck Ward confronted Perry, Life disposing himself as a reserve to assist either of his friends who needed his help.

"That boat is mine, and we are taking her to the lake," replied Perry.

"Grab him, Buck, and we will tie them to a tree and teach them better manners," added Fordy, as he seized Clipper by the throat.

The young hunter dropped the boathook in his right hand, and delivered a blow on the side of Fordy's head which knocked him to the ground nearly a rod from where he had stood. Perry was attacked at the same instant by Buck, while Life went to pick up his discomfited leader.

Clipper struck again, and Buck dropped as though he had been shot.

Calling his companion, Clipper ran down to the water. Leaping into the boat there, closely followed by Perry, he shoved it off into the lake. He found two pairs of oars in the boat, which satisfied the young hunter that none had been left on the shore. Shipping his oars, he pulled with all his might to the point where he had left his own boat.

(To be continued.)

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

RAIN PREVENTED BLOODSHED.

VERY few occurrences of interest escape the notice of the newspapers, but sometimes the watchful eyes of the press may miss a good item.

According to a correspondent of the *Chicago Herald*, there was an exciting struggle in Colorado last summer which nearly caused a pitched battle and great loss of life, yet it was not printed in the papers.

"A company had been formed," says this writer, "for the purpose of building a canal through the dry and arid agricultural districts of the State. Work on the ditch was completed last summer.

"When all was ready to irrigate the farms, which were then burning up under the blazing sun, the corporation raised their scale of prices for service to such an exorbitant figure that the farmers rebelled. The drouth continued until the wells and springs dried up. Notwithstanding the deplorable condition of the agriculturists, the company, whose ditch was bank full of water, refused to cut their rates to a point where the farmer could moisten his farm and thus save his crops.

"It was now that things began to take a serious turn. The farmers threatened to cut the ditch unless the company receded from their position; and warned the governor of the State, on a Friday, that unless he took steps in their interest before the following Tuesday, they would take the matter into their own hands. The company, becoming alarmed at the threats of the irate farmers, posted armed men along the banks of the ditch, and gave them orders to shoot down the first man who should attempt to wreck the works.

"Saturday and Sunday passed without any word from the governor. On Monday the farmers armed themselves with rifles and shotguns, preparatory to storming the ditch all along the line the following morning. When the sun went down that evening the feeling was general that a battle would be fought within twenty-four hours.

"During the night a fierce rainstorm burst over the disturbed district, resuscitating the drooping vegetation, and filling the streams to overflowing. The casus belli having been removed by the intervention of the elements, the farmers dropped their guns, and set about their work. You see, this is a rather interesting incident of Western life, from the fact that a rainstorm saved many human lives."

WHERE IS AAM?

A MISPRINT will sometimes give rise to curious errors. In the recent exposition of paintings at Chicago, there was a picture entitled, according to the catalogue, "Pool above Aam." Suddenly the question was sprung, "Where is Aam?" One gentleman guessed that it was a town in Connecticut, not far from where Mr. Hubbard has his country seat. An Irish gentleman shook his head, and thought that it was in Connaught. A well dressed man, with a Teutonic accent, remarked judicially that he thought Aam was a hamlet not far from Stuttgart, and, in fact, he had a distinct impression that he visited it once in his childhood. Just then a minister came up, and suggested that, if his memory served him right, Aam was an ancient city in the Holy Land, where Joshua once worsted the Amalekites. He thought the account of the battle would be found in the Second Book of Chronicles, perhaps in the fourth or fifth chapter. Just then Mr. Leonard, who superintends the gallery, and who, hearing the controversy, had disappeared to make some investigations, returned, and informed them that the name as given in catalogue was a misprint, and should be "Above a Dam."

CORRESPONDENCE.

MINERALOGIST, Manchester, N. H. Try H. H. Tammen, 315 East Sixteenth Street, Denver, Col.

J. M. S., Philadelphia, Pa., and others. It is against our rule to publish exchanges of firearms.

SUBSCRIBER, Oneida, N. Y. The numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY previous to no. 105 are out of print. We have still two or three copies of vol. I bound, and will send one for $3.

J. N. H., Philadelphia, Pa. We do not know of any school of electricity, and believe that the only way to become an electrician is to obtain a position in some electric workshop.

T. C. W. F., Brooklyn, N. Y. Our exchange column is open free of charge to subscribers and weekly buyers, though we do not admit anything which is practically an advertisement or in any way objectionable.

A. D. K., Clarence, N.Y. 1. The authors whom you name will write for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY during the coming year. 2. We know nothing of this school ship. Apply for information to the Congressman from your district.

L. J., Neosho, Mo. In 1790 Congress passed an act defining the crime of treason, and making the penalty death. Another act of 1862 provides that the punishment may be imprisonment for not less than five years and a fine of $10,000.

L. P. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. We are sure that the firm you mention is reliable, and will attend to your complaint if you write to them. If you will send us your full name and address, we will ourselves write to the firm and get the matter straightened.

SCRIBER, Philadelphia, Pa. A single no. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY costs 6 cents, or if previous to no. 209, 5 cents; but we will send 26 nos. for the price of six months' subscription, 13 for the price of three months, and will let you have six nos., if previous to no. 209, for 25 cents.

H. B. P., Second Creek, W. Va. 1. Walnuts are not so nutritious as beefsteak, but they are not injurious to health. It will probably do you no harm to eat as many as you want. 2. The selection of the last Thursday in November for Thanksgiving Day is due to custom only.

A. R., New York City. The Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., is governed by rules somewhat similar to those of West Point. A vacancy occurs for each congressional district once in four years, but not oftener, unless the appointee from that district should die or leave the academy. There are also ten cadets at large appointed by the President. You must apply to the congressman of your district.

J. P. G., New York City, asks which was the first and which was the best story ever published in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. 1. The ARGOSY opened with "Do and Dare," by Mr. Alger, and "Nick and Nellie," by Mr. Ellis. In those days we published two serials only. 2. We do not wish to give any one of our talented writers the preference over all the rest, and we prefer to leave this question to the judgment of our readers.

CONSTANT READER, Alliance, O., asks: "1. In what play of Shakespeare is the following quotation found: 'Here lies the water; here stands the man,' and what does it mean? 2. What trade would you recommend for a boy with a high school education? 3. Is my writing good or bad?" 1. The words occur in Hamlet, act 5, scene 1, and are used by one of the grave-diggers to illustrate his argument on suicide by drowning. 2. It is very hard for us to answer this without some knowledge of your circumstances. The best trade for a boy is the one which is most suitable to his tastes and character, and we do not think that there is any one trade which is absolutely the best. A diversity of trades is necessary to the community. Read what we said in answer to a similar question in vol. IV., p. 292. 3. Your writing is good.

EXCHANGES.

F. E. REYNOLDS, Box 485, Cortland, N. Y. Five hundred postmarks (rare), for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY or the first forty-five numbers of vol. IV.

FRANK ADAMS, Johnstown, N. Y. A Home printing press and 2 fonts of type, a book and 500 foreign stamps, for a self-inking press and outfit, chase not less than 5 by 8.

FRANK PARK, Nineveh, Pa. A gold pen and penholder (cost $4.50), a model press, 5 by 7, as good as new, and an assortment of books, for a good B flat cornet, with crooks, etc.

WILLIAM STONEBRIDGE, 2306 Madison Avenue, Belmont, New York City. A font of script type and 7 fonts of job type, new, for any two complete vols. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound, in good condition.

THE UNIQUE LITERARY SOCIETY of Jersey City would like to exchange correspondence with literary societies in the Eastern and Middle States. Address H. J. Melosh, 95 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, N. J.

CHARLES MCGOVERN, 233 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. A box of water colors, 21 "Seaside Libraries," 5 games, 30 nos. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, 5 story books, and Hoyle's "Book of Games," bound in cloth, for a lady's gold watch, or painting outfit, or offers.

SYDNEY S. BENHAM, Wassaic, N. Y. Benn Pitman's "Manual of Phonography," bound in cloth, an artist's sketching camera, and an improved planchette, for the first 23 nos. of vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY; also 50 New England postmarks for 50 Western postmarks.

GEORGE M. KILMER, JR., 310 North Sycamore Street, Lansing, Mich. A set of box-wood chessmen, sixty pieces of sheet music and a music roll, a turning lathe, with 5 feet bed and tools, and a writing desk, all valued at $30, for best offer of bound books or *Golden Days*.

LOOK UPWARD.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

There's a place in the land for you to fill;
There's work to do with an iron will;—
The river comes down from the tiny rill—
Look up, my boys, look up!

There are bridges to cross, and the way is long,
But a purpose in life will make you strong;
Keep e'er on your lips a cheerful song;
Look up, my boys, look up!

Speak ill of no one; defend the right;
And have the courage, as in God's sight,
To do what your hands find with your might;
Look up, my boys, look up!

[*This story commenced in No. 199.*]

TOM TRACY;

OR, THE TRIALS OF A

New York Newsboy.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

A BOLD MOVE.

Dudley Weeks had decided upon a bold move. He had tried in vain to obtain entire possession of the coal fields, whose value had only recently been discovered. He could not understand his sister-in-law's refusal, but attributed it to the influence of his nephew Tom.

"I'd like to wring the boy's neck!" he said to himself. "What business has he to thwart my plans? If he had only been sent to the Island at the time he was arrested, the whole matter would have been arranged before this time."

So distorted are our judgments by self-interest, that he really felt it to be morally wrong in Tom to oppose an arrangement which would have deprived his mother of her rights.

"I think I have been a fool," he reflected. "If when I first visited my sister-in-law, I had offered to give Tom a place in my store at a liberal salary, I could have carried out my purpose. I could have taken him at a liberal salary for a week or two, and then discharged him summarily, after his mother had signed the transfer. Is it too late now?"

"Gerald," he said, the next morning at the breakfast table, "have you seen your cousin lately?"

"The newsboy?"

"Yes."

"No, not since we met him in the cars."

"I wish you would go down Broadway, and try to find him."

"What for?" asked Gerald, surprised.

"I have my reasons."

"What am I to say to him?"

"Ask him to come round to the store. I think of offering him a position."

"That's something new, isn't it?"

"Yes; but, as I said before, I have my reasons. I sha'n't keep him long, but you needn't tell him that."

"I don't understand it at all. I thought you didn't care to have him around."

"I don't propose to have him around long."

"Well, I'll do as you say, though I don't enjoy the business. He wasn't at dancing school last evening, so perhaps he is still out of town. I don't know that he will come. He may think I am fooling him."

"I will send a note by you."

Now Tom had definitely decided not to sell papers any more. He felt that with his present prospects he could do something better. He had brought back sixty-five dollars of the money given him by the hermit for traveling expenses, and considered his mother almost sure of getting her share of the value of the Minnesota lands.

He had, however, from force of habit, gone to his old stand on Broadway, and was talking to Tom Cavanagh, now a newsboy, when Gerald came strutting down Broadway, swinging a light bamboo cane. Tom had put on his working suit, not caring yet to anticipate his good fortune. His back was turned, and he did not notice the approach of his cousin Gerald.

The latter halted, and touching Tom lightly on the arm with his cane, said:

"Hallo, there!"

Tom Tracy turned quickly.

"Oh, it is you, is it, Gerald?"

"Yes, my good fellow," said Gerald, patronizingly.

"Do you wish to see me?"

"I have a note for you from my father. Here it is."

"Thank you for bringing it."

Tom opened the letter in some curiosity. He read as follows:

Nephew Thomas: If you will call at my store any time to-day, I think I can offer you a place which will be better than your present business. I should have made the offer before if there had been a vacancy, out of regard for your mother. Let my son know if you will call. Dudley Weeks.

Tom was sharp enough to understand his uncle's motive, but did not see fit to betray his knowledge.

"Your father wishes me to call at the store some time to-day," he said, turning to Gerald. "I cannot go this morning, but will find time this afternoon."

"Suit yourself," said Gerald, shrugging his shoulders. "Where are your papers? Have you sold out?"

"No; I have gone out of the business."

"Retired on a fortune, I conclude," said Gerald, with a sneer.

"Well, not exactly," answered Tom, "but I think I can do better. Your father proposes to give me a position."

"So I hear, but you didn't know of that."

"Not till I read this note."

"Just so. Well, good morning."

"Good morning, and thank you."

"Who's that young swell?" asked Tom Cavanagh.

"That is my cousin."

"Seems to me you've got some high-toned relations."

"I'm not proud of them, Tommy. I'd rather have you for a cousin."

"Are you going to get a place in a store?"

"So it seems. That is, I shall have the offer of one, but I don't think I shall accept."

"What's come to you, Tom? You are getting independent."

"You may be right, Tommy. I'll tell you some day, but I can't now."

Tom had an engagement to meet Mr. Duncan at ten o'clock at a law office in Nassau Street. A note had been sent to his house in Bleecker Street, making this appointment. It was on the way down town that he had stopped at his old news stand, and talked with Tom Cavanagh.

It was five minutes after ten when Tom knocked at the lawyer's office.

On entering, he saw Duncan in conference with a young man whose face seemed familiar to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Tracy," said Duncan, cordially. "Let me introduce you to my legal friend, Mr. Sheldon."

The young lawyer smiled.

"I think I have met you before," he said.

Then Tom recognized him as the young man who had interfered in his interest in the clothing store of Gusset Brothers on Eighth Avenue.

"Yes, sir. I remember you," he said. "You did me a service."

"And I hope to do you another, and a more important one."

"This gentleman is the junior partner of my friend and schoolmate whom I mentioned to you," said Duncan. "The latter is in Washington on business, but Mr. Sheldon is ready to undertake our business. Have you seen your uncle since you returned?"

"No, sir; but I had a note from him this morning."

"Relating to the land?"

"No, I will show it to you," and Tom produced his uncle's note.

Duncan smiled as he read it.

"This means," he interpreted, "that Mr. Weeks has decided to try a policy of conciliation in order to put you off your guard, and secure your mother's signature to the deed of transfer."

"I shall not accept the position."

"Of course not. There will be no occasion. But I have news for you."

"What is it, Mr. Duncan?"

Duncan took from the desk at his side a copy of a New York morning paper, and directed Tom's attention to an advertisement of the

Minnesota Coal Company.

This coal company, it was explained, controlled a large coal field of extraordinary productiveness. One thousand shares were offered for sale at one hundred dollars per share. It was confidently expected that twenty-five per cent would be realized as profits the first year. Then followed a list of officers, Dudley Weeks being president.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed Tom, dazzled.

"Yes; and no assurance is given that the stock is limited to a thousand shares."

"What shall we do?" asked Tom.

"Mr. Sheldon will at once communicate with Mr. Weeks, as attorney for your mother and yourself, claiming a rightful share of the proceeds of the mine. I have authorized the use of my name, and I think that will bring your uncle to terms."

"Thank you," said Tom. "Whatever arrangement you and Mr. Sheldon may make we will ratify. Do you think a half share is really worth fifty thousand dollars?"

"I honestly think it is worth more, but we will offer to sell out to your uncle for that sum. It was certainly a very bold thing in your uncle to set this scheme afloat before securing undisputed claim to the whole property."

"He probably thought we would suspect nothing, even if we saw the advertisement. I don't think we should, but for the scrap of paper he let drop in our room at his first visit."

The lawyer accompanied Tom to his mother's house, and she signed certain papers which Mr. Sheldon declared necessary.

"Now," he said, "you may rest tranquil. Your interests are safe in my hands."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOM TRACY SURPRISES HIS UNCLE, AND IS HIMSELF SURPRISED.

About two o'clock Tom Tracy entered his uncle's store on Sixth Avenue. He had changed his working-dress for his best suit, being desirous to appear to advantage in his uncle's presence.

"What shall I show you?" asked a dapper clerk.

"Nothing, thank you. I would like to see Mr. Weeks."

"He is in the back part of the store in the office."

Tom passed between the counters to the place indicated, looking about him as he walked along. The store was deep, and seemed well filled with goods. There were, perhaps, ninety clerks and boys employed.

"It seems to me uncle Dudley might have found a place for me before," he thought, "when I really needed it. Now I don't need it and it comes to me."

He soon found himself in the presence of his uncle.

Mr. Weeks scanned his appearance in surprise. He had seen Tom in the same suit before, but did not suppose he would wear it every day. He concluded, however, that he had put it on for the present occasion specially.

"I received your note, uncle Dudley," said Tom, politely.

"Ah, yes! Then Gerald saw you."

"Yes, sir."

"He is selling papers still, then," Dudley Weeks decided. "That is well. It will help my plans."

"I have found a place for you in the store, at length," said Mr. Weeks, urbanely. "I conclude that you would be glad to give up your present business."

"Yes, sir; I have no desire to sell papers any longer."

"It will certainly be better to be employed in a store like mine."

"No doubt."

"I'll give you an extra salary on account of the relationship. Generally, I only pay boys three dollars—some only two dollars and a half—to begin with, but you are well-grown, and, moreover, need the money. I will offer you four dollars a week."

Mr. Weeks had originally intended to offer six dollars, as it was important to secure Tom, but he was essentially a mean man, and though he only proposed to keep him two or three weeks, he shrank, even for that time, from paying so much. Then he dropped to five dollars, but, on the impulse of the moment, grew more economical still, and offered four dollars.

Tom shook his head, smiling.

"Uncle Dudley," he said, "I make more than that by selling newspapers, and I have at least half my time to myself."

"But," said his uncle, "that leads to nothing. Here you will be in the way of promotion. That, surely, is a thing to be considered."

"That may be," said Tom, "but I do not care to work for four dollars a week."

"You are a very foolish boy," said Dudley Weeks, frowning. "However, I will strain a point and say five dollars."

"I am sorry to disoblige you, uncle Dudley, but I don't think I had better accept."

"Don't suppose your coming here will oblige me," said his uncle, hastily. "All I propose the plan for is to serve you. I can get plenty of boys who will serve me as well for three dollars, or, at most, three dollars and a half weekly."

"I am glad to hear that, uncle Dudley, for now I feel free to decline, since it will not put you to inconvenience."

"You are the most impracticable boy I ever came across. Out of relationship I try to help you, but you won't be helped. But I won't withdraw my offer. I will even increase it to six dollars a week."

"He certainly is very anxious to secure me," thought Tom.

"I suppose you will be angry with me, uncle Dudley," he said, "but I may as well tell you that I have other plans, and do not care to enter any store at present."

Dudley Weeks felt genuine surprise. There was something about this nephew of his that he did not understand.

"You will never accomplish anything," he said, severely, "if you are so blind to your own interest. You are just like your father in that respect. He died a poor man, and I predict that this will be your fate also."

"I may have more regard to my interest than you suppose, uncle Dudley. Indeed I think you will change your opinion on that point before long."

"What have you in view?"

"You will excuse my telling you that at present."

"Oh, it's a secret!" sneered Dudley Weeks.

"It is at present," Tom answered, without showing any anger.

"Good day, then!" snapped his uncle.

"Good day!" responded Tom.

He bowed gravely, and, leaving the office, walked out to the door.

Just at the entrance, on the sidewalk, he met Gerald, who was about to ask his father for money to go to a matinee at the Grand Opera House.

"Oh, you've been in to see my father?" he said.

"Yes, Gerald."

"And how soon are you going to work?"

"Not at all."

"You are not? Didn't father offer you a position?"

"Yes."

"Then what does it mean?"

"I declined it."

"You must be a fool!" exclaimed Gerald, in amazement and displeasure.

"Perhaps I know my own business best," answered Tom, briefly.

"O well, I don't care; my father can get plenty of boys."

"I have no doubt of it."

"You would really prefer to sell papers to being in a store?"

"I didn't say that. I have got through selling papers. Good afternoon, Gerald."

"Uncle Dudley seems very much surprised at my decision," Tom said to himself. "He will understand it better before long."

He didn't go home immediately, but, stopping at a well-known dry goods store, bought a dress pattern for his mother.

"She hasn't had a new dress for a year," he reflected; "though no one deserves one more."

In the evening Tom went up to see the hermit. He had not yet informed him of the success of his mission—having called twice and failed to find him at home.

When he entered the cabin Stephen Conrad looked in his face anxiously, to read his news before he told it. Tom understood his suspense, and said, briefly, "It is all right, Mr. Conrad."

The hermit's face grew radiant.

"You succeeded, then?"

"Fully and entirely."

"They will allow me to come back, and take my old place among them?"

"Gladly. They expressed their high appreciation of your honorable conduct."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Stephen Conrad, devoutly. "It is more than I deserve."

"I don't think so, Mr. Conrad. You have worked hard to repair your fault."

"I thought my life was over. It is now about to begin. My young friend, how shall I express my obligation to you?"

"You have repaid me fully, sir. Of the money you gave me for traveling expenses I have saved more than half."

"That is not enough. Take this, also."

He drew from his pocket a check, already filled out, for eight hundred and fifty dollars, and offered it to Tom.

"What does this mean?" asked Tom, bewildered.

"I will explain. I told you I was through with speculation, having accomplished my purpose. But I made one more venture for you. This morning I realized, and this is the result."

"You really mean this for me?"

"Certainly."

"Then I thank you most gratefully. You are very generous. You have made me very happy."

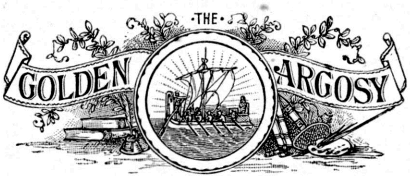
"I am pleased to hear it."

An hour later Tom left the cabin, and started to go down town, with the check in his pocket.

He was not to reach home without an adventure.

(*To be continued.*)

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



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is $3.00 per year, payable in advance.
Club rate.—For $5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.
All communications for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.
Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.
The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.
The Argosy is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.
Renewals.—Three weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.
Discontinuance.—If you wish the ARGOSY discontinued you should notify us three weeks before your subscription ends, otherwise you will receive extra papers and will be billed for the same.
The Courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.
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.

THE CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Mr. Ellis's new story, which we announced last week to commence in the present issue, is unavoidably held over to number 212.

We are sorry to disappoint our readers by deferring their enjoyment of this story for a single week, and the opening chapters will appear without fail in next week's ARGOSY.

AN INTERESTING RECORD.

THE figures of railroad construction during the first ten months of this year bear striking witness, if any were needed, to the rapid progress of the Western States.

Kansas stands far ahead of her sister States in railroad making, having laid, from January to October, no less than 957 miles of track, more than one-sixth of the total for the whole country. Dakota is second, with 536 miles, and Nebraska third, with 455.

New roads are less needed in the East; and Florida, with 259 miles, leads all the States on this side of the Mississippi. The six New England States have added only six miles between them.

The total of 5,439 miles shows a great revival of railroad building, which promises well for prosperity in all branches of business. America is already ahead of all other countries in the extent of her iron ways, and is still adding to them more rapidly than other nations.

ENGLISH PAPERS ON AMERICA.

IT is curious to notice the strange mistakes into which all newspapers fall when discussing the politics of other nations. If any two countries understand each other, it should be America and England; yet even the most intelligent London papers are often making mistakes when they discuss American topics.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* takes more interest in our affairs than most of its English contemporaries, and is generally well-informed, its editor having, we believe, spent some time in this country; yet in its comments on the New York mayoralty election, it speaks of Mr. Roosevelt having reformed "the State Constitution." Mr. Roosevelt was a child when the last revision of the State Constitution took place. Again, the same paper says that 68,000 men put their mark on voting papers against the name of Henry George. The system of voting by putting a mark against a name is in vogue in England, and herein lies one of the myriad little differences between that country and this.

THE BIGGEST TAX.

MORE grumbling is done about taxes, probably, than about any other of the many disagreeable things in this world. Every reformer denounces them, every candidate for office promises to lower them, every tax-paying citizen hates them. What universal rejoicing there would be if the government of the country could be carried on without them!

And yet a sum greater than the whole revenues of the national and local governments is spent every year in another kind of tax, and nobody grumbles at their share. Most men go on paying it all their lives, and never complain. Poor men pay a larger proportion of this tax than the rich men; and they do it of their own free will, although they need not pay a cent if they could make up their minds against it.

By this other tax we mean the huge sum spent annually in useless and injurious gratifications of the appetite. Nine hundred millions of dollars, we are told, go every year for liquor in this country, besides the huge amounts expended in tobacco. If the money thus misspent were directed into useful channels, it might pay the expenses of the Government, build great public works, give employment to all the idle laborers, and double the national prosperity. And all these possibilities are prevented because we can't get out of the old rut. Young fellows fall into the habit in early life, and then find that they "can't do without it."

Nobody would be willing to pay extra school taxes or road taxes; then why undertake to pay this unnecessary self-indulgence tax?

AT the Iroquois banquet in Chicago, Senator Beck remarked that he expected to see that city surpass New York in magnitude. *The Sun* replies that the senator's great-grandchildren will see New York still ahead, and perhaps St. Paul second.

A PHILADELPHIA contemporary prophesies that one or more of the great New York dailies will drop their price to one cent before the next Presidential election, and that the first one to take the plunge will be the first American newspaper to command half a million subscribers and purchasers.

THE word "politician" is often used as a term of reproach, and many pride themselves on holding aloof from the party questions of this day. This is a mistaken idea. Politics means the science of good government. "Next to the preaching of God's word," said General Hawley the other day, "there is no calling better fitted to call out all that is true and lofty in manhood than that of the true politician."

THE DREAM OF RUSSIA.

AMONG all the romances of history, not one is more striking than the story of the gradual and resistless march of the Russian dominion. Through five centuries of growth, which have increased her territory from 740,000 to over 8,000,000 square miles, one fixed idea has been set before her, one indomitable purpose has ruled her every move. From the snowy North to the sunny South, from the frozen plains of Muscovy to the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus; by treaties, by intrigues, by force, by fraud, Russia has crept on and on; and the goal on which her eyes are fixed is Constantinople.

A hundred years ago the Empress Catharine, victorious over the Turks, built an archway in their territory, inscribed "This is the way to Constantinople." And to reopen this road has been the constant purpose of the later czars. To possess the white minarets of the sultan's capital, to rule in the ancient city of the Eastern emperors, to control the southern sea of which it is the key—such is the unalterable purpose of the Muscovite.

What right have the Russians to Constantinople? None whatever, except the right of the stronger; and that still counts for a good deal in European politics. They have at least as much right there as any other power; and when the day comes for the "unspeakable Turk" to depart, bag and baggage, as Gladstone puts it, from Europe, we believe the czar will step into his shoes. That day will surely come; Russia has made up her mind about it.

AMERICAN NAMES.

THE men who picked out names for the towns and villages of America, on the whole, performed an important duty badly. Many of the names are stupid or grotesque, and the really satisfactory ones are comparatively few.

For instance, surveyors with a classical turn of mind must have been let loose in New York State and elsewhere. The result is seen in such titles as Syracuse, Manlius, Memphis, and Cato, names ridiculous for modern towns.

Worse still were the ambitious pioneers who dubbed their settlements with their own names. Wilkes Barre is a heavy cognomen, although the town of that name seems to prosper under it. The French termination "ville," makes bad worse; there are, alas, ten Evansvilles in the Postal Guide, and eleven Jonesvilles; while other places rejoice in the musical designations of Hopkinsville, Tompkinsville, Billingsville, and Simpkinsville! Give a dog a bad name and hang him.

A vast number of names, such as Paris, Boston, Chester, Waterloo, which are taken from other countries, with or without the addition of "New," show a want of originality which is unworthy of America; while other names, like Squaretop or Big Lick, are hopelessly prosaic, and others again are grotesque, such as Ubet, A. B. C., Jingo, or O. K., all of which may be found in the Postal Guide.

Undoubtedly the best names are the musical relics of the Indian speech. Such names as Tacoma or Chautauqua are worth more than all the enormities ending in "polis" and "ville" in the country.

COL. HENRY WATTERSON.

Editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

THIS week we place before our readers a brief sketch of a man whose remarkable talents and eventful career combine to make him one of the most striking figures of American journalism—we mean the gifted editor who has gained its leading position for the *Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Henry Watterson was born at Washington on the 16th of February, 1840. His father, Harvey M. Watterson, of Tennessee, was a leading member of the Democratic party, who had gained distinction in Congress, in the diplomatic service, and in journalism, having been editor of the Washington *Union* in its best days.

Watterson's boyhood was mostly spent in the capital. Weakness of the eyes interfered with his education, and prevented a systematic course of study; but while this hindered him from a successful college career, it placed him in positions and associations where he gained the very best preparation for his after life.

COL. HENRY WATTERSON.

He had some desultory instructions from private tutors, and acquired a good knowledge of music, literature, and art in general; but the most valuable part of his training was received by associating with his father, and with the throngs of public men whom he met in the national capital during the stirring times that preceded the War of the Rebellion.

Young Watterson began to write sketches and essays for the periodical press at a very early period, and he was only nineteen when he obtained a position on the staff of the *States*, a Washington Democratic journal.

For two years he was engaged in this and other literary work, but in 1861 the country was upheaved by the outbreak of the war. The *States* took an attitude of opposition to the administration, and was suppressed, and Watterson returned to his father's home in Tennessee.

He next appears as the leading editor of the *Nashville Republican Banner*, at that time the most influential paper of Tennessee. After Nashville was captured by the Union troops, Watterson served for a while as a volunteer staff officer. Next he established himself at Chattanooga, as editor of the *Rebel*, which in his hands became one of the most popular and widely read papers in the South.

After the close of the war in 1865, he returned to Nashville, and once more joined the *Banner*; and in the same year he married a daughter of the Hon. Andrew Ewing. In 1866 he made a European tour, returning to America the following year.

Shortly after this, Col. Watterson was invited by the company which owned the *Louisville Journal* to undertake the control of their paper. He accepted, and in the spring of 1868 he commenced work at Louisville.

Before that year was over his field of operations was enlarged by a bold and successful stroke. He effected a combination with W. N. Haldeman, proprietor of the *Louisville Courier*, and they privately bought the *Louisville Democrat*, which was itself a paper of national character and twenty-four years' standing.

On the morning of Sunday, November 8, 1868, the public was surprised by the appearance of the triple combination, under the name of *The Courier-Journal.*

Col. Watterson was editor-in-chief, and Mr. Haldeman business manager of the new paper. It soon gained a national reputation, mainly due to the brilliant articles from the editor's own pen.

Essentially a journalist, and well fitted for his post by his training and varied experience, Col. Watterson thoroughly understands every department of the profession. He is said to be a strict disciplinarian, yet kindly and sympathetic towards his subordinates, and always ready to aid the deserving.

His ideal of the influence and aim of a newspaper is a high one. He fights for principles with unflinching courage, but is too honorable and warm-hearted to enter upon unworthy personal contests. He has always been ahead of his party, but he is raised above the level of active politics, and has never sought office.

He is a brilliant talker and a ready writer, while his social qualities have gained for him a host of friends all over the country, and he is as well known in New York as in Louisville.

Col. Watterson is widely known as a "tariff reformer." On questions of political economy he is the most ready and effective writer in the country, and his brilliant editorials command respect even when they do not carry conviction.

His appearance is less striking than his abilities, as he is rather short and stout. Character and resolution are stamped upon his face. His forehead is high and broad. His grey eyes are small and deep-set, and quick and restless in their motions. His chin is square, and his mouth firm. He has a light mustache, and chestnut hair. His manner is nervous, and he walks with a rapid step.

Col. Watterson spent last summer in Europe, where we understand his children are at school in Switzerland. He has sent home brilliant and somewhat caustic sketches of European manners and customs.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

QUEER BLUNDERS.

SPEAKERS who mix their metaphors sometimes say things which look very queer when printed. Randolph Churchill recently said; "The *voice* of England, which sounded so clearly at the election, should not be *lost sight of.*" Shakespeare, we know, mixed metaphors sometimes, as for instance the famous lines in Hamlet,

> "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
> And, by opposing, end them."

One cannot *end a sea* by *taking arms* against it. But it is dangerous to try to imitate Shakespeare.

Irishmen are supposed to be particularly apt at making these funny speeches. One of the Irish members in the British Parliament said, the other day, with reference to Bulgaria, "Sir, *she* was *man* enough to resist Russia." But it was an English member who declared that "he *heard* some one *smile*." To such a speaker, a wag applied one of his own mixed metaphors, and said that "whenever he opened his mouth, he put his foot in it."

THE GIFT DIVINE.

"OUR Father"—Thus have we been taught to pray,
Our heirship granted by our right of birth;
And though we wander homeless o'er the earth,
Yet may we claim more than the angels may,
For we may reckon ours the Gift Divine.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

A WISE man will make more opportunities than he finds.

IF persons would take more trouble about living, they would be less troubled when dying.

IF life, like the olive, is a bitter fruit, then grasp both with the press, and they will afford the sweetest oil.—*Richter.*

IT is not enough in this world to "mean well." We ought to do well. Thoughtfulness, therefore, becomes a duty.

THE world estimates men by success in life, and by general consent success is evidence of superiority.

TRUE honor is that which refrains from doing in secret what it would not do openly, and where other laws are wanting, imposes a law upon itself.

THE keeping of the week is a necessary preparation for keeping the Sabbath. Those who do not work cannot rest, just as those who do not rest cannot work.

IT may be like cutting off the right hand to give up an associate whom you love him, but it may be necessary. If so, don't hesitate. It is better to struggle upwards alone, than to sink downwards in the most pleasant company.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

Twenty-first President of the United States.

ANOTHER of the prominent figures of our time has passed away. In ex-President Arthur America has lost an able statesman and an honored gentleman, whose busy life was full of good service to his country, and may be studied with interest and profit by all who would deserve as well of their generation.

Chester Alan Arthur was born at the small town of Fairfield, Vermont, on the 5th of October, 1830. He was the eldest son of the Rev. William Arthur, who came to this country from Ireland when eighteen years of age, became a Baptist minister, and was pastor of several places successively in the States of Vermont and New York, spending eight years at the Calvary Baptist Church in this city. William Arthur was a man of good education and cultured tastes, with a great fondness for archæology; for some time he published a journal, entitled *The Antiquarian*.

Young Arthur attended several different schools, and had tuition from his father as well. He was at the Grammar School in Schenectady, and then, when fifteen years old, he entered Union College of the same city, then presided over by the well-known Dr. Eliphalet Nott. Frederick W. Seward, who was in the class next below Arthur, says of his college days: "Chet, as we all called him, was the most popular boy in his class. He was always genial and cheerful, a good scholar and apt in debate. Even in those days he took an active interest in politics. He was a Whig."

His father was a poor man, and to aid in defraying his college expenses, young Arthur taught country schools during two winters. While absent, however, he more than kept up with his class; and in 1849 he graduated with "maximum honors."

The law was the profession on which his mind was set, and after leaving college he went to a law school at Ballston Spa. Finding the expenses too great, he was obliged to leave; but, though disappointed, he was not to be beaten. He turned again to school-teaching, and found work at North Pownal, Vermont, where, curiously enough, James A. Garfield taught penmanship two years later. Arthur remained here till he had saved $500 from his meager salary, and then he set out for New York.

He entered, as a student, the law office of Erastus D. Culver, an old acquaintance of his family. Very soon he was admitted to the bar, and became a partner, first with Mr. Culver, and afterwards with an intimate friend, Henry D. Gardiner.

The firm of Arthur and Gardiner decided to seek their fortunes in the West; but after three months spent in prospecting, they concluded that they could do better in the metropolis. They returned and settled down in their former quarters, where, they speedily gained success.

At the very beginning of his career at the bar, Mr. Arthur was brought prominently forward as a champion of equal rights. Erastus Culver had been prominent on the anti-slavery side, and had some mysterious connection with the "underground railroad" which helped fugitive slaves to Canada. In 1852, when a Virginian brought eight slaves to New York, on the way to Texas, a writ of *habeas corpus* was applied for, and Mr. Culver procured the release of the slaves. There was great indignation among the slave-holders, and the Virginia legislature ordered the attorney-general of the State to take an appeal. The suit was carried to the Supreme Court, but the people's case finally triumphed. It was represented by William M. Evarts and Chester A. Arthur.

Four years later, a respectable colored woman was ejected from a Fourth Avenue horse-car in New York, after she had paid her fare. She brought suit against the company, and Mr. Arthur recovered $500 damages for her, and established, for the first time, the right of colored people to enter the street-cars of this city.

We have already mentioned that Mr. Arthur was an "offensive politician" from his youth up. His first vote was cast for Gen. Winfield Scott, in 1852; and he was an ardent Republican from the formation of that party.

He was actively engaged in the campaign of 1860, and gained the friendship of Governor Morgan of New York, who appointed him engineer-in-chief of his military staff.

In April, 1861, the guns that were fired upon Fort Sumter echoed from end to end of the Republic, and men's hearts were aghast at the awful sound of civil war. A great crisis had arisen, and the men to meet it were not wanting. While to warriors like Grant and Sherman belong the glory of victorious battles, a share of the praise is due to those who organized and equipped the armies which gained their successes for the generals.

On the very day after Fort Sumter was attacked, Mr. Arthur was summoned to Albany by Governor Morgan, and requested to undertake the duties of quartermaster-general. This was a position of enormous responsibility and great difficulty, but Mr. Arthur's tact, energy, and wonderful business ability never failed him. New York supplied nearly one-fifth of the whole number of men who fought for the Union; and the war account of this State was ten times larger than that of any other. Yet so well was Gen. Arthur's work done, that his vast accounts were the first audited at Washington, and were allowed without any reduction whatever, while those of other States were reduced as much as ten millions.

We will give one or two instances of the difficulties of the quartermaster's position, and the promptness with which they were overcome. A worthy named "Billy" Wilson, who claimed to be a colonel in the United States service, got together a company of tough citizens and committed some lawless acts in the city. Gen. Arthur summoned Col. Wilson to his office; and when the latter insolently refused to take his orders, he tore the straps from Wilson's shoulders and had him arrested.

On another occasion, a regiment was accidentally dispatched on board a steamer for Washington, without taking any provisions. In two hours Gen. Arthur secured rations for five days, and sent them off in tugs, which overtook the steamer before she reached Sandy Hook.

Twice a panic arose in New York, when her almost defenseless harbor was supposed to be threatened. Once it was reported that the Confederate ram Merrimac was coming to shell the metropolis. This alarm was soon over, but shortly afterwards the rebel emissaries Mason and Slidell were seized from a British ship, and there arose a possibility of war with England. Gen. Arthur did his utmost to equip the forts, and purchased a large quantity of timber to erect a barricade across the harbor. But the prospect of a foreign war passed off, and Gen. Arthur sold the timber at a profit.

It was Arthur's strong desire to serve in the field, but Gov. Morgan urged him not to abandon his responsible position. His integrity was always unquestionable; he never made a penny from the vast contracts which passed through his hand, and never made his office in any way a source of profit; indeed, he left it a poorer man than when he entered it.

At the beginning of 1864, Gen. Arthur returned to the practice of the law with his old partner, Mr. Gardiner. The firm did a large business, principally in collecting war claims. In 1868 Gen. Arthur took an active part in electing Grant to the Presidency, but otherwise his life was uneventful up to 1871.

In November of that year he was appointed collector of the port of New York, although he had not sought the office. His administration was an able one, and he introduced numerous reforms in the business methods of the Custom House. When his term expired in 1875, he received the unusual honor of a re-appointment; but in 1878 President Hayes, with whom he was not in accord, removed him, in spite of the protests of the whole business community.

Again he fell back on his profession. He now devoted much time to politics, and was recognized as the leading politician in the Republican party of New York, though he was but little known to the country at large. But he was soon to become famous.

The Republican Convention at Chicago in 1880 witnessed the memorable struggle between two great men, Grant and Blaine, which resulted in the nomination, as a compromise, of James A. Garfield, of Ohio. It was then felt that New York should have the second place on the ticket, and Gen. Arthur was suggested as a candidate of whom business interests would approve. He was nominated on the first ballot, and assumed the Vice-President's chair the following spring.

His life at Washington was a very quiet one; he lodged with Senator Conkling, with whom he was on very intimate terms. When Mr. Conkling resigned his office, and sought re-election at Albany, Gen. Arthur, perhaps unwisely, accompanied his friend, and exerted his influence in his behalf—a step for which he was severely criticised. But a new era of Arthur's life was about to begin, which seemed to bring about a great change in his whole character.

On the night of July 1, 1881, he left Albany by the steamer for New York. The boat was delayed by a fog, and on reaching the wharf at eleven o'clock the next day, the Vice-President was greeted with the startling news that Garfield had been shot down at Washington early that morning.

From that hour Gen. Arthur was a new man. "Rule will show the man," says the old Greek proverb; and the possession of power brought out in the man so suddenly and so tragically promoted a manliness, firmness and moderation, which few had expected. This man, whom many only knew as the dismissed collector of New York, whom his enemies called a "pot-house politician," took up the reins of government with a firm hand and gained the approval of friend and foe alike. He resolutely turned his back upon all the discreditable elements with which New York politics had brought him into contact; and his steady refusal to gratify the spoilsmen in his party no doubt contributed to his defeat when he sought re-nomination in 1884.

Of the events of his Presidency we cannot

speak at length, and will only mention the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge, the introduction of two-cent postage, the "Anti-Polygamy Act," the "Civil Service Act," and the veto of the "Anti-Chinese Bill."

Gen. Arthur stepped down from the White House honored and respected by the whole nation. But he found it hard to settle down to private life, and his last years have been clouded by ill-health. His strong frame and good constitution enabled him to resist his disease; he seemed benefited by his stay in New London, Conn., during the summer, but he passed away at his home in Lexington Avenue, New York, on the 18th of last month.

Arthur was a fine specimen of American manhood. Over six feet tall, and finely set; fond of sport and an enthusiastic angler; Restigouche and Saguenay knew his skill. He was a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word. His manners were courtly, and he was fond of society.

He was married early in life to the daughter of Lieut. Herndon. Mrs. Arthur died in 1880, and was buried in the Rural Cemetery at Albany. Her husband was laid to rest by her side, followed to the grave by a band of men representing all parties, and testifying to the universal regret of the nation over which he ruled.

WALTER A. WYNYARD.

[*This story commenced in No. 205.*]

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

BY CAPT. C. B. ASHLEY,
United States Scout.

CHAPTER XVIII.
AN ALARM.

NED MARSH was greatly interested in the ingenious contrivance which Sidney Jones showed him. "How does this thing work, anyway?" he asked.

"I shall have to explain it to you the best I can, because I can't take one of the bells down without throwing the whole business out of gear," answered Sidney. "You see, each one of these bells is fastened to a strong spring which is wound up like a clock;" and suiting the action to the word, Sidney proceeded to wind up the bell that had just been rung. "See those three thick wires in there? They run out to different sides of our island, which is only about a hundred feet square. I know it looks bigger, but it's on account of the bushes and cane that surround it. The thickets of which I speak are so very dense that it would be an undertaking of some difficulty for a boatman to work his way through them, unless he happened to strike the narrow passage that we generally use in going back and forth; but for fear that some one may attempt it, these thick wires, when they reach the water, have other wires made fast to them, which branch away in every direction."

"Under the water, I suppose?" said Ned.

"Well, on each side of the island is a wire which extends into the swamp about a quarter of a mile. All these are under water and out of sight; but the others are fastened to the bushes in our immediate neighborhood. As the main wires twist and turn about in every direction, you can easily see that an intruder doesn't stand one chance in a hundred of getting by them. The least touch on one of those wires would release the spring that would set one of the bells to clattering."

"What's the gong for?"

"To give us warning in the day-time, the bells being wound up at night for fear that one stroke of the gong would not wake us up. These bells keep up a persistent racket, and if they were to sound in the day-time, they might be the means of drawing a searching party to our hide-out, when they would otherwise keep clear of it. We are not spoiling for a fight, and consequently we don't want anybody to find our shanty if we can help it. We're nicely fixed here, and don't care to pull up stakes and settle somewhere else."

"Wouldn't one bell do you as well as three?" inquired Ned.

"Well, yes; but then, you see, we thought we should like to know where the danger that threatened us was coming from, so I put up all the bells I could lay hands on. When Luke and Joe went away they rang this bell, and that shows that they touched the wire that leads off to the south of the island. Of course they did it on purpose."

Ned waited a moment in the hope that Sidney would go on and tell him where Luke and his friend went, and what the business was that called them away from the hide-out at that time of night; but as the boy did not show any disposition to enlighten him on that point, Ned asked:

"What did Luke mean by telling Sam to put up the bars to keep the wolves out of the fold?"

"Why, this is the fold," answered Sidney, "that hunting party and Ryder's guerrillas and every one else who wants to do us harm are the wolves, and the bars are the wires that guard the narrow channel through the cane. Those wires are always down during the day, because we are constantly passing in and out of there, and we don't want to keep ringing the bells all the time; but we never forget to put them up before we turn in for the night."

"I wondered why you did not have some dogs with you for a body-guard, but now I believe I understand the matter," said the young officer. "A dog is liable to give tongue when he ought to keep still, and if there were any prowlers about the sound of his baying might bring them to you; but the bells never ring unless the wires are disturbed."

"You've hit it exactly," said Sidney. "Each one of us has a small pack of hounds at home, but we wouldn't have them find their way to this hide-out for all the money there is in the State of Mississippi. They would go and come at all hours of the day, and if Ryder and his men were sharp enough to follow them they would very soon hunt us out of here."

"Have you any objections to telling me where Luke and Joe went to so suddenly?" asked Ned. "I saw them come into this hide-out, but I didn't see them afterward."

"They went through this door," said Frank Barron, moving another sliding panel; but when Ned looked out of it he could not see anything, until Tom Pike took the candle from the table and held it in the doorway; then Ned saw before him a narrow passage which was dark as a pocket.

"It looks as though it was dug through the ground, doesn't it?" said Sidney. "Well, it isn't. It is cut through a dense clump of bushes which, meeting overhead, completely shut out every ray of light, even at mid-day. If you should follow it about twenty feet, you would find that it leads to a little cove where we keep our canoes hidden. Luke and Joe took one of them when they went away, and when they got out a piece they touched one of the wires, believing that you would sleep sounder if you could see for yourself what precautions we have taken to—holy-Moses! what was that?" ejaculated Sidney, in a frightened whisper. "Frank, shut the door and cover up the fire. Tom, come here with your candle."

As Sidney spoke he sprang into the air, and when he landed on his feet he had cleared the entire length of the hide-out, and was standing in front of the box that contained the alarm-bells. To push the panel from its place was the work of but a second, and a single glance showed Sidney that his sharp ears had not deceived him. One of the bells was shaking violently. The wire communicating with it had been touched, but not with sufficient force to release the spring.

"Look at that, will you!" whispered Sidney, whose face was as white as a sheet. "Sam never did that, because he knows where all the wires are, and besides this comes from the south. Somebody is coming over here from Vicksburg, as sure as you're born."

Just as Sidney ceased speaking, the mysterious power, which had so suddenly and without the least warning struck terror to the hearts of the four refugees, again exerted itself; the spring was thrown, and one of the bells set up a fearful clamor.

CHAPTER XIX.
A STARTLING ENCOUNTER.

"LOOK at that, will you!" repeated Sidney, in great excitement, at the same time seizing the bell and throwing the catch into place so as to stop the racket. "This looks like business, sure enough."

"I wish Luke and Joe were here," said Ned, "and old Sam, too. I am afraid they will stumble upon those fellows in the dark."

"Don't be uneasy," replied Frank Barron. "They are always on the alert, and they will see the enemy before the latter see them, I bet you. We're the ones to be sorry for."

Meanwhile Tom Pike, who was smothering the camp-fire by piling wet leaves and green boughs upon it, was startled by hearing a very slight rustling among the cane in the direction of the narrow passage-way which they generally used in going to and from the swamp. He thought it was Sam, and became sure of it when the cautionary signal, the bark of a red squirrel, which he quickly gave, was as quickly answered. A moment later the old negro ran the bow of his dug-out high upon the beach, and hastened toward the shanty. He showed a good deal of the whites of his eyes, and his countenance expressed the greatest consternation.

"You saw them, did you?" said Tom, in a low tone.

"Only one of them, Moss'r—only jes' but one," replied Sam. "Wha' Moss' Luke—an'—an' Moss' Joe?"

"They have gone off on a little private business," said Tom, impatiently.

"Whar—whar 'bouts dey gone?" inquired the negro, who seemed to be very much concerned for the safety of the absent boys. "What for dey wan' fool ole Sam dat a way—done sont de nigger off wid Tramp, an' den slip out widout nobody to took keer on 'em! Dat's no way to treat ole Sam."

"They can take care of themselves without any of your help," said Sidney. "They have gone to put a letter on Colonel St. Clair's doorstep, telling him that he has been in this country long enough. There. Does that satisfy you? You say there is only one prowler out there. Did you recognize him?"

The negro, who was in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, replied that he did not know who the canoeist was who was loafing around out there for no good purpose. He had watched him for a long time, while he was waiting for a chance to slip unobserved into the channel that led to the island, but he could not make him out. And then he began railing at "Moss' Luke, who had done went off in de dark widout takin' de ole nigger along to show him de way an' fotch him safe back."

"I shouldn't think he could recognize anybody in such darkness as this," said Ned Marsh, as he buckled on his side-arms. "When I came in I couldn't see my hand before me."

"It's lighter now than it was then, for the moon is coming up," answered Sidney. "But there are a good many ways of telling a man in the dark, even if you can't see anything but the outlines of his figure. You can distinguish him by his motions. No two men ride a canoe just alike, and almost every one has a way of handling a paddle that is peculiar to himself. You see, Duck-foot, how acute one's senses become after——"

The sudden and violent ringing of one of the bells cut short Sidney's words. It was dark in the hide-out, for Sid had blown out the candle after he got through using it; but Ned Marsh knew, as well as the others did, that that bell was not the one that rang before. The tone was different. This proved that the island was being approached from another direction.

"Oh Lawd! Oh Lawd, look down on us poor mis'able niggers!" groaned old Sam, who was frightened half to death. "If you don't watch out up dar, ole Sam gone up, suah!"

"Yes, I think old Sam has gone up this time," was the comforting reply of Sidney Jones, who made all haste to stop the clangor of the bell. "This is all the evidence we want that you didn't see all these prowlers. This warning comes from the east, and shows that the island is surrounded already. Old man, I think you will have to go to Vicksburg this time."

"Oh Lawd!" said old Sam, again; and like the pious darky he was, he began praying for just what he wanted. "Don't luf de rebbels gobble de good ole nigger up 'fore your face an' eyes, an' tote him away to Vicksburg to whack de army mu-els. Sam too ole fur dat sort o' work, an' he break his ole back, suah."

"Couldn't the single man that Sam saw go clear around the island during the time we have been talking?" asked Ned.

"Yes, he could do that; but it isn't at all likely that he has done it, unless he knows right where the island is," replied Frank Barron. "And if he knows that, who posted him? Who told him where to find us?"

Just then a thrilling whisper came to them through the darkness. It was from Tom Pike, and the words he uttered made them shiver as if some one had dropped a lump of ice down their backs. He had left the hide-out to finish the work of smothering the camp-fire, after which he stopped a moment to listen.

"Boys," said he, in trembling tones, "here's the queerest thing I ever heard of. The signal has been given all fair and square."

"No!" gasped Sidney and Frank, hurrying out of the shanty with Ned at their heels.

"But I say yes," insisted Tom. "My ears never went back on me yet. Now, wait a minute, and perhaps we shall all hear it."

The boys held their breath to listen, and after a little silence the signal was given. It was a perfect imitation of the bark of a red squirrel—the sp-r-r-r that the little animal utters before he begins dancing about on the tree and scolding at the schoolboy beneath, who is picking up the nuts which the industrious rodent had thrown down for his own winter's use. At the same instant there was an alarm from the third bell, and Sidney hastened into the hide-out to stop it.

"That signal frightens me," whispered Tom Pike. "It's the most terrifying sound I ever heard in my life. Neither Luke nor Joe could have given it, for they wouldn't have set all those bells to ringing. There's some stranger out there, and his presence means *treachery*. That's the long and short of it."

"Now, then," said Sidney, joining the group again, after stopping the ringing of the bell, "suggest something, somebody. I confess that I don't know what to do. I wish that fellow, whoever he may be, was a million miles from here; but if he's a friend——"

"Friend!" interrupted Tom Pike.

"Deserter, then," continued Sidney. "We have opened the door of our hide-out to one or two of them since we have been here."

"I know that; but we picked them up in the swamp in broad daylight. They didn't come in the dark, as this chap does, and with that signal on their lips. Why, our mothers don't know it."

"But don't your fathers and elder brothers know it?" asked Ned Marsh.

"Two heads are better than one, if one is a Yank's head," exclaimed Tom, who instantly became so excited that he could scarcely stand still. He felt for Ned's hand in the dark, and when he got hold of it he worked it up and down like a pump handle. "That's one of our people out there, as sure as you're born. Give him an answer, boys. My lips won't get into the right shape, with all my trying."

"Don't be too hasty in jumping at conclusions," cautioned Ned, who was not a little surprised at the flutter which his chance inquiry had occasioned among the boys around him. "Think and hope what you please, but don't be in a hurry to expose yourselves to an attack. I wish we had a dark lantern."

"We've got one," answered all the boys at once. "What do you want to do with it?"

"I think it would be a good plan for a couple of us to go out there quietly, and see who that fellow is. As soon as we can locate him we'll cover him, and keep him covered until he satisfies us that he is all right. I will go, for one."

"It will bring on a fight, won't it?" inquired Sidney.

"Who cares if it does?" answered Ned. "Then this terrible suspense will be ended, and we shall know just what we've got before us. If we've got to fight, let's get about it at once."

"But the moment you flash the lantern on that fellow, if you succeed in finding him, it will become a target for the rifles of all his friends," objected Frank, who, although he hoped and almost believed that the man who had given the signal was one who had a right to have it, was afraid to run any risks.

"I will manage the lantern myself, and when I turn on the light, I will take care to hold it so that the boy who goes with me can not be seen by any concealed marksman," answered Ned. "I will take my chances, and do what I can to shield my companion."

"Your idea is a good one, and I will help you carry it out," said Sidney, quietly. "If we don't make him show his colors, he may keep us trembling with apprehension all night long. More than that, if there is danger about we want to know it, so that we can warn Luke and Joe before they run into it."

Having made up his mind that the man who had intruded his unwelcome presence into their neighborhood should be made to reveal his identity without more ado, Sidney lost no time in getting ready to put Ned's plan into execution. He found and lighted the dark lantern, leaving the slide open about a quarter of an inch, so that he and Ned could see to shove off Sam's canoe. The young officer unhooked his sword and handed it to Tom, but left his revolver in the holster, while Sidney armed himself with a heavy double-barreled shot gun. As soon as they were fairly seated in the dug-out, Sidney in front to let down the bars and act as pilot, they bade their friends good by and pushed off into the darkness.

The passage which led from the camp to the open swamp was so narrow that they could not use their paddles to any advantage, so they worked their way along by pulling at the cane on each side of them, Sidney calling a halt every now and then to take down and lay aside the wires that communicated with the alarm bells. As he could not see any landmarks to guide him in his search for the wires, Ned wondered how it was possible for him to find them all; but he must have succeeded in doing it, for Tom and Frank afterward told him that Sidney performed this delicate piece of work so skillfully that he did not bring the faintest tinkle from the box.

After a long interval of suspense and careful maneuvering, Ned discovered that it was not as dark as it had been. They had worked their way out of the thicket, and the canoe was resting on the almost currentless waters of the open swamp, but entirely concealed from the view of any one who might happen to be in the vicinity, by the dense shadow of the cane which grew close beside it. While Ned was looking all around to find something suspicious, Sidney's trained eyes were fixed upon an object that attracted his attention the instant the canoe was clear of the bushes. He put his hand behind him and gave Ned's leg a pinch. The young officer did not understand the signal, if such it was intended to be, but he saw his companion pick up his gun and raise it slowly and cautiously to his face, and this told him that the time for action had arrived. Quickly seizing the lantern, which he had placed between his feet on the bottom of the canoe, Ned threw back the slide, and in a second all that part of the swamp grew as bright as noonday. The blinding glare from the bull's-eye fell squarely upon the face of a big-whiskered man in gray uniform, who sat in a dug-out a short distance away, and who was plainly much astonished to find himself so suddenly confronted by a dazzling light and the black muzzle of Sidney's double-barrel. Until that instant he did not know that there was any one near him, any more than Ned Marsh knew that the rebel himself was within reach of his paddle.

"Throw up your hands and speak quick!" commanded Sidney; while Ned, mindful of his promise, backed away from him as far as he could, and held the lantern high above his head, taking care, however, to keep it focused upon the face of the rebel, who promptly laid his paddle across the canoe in front of him, and raised his open hands in the air.

"And while you are talking, bear in mind that a regiment of men can't save you if you try to play any tricks upon us," added Ned. "We've got you covered, and the slightest sign of treachery will be the signal for your death."

"I don't blame you for the precautions you are taking," said the man, in a quiet tone; and as soon as Ned heard his voice he told himself that they had to do with one who always kept a level head on his shoulders, and who knew what danger was. "If you will let me put my hand into my breast pocket, or if you will come alongside and put your own hand there, you will find some letters that will show you who and what I am. I am a Union spy."

Sidney raised his head and looked at Ned over the stock of his ready gun long enough to ask: "Did you ever hear of a Union spy prancing around in a rebel uniform?" and then dropped his eye along the barrel again, and covered the middle button on the man's jacket, as before.

Before Ned could reply the man electrified him by saying, in the same calm, steady voice:

"My name is Proctor, and I am pretty well known to some of the officers serving under Admiral Porter, although I do not remember to have seen that gentleman before," nodding at Ned.

"Your name is Proctor, is it?" exclaimed Ned, and Sidney wondered what made his voice tremble. "Tell me what boat you boarded at Lake Providence three weeks ago, who sent you there, and who ordered you to tell her commander that the proposed overland passage from the lake to Red River was impracticable."

"It was the Benton," replied the man, promptly. "And I was——"

"The Benton wasn't within a hundred miles of there," answered Ned, with suppressed fury. "You're a fraud of the first water! Shoot him, Sid. He's got friends close at hand."

Before the astonished Sidney could act upon this suggestion, or protest against it, the young officer's last words were verified in a most startling manner. A rifle cracked, a bullet sped through the air, and the dark lantern was smashed to pieces in Ned Marsh's hand.

(To be continued.)

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

THE GREAT JOCKEY.

THE recent death of Fred Archer, the leading English jockey, caused a great sensation on the other side of the ocean, and the papers have been full of paragraphs relating to the dead rider.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* relates that Archer, having received an injury in one of his races, called on Sir James Paget, who stands at the head of English surgeons. When Sir James had bound up his wound, Archer requested to know how long it would take to heal.

"Oh," said Sir James, "I think in three or four weeks you will be all right."

"But shall I be fit for the Derby?" asked Archer.

"Ye-es," was the reply. "Oh, yes! I think you may go to the Derby."

"No, but you don't quite understand me, Sir James," persisted the jockey. "I mean, shall I be fit to *ride?*"

"Well, I don't know," was the answer. "Better *drive; better drive!*"

Archer, rather taken aback by this very innocent and unexpected rejoinder, had to explain. "I am afraid, Sir James, you scarcely realize who I am?"

"No," said the surgeon, politely, referring to the patient's visiting card. "I see I have the honor of receiving Mr. Archer, but——"

"Well," said Archer, "I suppose I may say that what you are in your profession, Sir James, that I am in mine," and proceeded to tell him what that profession was.

The famous surgeon, on learning the status of his visitor, was at once greatly interested, and asked him earnestly many questions, among others, what would be his loss supposing he should be unable to fulfill the Derby engagement. To which Archer replied: "About $10,000." His average annual income he stated to be about $40,000; upon which Sir James is said to have remarked: "You may well say that what I am in my profession that you are in yours. I only wish that my profession were half as profitable as yours."

Archer's funeral took place on the same day as the withdrawal from office of the eminent author Matthew Arnold, who had long served as an inspector of schools in England. It is an interesting commentary on the relative dignity of professions that the London *Telegraph* devoted a column to Archer's funeral and precisely seventeen lines to Matthew Arnold's retirement. Mr. Arnold will now believe more firmly in what he had said the previous day in his valedictory address: "I find plenty of deleterious and detestable influences at work; they are not the influences of teachers; they are the influences of journalism."

THE STAR OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE story of the South African diamond rush of 1867 is even more wonderful than that of the gold discovery of 1849 in California. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, tells how the Boer farmers first found out that the pebbles with which their children played were, in reality, precious stones, worth thousands of dollars.

In a farmhouse, with its large table and bureau bearing a Bible and two or three old Dutch books, and the clumsy rifle leaning in the corner after the evening reading of a chapter, which told of the celestial walls of jasper and chalcedony, a trader named Niekirk, who happened to be present, told vrouw Jacobs, the farmer's wife, that the description reminded him of the pebbles the children played with, picked up along the banks of the neighboring Orange River. As he spoke, there entered O'Reilly, an ostrich hunter. They tried one of the stones on the window-glass, and scratched it all over, the scratches remaining there till this day. It was agreed that if it turned out a diamond all were to share equally. On his way to Cape Town, O'Reilly showed the stone, and was laughed at for his credulity; it was even taken from him and recovered with difficulty from the street where it had been thrown; but "he laughs best who laughs last," for in Cape Town the pebble from the banks of the Orange was pronounced a diamond, and bought by Sir Philip Wodehouse for $2,500. Ten more such were easily found by the vrouw Jacobs, and early in the next year, 1867, several were picked up along the banks of the Vaal, among them the renowned Star of South Africa, by a Hottentot shepherd, who sold it to Niekirk, the trader, for $2,000, and Niekirk disposed of it on the same day for $60,000.

Then the rush began in earnest to the river diggings on the Vaal. Soon a sea of tents, a hive of men, and a huge checker-board of claims stretched down to the loud and busy river and up to the heights of Klipdrift. Within three months of the first discovery there were 5,000 digging there.

GOUNOD'S GENEROSITY.

LORD BYRON'S famous little poem, "The Maid of Athens," was written in honor of the beautiful Theresa Macri, who afterwards became Mrs. Black. She was unfortunate, and some years later the English papers announced that the poet's heroine was living in London in more than straitened circumstances, and help was requested. Charles Gounod, the composer of "Faust," read this note in the papers, opened a volume of Byron, turned to the "Maid of Athens," and composed a melody for the words, which he sent to his publisher with this note: "I give up to Mrs. Black the profits of this composition. My work is no longer mine; it is hers whom Byron sung. It is the property of the 'Maid of Athens.'"

The sum which the kindly composer's work brought proved a welcome aid to the poor lady.

THE SEABIRD OF NORWAY.

BY GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

REALM of the maelstrom, the moor and the mountain,
Glorious with forest, with fell and with fountain,
Bearing the smile of aurora-kissed skies,
Norland, fair Norland, to thee my soul flies!
Once more in fancy I skim thy clear seas,
Sport in thy tide and rejoice in thy breeze.

Hark! o'er the silence that reigneth around,
Stealing so softly with musical sound,
Falls on the air thro' the mists of the years
Songs of the seabird so dear to my ears,
Bidding me welcome anew—
"Cal-loo-loo! Cal-loo-loo-loo!"

Norland, loved Norland, the land of my birth,
Never forgot tho' I roam the wide earth!
Girt by the sea and the Norway wildwood,
Rises before me the vision of childhood:
Sunlight is over the walls of my home;
Over the cliff is the fleck of its foam.

Borne by the gentle winds lightly along,
Sweet as the siren's melodious song,
Falls on the air through the mists of the years
Strains of the seabird so sweet to my ears,
Waking fond memories anew—
"Cal-loo-loo! Cal-loo-loo-loo!"

Norland, dear Norland, the shrine of my love,
Even the sorrow that bade me to rove
Binds me to thee, and my heart it is thine—
There rise in my bosom the hopes that were mine;
Fair are the fancies I picture of thee,
Land of the faithful and home of the free.

But from among the gray crags of thy mountains,
Over the billows, the meadows and fountains,
Fall on the air thro' the mists of the years
Strains of the seabird, now sad to my ears,
Bidding its mournful adieu—
"Cal-loo-loo! Cal-loo-loo-loo!"

THE BITER BIT.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

ONE of the old trappers of Montana told the following story to illustrate the cleverness of the beaver in outwitting his old enemy, the gray wolf. There is nothing the wolf likes so well as beaver meat, and although both animals are now getting very scarce, if ever beavers are found, the wolf is pretty sure to be lurking in the vicinity.

"I was acting as agent," said the trapper, "for a man who owned a large timber tract in Canada West, and I discovered that timber thieves were cutting some thrifty young cedar trees along Weifer's River. I could get no trace of the thieves, and one moonlight night I watched the timber. I hadn't been long on the spot before I saw a dark object rise on the bank of the river, and as it came up in the moonlight I saw that it was a beaver.

"Then I knew at once that four-footed thieves were taking the cedars. As I had never seen a beaver cut down a tree I thought I would watch the operation. This one selected a good-sized cedar near the river bank and at once began work. The rapidity with which he cut through that trunk with his great teeth is almost incredible. Almost as quickly as a chopper with an axe could have done it that beaver felled the tree. Just before it fell the beaver gave a cry that made me jump, and he scurried down the bank and jumped into the stream. The tree fell into the river, and under cover of the noise it made I crept quickly to the bank to see what the beaver would do further. The fallen tree lodged in the water, and the beaver came to the surface and began lopping off the branches. In this work it was joined by three or four others. They worked industriously, and the noise they made with their teeth could have been heard a long distance. They lopped off those branches as if they were working with hatchets, and in a short time the bare trunk was stretched across the stream. Then the beavers went to work on the trunk, and they cut it up in lengths of probably four feet, and as a length was cut it was floated down the stream until tree and beaver had disappeared.

"Of course this was all very interesting, but as it was not very profitable to the owner of the timber, and as beaver pelts were then worth a heap of money, I concluded to put a stop to the timber stealing, and also to gather in that beaver colony for my own benefit, if I could. The next day I started down the river on a tour of investigation. Three miles down I came in sight of the place where the beavers had stretched a dam across, made of cedar worth its weight in silver almost. I got down on my hands and knees and, hidden from view by high bushes, crept toward the dam. Peering through the bushes, I saw that the beavers had utilized an old log that lay across the stream, in making their dam, and then my eye fell on one of the largest gray wolves I ever saw. He was crouching on the log, and looked a part of it, so motionless did he lie. But his sharp eye was fixed on the water, and it actually blazed with expectancy. The hungry chap was there fishing for beaver, and I lay still to see his luck.

"I watched the wolf for, I guess, ten minutes before anything of interest occurred, and in all that time he never moved a muscle or winked an eye. I don't believe the wind was able to raise a hair on his body. Then I saw a long, undulating ripple start from the opposite bank of the stream and follow the surface of the water toward the log. There was no change in the wolf, except that his eyes might have blazed brighter. The ripple ceased at the log. The water broke, and the broad head of a beaver appeared. I heard a loud splash, and saw that the wolf and beaver had disappeared; but with such savage velocity had the wolf sprung from the log, I had not seen the movement. I supposed it was all up with that beaver, of course, but in a few seconds the wolf came along to the surface, blew the water from his nose with two or three loud snorts, and swam back to the log. He had missed his prey, but tufts of fur that he swept from his ugly looking jaw with his paws showed that the beaver's escape had been a narrow one.

"The wolf shook the water from his hide, and took another position on the log, and began another watch. This time he crouched on the log nearer the shore, where the water was shallower, evidently thinking that he would have a better chance there. I didn't think so, for it was out of the line where the beavers would be apt to swim and climb on the dam. In the light of subsequent events there is no doubt but what my opinion was correct.

"The wolf had barely settled himself on the log when the tell-tale ripple broke again and led right toward the very shallowest part of the water and near the shore, within three feet of the wolf. I was so much excited by this time that I came near yelling right out and spoiling all the fun. I did grind my teeth, however, and said to myself:

"'Is it possible that a beaver can know so much and still be such a fool?'

"But the ripple kept on. The water broke, and there was the beaver. Whiz! went the wolf through the air and plunked squarely down on the foolish beaver. I jumped up with the intention of pitching into the wolf and saving the beaver anyhow. But I didn't have to. The instant the wolf struck his claws in his prey there rose up on every side apparitions with fierce whiskers, rows of teeth like fence pickets, and great bales of fur. The wolf was in an ambuscade of beaver, and not less than thirty enraged dam-builders rushed to the aid of their companion. They tore and gnashed the wolf unmercifully. He dropped his prey, and made a desperate fight, but it was like a ranchman's cabin in the track of a cyclone. In a quarter of a minute there was nothing left of that wolf but fragments of hair and hide. The screams of the beavers and the snarls and yells of the wolf were enough to frighten an Apache.

"You would naturally think that animals with wisdom enough to put up such a job as that—for it was a put-up job, of course—would be too smart to let a little piece of their own body lead them, one after another, and in the same spot, to certain destruction; but they were not, and I gathered in every one of that colony in a week after the wolf fight. There is no animal so wily as the beaver that is so easily trapped. After you have found where a family is living, which usually isn't as easy as happened in my case, you take an ordinary steel trap and set it in the water. The trap mustn't be more than a foot under the surface, and a foundation generally has to be built for it to have it in that position. A cedar log is tied to the trap by a long cord, for when the beaver is caught he will swim away with the trap to his hiding place. If the trap were fastened so the animal couldn't get home, he'd be sure and tear out or gnaw his leg off.

"After the trap is set the bait is hung immediately over the trap, and just high enough above the water to be out of the beaver's reach as it swims. The bait is a piece of the medicine gland of the beaver, commercially known as castor. This has a penetrating, musky smell, and is most tempting to the beaver. As the animal swims along in the night he catches a whiff of the castor. That is more than he can stand, and he finds where it is. But he can't reach it from his place in the water, and he feels around with his feet to see if there isn't a resting place somewhere around there. There is, but it is the jaws of the trap. They go together as soon as they are touched, and the poor beaver is caught. He goes immediately for home. The light cedar buoy goes with him, and shows the trapper in the morning where the captive is. With five traps I caught my colony, and I had five beavers every night for seven nights. With them was the one the wolf had caught, and I made up my mind, from the way he had been handled, that if his companions had been three seconds late he would not have survived the victory."

DRIVING A PIG TO MARKET.

EVERY one has heard of the man who drove his pig to market by persistently pulling it in the opposite direction. Sometimes, sad to say, boys have to be managed in the same way.

Johnny has a very perverse disposition—a fact which the doctor, who was called to prescribe a course of treatment for him recently, seems to have taken fully into account.

When the doctor called two weeks after he had told Johnny what to do in order to get well, he found the boy plainly very much better.

"Well, how are you, Johnny?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, I'm all cured now," said Johnny, with a grin.

"That's very good, I'm sure."

"Yes, but I didn't do a single one of the things you told me to, doctor!"

"Of course you didn't. I knew you wouldn't, and that's the reason I told you to do them," said the doctor.

ALL READY FOR HIM.

FASHIONABLE Mother (to fashionable daughter)—Are you going out, dear?

Fashionable Daughter—Yes, mamma.

Fashionable Mother—And if the hairdresser should come while you are out?

Fashionable Daughter—Oh, I have left full instructions with Jane.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"UNDER BLUE SKIES" (Worthington Co.) contains pictorial and poetical representations of American child-life, by Mrs. S. J. Brigham. A good design well carried out.

"WORTHINGTON'S ANNUAL" (Worthington Co.) is a beautifully got up holiday volume for the young, profusely illustrated with engravings printed in alternate tints.

"FROM MEADOW SWEET TO MISTLETOE" (Worthington Co.) is an attractive volume of poems and illustrations for young folks, by Miss M. A. Lathbury. The idea of the work is expressed in the prefatory verses:

And let good cheer run round the year,
From meadow sweet to mistletoe.

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY MIRIAM C. MOORE.

DEATH, men say, is like a sea
That engulfs mortality,
Treach'rous, dreadful, blindingly
Full of storm and terror.

Death is like the deep, warm sand,
Pleasant when we come to land,
Covering up with tender hand
Marks of strife and error.

Life's a tortured, booming surge
Winds of passion strike and urge,
And transmute to broken surge
Foam-crests of ambition.

Death's a couch of golden ground,
A gentle, all-embracing mound,
Where from even memory's sound
We shall have remission.

SKATING.

FINEST OF WINTER SPORTS.

ENERGY expended in exercise is not thrown away. History shows that outdoor sports have flourished best among those nations who have been most distinguished in the arts of peace and war. To-day the English-speaking race, stands, we claim, at the head of the world's civilization; and this position is partly due to the manliness engendered by athletic exercises, in which it is far ahead of the other races.

And of all these exercises, few are more desirable than skating. A sport which is confined to experts, and practiced to gain money, soon exhibits bad features, and becomes brutalizing and debasing; but if all classes can heartily join in it, it becomes civilizing and ennobling.

There is no greater leveler than a good sport, in which all meet on equal ground. It relieves the monotonous life of the poor, and is a strong corrective to the indolence common among the rich. Any one who has seen the throngs of happy skaters who flock to Central Park when the "ball" on the cars announces that the ice is open, cannot but realize how much healthy enjoyment is found there by thousands who have little opportunity of getting out of the crowded city.

No sport is so open to all as skating. A dollar or two will fully equip the laborer for it, and wealth cannot purchase any advantage over him. It is a sociable sport, too. Those who meet on the ice meet on a level; people of all ranks, professions, and parties come into contact (and sometimes into collision) on that slippery surface, under conditions of pleasurable excitement which make them communicative. For an hour or two, at any rate, one's estimate of men does not wholly depend upon their possession of wealth or social rank.

Women as well as men can skate. Those interested in education and hygiene have discovered that open air exercise is as necessary to girls as to boys. And skating is an entirely unobjectionable pastime for ladies, which cannot be said of some other winter amusements.

Iron and steel skates are a comparatively modern invention, although snow-shoes were known ages ago. The first skates were made of bone, which seems to us rather a strange idea. Some are preserved in the British Museum which must be very ancient, as they are made from the bones of the red deer, an animal which has long been extinct in England. Fitzstephen, who described the amusements of Londoners in 1180, says: "Some tye bones to their feete and under their heeles, and doe slide as swiftly as a bird flyeth in the air, or an arrow out of a crossbow."

Holland is the home of modern skating. In 1572, when the Dutch were struggling for their independence against the Spanish armies under Alva, their fleet was frozen in one of the branches of the Rhine, and the Spaniards sent a detachment to capture it. The patriots cut a trench in the ice round their ships, and drove their assailants off; then musketeers on skates darted out to pursue, and made fearful havoc among the Spaniards. Alva, greatly impressed by the exploit, ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and had a brigade instructed in skate drill; but he found that his men could never equal the expert Hollanders.

It was about the same time that Dutch refugees, who fled before Alva, introduced skating into England. The numerous canals in Holland, and the rather severe winter, make the inhabitants practiced skaters; the men smoke their pipes, and the women knit, as they fly over the ice on their way to market.

Skating has become quite a science, and numerous books have been published which give rules regulating the movements of heel and toe, body and arms, to attain the greatest speed. There is also "figure" skating, which the racers despise as a degradation of their art.

The greatest danger in skating is the risk of breaking through the ice, and being carried under it by one's own impetus. This is a fearful idea, but it is not often realized; for when the ice gives way, it generally breaks into sheets, which tilt up before the skater. If he should get a ducking, the skater grasps the edge of the ice, and finds it hard to get a sufficient hold to lift himself up. He should put his legs well back, gradually raise himself, and place his chest on the ice; then he should stretch his arms sideways, and kick out as if swimming. If the ice be rotten he should always make his efforts towards the shore, as he may have to break the ice till he reaches the land. If the water is running, of course the risk is far greater, as the victim drifts to the downstream side of the hole, and his legs are carried under the ice.

In no case is it safe to skate upon ice less than two inches thick. The greatest detriment to skating in this country is snow; an inch of snow lying upon the ice does not stop the skater; and he can get through two inches, but if it is deeper than this, he has to go home.

Skaters are generally a kindly and good-natured folk, not too proud for a tumble, and ready to take a joke. An old skater said that the only time he lost his temper on the ice was once when he ran into a big hole cut by a rustic, who was lying in wait to see the fun; and when he scrambled out and began to expostulate with the joker, the latter excitedly yelled, "Can't you be quiet, you fool? Don't you see there's another man coming?"

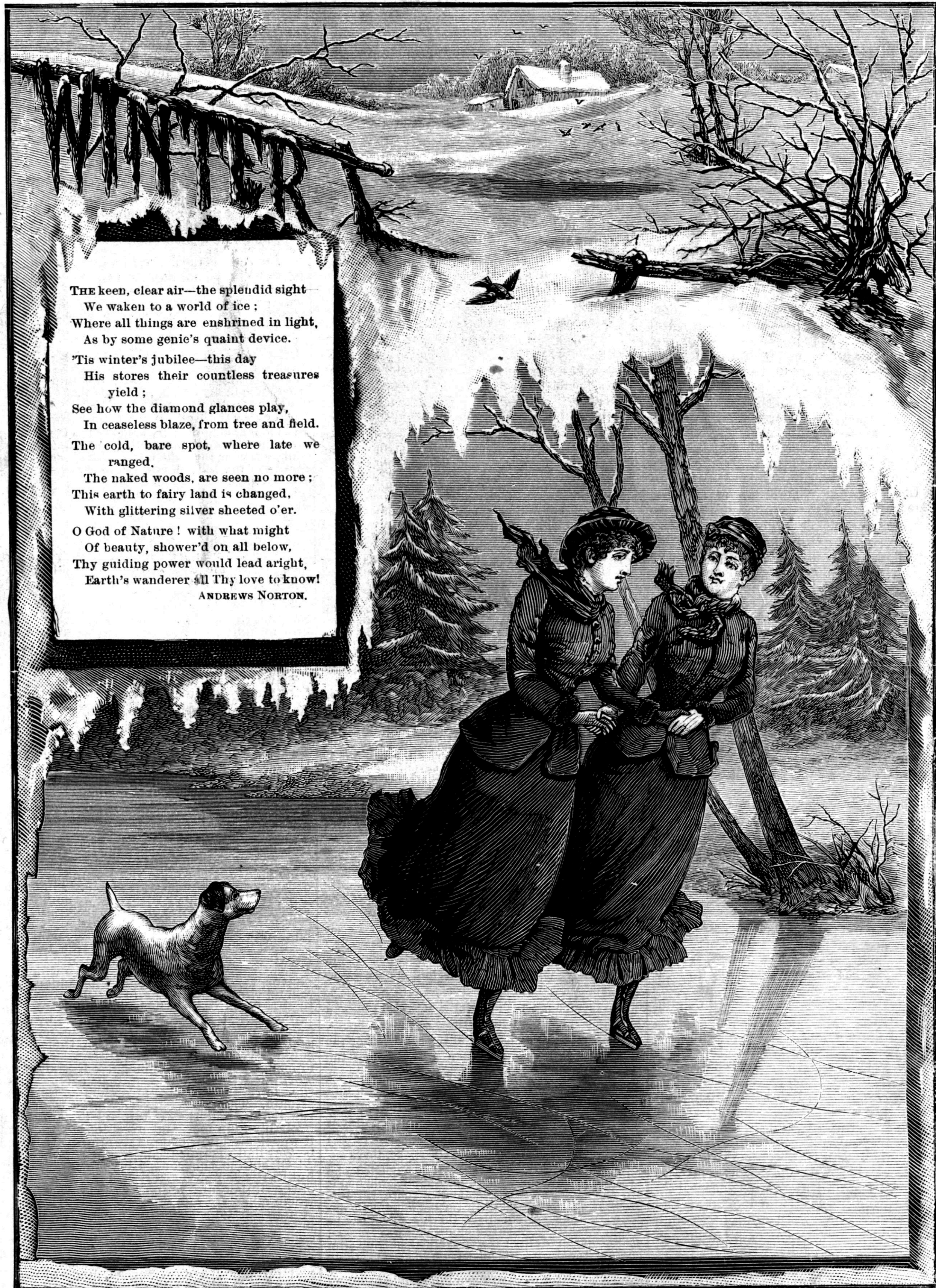
Skating has been strangely neglected by the poets, who have described "some strong swimmer in his agony," but said little of "some strong skater in his ecstasy." Wordsworth describes a scene where the whirring skates "into the woodland sent an alien sound." Tennyson once alludes to figure skating:

Till I, tired out
With cutting "eights" that day upon the pond,
Where, three times slipping from the outer edge,
I bumped the ice into three several stars.

The only other poetical reference to skating that we can think of is the stilted description in Thomson's "Winter," of skating in Holland:

Now, in the Netherlands, and where the Rhine
Branched out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep
On sounding skates a thousand different ways
In circling poise swift as the winds along,
Then the gay land is maddened all to joy.

BERNARD BRINSLEY.



THE WHIRRING SKATES INTO THE WOODLAND SENT AN ALIEN SOUND.

A HEARTLESS FRAUD.

GEN. LOGAN tells the following story about Col. Ochiltree, the Texas congressman, intending it, perhaps, as a burlesque on some of the war stories which are so popular just now:

Ochiltree had been serving, he says, on the staff of the Confederate leader, General Taylor, in the southwest. He had been stripped of everything, and was making his way home to Texas without a dollar in his pocket. He tramped a long day's journey, and darkness was falling when he began to speculate as to where he would pass the night. Going to the first house at hand, he was met by a lady and her two daughters, who resolutely refused him the hospitality of their home. The lady pleaded as an excuse her poverty and the fact that she had lost her son, who supported her. It was growing dark, and the road was not a comfortable one. Houses were widely scattered. With great deference the colonel asked the name of the dead son, and on hearing it he struck a dramatic attitude, and with much earnestness said: "Was he indeed your son? He was my companion in battle. He fell in these arms when the Northern bullets struck him." The air of sincerity that he threw into his statement was so impressive that the ladies immediately welcomed him to their home and insisted upon his telling them all the particulars of the death of the young man, and on keeping him there for two or three days, while he lived on the fat of the land and got strength to proceed on his journey.

AN UNLIKELY STORY.

MR. DUMLEY is somewhat impecunious, and is apt to be behindhand with his landlord. The other day he met a friend in the street, and surprised him by saying:

"My dear fellow, I have just left my landlord. You won't believe it, but I had the hardest work in the world to make him accept a little money."

"Well, that is an unlikely story. I should call it highly improbable. But why?"

"Why? Because he wanted a good deal!"

HOPE.

BY A. GLOVER.

O HOPE! sweet flatterer! thy delusive touch
Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,
Relieves the load of poverty, sustains
The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,
And smoothes the pillow of disease and pain.

[This story commenced in No. 208.]

BOB BURTON; or The Young Ranchman of the Missouri.

By HORATIO ALCER, Jr.

Author of "Ragged Dick Series," "Struggling Upwards," "Facing the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ANGRY CONFERENCE.

"YOU ought to be ashamed of yourself, you brute!" exclaimed Bob.

"Do you want me to thrash you, too?" snarled Wolverton, angrily.

"You can try, if you want to," returned Bob, contemptuously.

"Sam, what was he going to whip you for?" asked Bob, turning to his unfortunate friend.

"I'll answer that question," said Wolverton, "though it's no concern of yours. The boy has been robbing me."

"What have you to say, Sam?"

"It's not true."

"What do you charge him with taking, Mr. Wolverton?"

"A dollar."

"It's the one your mother gave me, Bob."

"To be sure! I saw her give it to you myself."

"He lies, and you swear to it," said Wolverton, with a sneer.

"Mr. Wolverton, you have brought a false charge against your nephew, and you know it. If you don't care to take his word or mine, you can come over to our house and ask my mother whether Sam's story is true."

"It doesn't matter whether it's true or false," said Wolverton, doggedly. "Sam is under my charge, and I have a right to any money he comes by."

"I always knew you were mean," said Bob, contemptuously, "but this is ahead of anything I ever imagined. Do you still accuse Sam of robbing you?"

"I don't know whether he did or not."

"You can easily satisfy yourself by calling on my mother."

"I mean to call on your mother, but it won't be on this business," said Wolverton, opening his mouth and showing the yellow fangs which served for teeth.

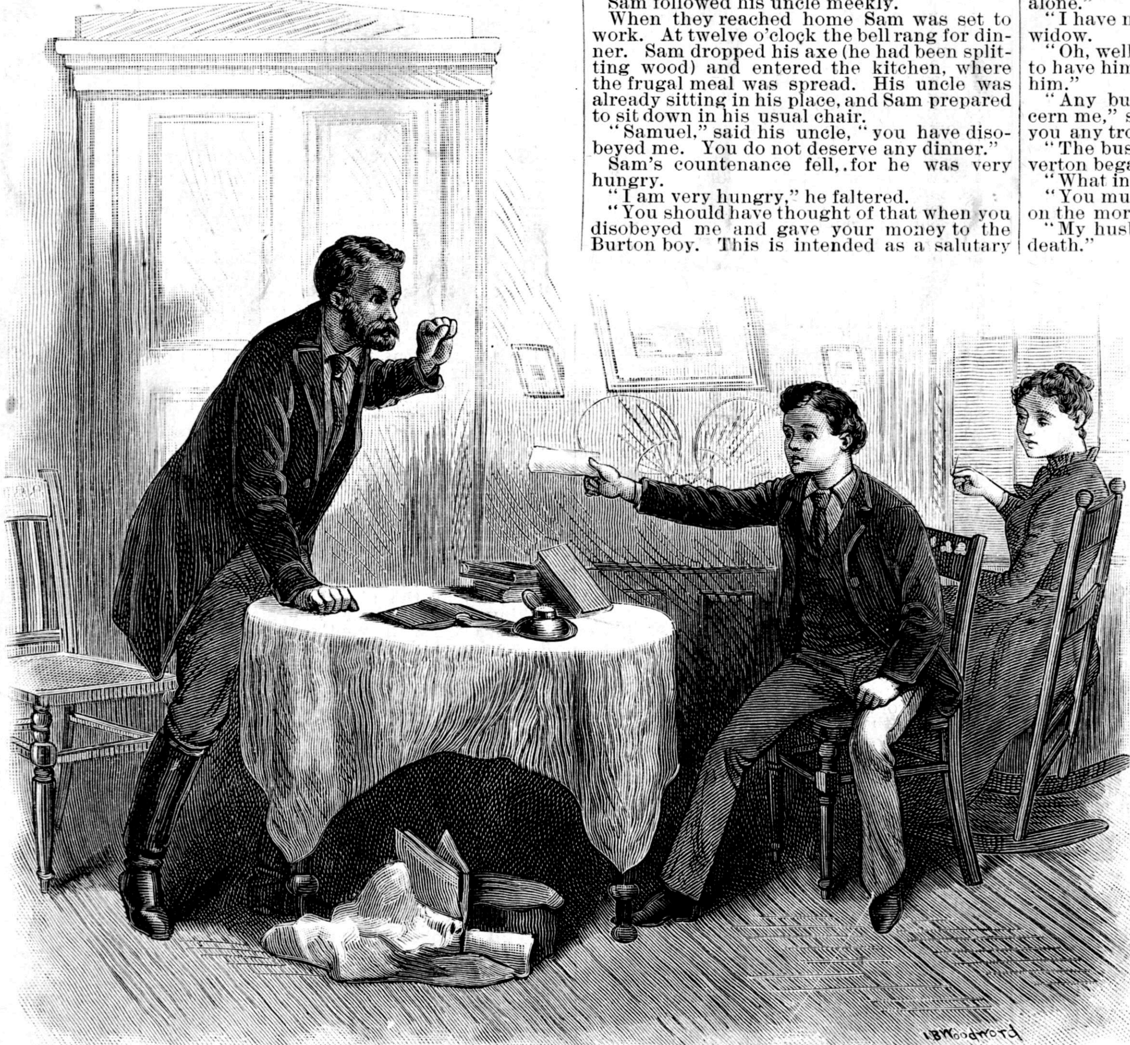
"You are at liberty to call on any business errand," said Bob.

"Indeed, you are very kind, remarkably kind, considering that the ranch is as much mine as your mother's"

"How do you make that out?"

"I have a mortgage on it for half its value."

"I deny it. The ranch is worth much more than six thousand dollars. Besides, the time has not yet come when you have the right to foreclose."



"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PAPER?" STAMMERED WOLVERTON, PALE AND PANIC-STRICKEN.

"There you are, young man! As the interest has not been promptly paid, I can foreclose at any time."

"You will have to see my mother about that," said Bob, carefully concealing the fact that the receipt had been recovered.

"I thought you would change your tune," said Wolverton, judging from Bob's calmer tone that he was getting alarmed.

Bob smiled, for he felt that he had the advantage, and foresaw Wolverton's discomfiture when the receipt was shown him.

"I am not quite so excited as I was," he admitted. "When I saw you with the whip uplifted I was ready for anything."

"Give me back the whip!" said Wolverton, menacingly.

"Will you promise not to use it on Sam?"

"I'll promise nothing, you young whipper-snapper! What business have you to interfere between me and my nephew?"

"The right of ordinary humanity."

"Give me the whip."

"Then, make me the promise?"

"I won't."

"Then I propose to keep it."

"I will have you arrested for theft."

"Do so. I will explain matters to Judge Turner."

Judge Turner, the magistrate before whom such cases came, heartily despised and hated Aaron Wolverton, as the latter knew full well. He would certainly dismiss any charge brought against Bob by such a man. This consideration naturally influenced him.

"Very well," he said, though with an ill grace, "if your mother gave Sam the money, I retract the charge of theft. Nevertheless, as his guardian, I demand that the dollar be given to me."

"Give it to me to keep for you, Sam," said Bob.

Sam gladly took it from his pocket, and threw it towards Bob, who dexterously caught it.

"Now, Mr. Wolverton," said Bob quietly; "you will have to demand the money from me; Sam hasn't got it."

"You'll have to pay for your impudence, Robert Burton!" said Wolverton, wrathfully. "You forget that you are all in my power."

"You may find yourself mistaken, Mr. Wolverton," said Bob. "At any rate I don't think I shall lose any sleep on that score."

"You can tell your mother I shall call this evening," continued Wolverton. "I expect her to be ready with the interest, which is long overdue."

"I will give her your message, Mr. Wolverton. Now, Clip, let us go on. Mr. Wolverton will excuse us, I know, when I tell him that we have an errand in the village."

"Yah, yah!" laughed Clip, gleefully, not that there was anything particular to laugh at, but because it took very little to excite Clip's risibilities.

Mr. Wolverton turned upon Clip with a frown. He had not forgotten the trick Clip played upon him when he was upset in the river, and he would have liked nothing better than to flog him till he roared for mercy.

"What is that black ape grinning about?" he demanded.

Clip ought to have felt insulted, but he was only amused.

"Yah, yah!" he laughed again.

Aaron Wolverton made a dash at him with his recovered whip, but Clip nimbly jumped to one side and laughed again.

"Didn't do it dat time, Massa Wolverton," said Clip, showing his teeth.

"I'll get even with you yet, you black monkey!"

If Clip had been alone, Wolverton would have proceeded then and there to carry out his threat. But he had a wholesome respect for Bob, whose physical strength and prowess he well knew. It made him angry whenever he thought of this boy, who seemed born to be a thorn in his side. He was stronger than Wolverton, though the land agent was a man grown, and it was humiliating to Wolverton to be obliged to admit this fact.

But he had one consolation in the mortgage he held upon the Burton ranch. Here the law was on his side, and he saw his way clear to annoy and injure Bob and his family, without running any risk himself. As for the chance of the mortgage ever being paid off, that he thought extremely small. If Richard Burton were still alive, he would have been right, but Bob, young as he was, bade fair to a better manager than his father. He was not so sanguine, or, if the truth must be told, so reckless in his expenditures. Besides, he knew, though his father was ignorant of it, that Wolverton, for some reason which he could not penetrate, was a bitter enemy of the family, and that his forbearance could not be depended upon.

When Bob and Clip had left the scene, Aaron Wolverton turned to Sam, and scowled at his unfortunate nephew, in a way which was by no means pleasant or reassuring.

"I've a good mind to flog you for all the trouble you've brought upon me," he said,

"I don't see what I've done, uncle."

"You don't, hey? Haven't you sided with that upstart, the Burton boy?"

Sam was judiciously silent, for he saw his uncle was very much irritated.

"Why did you give that dollar to him?"

"He told me to."

"Suppose he did, is he your guardian, or am I?"

"You are, Uncle Aaron."

"I'm glad you are willing to admit it. Then why did you give him the dollar?"

"Because his mother gave it to me. If you had given it to me, I wouldn't have done it."

"You'll have to wait a good while before I give you a dollar."

Sam was of the same opinion himself, but did not think it wise to say so.

"You deserve to be punished for what you have done," said his uncle, severely.

"I wish I were as strong and brave as Bob," thought Sam. "I don't see how he dares to stand up before Uncle Aaron, and defy him. He makes me tremble."

The truth was, Sam was not made of heroic mould. He was a timid boy, and was easily overawed. He lacked entirely the qualities that made Bob so bold and resolute. He could admire his friend, but he could not imitate him.

"Now, come home," said Wolverton, shortly. Sam followed his uncle meekly.

When they reached home Sam was set to work. At twelve o'clock the bell rang for dinner. Sam dropped his axe (he had been splitting wood) and entered the kitchen, where the frugal meal was spread. His uncle was already sitting in his place, and Sam prepared to sit down in his usual chair.

"Samuel," said his uncle, "you have disobeyed me. You do not deserve any dinner."

Sam's countenance fell, for he was very hungry.

"I am very hungry," he faltered.

"You should have thought of that when you disobeyed me and gave your money to the Burton boy. This is intended as a salutary lesson, Samuel, to cure you of your stubbornness and disobedience."

"You are quite right, Aaron," said Miss Sally in her deep voice. "Samuel needs chastening."

Poor Sam slunk out of the door in a state of depression. Not being ordered to return to his work, he went out into the street, where he met Bob and Clip, and to them he told his tale of woe.

"Your uncle is as mean as they make 'em," said Bob. "Here, go into the baker's and buy some doughnuts and pie."

He handed Sam a quarter, and the hungry boy followed his advice, faring quite as well as he would have done at his uncle's table. Rather to Mr. Wolverton's surprise, he worked all the afternoon without showing signs of hunger, and that gentleman began to consider whether, after all, two meals a day were not sufficient for him.

CHAPTER XII.

WOLVERTON'S WATERLOO.

THOUGH the receipt was lost, Wolverton could not give up his plan of extorting the interest from Mrs. Burton a second time. It might have been supposed that he would have some qualms of conscience about robbing the widow and the fatherless, but Mr. Wolverton's conscience, if he had any, gave him very little trouble. He would have thought himself a fool to give up a hundred and fifty dollars if there was the slightest chance of securing them.

Towards evening of the day on which Bob had interfered with him, he took his hat and cane, and set out for Burton's ranch.

It so happened that Bob answered the bell. He had been sitting with his mother, chatting about their future plans.

"Good evening, Mr. Wolverton," said Bob, who felt it incumbent upon him to be polite to a guest, even though he disliked him.

"Evening," returned Wolverton, curtly. "Is your mother at home?"

"Yes, sir. Will you come in?"

Wolverton had not the good manners to acknowledge the invitation with thanks, but strode into the sitting-room, following Bob.

The widow anticipated his visit, having been informed by Bob that he had announced his intention of coming.

"Good evening, Mr. Wolverton. Take a seat," she said, pointing to a chair a few feet from her own; "Robert, take Mr. Wolverton's hat."

Wolverton looked at the widow with a hungry gaze, for she was the only woman he had ever loved.

"If she would only marry me, all her troubles would be over," he said to himself. "She's a fool to refuse."

We, who have some idea of Mr. Wolverton's character and disposition, are more likely to conclude that marriage with such a man would be only the beginning of trouble.

"I've come on business, Mrs. Burton," said the visitor, in an aggressive tone.

"State it, if you please, Mr. Wolverton," the widow answered calmly.

"Hadn't you better send your son out of the room? We'd better discuss this matter alone."

"I have no secrets from Robert," said the widow.

"Oh, well, just as you please; I don't care to have him interfere in what doesn't concern him."

"Any business with my mother does concern me," said Bob; "but I will try not to give you any trouble."

"The business is about that interest," Wolverton began abruptly.

"What interest?"

"You must know what I mean—the interest on the mortgage."

"My husband paid it on the day of his death."

"It's easy enough to say that," sneered Wolverton, "but saying it isn't proving it, as you must have the good sense to know."

"When my husband left me on that fatal morning, he told me that he was going to your office to pay the interest. I know he had the money with him, for he had laid down the wallet, and I saw the roll of bills."

"Why didn't he pay it, then? That's what I'd like to know."

"Didn't he pay it to you, Mr. Wolverton?" asked Mrs. Burton, with a searching glance. "Carry back your memory to that day, and answer me that question."

Mr. Wolverton showed himself a little restive under this interrogatory, but he assumed an air of indignation.

"What do you mean, widder?" he demanded, bringing down his cane with emphasis upon the floor. "Do you doubt my word?"

"I think you may be mistaken, Mr. Wolverton," said Mrs. Burton, composedly.

"Who has been putting this into your head, widder? Is it that boy of yours?"

Bob answered for himself:

"I don't mind saying that I did tell mother that I thought the money had been paid."

"Humph! you think yourself mighty smart, Bob Burton," snarled Wolverton. "Nat'rally you'd like to get rid of paying the interest, if you could; but you've got a business man to deal with, not a fool."

"You are no fool where money is concerned, there's no doubt about that. But I want to ask you one thing: if my father didn't pay you the money which mother can testify to his carrying with him on the morning of his death, what became of it?"

"How should I know? Did you search his wallet when he was brought home?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't find the money?"

"No."

"So you conclude that he paid it to me. Let me tell you, young man, that doesn't follow. He may have been robbed when he was lying on the ground insensible."

"I think very likely he was," returned Bob, quietly.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Wolverton, uneasily. "Who could have robbed him?"

"Possibly some one that we wouldn't be likely to suspect."

"What does he mean? Can he possibly suspect me?" thought Wolverton, fixing his eyes on Bob's face. "But no! I certainly didn't take any money from him."

"You may be right," he said aloud; "but that hasn't anything to do with my claim for interest. Whether your father was robbed of the money, or spent it, is all one to me. It wasn't paid to me, I can certify."

"Would you be willing to swear that the money was not paid to you, that day, Mr. Wolverton?"

"Do you mean to insult me? Haven't I told you it was not paid?"

"Do you expect me to pay it to you then?" asked Mrs. Burton.

"Widder, I'm surprised you should ask such a foolish question. It lies in a nutshell. I'm entitled to interest on the money I let your husband have on mortgage. You admit that?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you admit that. As your hus-

band didn't pay, I look to you for it. I can say no more."

Mrs. Burton took a pocket-book from a pocket in her dress, and handed it to Robert. Bob opened it, and drew therefrom a folded paper.

"Mr. Wolverton," he said, quietly, "I hold in my hand a receipt signed by yourself for the interest—one hundred and fifty dollars—dated the very day that my poor father died. What have you to say to it?"

Mr. Wolverton sprang to his feet, pale and panic-stricken.

"Where did you get that paper?" he stammered, hoarsely.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT BOB FOUND IN THE CREEK.

"WHEN my poor husband left your office this receipt was in his possession," answered Mrs. Burton.

"I deny it!" exclaimed Aaron Wolverton, in a tone of excitement.

"Where else should it be?" inquired the widow, eying him fixedly.

"I don't know. How should I?"

"So you deny that the signature is yours, Mr. Wolverton?"

"Let me see it."

"I would rather not," said Bob, drawing back the receipt from Wolverton's extended hand.

"That's enough!" said Wolverton, quickly. "You are afraid to show it. I denounce it as a base forgery."

"That will do no good," said the boy, unterrified. "I have shown the receipt to Mr. Dornton, and he pronounces the signature genuine."

"What made you show it to him?" asked Wolverton discomfited.

"Because I thought it likely, after your demanding the interest a second time, that you would deny it."

"Probably I know my own signature better than Mr. Dornton can."

"I have no doubt you will recognize it," and Bob, unfolding the paper, held it in such a manner that Wolverton could read it.

"It may be my signature; it looks like it," said Wolverton, quickly deciding upon a new evasion, "but it was never delivered to your father."

"How, then, do you account for it being written?" asked Mrs. Burton, in natural surprise.

"I made it out on the day your husband died," Wolverton answered, glibly, "anticipating that he would pay the money. He did not do it, and so the receipt remained in my desk."

Bob and his mother regarded each other in surprise. They were not prepared for such a barefaced falsehood.

"Perhaps you will account for its not being in your desk now," said Bob.

"I can do so, readily," returned Wolverton, maliciously. "Somebody must have stolen it from my desk."

"I think you will find it hard to prove this, Mr. Wolverton."

"It is true, and I don't propose to lose my money on account of a stolen receipt. You will find that you can't so easily circumvent Aaron Wolverton."

"You are quite welcome to adopt this line of defense, Mr. Wolverton, if you think best. You ought to know whether the public will believe such an improbable tale."

"If you had the receipt why didn't you show it to me before?" Wolverton asked in a triumphant tone. "I came here soon after your father's death, and asked for my interest. Your mother admitted, then, that she had no receipt."

"We had not found it then."

"Where, and when, did you find it?"

"I do not propose to tell."

Wolverton shook his head, satirically.

"And a very good reason you have, I make no doubt."

"Suppose I tell you my theory, Mr. Wolverton."

"I wish you would," and Wolverton leaned back in his chair, and gazed defiantly at the boy he so much hated.

"My father paid you the interest, and took a receipt. He had it on his person when he met with his death. When he was lying outstretched in death"—here Bob's eyes moistened—"some one came up, and bending over him, took the receipt from his pocket."

Mr. Wolverton's face grew pale as Bob proceeded.

"A very pretty romance!" he sneered, recovering himself after an instant.

"It is something more than romance," Bob proceeded slowly and gravely. "It is true; the man who was guilty of this mean theft from a man made helpless by death is known. He was seen at this contemptible work."

"It is a lie," cried Wolverton, hoarsely, his face the color of chalk.

"It is a solemn truth."

"Who saw him?"

"I don't propose to tell—yet, if necessary, it will be told in a court of justice."

Wolverton saw that he was found out, but he could not afford to acknowledge. His best way of getting off was to fly into a rage, and this was easy for him.

"I denounce this as a base conspiracy," he said, rising as he spoke. "That receipt was stolen from my desk."

"Then we do not need to inquire who took it from the vest pocket of my poor father."

"Robert Burton, I will get even with you for this insult," said Wolverton, shaking his fist at the manly boy. "You and your mother."

"Leave out my mother's name," said Bob, sternly.

"I will; I don't think she would be capable of such meanness. You, then, are engaged in a plot to rob me of a hundred and fifty dollars. To further this wicked scheme, you or your agent have stolen this receipt from my desk. I can have you arrested for burglary. It is no more nor less than that."

"You can do so, if you like, Mr. Wolverton. In that case the public shall know that you stole the receipt from my poor father after his death. I can produce an eye-witness."

Wolverton saw that he was in a trap. Such a disclosure would injure him infinitely in the opinion of his neighbors, for it would be believed. There was no help for it. He must lose the hundred and fifty dollars upon which, though he had no claim to it, he had so confidently reckoned.

"You will hear from me!" he said, savagely, as he jammed his hat down upon his head, and hastily left the apartment. "Aaron Wolverton is not the man to give in to fraud."

Neither Bob nor his mother answered him, but Mrs. Burton asked anxiously, after his departure:

"Do you think he will do anything, Bob?"

"No, mother. He sees that he is in a trap, and will think it wisest to let the matter drop."

This, in fact, turned out to be the case. Mortifying as it was to give in, Wolverton did not dare to act otherwise. He would have given something handsome, mean though he was, if he could have found out, first, who saw him rob the dead man, and next, who extracted the stolen receipt from his desk. He was inclined to guess that it was Bob in both cases. It never occurred to him that Clip was the eye-witness whose testimony could brand him with this contemptible crime. Nor did he think of Sam in connection with his own loss of the receipt. He knew Sam's timidity, and did not believe the boy would have dared to do such a thing.

All the next day, in consequence of his disappointment, Mr. Wolverton was unusually cross and irritable. He even snapped at his sister, who replied with spirit:

"Look here, Aaron, you needn't snap at me, for I won't stand it."

"How will you help it?" he sneered.

"By leaving your house, and letting you get another housekeeper. I can earn my own living, without working any harder than I do here, and a better living, too. While I stay here, you've got to treat me decently."

Wolverton began to see that he had made a mistake. Any other housekeeper would cost him more, and he could find none that would be so economical.

"I don't mean anything, Sally," he said; "but I'm worried."

"What worries you?"

"A heavy loss."

"How much?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars."

"How is that?"

"I have lost a receipt, but I can't explain how. A hundred and fifty dollars is a great deal of money, Sally."

"I should say it was. Why can't you tell me about it?"

"Perhaps I will some time."

About two months later, while Bob was superintending the harvesting of the wheat—the staple crop of the Burton ranch—Clip came running up to him in visible excitement.

"O Massa Bob," he exclaimed, "there is a ferry boat coming down the creek with nobody on it, and it's done got stuck ag'inst a snag. Come quick, and we can take it for our own. Findings is keepings."

Bob lost no time in following Clip's suggestion. He hurried to the creek, and there, a few rods from shore, he discovered the boat stranded in the mud, for it was low tide.

(To be continued.)

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

ZEBULON ON THE LIONS' DEN.

A FEW days before the last election there was a curious combination meeting at a small North Carolina town, if we can believe a correspondent of the Baltimore *American*. A circus arrived in town that day, and found, to the horror of the manager, that the town had been billed for a grand Democratic mass meeting, with Zebulon B. Vance as the great attraction. After thinking over the matter a long time the proprietor concluded to go see Senator Vance, and see if a combination of the two shows could not be made. So he called on the senator and found him—as everybody else has—good-natured, jolly and pleasant. The proprietor mentioned his fears to the senator and said that he feared the opposition.

"Yes," replied Senator Vance, candidly, "I am something of a circus myself, especially as I give a free show, and am afraid I will hurt your business."

"Then don't you think it would be of great benefit to us both if you would address the crowd from the circus ring under my tent, and on top of the lion's cage?"

Senator Vance thought for a little while, and then concluded that it would be a good joke, and so he consented. The proprietor of the circus cut the price of admission down to twenty-five cents, so that every one could come.

Just before the show began, a great crowd had collected about the door. Senator Vance made his way toward the entrance, but before he got there, he was somewhat startled to see the clown mounted on a chair outside the door, and hear him exclaim:

"Step this way, ladies and gentlemen! Here is the greatest show on the face of the globe! Not only is the show in itself a whole continent of wonders, and an aggregation of talent never before collected together, but it presents to-night an additional feature. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, do not be afraid. The lions are caged, and the monkeys harmless. As I remarked, we have an attraction to-night which eclipses and sinks into utter oblivion all the freaks of earth. This great feature, ladies and gentlemen, is a real, live, United States Senator, who will address the crowd from the top of the lions' cage! Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! Tickets only twenty-five cents! We have reduced the price one-half, so that all can see and hear the great anti-civil service reform Senator, Zebulon B. Vance! Step up, and don't be bashful!"

The senator thought he had better go in before he heard any more, and he did. The clown still continued his harangue, and was the means of filling the tent. After the regular show the lion's cage was drawn out into the ring. A stepladder was placed beside it, and three chairs were placed on top. Then Senator Vance mounted this rostrum and delivered his speech. It was a great success. The people were delighted. When the Senator became prosy, the lions in the cage grew restive, and distracted the attention of the audience. It is but just to add that the district went Democratic, and it is all said to be owing to Senator Vance and the circus.

HE PAINTED THE QUEEN'S COWS BLUE.

THE autobiography of the British naval officer who gained the title of Hobart "Pacha" in the Turkish service has recently been published in London, and it gives the narrative of a career full of strange adventures.

He entered the British navy when twelve years old, and first served under a captain whose tyranny reminds one of Marryat's novels.

"I shall never forget," says Hobart, "the captain's first words. As he stepped over the side he greeted us by saying to the first-lieutenant in a loud voice, 'Put all my boat's crew in irons for neglect of duty.' It seems that one of them kept him waiting for a couple of minutes when he came down to embark. After giving this order, the captain honored the officers, who received him, with a haughty bow, read aloud his commission, and retired to his cabin, having ordered the anchor to be weighed in two hours.

"Accordingly at 8 o'clock we stood out to sea, the weather being fine and wind favorable. At 11 all hands were called to attend the punishment of the captain's boat's crew. I cannot describe the horror with which I witnessed six fine sailor-like looking fellows torn by the frightful cat, for having kept this officer waiting a few minutes on the pier."

But the boy's own turn came next. For getting in the way, or crying (he was not thirteen), or "in some way vexing the tyrant," he was at once mast-headed.

"Go to the mast-head indeed! with a freshening wind, under whose influence the ship was beginning to heel over, and an increasing sea that made her jump about like an acrobat. I had not got my sea legs, and this feat seemed an utter impossibility to me. I looked with horror up aloft; then came over me the remembrance of the story of the lad who refused to go to the mast-head, and was hoisted up by the signal halyards. While thinking of this another 'Well, sir, why don't you obey orders?' started me into the lower rigging, which I began with the greatest difficulty to climb, expecting at every step to go headlong overboard. A good-natured sailor gave me a helping hand, and up I crawled as far as the maintop. This is a comparatively comfortable half-way resting place, from whence one can look about, feeling somewhat secure. On looking down to the deck my heart bled to see the poor sailor who helped me undergoing punishment for his kind act. I heard myself at the same time ordered 'to go higher,' and a little higher I did go. Then I stopped, frightened to death, and almost senseless; terror, however, seemed to give me presence of mind to cling on, and there I remained till some hours afterward; then I was called down. On reaching the deck I fainted, and knew no more till I awoke after some time in my hammock."

For three years he suffered, but with so little harm to his spirit that, on coming home, and being offered a lift to London from Portsmouth in the captain's carriage, he tells us:

"Full of disgust and horror at the very sight of him, I replied that I would rather crawl home on my hands and knees than go in his carriage, and so ended our acquaintance, for I never saw him again."

Hobart's first employment was hunting slavers in the Atlantic; after this he was appointed to the royal yacht. There was a cow-house on board, where were housed the queen's two little Alderneys, which she used to visit every day. The spirit of mischief moved young Hobart to paint a brilliant blue the horns and muzzles of those animals. What ensued he had better tell in his own words: "The next morning her majesty—well, I think I had better say no more about it. I, the culprit, was denounced, and had to keep out of the way for a day or two. Then it was that the good-natured prince consort proved himself a friend, and got me out of my scrape."

His longing for adventure led Hobart to amuse himself, during our Civil War, by repeatedly and successfully running the blockades of Southern ports, under the assumed name of "Captain Roberts." Then he was appointed to a high position in the Turkish navy, and died in the sultan's service a few months ago.

THE GENERAL'S COAT OF MAIL.

GENERAL BOULANGER, the French Secretary of War, has lately attracted a great deal of notice by his extraordinary proceedings. He recently challenged a member of the assembly, who had insulted him, to fight a duel. The *Pall Mall Gazette* tells a story about the general's preparations for this duel. He sent, it is said, for a clever artisan in Paris, and demanded of him whether he would engage to make a coat of mail, to be worn under the ordinary dress, which should be absolutely sword and bullet proof. The man promised to do as requested, naming 19,000 francs as the price of it. The bargain was speedily concluded, and in due time the article was brought round to the general's house. The general took it up, carefully examined it, and, turning to the man, told him to put it on. The man did as he was bid.

"As you guarantee the efficacy of your coat, you will have, I presume, no objection to my testing it," dryly remarked the general, and before the astonished artisan could protest, he took a brace of pistols and discharged them. Half dead with fear, the man stood the fire, and, to the great credit of his workmanship, with complete impunity. But the general was not content with one trial. He fired a second pistol at the back of the man, and afterwards discharged a fowling piece at him with similar effect, or rather non-effect. He also tried in vain to pierce the coat with a sword. The gallant general was so delighted with his new garment that he handed the artisan two checks for 19,000 francs, the first being the sum agreed on, and the second check in compensation for the fright he had given him.

QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

A WONDERFUL amount of superstition survives in the civilized America of the nineteenth century. Numbers of queer fancies prevailed among the armies who fought in our Civil War, and some of them are narrated by a Confederate soldier in the *Detroit Free Press:*

"The first instance to come under my observation was at Gaines's Mill. I was then serving with an Alabama regiment, and when we were making our coffee at the early campfire I heard a sort of groan from a comrade, and as I turned to look at him I noticed that he was staring into his coffee-pot with something like terror, while his face was deathly pale.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'I shall be killed to-day!' he groaned out.

"'Fudge! We don't know that even a single musket will be fired.'

"'I dreamed last night,' he whispered, 'that I looked down upon a sheet of water whose surface was covered with bubbles, and amidst them I saw my own dead face. I shall be shot before night.'

"I ridiculed the idea and brought up others to assist me, but the only reply to our raillery was a sad shake of the head. He was a believer in dreams, and he certainly felt that his last day had come. In a little time we got the order to march, and before noon my regiment was thrown forward to uncover a portion of the Federal line. The first missile sent at us was a solid shot from a field-piece and it struck the young soldier in the chest and cut him fairly in two without injuring another man.

"The night before Burnside crossed at Fredericksburg a second lieutenant in a Virginia regiment received some mail from the regimental bag. I carried the pack of letters over to the officers' quarters and handed it to this lieutenant. The top letter was for him, and on one end of the envelope was a red stain. It looked like blood, but was probably ink. He no sooner saw it than he became greatly affected, and said:

"'I shall be the first officer out of the regiment killed to-morrow.'

"I heard a dozen officers ridiculing him, but he became silent and serious, and finally walked away by himself. We were down on the right, where the first Federal attack was made. Our regiment was using a long and deep land furrow as a rifle pit, and the advancing line of blue had just come within range, when a bullet struck the lieutenant in the head and killed him instantly.

"There was a superstition in my regiment that any one who went into battle with the foot of a rabbit tied around his neck was safe. Rabbits' feet were at a high premium for two weeks. My brigade was then pushed ahead on a reconnaissance, bumped up against the Yanks, and we not only got thrashed, but we lost three men killed. Out of the seventy men in my company I presume that thirty had the talisman. It so happened that the three killed belonged to this 'lucky' set, and next day rabbits' feet took a decided fall in price.

"I was for a time a brigadier's orderly. His superstition was that he would be safe from bullets as long as he rode a chestnut horse. In the first battle into which I followed him his chestnut was shot, and, of course, I 'hustled' to bring him up another. Mine was a coal black, and the only one which I could get for him was a roan. He didn't seem to notice the difference until the action was over, and then I got a terrible rating. In the second battle he had a chestnut, and even before our line came under fire a bullet crippled the horse and another hit my superstitious general in the thigh and left him to limp through life.

"I remember that just before Grant attacked Lee in the Wilderness, while I was at brigade headquarters, a hen (there was a large flock about the yard) scratched up a steel button. A sergeant of cavalry at once dismounted and secured it, and when I asked what use he could put it to he replied:

"'I will drop it into the ear of my colonel's horse just before the next battle, and no harm will come to either of them.'

"I laughed at him, and he got so mad that we nearly came to blows. I met him a week later, with a saber-cut on his head, and asked him how the fetish worked.

"'Must have been a crowing hen that scratched it up,' he replied. 'The colonel and twenty of our men were killed the day after I saw you.'"

MARRIED HAPPINESS.

"YES, Mrs. Flaherty, I've been married now goin' on twenty-three years, and John and I have niver had a quarrel."

"Well, thin, Mrs. Cummisky, it's a happy woman you ought to be, for many's the row Peter and I have had, God be good to us all!"

"Oh, for that matter, we've had hard words time and agin', an' maybe now and then a blow, but what I mean is I never had to call in the police."

THERE WILL BE REST.

BY SIDNEY GLOVER.

Can we ever straighten the tangled threads
Grown twisted and soiled with the march of life?
Can we pause to make them smooth and white?
Can we ever find rest in the midst of strife?
Will the world stand still to right the wrong?
Will time pick up the moments lost?
Will the thread of friendship be joined again
When once it is broken, whate'er it cost?

Ah! there will come a time, I know,
When our blinded eyes will be opened wide,
And our barks, which have drifted from pole to pole,
Will be peacefully anchored side by side.
Then the tangled skein will be smooth and white,
Our toils and tears shall all be o'er;
Then will our tired hearts know rest,
And severed ones shall part no more.

THE TALE OF A TIGER HUNT.

BY MAJOR W. W. LAWRENCE.

Having been requested to relate some of my reminiscences for the readers of the Argosy, I will narrate an adventure which once befell me while I was stationed at an out-of-the-way post in the Punjab, and which has always remained vividly fixed in my memory.

For a considerable time I was repeatedly receiving intelligence that a tiger was committing great depredation among the flocks of the villagers living along the banks of the Jhelum, some thirty miles distant. As the hillsmen used the same word (*sher*) to express both a leopard and tiger, and tigers very rarely came up so far north, whilst leopards are numerous, I was unable to determine which it was. I therefore sent my shikaree, a Sikh in whom I had the greatest confidence, down to ascertain. On his return he informed me that it was undoubtedly a tiger, as he had seen its tracks, and that he had recently killed several bullocks; besides which, some of the villagers had seen it in broad daylight close to their village, into which they had fled in the greatest alarm, while the tiger had calmly walked past. This showed it to be not only a tiger, but a more than ordinary one, who could thus show his contempt for mankind; and I would not have credited it had I not known my man, who was as brave as a lion, and had been out with me often before after big game.

My preparations were soon made, and having started off my camp in the morning to a place in the jungle about twenty miles distant, I rode out myself in the afternoon to Dewul, the first stage on the Murree road to Cashmere, from which place there was only a footpath to my camp, about eight miles farther down the valley. Arriving there a little before dark, I found my tent pitched on a narrow ledge on the side of an almost precipitous hill, which descended by a series of thickly wooded terraces to the Jhelum, some two thousand feet below. It was only possible to get to it by a narrow pathway running along the side of a precipitous hill. I had not been long in camp when I heard the call of a *kukur*, or barking deer, and, taking my rifle, I stole out to try and get a shot.

Creeping carefully along the narrow ledge-way, in the direction from which I heard the *kukur* calling, at the corner of the hill I perceived him on the brow of the ledge, some thirty yards below, but it was now so dark that I could not see the fore sight of my rifle when at the shoulder; however, taking aim as best I could, I fired, when simultaneously with the report I heard a terrific roar which made me nearly jump out of my skin. So close was it that I made sure that it was a tiger in the act of springing on me, and that with an empty rifle in my hand. Fortunately, the ground below me, for about twelve feet, was almost perpendicular, and I had fired directly over the tiger's back, but so close that I must have almost singed his whiskers, and thus brought out the roar of anger which had so startled me.

Hastily reloading my rifle, and expecting every minute to be pounced on, I commenced my retreat to camp; for, although I do not mind tiger shooting on foot from chosen positions, I do not think it worth risking one's life to obtain a skin even by daylight; and many lives have been lost by foolhardiness, a maul from a tiger being almost always fatal. It being now dark, the tiger had all the advantage, besides which my spare gun, which I always used for big game, was behind in camp. I therefore retired slowly, keeping a good lookout for the enemy. I soon discovered by the sound that I was being followed, and that from being the hunter I had become the hunted. Fortunately, the tiger was below me, and the ground was steeper and steeper towards my camp, thus increasing the distance between us, but the darkness was too great and the jungle too thick to make out anything. When I reached camp I found my servant and about a dozen beaters I had brought with me in the greatest state of alarm; they had heard the shot and the tiger's roar, which had frightened them out of their wits, and when they heard it was following their fright was almost ludicrous. Many of them had *jezailchees*, or guns of the country, which they were to have used in the beat on the morrow, to assist in driving the tiger in the desired direction; and great had been their boasting of the prodigies of valor they were going to perform; but now they were packed as close to the fire as possible, in an almost incredibly small space, and as quiet as mice. The only thing to be done was to keep up a good fire, which I knew no ordinary tiger would face, and trust that in a short time he would clear off. Great was my astonishment when I found that he had not the least intention of doing so, but had evidently determined on having a cooly for supper.

There was nothing to do but keep watch all night. On the one side of the fire was my shuldaree, which was only big enough to lie down in, into which I crept, and lay with a couple of rifles on full cock close at hand; and on the other the coolies, packed together like so many sardines, one on top of the other. Listening anxiously in the intense stillness of night, we heard by the sound that the tiger had gone round and got above us, and so close was he that we could hear his sniffs. Every second I expected to see him spring down and seize a cooly, till the rustling of a leaf or the breaking of a twig would tell us that he had retired again. Now and then my shikaree would whisper, "Sahib, sahib!" and point in a particular direction, when I would look expecting to see the glare of his huge eyes; but I could make out nothing, and had no intention of risking a chance shot, nor did I wish to drive him away from the neighborhood; nor had I any intention of attacking him by night as long as he left me alone, a wounded tiger being at all times a terrible animal to deal with.

The excitement was intense, but I felt secure as long as the fire continued to blaze; but about midnight the fuel was nearly exhausted, and it was absolutely necessary to cut some more. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could induce the coolies to do so. We made what remained of the wood into torches, and then sallied out and cut a fresh supply, my shikaree and self protecting either flank with loaded rifles. It was a great source of relief when we got back again safe, as the jungle was so thick that we might almost have walked on the tiger without seeing him.

So we continued watching all night, having to make a second sally about three. About four, a little before daylight, I heard another roar, again a little below us, this time a sullen one, after which we did not hear him again, and he evidently retired. As soon as it was light I found his tracks in every direction around the camp. I took up a position on a commanding point in the hopes of getting a shot at him, but the jungle was too dense. Having only a few beaters with me, I proceeded on to the village near which his principal depredations had been committed. Sure enough the villagers showed me his tracks in the open across a sandy nullah within fifty yards of the houses.

That same afternoon I received news that a bullock had been killed in broad daylight, and that the tiger was seated beside it sucking its blood, about three miles off. Thither I proceeded as fast as my legs would carry me, and, on arrival, found the bullock dead and quite warm. Having built a *machan*, I sat up all night in the hope the tiger would return and finish it for supper. It is quite possible that the whole time he was quietly looking at us, but at any rate he never showed himself.

About three months later I bagged what was, I believe, the same animal some fifty miles down, in the lower hills. The natives then showed me a spot, a perfectly safe one, where two sahibs had been stationed, when the tiger had been driven directly under them; but being two *griffs*, as young sportsmen are called, and this their first sight of a tiger in a wild state, they were so flabbergasted that neither fired until it was a hundred yards off, when they missed, and the tiger escaped.

A FEARFUL LEAP

into the abyss of poverty, over the precipice of shortsightedness is taken by thousands, who might become wealthy, if they availed themselves of their opportunities. Those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will be informed, free, how they can make from $5 to $25 a day and upwards. Some have made over $50 in a day. You can do the work and live at home wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. All is new. You are started free. Capital not needed. Now is the time. Better not delay. Every worker can secure a snug little fortune.

Those who preach, lecture, declaim, or sing, will and do 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. Adv.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

CATARRH CURED.

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.

In 1850

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. *Sold only in boxes.* 25 cents.

CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS 10c. Sample Book, 4c. CROWN PTG CO., Northford, Ct.

FREE PERFUMERY An elegant sample casket of perfume will be sent to your address for 10 c. (to cover postage and packing.) A harvest for agents. Address WORTH BROS., 736 Ninth St., New York.

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.

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.

SIX FINE LEAD PENCILS with your NAME and ADDRESS printed in gold letters for 25c., postpaid. 12 for 40c. stamps taken. EUREKA SUPPLY CO., Box 711 So. Meriden, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CHEAPEST MAGIC LANTERNS TO BEST STEREOPTICONS.
MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS
OPTICAL, MUSICAL, ELECTRIC, MECHANICAL WONDERS
(*Magic Lanterns Wanted.*) Catalogue FREE.
HARBACH ORGAN CO. 809 Filbert St. Philada., Pa.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WE are sending out 10 000 Sample CASKETS of our SILVERWARE to secure new agents. **YOU** can get one, express paid, by giving your Postoffice and Express address & addressing WALLINGFORD SILVER CO., WALLINGFORD, CONN.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE A GOLD WATCH to Every Agent selling our Beautiful Cards. Full Samples and Outfit for 2-cent stamp. THE DOMESTIC CO., Wallingford, Conn.

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.

3 BOOKS "Life of U. S. Grant," "Whittier's Poems," and "Parlor Amusements," with Elegant samples of Cards, Scrap Pictures, Novelties, &c., 10 cents. FRANKLIN PRINTING CO., New Haven, Conn.

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.

6 PIECES SILVERWARE In Satin-lined Case, FREE to all who will take Agency or help make sales. Address NORTHFORD SILVER PLATE CO., Northford, Conn.

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.

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.

KITTIES The cutest pussies ever seen! Photo from life, handsomely mounted on gilt boards; mailed for 25 cents in tsamps. F. PERO, Opera House, Chicago, Ill.
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.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Ladies! Attention!!
TEA SETS, &c., given away to ladies who act as agents for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars. ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.
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 Dey Street, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DRUNKENNESS or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured in any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WE WANT YOU! a live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary $75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.
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.

WANTED Ladies and Gentlemen to take nice light work at their homes. $1 to $3 a day easily made. Work sent by mail. No canvassing. Steady Employment Furnished. Address with stamp CROWN M'F'G. CO., 294 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing 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.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN. Nervousness, Lost sleep or interference with business. Directions simple. Terms Low. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particulars FREE. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.
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.

CURE FOR THE DEAF
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 conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.
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.

ONLY "THE NUTSHELL" PRINTING OUTFIT 50 CTS
A combined and changable Linen Marker and Card Printer. CONTAINS 4 alphabets of type, nickel holder, indelible ink, pads, tweezers etc. Sent post paid for only 50cts. Full catalogue Sent Free.
ALSO BUSINESS OUTFIT $1.00 COMMERCIAL OUTFIT $1.50
G. W. Claflin, 54 Duane St., N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

IT IS A FACT!
We have the prettiest lot of Sunday School, Reward, Christmas and Visiting Cards of any house in the 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, over 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. 18 K.
W. C. GRISWOLD & CO., Box 76, Centerbrook, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Largest stock of stamps and coins in the world. Stamp Catalogue (1700 Illustrations) 25c. Illustrated Coin Catalogues 25c. Philatelist Stamp Album, 400 illustrations, boards, 25c.; cloth, 50c. International Postage Stamp Album from $1.50 to $20. Active agents wanted in every school. Approval sheets sent to responsible parties. Circulars and packet-lists free.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

TAKE NO MEDICINE!
ELECTRICITY IS SOOTHING and CURES QUICKLY.
TYLE ELECTRIC CO.
Heart Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Weakness, Nervousness, Lumbago, Sciatica quickly cured. Family Batteries, Electro-Medical Machines, Electric Garments, Pocket Batteries, Magnets, etc. For Nervous disorders we make the *best and cheapest appliances in the world.* Our Book contains engravings of Human Anatomy and Electricity, with explanations by our Physician and Electrician. Send 4c. in stamps for Book.
TYLE ELECTRIC CO., 733 Broadway, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

We own land in Clay County, Florida, thirteen miles from Green Cove Springs, and adjoining the town of **Belmore City,** where about sixty buildings were built last winter, also a Church, Stores, School House and Public Building in course of erection. A railroad is now being built through the center of the town. This land is covered with large hard pine trees, is high and dry, with rich clay subsoil, valuable for Orange Groves, Peach Trees or Early Vegetables, and easy of access to northern markets. We offer

640 ACRES VALUED $12,800 FREE

in order to secure the names of 25,600 subscribers before January 1, 1887. The Publishers of "THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER" propose to give this land absolutely free, to be divided as follows: **1st Premium 200 Acres; 2d Premium 120 Acres; two Premiums of 80 Acres each; two Premiums of 40 Acres each; 4 Premiums of 10 Acres each; 8 Premiums of 5 Acres each; 20 Premiums. 20 Building Lots in Belmore City, each 40 x 100 feet, valued at $10 each.** These premiums will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner by persons who will show no favoritism, and you may get one or more of them. A full list of the **Lucky Premium Numbers** will be published in "THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER." All we ask, is that you send us **50 Cents,** the regular subscription to "THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER" for one year. We will enter your name on our subscription list and at once mail you a **numbered Subscription Receipt** which will give you an equal chance with other subscribers. Warrantee Deeds for the land, which is free of all incumbrances, will be given to whoever secures the premium. *Remember,* the First Premium is **valued at $4000** and you may secure it. *So do not let this opportunity* go by to obtain a fine **Farm or Orange Grove Tract in the renowned health-giving, sunny Florida.**

A CLUB OF FIVE with $2.50 will entitle you to six subscriptions and six numbered receipts. This will give you your own subscription and receipt free. **SEND 10 SUBSCRIBERS with $5** and we will send **12 papers one year and 12 numbered receipts.** If any one desires two receipts, they will be sent for $1 and their subscription will be entered for two years. **100 Stem Winding Watches Free.** In order that we may positively get the 25,600 subscribers required by the 1st of January, we will give away to the first one hundred people who answer this advertisement, one of the above watches; so send your subscription quick. **2 Cent Postage Stamps taken in** sums less than $1.00. Address **THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER, Unity Building, Chicago, Ill.** Remember, **we give these premiums to subscribers absolutely Free. This offer holds good only till Jan. 1, 1887.**

"GETTING IN HIS WORK."

HUNTING DOWN GERONIMO.

A FEW weeks ago, in sketching the career of General Nelson Miles, we spoke in the ARGOSY of the enormous difficulties which his troops had to overcome in their long and wearisome task of hunting down Geronimo. The official reports of some of his subordinate officers have just been published, and they tell an extraordinary tale of hardships overcome.

Surgeon Wood's report is one of remarkable interest. He describes Sonora as chiefly "a continuous mass of mountains of the most rugged character. Range follows range, with hardly an excuse for a valley, unless the narrow canyons be so considered." This country the Apaches understand perfectly, and they select the roughest portions of it when pursued, as their practice in climbing gives them a great advantage over the troops. The region is thinly populated, and in many parts devoid of inhabitants; it produces little except a few wild fruits and cactus, and hence troops must depend on pack trains, and these are often greatly delayed. Almost every valley is malarial; water is scarce and poor, and the heat sometimes 120 degrees, so that "the men could not bear their hands on the iron work of their guns or on the rocks." Occasionally a little town is found with one-story houses, surrounded by walls eight or nine feet high and several feet thick, built to keep off the Apaches. A pack trail gives egress and ingress, and there is seldom a wagon road. For generations the people have been the prey of the Apaches. These tough Indians can live on the cactus and various roots, eked out by mice or rabbits, and occasionally a deer, or a horse killed after being almost ridden to death. "When worst came to worst, they were capable of going for a couple of days without food or water." They make enormous distances on foot.

In another report we read: "Every device known to the Indian was practiced to throw us off the trail;" and when we add "an intermittent wetting every few hours" in crossing and recrossing streams, "swarms of gnats throughout the day and myriads of mosquitoes throughout the night," the terrible depression of malaria and the constant dangers from a merciless foe, whose tender mercies are tortures, then the character of this remarkable campaign in the Sierra Madre may be understood.

SHE GOT THE TOBACCO.

THE soldiers in the Civil War were sometimes a little unscrupulous in their foraging methods, and the cottagers found it hard to get paid for the pigs and chickens which were carried off. General Logan, according to the *New York Tribune*, once paid for a duck which he had not taken, in the following manner:

He was directed by Gen. Sherman, during the Atlanta campaign, to push through a pass in the hills and outflank the enemy. On the march the general and his staff, coming up to a miserable hovel, surrounded by a dilapidated fence, were suddenly confronted in the road by a lean, lank and cadaverous looking woman, with a straight cut calico gown, a dirty face, and her hair streaming down her back, who demanded: "Be ye General Hooker's steer critters?" She had evidently never heard of any other general than Hooker, but had got well acquainted with the character of the roving parties of soldiers who were swarming over the country seeking for provender. Gen. Logan hardly knew what to answer, but concluded that the quickest way out was to answer in the affirmative, whereupon she continued: "Well, one of your steer critter companies just went by here, and they shot in my yard and killed one of my ducks, and carried it off. Now, I want you to pay for it right now, and it was worth fifty cents, and I'll take my pay in terbacker." The ludicrousness of the proposition struck the general so forcibly that he turned around to the officers of his staff and said, "Boys, have you any tobacco?" Most of them carried plugs in their pockets, and while the woman held her apron, nearly every fellow threw in a piece until she had all she could carry. Having satisfied her demands, the column was permitted to move on.

BERTIE FIRED THE CANNON.

THE late General Sir Herbert Macpherson, who distinguished himself in the British army, was in his boyhood a pupil in Nairn Academy, and was looked up to by the other boys as a hero. One feat brought him special renown. There was an old cannon, which had done good service in the Peninsular war, in the grounds of the academy. The bolder spirits were never weary of taking aim with it, and of threatening to discharge it; but they never went the length of putting their threat into execution. Young Macpherson did. He got a quantity of gunpowder, rammed it home, and fired, with the result that a large portion of the adjoining wall came down with a thundering crash. The admiring boys raised a lusty shout. "Well done, Bertie!" but the school authorities took a more serious view of the situation. They put the matter in the hands of the police, and the young hero was summoned to attend court. He never forgot this experience. Long years afterward, when he returned from Egypt covered with glory, and was presented with the freedom of the burgh of Nairn, he was asked if he remembered it. He laughingly replied, "I should think so; I have got the summons to attend the court for it tied up with my first commission. As I was passing the old sheriff's house to-day I expected every minute to see him coming out to seize me."

KIDDER'S
DIGESTYLIN
For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
A POTENT REMEDY FOR
Indigestion, Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases. Over 5000 Physicians have sent to 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 by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without 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., 83 John Street., New York.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE
Beg pardon, Mrs. Goodtaste, but what is that delightful scent you use?
Lundborg's EDENIA, and it is thoroughly American---manufactured in New York.

Lundborg's Perfume Edenia.
LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.
If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE in your vicinity, send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers, YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.
In replying to this advertisement mention THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

CARDS. Agent's large size Sample Book of Choice Cards, latest, finest and best, only 2c. stamp. Steam Card Works, North Branford, 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.

1 Game Authors, 1 Game Domino, 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.

CARDS FREE.
25 CHOICE SAMPLES OF OUR NEW CARDS SENT FREE. THE LATEST, FINEST AND BEST.
EUROPEAN CARD CO., Birmingham, Conn.
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.

Foreign Stamps. SIX UNUSED Porto Rico, 10c. Five used Honduras, 20c. Ten Victoria, 20c. One Hundred, all different, 12c. Twenty-three varieties British Guiana, Brazil, Chili, &c. and new Price List, only 5c. Eagle Stamp Co. 174 E. 125th St. N.Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

700 ALBUM VERSES
This Book contains 700 Choice Gems of Poetry and Prose suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. Something every body wants. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address, J. S. OGILVIE & CO, 31 Rose St., New York.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

MAGIC LANTERNS
And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. A profitable business for a man with small capital. Also Lanterns for Home Amusement. 148 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, or Webster's Dictionary. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Indian Tan Buck Moccasins!
Heavy, made like cut. Just the thing for Base Ball Games, Hunting, Fishing, or any use where stillness is required. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of the following prices: Sizes No. 7 and upwards, $2; No. 4 to 6 inclusive, $1.50; No. 3 and under, $1. Beaded Moccasins, made from lighter Buckskin, 50c. extra. Reference, Union Bank, Denver.
A. AVERY, Denver, Colo.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ICE AND ROLLER SKATES. BARNEY & BERRY. SPRINGFIELD MASS. CATALOGUE FREE
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

AGENTS WANTED Everywhere for the ARNOLD AUTOMATIC STEAM COOKER
$75 to $150 per month easily made. This is a rare chance. Apply at once. WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

WHETHER YOU WANT A PIANO OR ORGAN
It will pay you to write to the BEETHOVEN PIANO-ORGAN CO., Washington, Warren Co., New Jersey.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PEN and PENCIL STAMP 45 CENTS.
Rubber Stamp Ink & Pad 35 cents. Send 2 cts. for Circulars, or 16 cts. for Catalogue. Greatest variety, quickest shipments. THALMAN MF'G CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A. Our Agents are selling hundreds of these stamps.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

We will design, engrave and stamp your MONOGRAM on all paper and envelopes bought of us FREE. Agents wanted in every Town and City. First-class work. Send Two Stamps for samples of paper and engraving, and seals. SPLENDID HOLIDAY GIFT. ADDRESS AMERICAN SEAL CO. MERIDEN, CONN.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WOOD'S LADIES BLACKING
PRESERVES AND SOFTENS THE LEATHER, FOR IT CONTAINS NO SHELLAC OR ACID.
HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.
Bottle contains *double* quantity. Use no other.
GEO. H. WOOD & CO., Manufacturers, Boston.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

JUDSON'S "INDESTRUCTIBLE" ENGLISH MARKING INK. (BLACK BALL BRAND). NO PREPARATION! NO HEAT!! Absolutely Indelible, Pr. 25c.
A STRETCHER for holding the clothing while marking, given FREE to each Purchaser. DAN'L JUDSON & SON, L'd, LONDON. AMERICAN HEADQUARTERS; A. F. Freeman, 46 Murray St., N.Y.