

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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CHASED BY A MOOSE.

By GEORGE H. COOMER.

“YES; you boys will do wonders, I have doubt!” said pretty Isabel Campbell, with a merry laugh, as she looked up from the little yellow kitten she was fondling. “I shall expect to see you come back leading a moose as high as a small elephant!”

Isabel was Rob Campbell's sister, and Rob was my chum. I had become acquainted with him in Boston, where he had inflamed my love of hunting to the highest pitch by his description of the game to be found in the British provinces.

I must go home with him, he said, and we would have fine fun camping out in the woods. His folks would be delighted to see me—he knew they would. Of course, he had described me to them; and soon afterwards he showed me a letter wherein both his parents expressed a desire to see his new friend, who could be entertained, they said, without the least inconvenience, for as long a time as he might wish to stay.

So here I was in New Brunswick, away up the Miramichi River, in the very heart of the moose region; and my reception by the family of my young friend had been all that I could have asked.

Rob's parents were thrifty Scotch people, very intelligent and very kind. Mr. Campbell owned a thousand acres of land, well stocked with cattle and sheep, and the estate had an air of independence and plenty that was very pleasing.

Miss Isabel, whose name I had already learned to abbreviate to its last syllable, was a remarkably pretty girl of fifteen, full of merriment, and very fond of relying Rob

THE GREAT HORNS OF THE CHARGING MOOSE WERE CLOSE UPON US.

and me on our hunting exploits, which, I must confess, had not thus far been commensurate to our expectations. In a moose country, we certainly should be able to shoot moose, we thought, and yet somehow we failed to do so in spite of all our efforts.

Rob had never killed one of the animals in his life, and I had never seen one. It requires a crafty hunter even to get within sight of a moose; and as to shooting one, that calls for more patience and practice than a boy of seventeen is likely to possess. Of all the deer family, this creature is at once the largest and most timid.

Rob and I were such partners in all things, that Bel was in the habit of calling us "the firm,"—an appellation which we accepted as a very fitting one.

She would make demure remarks about "the firm's" delay in providing the household with moose antlers, which, if set up, would answer so nicely for hat and coat racks, besides being ornamental.

Never had the "blue-eyed lassie" seemed to me gayer than at the moment indicated at the opening of my sketch, when her brother and myself, standing rifle in hand, were prepared to set forth on what may have been our twentieth expedition.

"I hope father will keep the horses ready," she added, "because a moose will be heavy for the firm to bring home. I suppose it weighs as much as a load of hay! You can sound your moose, call as soon as you get one killed real dead, and then father will start out with the team!"

Then she tossed back her golden ringlets, and went singing about some employment of her own. She was so fresh and pretty and full-hearted, that it was really a pleasure to be teased by her.

But, moose or no moose, we had a fine day's sport. We shot geese and ducks in the river, and killed, besides, two beautiful deer, which had rows of white spots upon their dun hides, and were as sleek and plump as if they had been fed in a farmyard.

"We shall have to get the horses, sure enough," said Rob, "so Bel will not have a chance to quiz us this time!"

Then, to crown all, we got a black bear. The fellow was sitting on a huge log when we discovered him, and instead of leaping down at once and running off, he rose on his hind legs, and stood with his fore paws hanging down, regarding us with a curiosity which he ought to have known better than to indulge in at that moment.

Clapping our rifles to our faces, we fired simultaneously; and on going up to the log, we found Bruin lying upon the opposite side of it, stone dead, with two bullet holes through his body, both close under the fore legs.

Still the bear was not a moose, and it was moose of which we were in quest. When a hunter is looking for one kind of game in particular, he is not easily satisfied with other kinds.

Other people could kill moose, and why couldn't we? We each had a "moose call," and, hiding ourselves in the thicket, we would blow with the most praiseworthy patience, but not a moose could we beguile with our most artful notes.

Blow as we might, the creatures either did not hear us, or, hearing, were too shrewd to take us for horned beasts like themselves.

With all the natural timidity of the animal, it is yet true that in the spring months the male is very dangerous. At such times the hunter is liable to be placed in peril by a sudden charge of his game from some deep covert, where it has lurked unseen; and scarcely anything can be more startling than such an attack.

We knew enough of the habits of the moose to be aware of this peculiarity, and remembered that the season for its demonstration was now at its height. Therefore we had all along kept a sharp lookout when in the neighborhood of thickets, not knowing but that we might encounter some old male, standing six feet high in his tracks, who might be as eager to make our acquaintance as we could possibly be to make his.

True, there seemed to be little prospect of such an adventure, yet we felt that it would be well to keep upon our guard; and we had small doubt that, should such a danger really occur, our two good rifles would be equal to the occasion.

Trudging along towards home, late in the afternoon, we would occasionally blow our moose calls, but it was all in vain that we listened for an answer.

The firm would have to return with no moose!

At length we reached one of the boundaries of Mr. Campbell's farm, and at the same time obtained a view of the river. The water reflected the beams of the setting sun, and on the smooth, bright stream we saw Bel rowing in a little boat, in which she was in the habit of making solitary excursions.

Just then the call of a moose, at only a short distance, reached our ears! We crept towards the spot whence it came. Once or twice it was repeated. We were almost upon the prize, and our hearts beat fast.

I was noiselessly parting some low bushes, with my companion about twenty feet away on my right hand. Each of us peered nervously through the thick leaves, hoping for a sight of the game, when, on a sudden, "crack!" went Rob's rifle, and instantly after the report I heard some creature fall heavily to the ground.

We ran to the place and found a cow moose lying dead, with a bullet through the heart. Rob had got a glimpse of her, and, with a quick aim, had brought her down. Of course, it could not have been expected that he would wait for me to fire, too. A moose hunter must fire when he can.

I was glad that he had been so fortunate, though sorry that there had not been a moose for each of us. But then my turn might come the very next day. Rob hoped it would; he wanted me to be as lucky as himself.

Knowing that Isabel must be near us in her boat, I ran towards the river to tell her what had been done.

"Come, Bel—come ashore!" I cried. "Rob has just killed a moose!"

"O, I can't believe you," answered Bel; "you are joking. I suppose the firm has killed a musk-rat. Why don't you bring it down to the shore?"

"No, no, Bel," I persisted; "it is a real moose. Come ashore and see for yourself. The firm didn't kill it, either. Rob killed it, all by himself. Come quick! We shall get the horses and take it right home to-night."

Putting forth my hand, with due gallantry, I assisted her to spring from the boat, which she did with a pretty, girlish grace; and then, close by my side, and full of merriment, she tripped lightly up from the river.

"I don't half believe you yet," she said. "You have made me come on shore just for a joke. You have got some horrid old thing up there that is no more a moose than I am!"

However, she very readily accompanied me towards the spot.

The moose had been killed just behind a ridge close by the river, and in approaching the place, I conducted Bel up a gradual ascent which was almost bare of trees.

Rob and I had heard another moose answer the first at some distance, but we must either have forgotten this in our excitement, or have believed that the report of our rifles had destroyed all chance for a second shot.

I cannot remember what we thought, but I do remember what happened.

Miss Bel and myself were ascending the rising ground, when, quite unexpectedly, we heard the report of Rob's gun, although we could not yet see him.

In a moment, however, he came rushing over the ridge, running faster than I ever saw a boy run before. O, how he tore on—his hat off, his arms extended, and his tracks six feet apart, I do believe!

Behind him there arose above the hill-top, first a pair of antlers like the branches of a small oak, then a huge head, and behind it the heavy shoulders and body of a creature taller than the tallest horse!

It was an old male moose in full chase of Rob!

The speed of the creature was surprising. It did not gallop, but swung its long legs in a kind of trot, which carried it over the ground astonishingly fast. Every moment the grim pursuer gained upon his intended victim.

Rob was running straight towards Bel and me, so that he must almost certainly have been hit had I fired at the moose so close behind him.

Poor Isabel seemed chained to the spot where she stood. She could only fling out her arms and scream in terror.

My rifle was at my face, but I dared not pull the trigger, for Rob was almost under the creature's hoofs.

"Jump to the left!" I cried. "Quick—quick!"

He sprang aside just as he was nearly touched by the big muzzle of his enemy!

The front of the moose was thus uncovered, and the next moment the heavy animal tumbled headlong, with an ounce of lead in his brain. I was not a very expert marksman, but at the distance of ten yards there was no great chance of missing.

It was not till after a day or two that Isabel recovered from the effects of her fright, or cared to look at the two immense skins which Rob and I hung up in the dooryard as trophies that we would hardly have exchanged for a farm.

"Oh, if you had not been there!" she said. "If Robbie had been alone!"

Then, in her arch manner, she added: "I will never make fun of the firm again." And she did not.

TREASURE FROM THE DEEP.

BY GEORGE GORDON MACLEOD.

THE fascination that throws such a pleasing cloud round schemes for the recovery of treasure from the deep seems as rare as ever; and the recent attempts at cargo-raising have again set people reckoning up the galleons and silver ships that have laid their stores among the coral islands of the Pacific. A bootless quest these hunts have generally proved, notwithstanding the certainty that exists as to the wealth being somewhere near. The sea does not give up its secrets readily. An attempt was made not so very long ago to secure the chests of silver dropped overboard from the *Batavia*. The attempt came to nothing, but the story of the wreck is so dramatic that we may be pardoned telling it, at the risk of sending some of our readers to Western Australia or to what we fear will prove a wild-goose chase.

In 1628 the Dutch East India Company fitted out a fleet of eleven vessels to take possession of New Holland. One of these vessels was the *Batavia*, frigate, commanded by Captain Francis Pelsart—or, as he spelled his name, Francois Pelsart.

Pelsart sailed from Holland on the 28th of October, and after a tedious voyage reached the Cape of Good Hope. On the way down the coast of Africa an extraordinary conspiracy was formed among the seamen of the *Batavia*. On board, as supercargo, was a certain Jerome Cornelis, who had previous to the voyage kept an apothecary's shop at Haarlem. This Cornelis was a consummate scoundrel of the most picturesque type. He had shipped with evil intent, and with a few confederates had devoted himself to tampering with the crew. He had induced them to join him in taking possession of the *Batavia*, so as to sail her thenceforth under the skull and crossbones. All was ripe for the mutiny, and each man knew the part he was to play. The design was to be put into execution soon after the Cape was left, but for some reason or other it was delayed; and it was abandoned, or rather modified, by the wreck of the frigate, which occurred on the 4th of June, on the west coast of Australia, two hundred miles north of Swan River. She had separated from her consort; her master had lost his reckoning; and in the middle of the night she suddenly ran aground.

Pelsart was sick at the time, but found his way on deck almost immediately. The moon was shining brightly, and the weather was

fair. The *Batavia's* sails were all set, her course was north-east by north, and there she lay rolling helplessly in the moonlight, with a white froth on the sea as far as the eye could reach. Pelsart accused the master of deliberately losing the ship, but he explained that he had mistaken the whiteness of the breakers for the light of the moon, and that "God only knew where they were, for they were on an unknown reef." They sounded, and found eighteen feet of water under the stern, but forward there was hardly any; and they agreed to throw the cannon overboard to lighten her. They dropped an anchor, but soon a storm arose, and every minute the ship kept striking on the rocks and shoals amid which she was hemmed.

They then cut away the mainmast close by the board, but this made matters worse, for they could not get it clear. They could see no coast except that of an island which seemed three leagues away, while nearer them were two rocks, which the master was sent to examine. He returned about nine in the morning with the news that the sea at high water did not cover them, but that their beaches were so rocky that landing on them would be difficult. It was, however, resolved to run the risk, and to send most of the company on shore to pacify the women, children, and sick folks, and "such as were out of their wits with fear, whose cries and noise served only to disturb them."

About ten o'clock in the morning the *Batavia* began to break up. Every effort was made to get the provisions on deck, but the water was omitted, it not being supposed that there would be any need for it on shore. The crew, too, began to grow mutinous and help themselves to the wine, so that they were only able to make three trips that day, during which they landed a hundred and eighty persons.

The master returned on board towards evening, and told the captain that it was useless sending more provisions on shore, as the crew were only wasting those that were there. Pelsart then went in the shallop to put things into some order, and discovered that there was no water to be found upon the island. He endeavored to return to the ship in order to bring off a supply, together with the most valuable part of the cargo, but the storm suddenly increased, and he had to stay where he was.

The next day was spent in removing the water and goods, and in the afternoon Pelsart and the master found the sea running so high that they could not get back. In this extremity the carpenter threw himself out of the *Batavia* and swam to them, in order to inform them of the hardships to which those left on the vessel were reduced. He was sent back with orders for the sailors to make rafts by lashing planks together and try to reach the shallop and skiff; but the weather became so rough that the boats could not live in the sea, and Pelsart had to return to the island, leaving his lieutenant and seventy men to perish. On the little island there were left forty people, with about ten gallons of water; on the larger island were one hundred and eighty people and less water.

The party on the smaller island soon began to complain of their officers because they did not go in search of drink, and after a time Pelsart resolved to set off. The conduct of the people on the larger island had, however, grown so threatening that it was with difficulty that the master and his men would allow the captain to inform them of his decision. Leaving a leaf of a tablet on which he had written that he was going to look for water in the nearest country or islands that he could find, Pelsart departed for—as it proved—Java.

He first tried the rocks in the neighborhood to no purpose, and then his men made a deck to their boat and boldly pushed out to sea. Coasting northwards, they put in to shore again and again in vain. No water could they find. One day "they found the coast steep, full of rocks, and the sea very high, which caused them to lose all hope of effecting a landing. At length six of the men trusting to their skill in swimming, threw themselves into the sea, and at last, with much trouble and danger, reached the shore, the boat remaining at anchor in twenty-five fathoms. These men passed the entire day in seeking for water, and whilst thus employed they perceived four men, who approached them upon all fours. But one of our people advancing towards them on a rising ground, they immediately raised themselves and took to flight, so that they were distinctly seen by those who were in the skiff. These people were savages, black and quite naked, not having so much even as the covering worn by nearly all other savage people. The sailors, having no longer any hope of finding water there, swam on board again, wounded and bruised by the blows which they received from the waves and rocks. The anchor being weighed, they continued their course along the shore in the hope of finding some spot more adapted for landing."

They found none for a time, and when they did land they found but little water. And, to be brief, they at last reached the town of *Batavia*, in Java, and Pelsart was put in command of the frigate *Saardam* to proceed to the rescue of his old crew.

A terrible state of things he found. Cornelis, the supercargo, had been one of those left on the ship. He had remained on board for ten days after she struck, and had even passed two days on the mainmast, from which he had reached a yard, and at length gained the land. In Pelsart's absence he was recognized as commander, and at once resolved to put his original design into execution, with the one modification that, instead of the *Batavia*, he would seize the first ship that came along. He began by inducing his accomplices to sign a compact by which they promised fidelity to each other. The *Batavia's* crew were divided, as we have seen, into two batches, on separate islands. On the largest island were the largest number of those faithful to Pelsart, all of whom Cornelis doomed to death.

One of the men on the large island, a certain Weybeys, had gone off in search of

water to a third island some distance away. After a search of twenty days he had found a spring, and made the preconcerted signal by lighting three fires. The signal was not seen by Cornelis, who was then busily occupied in massacring all those who would not sign the bond—some thirty or forty in all. A few, however, saved themselves on pieces of the wreck and found their way to Weybeys, so that the survivors of the wreck were separated on three islands.

As soon as Cornelis had made himself master of the large island, he led an attack against island No. 2, and killed every one on it except seven children and some women. He then broke up the chests saved there from the ship, and out of the rich stuffs they found the pirates made themselves uniforms of scarlet, embroidered with gold and silver; and then, proclaiming himself captain-general, Cornelis dispatched twenty-two of his scarlet-coated body-guard to attack Weybeys.

Weybeys had forty-five men with him and although his only weapons were clubs studded with nails he drove back the pirates to their boats. Cornelis then came against Weybeys in person at the head of thirty-seven of his followers, but again the loyalists proved too strong. Cornelis then tried treachery. He offered to make a treaty with Weybeys, and endeavored to corrupt some of his men, who, however, proved loyal to their commander, and when the attack was made in the hope of their assistance, Cornelis was taken prisoner.

The pirates under their second in command returned the next day to the rescue. There was a long and terrible struggle, ending again in the defeat of the pirates, and just at the moment of victory the *Saardam* appeared in sight. She was soon off the island and anchored, and Pelsart came ashore. Fortunately he was met by Weybeys, who told him of the pirates' plan to surprise and capture the new ship. Instantly he went back to prepare for them.

Scarcely had he returned on board than he saw the two shallops crowded with scarlet-coated men rowing out to him. Hailing them, he asked why they approached his vessel armed. They replied that they would explain when they came on board; and thereupon the men in scarlet and gold were informed that if they did not immediately throw their arms into the sea he would open fire on them with the frigate's guns; and the guns, masked until then, were run out. The pirates were speedily taken prisoners and put in irons; one of them, Jan de Bremen, confessed that he himself had killed or assisted in killing twenty-seven of the shipwrecked crew. The same evening Weybeys brought Cornelis on board, and Pelsart, advancing to the large island, secured the rest of the mutineers.

On the 28th of September, ten days afterwards, the prisoners were all executed on the scene of their crime, and the *Saardam* sailed for *Batavia*, her crew leaving behind them an anchor and a piece of artillery to mark the spot where a fourth chest of silver remained, which after great endeavors they found themselves unable to move. This fourth chest of silver is the bait that has attracted the treasure-hunters, whose quest has hitherto been in vain. It is assumed that it was but one of many that were left round the reef when the *Batavia* went to pieces two centuries and more ago.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S TRIALS.

MANY people suppose that the mistress of the White House has no duties other than the social one of presiding on state occasions or assisting the President to receive. In reality, says the *New York Sun*, the place is far from proving a sinecure, for Mrs. Cleveland endeavors not only to read but personally to answer all communications directed to her. When one reflects upon the bulk of the mail daily delivered at the White House, it will be seen that this is no light task, but rather one which would afford constant occupation to a secretary specially engaged for such work. Upon retiring from the Adirondacks, Mrs. Cleveland found the mail awaiting her inspection large enough to fill a good sized clothes basket, but she went courageously at it, and has at length concluded her self-imposed task of reading through and answering the formidable pile of manuscript. The visitors calling at the White House in the evenings are by no means confined to the personal friends of the President and Mrs. Cleveland. Without a thought or care for permitting this time at least to be enjoyed by the inmates of the White House in quiet social fashion with their own chosen friends, all manner of persons have seized upon this time as being more secure from interruption in which to present their claims upon his attention, or satisfy an idle curiosity regarding the real home life of the Executive Mansion.

A COURTEOUS GENTLEMAN.

GENERAL GEORGE D. TILLMAN, member of Congress from the Second District of South Carolina, is sixty years of age, tall, well proportioned, and, like Harbinal Hamlin, has never worn an overcoat. In the coldest days in the winter the general comes up to the Capitol, usually with his coat unbuttoned and looking as though the weather rather suited him than otherwise.

One day Gen. Tillman was coming down Pennsylvania Avenue accompanied by a friend. Walking in the opposite direction was a one-armed ex-soldier, who wore the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. Tillman, who fought in the Confederate army, and who is even now fond of talking of the "lost cause," stopped the veteran, and said in his peculiar suave and genial manner: "Good morning, sir. I take off my hat in recognition of true manhood." He chatted with the veteran for a moment, inquired about his health, and then resumed his walk. Later he said to his friend when questioned about the affair: "Yes, sir, I will take off my hat to any soldier, black or white, ex-Confederate or Union. These veterans are the types of true manhood, and they shall have my homage and respect."

Gen. Tillman was one of the bravest officers sent into the field by South Carolina to fight for the life of the Confederacy, and if all the other soldiers on either side had the same true courage as he, every bitter feeling of the struggle would long ago have passed away.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

As the dead year is chased by a dead December.
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.
Have you missed in your aim? well, the mark is
still shining;
Did you faint in the race? well, take breath for
the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? but see yonder
their lining;
Were you tempted and fell? let it serve for a
text.
As each year hurries by let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progres-
sion.
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the
blast.
I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any man's soul while the stars revolve.
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled.
For look! how the light of the new year is guiding
The worn, wan face, of the bruised old world!

[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 XXII.

CAPTAIN BELDEN continued to nar-
rate the clever scheme which en-
trapped Proctor, the notorious spy.
"The plan worked admirably, and in less
than forty-eight hours I presented myself
before Pemberton with a mass of evidence
that almost made him gasp for breath."
"Proctor began trying his arts upon the
sentries at once, I suppose?" said Captain
Griffin.
"Yes, and they gave him all the aid and
comfort they could. They told him about
their boys who were hiding in the swamp
to keep from getting into the army, di-
rected him how to go to find their place of
concealment, told him what the signal was
and also gave him a piece of information of
which I was very glad to get hold."
When Ike Bishop heard this, he straight-
ened up and began to look wild. The
colonel, who knew what question he would
ask if he were allowed to speak, scowled
fiercely at him, but for once his black looks
had no effect upon Ike. The latter was
harrassed by a terrible fear, which he
wanted set at rest at once.
"It wasn't—it wasn't—was it about the
money?" he faltered.
"Money?" repeated Captain Belden.
"What money?"
"Why, there's an absurd story going the
rounds of the settlement, that all those
Union men have fabulous treasures con-
cealed somewhere in this swamp," said
Colonel St. Clair, in a tone which seemed to
say that he had no patience with one who
could put any faith in such a report.
"No, they didn't say anything about
that, and I shouldn't have paid the slightest
attention to it if they had. I have heard of
such things before, and have wasted valu-
able time in looking for buried treasure, but
I never found any," answered Captain Bel-
den. "The information I was glad to get
hold of was this: We have lost a good many
people by desertion lately, and Bennett
told Proctor that these boys had helped
every one of those deserters on to their
homes. It seems they have established an
underground railroad through there, and
my principal object in coming out and pass-
ing myself off for Proctor, is to find out
right where that railroad is located, so that
I can come back with a squad of men and
break it up. But if you gentlemen will give
me the help I need, the business can be
done at once, this very night."
"Hey-yoop!" shouted Ike, who was
eager to get ready without a moment's de-
lay. "Say, mister, when we ketch them
fellers, you will give me leave to give Luke
a good punchin' to pay him for the lickin'
he give me when the war first come to this
country, won't you? But how about my
six thousand dollars?" he added, to himself.
"Will this new captin, who has come here
without nobody askin' of him, want some
of it?"
When this question suggested itself to
Ike's mind, his enthusiasm subsided on
the instant.
"Unless I have lost my bearings—and I
am not in the habit of doing that—I ven-
ture to assure you that Luke Bennett's
hide-out is within rifle-shot of this camp,"

continued Captain Belden. "Pollard, or
Proctor as I ought to call him, was given
points and distances in black and white,
and I studied them until I made myself
master of them. He hadn't been confined
in that building more than three days be-
fore he began laying his plans to escape, as
I knew he would, and Bennett and his four
friends gave him all the help they could,
which was just what I expected. They
gave him a part of their provisions every
day, furnished him with a rope to let him-
self down from the window, and when
everything was ready, Proctor slipped down
and out."
"An' you-uns let him go?" exclaimed
Ike, in great excitement. "Dog-gone sich
a way of doin', anyhow!"
"We didn't let him go any farther than
we wanted him to go," answered Captain
Belden, with a smile. "Before he had
gone two hundred yards he was quietly
surrounded, all the letters that had been
intrusted to him, as well as the weapons
with which he had been provided, were
taken away from him, and he was marched
off to jail and put in irons. At the same
time two or three details of men, who had
been ordered to hold themselves in readi-
ness for that particular purpose, took Ben-
nett and his four friends in out of the
wet."
"Do you mean to say that Luke Ben-
nett's pap, an' Joe Ramsay's, an' Frank
Barron's, is shet up too?" Ike almost
shouted, jumping to his feet and kicking
over the cup of parched-corn coffee which
he had prepared for the guest.
"That's what I mean," replied the cap-
tain.
"I'll very soon have another cup ready
for you, mister," said Ike, apologetically,
"but that's the best piece of news I have
heard sence I come from up country.
Luke Bennett's pap is locked up! Hey-
yoop! Will they hang him?"
"They ought to," answered the colonel.
"Course they oughter," exclaimed Ike,
giving the bacon in the frying-pan a vicious
shake. "But even if they do, that won't
settle my leetle bill with Luke Bennett.
He's got to be whopped afore him an' me'll
be square on the books."
"Of course I took the letters directly to
headquarters, where they were opened and
read," said Captain Belden, in conclusion.
"After that they were carefully sealed up
again, and I started out to find and break
up that underground railroad."
"Be you goin' to take them fellers back
to Vicksburg with you when we ketch
'em?" inquired Ike.
"Certainly. They are strong, able-bodied
boys, and they might as well be fighting
for the Confederacy as lying around in the
swamp doing nothing."
"That's the idee," said Ike, who laughed
all over when he thought how the high-
spirited Luke would chafe and fret while
marching and fighting under the folds of
a flag that he held in utter contempt.
"Put him under a hard drill-master who
will hold him with that nose of his'n clost
to the grind-stun, an' see how quick some
of them big notions will be taken outen
him. Is he any better'n we be, who are
fightin' an' bleedin' for the 'federacy every
day?"
"Now, if I were in your place, colonel,
I wouldn't tear those letters open again until
this business has been settled," said Cap-
tain Belden. "It may be necessary for me
to go into their camp in order to find out
everything about them and their surround-
ings that I want to know, and if they see
that their letters have been tampered with,
they will suspect me at once, provided they
are the sharp fellows I take them for; and
I am of the opinion that my life would not
be worth a moment's purchase."
"They ain't sharp at all, an' you needn't
be afear'd of 'em, nuther," said Ike, who
could not bear to hear the least thing said
in favor of the boys he so cordially hated.
"They're cowards, the whole lot of 'em."
"But even a coward may be able to send
a bullet with a true aim," said the colonel,
"and the captain is wise in taking every
precaution to avoid exciting their suspi-
cions. As they are well acquainted with
every member of our party, we shall have
to keep out of sight until the time for ac-
tion arrives," he added, passing the letters
back to the captain. "Now, while you are
eating the supper, which I see Ike has got
ready for you at last, suppose you tell us
what your plans are, so that we may know
just how to act."
The captain replied that he had no plans
beyond those of which he had already
spoken. His intention was to gain admit-
tance to Luke's hide-out by passing him-
self off for Proctor the Union spy (the let-

ters he had in his possession, one of which
was written for the use of the real Proctor,
would aid him in accomplishing that ob-
ject); ascertain exactly where the hide-out
was located, so that he could find it again
at any time; pry into as many of the boys'
secrets as he could, and learn what means
they had of defending themselves in case
they were attacked; and, after getting all
the information he could, and throwing
the boys off his track by inquiring the
shortest route to the river, he would bid
them good-by, and start for Vicksburg by
a round-about way.
CHAPTER XXIII.
MOVING ON THE HIDE-OUT.
I DON'T suppose that Luke or any of
his friends ever heard of Proctor,"
said the captain, taking a sip of the
scalding hot decoction that Ike Bishop
called coffee, "but still—"
"Perhaps they never did hear of him,"
interrupted the colonel, "but it's just pos-
sible that the Yank that old Sam picked up
this morning, and whom we believe to be
a gunboat officer, may know who he is."
The captain looked his surprise, and
Colonel St. Clair went on to tell that they
had seen the negro scouting through the
swamp that morning, with a Yankee close
in his wake, and that both had succeeded
in making good their escape, in spite of
the shower of bullets and buckshot that
had been sent about their ears.
"That puts a different look on the
matter. Proctor has been aboard nearly
every gunboat in the fleet, and if that officer
has ever seen him— You think that nig-
ger took him to Luke's hide-out, and that
he is there yet, don't you? Well, if that
officer has ever seen the real Proctor, this
will be the last piece of work I shall ever
do for the Confederacy," said Captain Bel-
den, shutting one eye, and gazing thought-
fully with the other into his cup of coffee.
He little dreamt how prophetic were these
words of the fate that was to befall him
before the rays of the next morning's sun
illuminated the dark recesses of the
swamp. "Something told me that this
was going to be a ticklish job, and now I
am sure of it. I've got to run a bigger risk
than I bargained for."
"Wal, then, why don't you back outen it
afore you go any furdur?" inquired Ike.
The look of indignant contempt which
he received in reply was so overwhelming
that Ike wilted under it, and sat down on
the opposite side of the fire out of sight.
Captain Belden's superior officer had told
him what to do, and, like the brave man he
was, the captain intended to do it, if he
lived long enough.
"If those are your plans, I don't see how
we are going to help you, except in one
way," observed the colonel. "We will
make a start as soon as you have finished
your supper, and if you will burn a match
now and then, so that we can keep track of
you, we will be within range, and hold our-
selves ready to shoot the first one who at-
tempts to do you injury."
"That's the only way you can help me,"
assented the captain. "If I succeed in
getting into the hide out, come back to
your camp, and await my return. When I
come back, if I ever do, I will know more
about Luke and his friends than I do now,
and it will be but little trouble for us to
decide upon a plan of attack. If they see
anything about me to arouse their suspi-
cions, why then we shall have to fall back
in good order, and return with force enough
to carry everything before us."
This was all that was said on the subject,
and after that they talked about different
matters altogether—about everything, in
fact, except the dangerous mission upon
which they were so soon to enter, and from
which they were not likely to return un-
scathed. They conversed in low and earn-
est tones, as soldiers do when they are on
the eve of going into action, and for once
Ike Bishop allowed his thoughts to dwell
upon something besides the money he
hoped to handle when Luke Bennett was
captured, and the commission he expected
to buy with it. He would not have shrunk
from a fair fight with the object of his
hatred, so long as the colonel would stand
by and see that he didn't get whipped, but
this thing of sneaking up to a concealed
stronghold in the dark, not knowing at
what instant he might be knocked out of
his canoe by a charge of buckshot—well,
Ike did not approve of that way of doing
business, and he wished from the bottom
of his heart that Captain Belden had stayed
in Vicksburg.
"Now I think I am ready," said the
latter, shutting up his jack-knife and put-

ting it into his pocket, after wiping the
blade on the leg of his boot. "By the
way, do you know of a place on Rolling
Fork that goes by the name of 'The
Arbor'?"
Colonel St. Clair said he knew the spot
well. It was a short, straight reach of the
bayou, thickly lined on both sides with tall
trees, whose entwining branches were so
completely covered with mosses and climb-
ing plants that the rays of the sun could
scarcely penetrate through them. It looked
more like man's work than Nature's, and
that was what gave it its name.
"Well, my letter of instructions says:
'Find the Arbor, hold a straight course to
the eastward for two miles and a half, then
give the signal, and you will be sure to get
an answer.' Now, how far have I strayed
out of my course?"
The colonel appealed to Ike, who said:
"You've got a right smart jump outen
your way—as much as two miles, any-
how."
"We don't care to go clear back to the
Arbor, because it would take too much
time," observed the colonel. "What we
want is to reach some point in the swamp
abreast of it, and start from there. You
understand what I mean, don't you?"
"And can you find your way to this
camp again, if we should want to come
back in the dark?" inquired Captain Grif-
fin.
Ike nodded an affirmative to both these
questions, and was commanded to get into
his boat without loss of time, and lead the
way. For an hour or more the canoes
kept within seeing distance of one another,
and when Ike stopped and announced that
he reckoned they were just about even up
with the Arbor, they drew together for a
final consultation. It was soon over, and
Captain Belden said, as he took his com-
pass from his pocket and placed it on the
bottom of his dug-out:
"I will go on alone, burning a match oc-
casionally to let you know where I am,
and you must be sure and put yourselves
out of sight the moment you hear me give
the signal. Those boys may have some
way of lighting up the swamp, you know.
Keep me covered as well as you can, for I
have an idea that I am going into a warm
place. Good by."
The captain raised his hand to his hat,
dipped his paddle into the water, and his
canoe moved away into the darkness out
of sight. His parting words were the last
that the colonel and his party ever heard
from his lips.
In obedience to the instructions which
Colonel St. Clair communicated to them in
a whisper, the rest of the squad separated,
and followed silently in the direction in
which the captain had disappeared, each
acting on his own account, but ready, at a
given signal, to rally on their leader, who
was near the center of the line. The light
that blazed up at regular intervals in
front of them, glowed brightly for a mo-
ment, and then died away, was the only
thing that kept them from being lost from
one another in the swamp.
At last the colonel began telling himself
that it was high time the spy was seeing
some signs of that hide-out, if it were lo-
cated anywhere about there, for they had
surely come all of two miles since they
separated. As it happened they were close
upon it. Already one of their canoes, or it
might have been a paddle, had touched a
concealed wire, and given to it a motion
that had carried consternation to the hearts
of four boys, who were hurrying about
their narrow quarters on tip-toe, hiding the
light of their camp-fire, and asking one
another what enemy it was that set the
alarm-bells sounding. Presently the signal
came clear and distinct to Colonel St.
Clair's ears. When he heard it, he drew
his canoe close alongside the nearest tree,
picked up his rifle, and rested it across his
knee.
(To be continued.)
SNAGGS'S DOG IS DEAD.
THE dog is often said to be the friend of man
but Mr. Snaggs found that his dog was a friend who
clung to him too closely.
He got tired of his old setter, and, being a kind
hearted man, resolved to kill him in the most mer-
ciful way. So, taking him out in a vacant lot, he
tied a half-pound can of dynamite to his tail and li-
ed out for a safe place to see the explosion. The de-
voted animal followed his master closely, and the
faster Snaggs went the faster went the cur, with
the fuse hissing behind him. Just about this time
he thought crossed Snaggs's mind that he ought to
have tied the dog; but he didn't stop to consider it. Jus-
as he lost his wind and picked up a stone to per-
suade the dog to leave the thing went off. It was
success. Portions of the late Mr. Snaggs are arriv-
ing daily by mail from the different counties, and
the funeral ceremonies will be held when the re-
turns are all in. The dog is dead.



AMY HASTILY TELEGRAPHED A WARNING OF THE PLOT WHICH EFFIE HAD DISCOVERED.

EFFIE'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY IDA D. MONROE.

"I AM very sorry there is another dispatch for you to deliver to-night, Effie," said Amy Lee, the telegraph operator, as she sealed and directed the yellow envelope containing a message for a gentleman who lived nearly a mile away.

"O, never mind, Amy," replied the younger girl, as she tucked her brown curls under a pretty pink hood; "I would rather deliver ever so many dispatches than sit waiting for them to arrive, in this dismal little den."

"But this is a long errand," said the elder sister, anxiously. "It will be quite dark before you can get back."

"You know I'm not a bit afraid in the dark, Amy, so don't worry about me." And taking the dispatch she left the office.

Amy, left to herself, once more took her seat by the window, and, leaning her cheek upon one delicate hand, gazed wistfully out into the fast gathering dusk of the short December day.

Two years previously she and Effie had been the shielded, petted darlings of a happy home in the distant city.

Now that home was broken up. The father had been accused of robbing his employer, and sentenced to a long imprisonment.

The mother, heart-broken at the terrible misfortune which had befallen her husband, became a confirmed invalid. Thus Amy was left the sole stay and support of the family.

Mother and daughters were firm in their belief in Robert Lee's innocence, but their belief was of no avail against the overwhelming circumstantial evidence; evidence which had left no doubt in the mind of Dana, the diamond merchant, that his cashier had purloined jewels, valued at thousands of dollars, from his safe. A few were even found in his possession.

Unable to bear the alienation of former friends, Mrs Lee removed to the little village of Clifton. Amy understood telegraphy, and for two years she had been the operator in the dingy little office where she now sat.

Effie, when not in school, or needed at home, assisted her by carrying out the messages, as she had done to-night.

While Amy awaits her return, we will follow her as she hastens on her way.

The dispatch delivered, she retraced her steps as quickly as possible; but before she had traversed half the distance it was quite dark.

The wind, which had blown all day in fitful gusts, was now almost a gale.

As she turned a corner, it caught the light handkerchief from her mittened hand, and whisked it away behind a high hedge.

"O! my pretty birthday gift," exclaimed the girl, starting in quick pursuit.

It was quite dark behind the hedge, and Effie hesitated for a moment; but a glint of white a few yards away tempted her on, and, stifling her fears, she ran forward, and in a moment grasped the truant bit of cambric.

Just as she was about to step from behind the hedge, she heard approaching voices, which proved to be those of two men engaged in a low conversation.

The place was a lonely one, with no occupied dwellings near, and the girl shrank back, hoping the men would pass without seeing her. But instead of passing they came to a standstill, directly opposite to where she stood, and waited a moment, while one of them relit his pipe—an operation which the high wind rendered a work of time.

They were evidently unconscious of her proximity, as she stood trembling under the sheltering hedge.

"I'm afraid Ross has undertaken too big a job this time," said one of the men.

"Did you ever know Ross to fail?" retorted the other, indignantly. "Just think of that affair of Lee's, was anything ever more neatly executed than that?"

The girl behind the hedge set her teeth hard, to keep back the exclamation of astonishment that rose to her lips.

Something told her it was to her father the man alluded.

"I know Ross," resumed the last speaker, "and if he succeeds in getting into that car, he will get the money for all Elmer Read, or any other man can do. Ross will leave that car at Glenville with the money."

The two men now moved on. The frightened girl stood motionless, until the sound of their footsteps died away; then, with the speed of terror, she ran toward the station.

She clearly comprehended the meaning of the conversation she had so providentially overheard, and she had conceived a plan, in which lay a possibility of thwarting it, could she only reach the station in time.

Elmer Read was an express messenger, and she knew that large amounts of money were sent over the road in his charge.

He had been her own and Amy's playfellow, in the happy days before their trouble came upon them. Through all their trials he stood their firm friend, and since their exile in this place he had visited them frequently, until shrewd Effie began to suspect that something more than mere friendly interest brought him to Amy's side so often.

The train had been gone full twenty minutes when Effie reached the depot. In another twenty it would stop at Glenville.

Dashing open the door of the office, she found Amy just donning cloak and hat to come in search of her.

A terrible misgiving blanched the girl's cheek.

"O, Amy! are the offices along the road closed for the night?" she panted, grasping her astonished sister by the arm.

"Effie! child, what—"

"No matter what; Amy Lee, tell me, are they closed?"

"I don't know, Effie, but what is the matter?"

"O; don't ask questions, Amy, but sit down and call Glenville, quick! quick!"

Seeing that Effie was earnest, the elder sister complied. With strained ear the younger listened, until an answering "click, click," told that the operator at Glenville was still at his post.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed Effie, as the message, "Here—what's wanted?" was flashed over the wires.

"Tell him there is a robber on the express, Amy. He will try to leave the train at Glenville. They must surround the car and take him."

Amy's hand trembled, but she obeyed without hesitation.

After a little time came the reply. "Guard notified. How do you know?"

"Tell him the plot was accidentally discovered. The express messenger will be overpowered and the money taken."

Poor Amy turned pale, and uttered a low cry of horror.

Once more the message came: "All right. We are ready for him. Notify the company in Boston."

Nothing remained now but to wait; the hardest of all tasks. Five, ten, twenty, minutes passed. All was excitement at the station; the railroad men crowded into the office. At last came the dispatch: "Robber secured; express messenger found bound, and senseless, but not fatally injured."

Poor little Effie! The strain upon her nerves had been a fearful one, and the knowledge that, after all, she had not saved her friend from injury was more than she could bear. The express company's money was safe, but that counted as nothing beside it; and throwing herself into Amy's arms, she broke into hysterical weeping.

Amy, her own heart cold with apprehension, soothed and comforted her sister, and the message which came half an hour later gave courage to both.

It was from Elmer himself, and read:

Don't be alarmed; I am better. Will see you tomorrow. Something important.

The girls explained their unusually long absence to Mrs. Lee by saying that business detained them at the office, thinking it best not to tell her the truth until morning. But in the privacy of their own room they talked far into the night, and Effie's last words before falling asleep were:

"Oh, if I only knew what those men meant when they spoke of father!"

Elmer Read was not well enough to come to them the next day, but sent a note, asking them to call at the hotel in the village, whither he had been conveyed the night before.

They found the young man with his head wrapped in bandages, and his handsome face so pale that tender-hearted Effie cried outright, and even Amy's brown eyes were full of tears.

But he laughed away their fears, telling them the wound was nothing serious.

He told them that the man Ross had brought a letter purporting to be from the superintendent, and Elmer had unsuspectingly taken him into the car.

The first knowledge he had of anything wrong was when he found a revolver aimed at his head. He sprang forward, when the robber fired, the bullet grazing Elmer's temple, and rendering him unconscious.

The thief, in attempting to escape at Glenville, was fired upon and fatally wounded.

He died an hour later, but confessed before his death to a crime that nearly concerns you girls," Elmer said in conclusion.

"Oh, I knew it, Amy! I told you they spoke of father. It is him you mean, is it not, Elmer?" cried Effie.

"Yes, Effie, it is about your father. This man Ross stole those jewels from Dana's safe, and so skillfully was the deed accomplished, that suspicion never once turned toward him."

"And they will let father come home now, will they not? Oh, I am so happy!" and impulsive Effie sprang to her feet and waltzed frantically about the room.

Amy's joy, though more quiet, was fully as deep as her sister's.

She prepared their mother for the great joy that awaited her. Her gentle hand led the pale, prematurely gray-haired man, who came home to them a few days later, into the presence of his wife, where, in a thankfulness too deep for words, he sank upon his knees as he clasped her to his breast.

But it was Miss Effie's dimpled fingers that received the roll of bank notes which was sent her by the company, as a reward for her presence of mind, which had saved them some hundred thousand dollars.

Laughing and crying, in her own impulsive way, Effie waved her treasure above the heads of the reunited pair, declaring that New Year's Day should find them all in the old home in the city, with everything "just as it used to be."

NEW YEAR HOPES.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Oh! never sink 'neath Fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer,
And front her fairly—face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear!
Here's "Better luck another year!"
Another year!
Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile instead of sneer—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year!

[This story commenced in No. 208.]

**BOB BURTON; or
The Young Ranchman
of the MISSOURI.**

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

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

CHAPTER XVII.

WOLVERTON'S POOR TENANT.

BOB hired a couple of extra hands, and made haste to finish harvesting his wheat, for he was anxious to start on the trip down the river as soon as possible. His anticipations as to the size of the crop were justified. It footed up fourteen hundred and seventy-five bushels, and this, at two dollars per bushel, would fetch in market nearly three thousand dollars.

"That's a pretty good crop for a boy to raise, mother," said Bob, with pardonable exultation. "You haven't lost anything by allowing me to run the ranch."

"Quite true, Robert. You have accomplished wonders. I don't know what I could have done without you. I know very little of farming myself."

"I helped him, missis," said Clip, coveting a share of approval for himself.

"Yes," said Bob, smiling; "Clip has been my right-hand man. I can't say he has worked very hard himself, but he has superintended the others."

"Yes, missis; dat's what I done!" said Clip, proudly.

He did not venture to pronounce the word, for it was too much for him, but he was vaguely conscious that it was something important and complimentary.

"Then I must buy Clip a new suit," said Mrs. Burton, smiling.

"I'll buy it in St. Louis, mother."

When the grain was all gathered in Bob began to load it on the ferry boat. Wolverson sent Sam round every day to report progress, but did not excite his nephew's suspicions by appearing to take unusual interest in the matter.

To prepare the reader for a circumstance which happened about this time, I find it necessary to introduce another character, who was able to do Bob an important service.

In a small house, about three quarters of a mile beyond the Burton ranch, lived Dan Woods, a poor man, with a large family. He hired the house which he occupied and a few acres of land from Aaron Wolverson, who had obtained possession of it by foreclosing a mortgage which he held. He permitted Woods, the former owner, to remain as a tenant in the house which once belonged to him, charging him rather more than an average rent. The poor man raised vegetables and a small crop of wheat, enough of each for his own family, and hired out to neighbors for the balance of his time. He obtained more employment on the Burton ranch than anywhere else, and Mrs. Burton had also sympathized with him in his difficult struggle to maintain his family. But, in spite of friends and his own untiring industry, Dan Woods fell behind. There were five children to support, and they required not only food but clothing, and Dan found it up-hill work.

His monthly rent was ten dollars; a small sum in itself, but large for this much-burdened man to pay. But, however poorly he might fare in other respects, Dan knew that it was important to have this sum ready on the first day of every

month. Wolverson was a hard landlord, and admitted of no excuse. More than once after the rent had been paid there was not a dollar left in his purse or a pinch of food in his house.

A week before this time Dan was looking for his landlord's call with unusual anxiety. He had been sick nearly a week during the previous month, and this had so curtailed his earnings that he had but six dollars ready in place of ten. Would his sickness be accepted as an excuse? He feared not.

Wolverson's call was made on time. He had some expectation that the rent would not be ready, for he knew Dan had been sick; but he was resolved to show him no consideration.

"His sickness is nothing to me," he reflected. "It would be a pretty state of affairs if landlords allowed themselves to be cheated out of their rent for such a cause."

Dan Woods was at work in the yard when Wolverson approached. He was splitting some wood for use in the kitchen stove. His heart sank within him when he saw the keen, sharp features of his landlord.

"Good morning, Dan," said Wolverson, with suavity. His expression was amiable,

"What!" exclaimed Wolverson, with a forbidding scowl.

"As I was saying, sir, a man is sometimes unlucky. Now, I have been sick nearly a week out of the last month, as you may have heard, and it's put me back."

"What are you driving at, Dan Woods?" demanded Wolverson, severely. "I hope you're not going to say that you are not ready to pay your rent?"

"I haven't got the whole of it, sir; and that's a fact."

"You haven't got the whole of it? How much have you got?"

"I can pay you six dollars, Mr. Wolverson."

"Six dollars out of ten! Why, this is positively shameful! I wonder you are not ashamed to tell me."

"There is no shame about it that I can see," answered Dan, plucking up his spirit. "I didn't fall sick on purpose; and when I was sick I couldn't work."

"You ought to have one month's rent laid by, so that whatever happens you could pay it on time."

"That's easy to say, Mr. Wolverson, but it takes every cent of my earnings to pay my monthly expenses. There's little chance to save."

"I borrowed the money, sir?"

"Of whom?"

"It isn't any secret, Mr. Wolverson. I borrowed it of a neighbor who has always been kind to me—Bob Burton."

Wolverson shrugged his shoulders.

"I didn't know he had money to lend," he said.

"He always has money for a poor man who needs it."

"All right! I shall know where to go when I need money," responded Wolverson, with a grin.

"It suits me well enough to have the boy throw away his money," Wolverson said to himself. "It will only draw nearer the time when he will have to sue me for a favor."

That day Wolverson read in a St. Louis paper that wheat was steadily rising, and had already reached two dollars and six cents a bushel.

"I could make a fine thing of it if I had only received the Burton wheat at a dollar and a half a bushel," he reflected, regretfully. "If I had only the widow to deal with, I might have succeeded, for she knows nothing of business. But that confounded boy is always putting a spoke in my wheel. If he carries out his plan, and markets the wheat, it will set him on his feet for the year to come."

This reflection made Wolverson feel gloomy.

There are some men who are cheered by the prosperity of their neighbors, but he was not one of them. He began to speculate as to whether there was any way of interfering with Bob's schemes. Generally when a man is seeking a way of injuring his neighbor he succeeds in finding one. This was the plan that suggested itself to Wolverson: If he could set the ferry boat adrift, when the grain was all stored, it would float down stream, and the chances were against its being recovered.

It would be mean, and even criminal, to be sure. For the first, Wolverson did not care; for the second, he would take care that no one caught him at it. He did not think of employing any one else in the matter, for he knew of no one he could trust; and he felt that he could do it more effectively than any agent, however trustworthy.

Wolverson was so full of the plan, which commended itself to him as both simple and effective, that he took a walk late in the evening from his house to that point on the creek where the boat was tethered.

Now, it so happened that Dan Woods, who had been employed all day, had occasion to go to the village in the evening to procure a few groceries from the village store. He delayed for a time, having met an old acquaintance, and it was half-past nine when he set out on his return homeward.

His way led him not only by the Burton homestead, but by the river bend where Bob kept his rowboat—the same point also where the ferry boat was tied.

As he approached, he caught sight of a man's figure standing on the bank. Who it was he could not immediately distinguish on account of the darkness.

"It may be some one bent on mischief," he thought to himself. "I will watch him and find out, if I can, who it is."

He kept on his way stealthily till he was within a dozen feet, when he slipped behind a tree. Then it dawned upon him who it was.

"It's Aaron Wolverson, as I'm a living man," he ejaculated, inwardly. "What can he be doing here?"

It was Wolverson, as we know. The old man stood in silence on the bank, peering through the darkness at the shadowy form of the ferry boat, which already contained half the wheat crop of Burton's Ranch—the loading having commenced that morning. He had one habit which is unfortunate with a conspirator—the habit of thinking aloud—so he let out his secret to the watchful listener.

"Sam tells me they expected to get half



WHILE ENGAGED IN HIS DISHONEST WORK, WOLVERTON WAS STARTLED BY SOME ONE WHO LAID A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

as it generally was when he was collecting money, but it suffered a remarkable change if the money was not forthcoming.

"Good morning, sir," answered Woods, with a troubled look.

"You've got a nice, snug place here, Dan; it's a fine home for your family."

"I don't complain of it, sir. As I once owned it myself, probably I set more store by it than a stranger would."

"Just so, Dan. You get it at a very low rent, too. If it were any one but yourself I should really feel that I ought to raise the rent to twenty dollars."

"I hope you won't do that, sir," said Woods, in alarm. "It's all I can do to raise ten dollars a month, with all my other expenses."

"Oh, well, I'll let it remain at the present figure as long as you pay me promptly," emphasizing the last words. "Of course I have a right to expect that."

Dan's heart sank within him. It was clear he could not expect any consideration from such a man. But the truth must be told.

"No doubt you are right, Mr. Wolverson, and you've found me pretty prompt so far."

"So I have, Dan. I know you wouldn't be dishonest enough to make me wait."

Dan's heart sank still lower. It was becoming harder every minute to own that he was deficient.

"Still, Mr. Wolverson, bad luck will come—"

"Any one can save who chooses," retorted Wolverson, sharply.

"Shall I get you the six dollars, sir?"

"Yes, give it to me."

"And you will wait for the other four?"

"Till to-morrow night."

"But how can I get it by to-morrow night?" asked Dan in dismay.

"That's your look out, not mine. All I have to say is, unless it is paid to me to-morrow night you must move the next day."

With these words Wolverson went off. Dan Woods, in his trouble, went to Bob Burton the next day, and Bob readily lent him the money he needed.

"Thank you!" said Dan, gratefully; "I won't forget this favor."

"Don't make too much of it, Dan; it's a trifle."

"It's no trifle to me. But for you my family would be turned out of house and home to-morrow. The time may come when I can do you a service."

"Thank you, Dan."

The time came sooner than either anticipated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOLVERTON'S WICKED PLAN.

WOLVERTON was somewhat puzzled when on his next call Dan Woods paid the balance due on his rent.

"So you raised the money after all?" he said. "I thought you could if you made an effort."

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the crop on board to-day," he soliloquized. "I sent him over to get that very information, though he don't know it. It is too early to do anything yet. To-morrow night the whole cargo will be stored, and then it will be time to cut the rope and let it drift. I should be glad to see the boy's face," he chuckled, "when he comes down to the creek the next morning and finds the boat gone. That will put him at my mercy, and the widow, too," he added, after a pause. "He will repent too late that he thwarted me. I work in secret, but I get there all the same!"

Wolverton clasped his hands behind his back, and, turning, walked thoughtfully away. He did not see his tenant, who was crouching behind a tree not over three feet from the path.

Dan Woods had no very favorable opinion of Wolverton, but what he had heard surprised and shocked him.

"I didn't think the old man was as wicked as that!" he said to himself. "He is scheming to ruin Bob and his mother. Why should he have such a spite against them?"

This is a question which we can answer, but Woods became more puzzled the more he thought about it. One thing was clear, however; he must apprise Bob of the peril in which he stood. Even if he had not received the last favor from our hero, he would have felt in duty bound to do his best to defeat Wolverton's wicked plan.

The next morning, therefore, he made an early call at Burton's Ranch and asked for a private interview with Bob. He quickly revealed to him the secret of which he had become possessed.

"Thank you, Dan," said Bob, warmly. "You have done me a favor of the greatest importance. I knew Wolverton was my enemy, and the enemy of our family, but I did not think he would be guilty of such a mean and wicked action. If he had succeeded, I am afraid we should have lost the farm."

"You won't let him succeed?" said Dan Woods, anxiously.

"No; forewarned is forearmed. I shall be ready for Mr. Wolverton!" And Bob closed his lips resolutely.

He deliberated whether he should let his mother know of the threatened danger, but finally decided not to do so. It would only worry her, and do no good, as whatever measures of precaution were to be taken, he must take. He did not even tell Clip; for though the young colored boy was devoted to him, he was lacking in discretion, and might let out the secret. Bob did not want to prevent the attempt being made. He wished to catch Wolverton in the act.

He did, however, take into his confidence a faithful man who had worked for his father ever since the ranch was taken, thinking it prudent to have assistance near if needed.

That day the rest of the wheat was stored on the ferryboat. All would be ready for a start the next morning, and this Bob had decided to make. He sent Clip to bed early, on the pretext that he must have a good night's sleep, as he would be called early. If Clip had had the least idea of what was in the wind he would have insisted on sitting up to see the fun, but he was absolutely ignorant of it.

Wolverton had learned from Sam, who was surprised that his uncle should let him spend almost all his time with his friends, Bob and Clip, that the cargo had been stored.

"When do they start?" he asked carelessly.

"To-morrow morning, uncle," Sam answered.

"If I had thought of it," said Wolverton, "I would have asked young Burton to take my wheat along, too."

"I don't think he would have room for it, uncle Aaron. The boat is about full now."

"Oh, well; I shall find some other way of sending it," said Wolverton, carelessly.

About nine o'clock Wolverton stole out in the darkness, and made his way stealthily to the bend in the creek. He had with him a sharp razor—he had no knife sharp enough—which he judged would sever the thick rope.

Arrived at the place of his destination, he bent over and drew out the razor, which he opened and commenced operations. But there was an unlooked-for interference.

A light boyish figure sprang from behind a tree, and Bob Burton, laying his hand on Wolverton's shoulder, demanded, indignantly:

"What are you doing here, Mr. Wolverton?"

Wolverton started, dropped the razor in the river, and, with an expression of alarm, looked up into Bob's face.

(To be continued.)

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

MONSTERS OF THE OCEAN.

How an Old Captain Saw Sea Serpents.

A FEW days ago a Danish steamer reached New York and reported that she had passed a great snake-like creature in the ocean. The tale seemed a little sensational, but a number of the passengers and crew were sure of what they had seen, and we cannot put their story down as wholly a romance.

An old sea captain once communicated some interesting experiences to a New York paper. "Why you landmen will never believe a sailor who says a word in regard to sea serpents I do not know," he said. "The common sense of the public at large should teach them that there can be overgrown serpents as well as overgrown bears, lions, tigers, or elephants. When an explorer or traveler in tropical countries tells of meeting and killing a serpent thirty or forty feet long and as large as a man's body, the statement is taken as solemn truth. When a sea captain tells of seeing a serpent of the same size on the waters off the same coast, people try to make out that he is either a knave or a liar. That serpents of all sizes take to the water in the warm seas and often voyage from island to island, is a fact no intelligent person ever disputes. Why, then, should the fact that some sailor caught sight of one of these serpents be disputed?"

"Some twenty years ago I made a voyage in an English ship called the Lord Gray, from Liverpool to the Sunda Islands, which are situated in the Indian Ocean to the west of Australia. We called at several of the smaller islands before reaching Java, and it was while lying in a roadstead between the islands of Baly and Lombok that I saw a sight to open the eyes of even a sailor. It had been a terribly dry season among the islands, and some of them had suffered great damage from forest fires. As we worked up to the passage from the south, a heavy smoke hung in the heavens, killing off the breeze and turning noonday into twilight. It was easy to see from the set of the smoke cloud that there was an extensive fire raging on the island of Baly. Our captain at first suspected that a volcano was at work, but when we came to examine the ashes which fell on our decks we concluded that it was a bush fire.

"We had come to anchor in the passage, which is not over ten miles wide, and after the first twenty-four hours the smoke drove down upon us so heavily that our throats and eyes were greatly irritated, while the heat was so great that the men stripped off most of their clothing. If there had been a breath of wind we should have got out of the uncomfortable situation by running back to the south, but as it was, not a breath of air came to give us a moment's relief. At night there was such a glare on the western sky as made us conclude that the whole island of Baly was ablaze and being destroyed.

"After the first day, we noticed that the fish began to feel the effects of the smoke. They jumped up all around us as if suffocating, and some of them drove about on the surface as if they were wounded and in pain. A big bull whale, nearly as long as the ship, drove through the passage one forenoon from the north, spouting like a fire engine and swashing his flukes about as if to strike a pursuing enemy; and he ran so near us that the swell he kicked up made the Lord Gray dance a jig long after he had passed. The sharks were the only inhabitants of the deep not affected. They came about us as thick as flies, and could be seen rushing in every direction after the frightened fish.

"About midforenoon of the third day, while all the crew, except what might be called an anchor watch, were below to seek relief from the smoke, there was a sudden row raised by the men on deck. We heard them shouting and clattering across the deck, and directly one of them came down into the fore-castle, while the other made for the cabin. We in the fore-castle had sprung up, believing the ship to have been attacked by pirates, but our mate soon gave us to understand that we had a different enemy to deal with. We had been boarded by serpents.

"He explained that the first he knew of their presence was a great commotion in the waters around, evidently made by the sharks attacking the serpents. The latter had been driven off Baly by the fire, and were crossing to Lombok, which was still safe. They had boarded the ship at every point, and more than a dozen were on deck when the men rushed for shelter.

"The carpenter ascended the ladder and raised the scuttle a few inches to take a good look, and he yelled out in his fright. He said the decks seemed alive with serpents, which were racing up and down and across with great swiftness. You will admit that it was a singular position. We hadn't a firearm, harpoon, or any other trustworthy weapon among us, and as for trusting ourselves on deck with iron bolts, belying pins, or weapons of that sort, that was a matter not to be thought of.

"After we had counted noses, we found that the captain, two mates, cook, steward, and two foremast hands must be aft. The ship had two fore muskets and cutlasses, and the officers had revolvers. If the serpents were to be driven off, the first move must be made by the officers. We took turns going up the ladder to get a view of the deck, and the sight was one to affect every man. There were

serpents from three to twenty feet long, racing about the deck, and there was one with a body fully as large as a common nail keg. None of them were still for a moment, and the noise of their movements was plainly heard in the fore-castle.

"It was fully an hour before the men aft made a move, and then we heard the report of firearms. This was followed, as the man on the ladder reported, by the discharge of half a dozen skyrockets, which had been aimed to fly along the decks. Soon after we heard men astir on the decks, and we opened the scuttle and rushed up. The serpents had apparently disappeared, being frightened by the noise and flames, and as we looked over the star-board side we saw a score of them making off. The monster, of whom I told you, had been hit by a bullet from the captain's revolver, and he was swimming about in a circle, head held four or five feet from the surface, and making a terrible splashing. He did not seek to come aboard, nor did he swim away. We had watched him for three or four minutes, when a shark dashed in upon him, and seized him about midway of his length. The row which followed was the wildest thing you ever saw. The snake twisted himself about the shark, and struck at him again and again, and the water was churned up until the foam sometimes hid both from our sight. I think the shark got the better of the big snake, as, after a while, they worked astern and out of our sight.

"We were still looking after them, when a shout from one of the men drew our attention inboard. He had discovered a snake ten feet long curled away in one of the small boats. The officers began firing at him, and he ran the whole length of the ship and took to the water at her bows. We then began to hunt for others. There was a chap four feet long in a coil of rope amidship, a second on the cable chains, and a third on the roof of the cook's galley. They were spiteful creatures, and were not dispatched without danger.

"When we had carefully examined the decks we supposed that we were clear of our unwelcome visitors, but in a few minutes a serpent fully ten feet long was discovered on the main yard. As a matter of fact, seven of the reptiles had gone aloft, and we did not succeed in hunting out the last one until the next day, by which time the smoke began to lift, the fires on the Baly to die out, and we got a puff of wind to carry us through the passage.

"Our experience was identical with that of an American ship lying in the east end of the passage. She was boarded by a legion of serpents, and was driving the last one overboard when they first came aboard, and he died in less than three hours, swelling up to great size, and suffering the most terrible agonies. These incidents were published in and discussed by many English newspapers, and perhaps by American papers as well, and I never heard the fact disputed. Why is it, then, that the person seeing a sea serpent, or a serpent at sea, in these days, is held up to the world as a fool or a liar? If serpents did not pass from island to island in the tropics, some would be overrun and others entirely clear of them. That this is not the case any sailor will tell you. I have seen, in the island of Java, a serpent thirty-four feet long, and as large around his middle as an average man. Let that snake be seen at sea, swimming along with his head well up, which is the way they carry themselves, and it would be a novel and startling sight to people on shipboard. I have talked with sailors who have seen plenty of these serpents off the tropical coasts, and the facts in the story of my own experience are a matter of record in England, having been debated by eminent naturalists."

VANDAL RELIC HUNTERS.

THE American citizen who travels around with a geologist's hammer and breaks off specimens wherever he goes is well described by Mark Twain, and the readers of the ARGOSY are probably familiar with the enterprising passenger on board the Quaker City who reached home with a big collection of building material, labeled "Chunk from the Pyramids," "Chip from St. Peter's," "Pebble from the grave of Abelard and Heloise," etc., and who was not at all disconcerted when he found his specimens had been hopelessly mixed.

Vandals of the same kind have been putting in some good work upon the grave of Thomas Jefferson. He was buried at Monticello in a little cemetery on his own plantation, according to his dying wish. The first stone that was erected over him was an exact copy of a diagram he left, and the epitaph was as he wrote it. It was chipped to pieces by relic hunters.

A second one, and a fac-simile, was substituted, but during the war the soldiers camped in that neighborhood carried it off piecemeal, until nothing was left but a sandstone stump. The wall around the little cemetery was destroyed, and the whole plantation was in a state of dilapidation.

Then Congress ordered it to be restored, and, although the bill passed in 1878, it was not until 1885 that the Secretary of State was able to get a title to the cemetery. The secretary, with more of an eye to the artistic than a wish to comply with his famous predecessor's instructions, repudiated Mr. Jefferson's model and material, and instead of a shaft six feet high of the sandstone found on the place, has given him a shaft eighteen feet high of granite. The work was only recently finished, and Col. Wilson, who went down to inspect it, has made a report to the Secretary of State in which he recommends that some means be taken to protect it from the vandals, who have already been at work and have ruined the monument by chipping off large chunks from the corners. The colonel says the iron fence is a sufficient protection

against grown people, for the gate is kept locked, but small boys squeeze through between the iron pickets, and with hammers and hatchets hack the corners off and sell them as relics to visitors. He says the agent at the railway station told him that only the day before he arrived two well-dressed ladies appeared with large pieces of the stone, which they said they had hired a boy to chop off for them. The only way to circumvent the vandals is to hire men to stay on the place and watch all who come.

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON'S BUTTER.

ONE of the great railroad millionaires who has made his way up from very humble beginnings was engaged some years ago in keeping a general store in Sacramento, Cal. Here is a story, told by the *Financial Journal*, which illustrates his shrewdness in the tricks of trade.

When Collis P. Huntington kept store in Sacramento, one day a trader came in from a mining camp to buy provisions, and among other things he wanted butter. Huntington had several tubs brought from Orange County, the famous butter-producing region of New York. The miners had all the good things that money would buy, and the storekeeper from the mining camp was bound to take back the best he could find.

"I want some bang-up butter," was the way the storekeeper from the camp signified his desire.

"Well," said Huntington, "here is some all the way from York State, the real genuine Orange County article." Huntington ran the trier down to the bottom of the tub, and the storekeeper ran his nose along it when it was pulled out.

"What's the tax on that grease?" he asked.

"That's thirty-five cents a pound," replied Huntington.

"Hain't you got something a leetle better?" asked the storekeeper.

"Yes," said Huntington, going to another tub of the very same kind of butter. He knew the storekeeper would not be satisfied if he did not show something better, and he was equal to the occasion.

"Here's some for fifty cents," said Huntington as he drew the trier out, and the storekeeper's nose followed it from one end to the other.

"Now, that's a little like it," said the storekeeper, "but," he added, with a wink, "come now, hain't you got something that the flies won't settle on, that's fur-lined and hair-topped? There's nothing too good for us, and we've got the dust to pay for it."

"Yes," again said Huntington. "Here's something that we don't often bring out." The trier went down into the third tub of the same lot, and the storekeeper's nose followed the line of butter for the third time.

"How much is she assessed at?" asked the storekeeper, as he looked affectionately on the butter.

"Sixty-five cents a pound."

"You hain't got too much for me," said the storekeeper.

YOUNG AMERICA'S FAVORITE.

OUR readers will be interested by the following story of their favorite author, which is narrated by one of his old friends:

"One day, about a dozen years ago, the good city of Newburyport was much excited over the disappearance of a bright ten-year-old boy, a son of one of the most prominent citizens of the Merrimac port. Untiring search and widespread inquiry on the part of anxious persons and sympathetic neighbors were alike unavailing, until, on the second day, the missing lad reappeared as suddenly as he had vanished. It then transpired that the boy had been reading Oliver Optic's books, and had been impelled, not to fight the red-skinned hair-lifter of the prairie—for his books never incited a boy to do that—but to make a pilgrimage to Dorchester and visit, at his own home, the author over whose entrancing pages he had hung with such absorbing interest; and the little fellow returned from his Mecca strongly impressed, and enthusiastic in his praises of the personality of the writer whose books are so familiar to thousands of young readers."

Oliver Optic, whose real name is William T. Adams, is about to leave his home, in Dorchester, Mass., and visit Minneapolis. He has quite regained his sight, which a few years ago was seriously impaired. "One book a year is all I care to write now," he is reported to have said. "My life-work is nearly at an end. I was just figuring this morning to see how many volumes I had published, and I find the total number to be 113. My first book appeared in 1853, and began the series known as 'The Boat Club.'"

The famous author is now engaged upon one more story, which he is writing specially for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. In due time it will appear in our pages, and we can promise our readers a great treat in its perusal.

HOW LINCOLN AND JEFF DAVIS MET.

A WRITER in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* relates that some famous actors in our late war met when they were unknown young soldiers.

"General Winfield Scott," he says, "when a young man, was stationed at Fort Snelling—at that day perhaps the remotest military outpost in the country. When the Black Hawk war was begun some Illinois militia companies proffered their services. Two lieutenants were sent by Scott to Dixon, Ill., to muster the new soldiers. One of the lieutenants was a very fascinating young man, of easy manners and affable disposition; the other was equally pleasant but extremely modest. On the morning when the muster was to take place a tall, gawky, slab-sided, homely young man, dressed in a suit of blue-jeans, presented himself to the lieutenants as the captain of the recruits, and was duly sworn in."

"The homely young man was Abraham Lincoln. The bashful lieutenant was he who afterward fired the first gun from Fort Sumter, Major Anderson. The other, who administered the oath, was Jefferson Davis."

HAIL TO THE WEST.

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

The dusk drifts down to the West,
O, friends! let us spread in its trail
To the life that is free and best,
To the folks that are blithe and hale;
To the kindly hearts that I know,
To the hearts of the pioneer,
To the simple and cordial cheer—
O, friends, let us go, let us go!

[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 XXII.

A GENTLEMAN ARRIVES AT HOLCOMB.

Do you know where Mr. Sherard and Miss Dolores went from here?" asked Tom, too eager for the required information to notice the evil glimmer in the eye of the man before him.

But all Britzer or any one in Holcomb knew about it, so he said, was that Mr. Sherard kept his own counsel as to his destination. The ticket agent, who boarded at the Vendome, said that Sherard bought two tickets for Denver, but whether he went east or west from there it was impossible to tell.

"I suppose," said Britzer, eying Tom furtively from under his shaggy eyebrows, as the young fellow, with a disappointed face, remained silent for a moment or two, "I suppose of course you don't know anything—that is—you've never tried to get any clew to the person who—"

"Murdered Professor Dean," supplied Tom, as Britzer stammered and hesitated without finishing the sentence. "Yes, murdered him," he repeated, as Britzer started, "for it was the shock the robber gave the professor that caused his death. 'No,' Tom went on, looking Britzer full in the face, 'I've never tried to get any clew for the reason that I'm pretty sure who the party is, though unluckily I can't prove it. But it can't be much satisfaction for him to know that the money he failed to secure was in the room all the time, and within his reach if he'd only known where to look, and that I myself found it afterwards between the leaves of an old pocket diary in the closet, safe and sound,' added Tom, forgetting his usual discretion in his desire of seeing what effect this disclosure would have upon the man whom he believed to be actually guilty of the attempted robbery, and morally guilty of Professor Dean's death.

But if his suspicions were correct, Britzer had a very good command over his countenance.

"Well, I'm glad of it, Tom," he said, with affected heartiness; "and though we had some words the night you left the building, I—I—hope you don't bear any grudge against me. Why, Tom," exclaimed Mr. Britzer, as, much to the young fellow's disgust, he slapped him on the shoulder, "what with the professor's little fortune and the pile I expect you made with Sherard, you'll go back east a rich man. I suppose, of course, you don't intend staying any longer than you can help in this forsaken country."

"I leave to-morrow on the noon train," replied Tom, briefly; and, finding out that he could obtain a hot bath further down the street, where an enterprising Chinese barber had established a board shanty directly over a boiling sulphur spring, Tom went out, leaving his rifle in Britzer's care till he returned.

Why, the moment that the door closed behind Tom Dean, Britzer should have beckoned the stalwart major and the polite colonel to the desk, where the trio exchanged several remarks in an undertone, is best known to himself.

Colonel North and Major Smith had arrived at Holcomb at nearly the same time as Britzer. They represented themselves as ex-army officers in search of mining investments; and, being free and easy gentlemen with plenty of money, they had speedily ingratiated themselves with the guests of the Vendome, who, it need hardly be said, were all of the masculine flannel shirted order, ready to fight or drink at the shortest possible notice.

Whether Britzer had met the pair before or not, singularly enough a certain intimacy seemed to exist between the three, which Major Smith carelessly explained by saying that Britzer was poor and down on his luck, but the time had been when that man was worth a cool twenty thousand. He, the major, remembered having seen him more than once at the Stock Exchange in New York.

Be this as it may, when Tom, refreshed by his bath, returned to the Vendome in time for a coarse but substantial meal, he became the recipient of more attention than was quite agreeable from the trio. To avoid the numerous invitations to drink, as well as a cunning course of cross-questioning from the affable colonel, he stepped out on the piazza.

There, seating himself on a hide-bottomed stool, he began to mentally review the situation.

The prospect of recovering his lost gold from Mr. Sherard certainly was not encouraging. There seemed no way of getting a clew to his whereabouts except by advertising; and under the circumstances this was rather a doubtful venture. True, Mr. Sherard might have returned to his native city of New York, yet he might have gone elsewhere—who should say?

Tom took the diary from the pocket stitched inside his woolen shirt, and opened it on his knee.

"Four one thousand-dollar notes, and enough smaller ones to go a long way towards helping me to get settled somewhere," he muttered, as he smoothed out the bills and arranged them carefully between the discolored leaves. Much of the writing was illegible through the soaking in the river and subsequent drying.

As Tom was about closing the diary, something pinned to a leaf in the first part attracted his attention. It was a paragraph cut from a newspaper whose date was presumably that under which it was pinned—or at least so Tom was inclined to think.

Will the gentleman who advertised in certain New York papers in 1865 for the parents or legal protectors of a male child, aged about three years and calling himself "Tommy"—said child having been found deserted on Pier 28, North River, after departure of the Fall River boat, communicate at once with G. S. Greyson, 1917 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Room 3, second floor.

Now, the date above the paragraph corresponded to that of their arrival in the City of Mexico, some five months previous; at which time, as Tom remembered, the professor had received from some Eastern friend a package of New York papers by mail, from one of which this scrap had probably been scissored by the professor, and pinned in the diary.

Tom's heart began to beat high with hope, as he finished reading it.

And not without reason. Ever since he could remember it had always been understood that all the professor's efforts to discover, by inquiry or advertisements, how or by whom Tom had been left a waif and a stray on the steamboat pier, had been utterly in vain.

As the years went by, and he became more strongly attached to his protector, who had of course told him what little there was to tell, Tom grew to believe that he should never know anything more concerning himself. In fact the professor's words gradually drifted away from his mind, as the sweet, sad face, which he vaguely associated with that of the mother he had never seen, no longer haunted his dreams.

Why the professor had never spoken to him of this paragraph, which might mean so much to him, Tom could not understand. Nor did a further perusal of various blotted memoranda give him any idea whether Professor Dean had communicated with the address given.

But the discovery settled one vexed question in his mind. He had now a definite destination. The uncertainty of tracing Mr. Sherard's movements had given place to a certainty of at least learning something concerning himself which must be important for him to know. That point once established, he could follow up his friends later on.

The shrill whistle of an East-bound train cut short Tom's musings. Returning the diary to his pocket, he made room on the bench for the colonel, who, with other guests of the Vendome, came crowding out of the door to stare at the few passengers left on the platform by the departing train.

"I say," suddenly exclaimed Halsted, who had joined the group on the piazza, and pointed across the railway track, "ain't that what city folks call a 'dude'?"

The person referred to was a rather fashionably dressed young fellow, who appeared to be about Tom's age. The Holcombites, whether miners or engaged in other pursuits, eschewed white shirts; though on dress occasions a fine French flannel was donned. Vests were regarded as purely ornamental excepting in cold weather. A coat was allowable but not commonly worn, especially in the warmer seasons.

Yet the newcomer not only wore a well cut suit of gray tweed, but his boots were polished, his linen immaculate, and in one kid-gloved hand he carried a handsome traveling bag, to which were strapped a neatly folded summer overcoat, and a dainty silk umbrella. And when I add that instead of the slouch hat or sombrero familiar to Holcomb eyes, the young stranger wore a high-crowned white derby encircled by a "wool," it is almost needless to remark that he at once became the cynosura of the public gaze!

"He must be a newly landed Englishman," remarked Colonel North, emphatically; "no dude of American birth would dare wear such a heap piece in this section of the country."

"Shoot the hat!" shouted a miner of a humorous turn, who had just returned from St. Jo, where the slang expression quoted was then in vogue.

Mr. Curley, who had just come out of the corner saloon close by, took the suggestion in its most literal sense. As the young fellow was ascending the wooden steps to the piazza, he drew his heavy revolver and fired twice in rapid succession, seeming scarcely to glance along the barrel.

The high-crowned hat was lifted from the wearer's head and pitched backward to the ground, pierced with two bullet holes, while a delighted shout attested to the general appreciation of this pleasing little practical joke.

But, instead of betraying any particular terror, or even excitement, the young fellow set down his satchel and glanced across at the corner, where Curley was returning his revolver to its sheath.

Watched with breathless interest by the on-lookers, the new comer stepped quickly across the street and confronted the bully, who stared at him in contemptuous amazement.

"I think it was you who spoiled my hat," he quietly remarked to Curley; and before the latter could reply, the speaker caught his burly opponent directly under the chin with a well-directed blow, which sent him staggering backward against the side of the saloon.

"Good boy!" shouted Colonel North. The young man then energetically stripped off his coat, and shaped himself in scientific fashion to meet the expected on-rush of the bully, who, with a fearful imprecation, had straightened himself for vengeance. Meanwhile, the colonel, catching for the first time a distinct view of the stranger's features, gave a sort of half-groan.

"Good Lord!" he muttered between his closely-shut teeth, "it's Tom himself, and the

fat is in the fire. But he must have got the money, else he wouldn't have dared to follow me here."

Without finishing his half-audible remark, Colonel North quickly reached his gun from behind the door.

"Stop that—drop your hands, Curley!" he shouted. With a vivid remembrance of the previous warning, and the probable results of neglecting to heed it, Curley reluctantly gave up his loudly-expressed purpose of "paralyzing" his youthful antagonist. The latter seemed disappointed at the interruption, and stepped back slowly.

But Colonel North's face resumed its wonted easy demeanor, as the young fellow, having resumed his coat and picked up his satchel, walked toward the piazza of the hotel.

"Street brawls are contrary to the peace and harmony of this community," remarked the colonel, gravely, to the youthful stranger, who looked up at him with apparent surprise; "and so, Mr.—"

"Saxton—Tom Saxton, of San Francisco," promptly answered the new comer, as the colonel seemed to hesitate.

"Ah, thank you, Mr. Saxton," continued Colonel North; "so, as a matter of strict duty, it was necessary to interfere in this little affair, though, from a—scientific point of view, I should have liked to have seen the finish. Glad to know you, Mr. Saxton," he added airily; "I'm acquainted in San Francisco myself, and hope to have a talk with you soon."

Mr. Tom Saxton responded politely, and the colonel entered the door, at the head of a crowd of thirsty admirers. With a glance at the white hat, which was trodden out of shape by the dispersing crowd, young Saxton pulled forward a stool upon the piazza. Then he placed his traveling bag between his feet and opened it, while Tom sat watching him with eager interest, hoping that he would say something to him.

Tom was not disappointed.

"I wonder if the fastidious Holcombites will find fault with *this*?" said Tom Saxton, pulling a soft, black hat, of the description known as a "slouch," from his satchel, and placing it on his head. He addressed himself to Tom, and at the same time glanced half quizzically at the wide-brimmed sombrero worn by the latter.

"You look the thorough plainsman," he said to Tom, "and I would like to trade outfits with you. Are you open to an offer for your wardrobe?"

Now it struck Tom that as he intended to go as quickly as possible to San Francisco, he had no further need for his frontier equipments; and this might be a good opportunity for disposing of them.

"But are you going to give up the garb of civilization?" he said to the stranger. "Don't you come from some Eastern city?"

"No," replied Saxton, "I am from San Francisco."

"And don't you intend to return home?" continued Tom.

"I have no home, and doubt if I shall ever go back to San Francisco," answered Saxton, in a manner which seemed to forbid further questioning. Then the two began discussing the "outfit."

The upshot of the matter was that after inspecting Tom's pony and equipments, together with his weapons and accoutrements, Saxton agreed to purchase them on the following day, leaving their valuation to some third party—perhaps the major or his friend Colonel North.

"You'd better throw in the dog," suggested young Saxton, who was much taken with the appearance of the noble mastiff. Brave lay on the ground near the stable, watching the pony, as he filled himself with the nutritious *alfalfa*, of which horses are so fond.

But Tom shook his head decisively. Although he knew it would be impossible to take Brave with him, he could not bear to give the dog into a stranger's hands.

"Some friends of mine are to have Brave," he said, and whistling the mastiff to him Tom left Saxton to enter the house to arrange for his lodgings, while the former made his way to the outskirts of the town, where the trading wagon had been halted and the Indian *tepe* was pitched.

The eyes of both Nita and Stefano sparkled as Tom told them the purpose of his errand. He desired to leave Brave with them.

"We always keep him and be good to him," said Nita, patting the dog's huge head. During the journey across the plains both the Indian woman and Stefano had become greatly attached to the mastiff, who seemed to have taken strong liking to them in return.

As Tom crossed the dog for the last time, and said his final farewells to Stefano and Nita, the habitual stoicism of the Indian woman and her son gave place to something like real emotion.

"Good by, Tom," said Nita, taking his hand in her own brown one. "Nita poor Indian woman, but always pray Great Spirit take care of young white brave;" and there was something like tears in her dark eyes as she thus spoke.

"Adios," was Stefano's farewell; but the tremor of his voice showed that he, too, was sorry to part from the manly young fellow who had been so strangely associated for a time with the two of a despised race.

"Call Brave," said Tom, in a low tone. With drooping head and tall, the great dog gave his former master an almost pathetic look and obeyed the summons of his new owners. Throwing open the flap at the entrance of the Indian *tepe*, the three passed in out of sight—out of Tom's life and out of my story forever.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THOMAS SAXTON, ESQUIRE.

FROM early morning till nightfall, excepting for the few idlers and loafers who saunter through the street or congregate on the corners, Holcomb's main thoroughfare is comparatively deserted.

Occasionally half a dozen mounted Indians, a trading wagon, a band of cowboys, or a gang of desperadoes like those headed by Curley, who himself was a notorious horse-

thief, caused a ripple of excitement by an unexpected incursion into town; but through the day Holcomb is, generally speaking, given over to comparative quiet.

But after sundown Holcomb shakes off its lethargy. The cheap eating-houses, saloons, and the three gambling dens, which the utmost efforts of the sheriff of San Cristofor county has not yet been able to suppress, are then in full blast.

The one wide street teems with red and blue-shirted humanity. Miners from tunnel and shaft, sooty workmen from the smelting furnaces, and swarthy toilers from the stamp mills, engineers and mine owners, adventurers and speculators, touch elbows in the ever restless and moving crowd.

It was in the early evening when Tom Dean retraced his steps from the trading wagon toward the Vendome, and he was struck with astonishment at the sight of so much stir and bustle.

The click of billiard balls, the clinking of glasses, and the sound of loud laughter, blended discordantly with the jangle of a cracked piano, as he passed the wide open door of the largest, and consequently worst, den of infamy in Holcomb.

Behind a long bar counter at the side stood the proprietor, a swarthy Spaniard known as Rafe, with a cigarette between his white teeth, overseeing his two barkeepers, who were dealing out the liquid poison to a noisy crowd, among whom Tom noticed werc-Curley and two or three of his gang.

The piano opposite was presided over by Rafe's gaudily dressed wife, a coarse-featured woman who wore a profusion of jewelry; while two billiard tables took up the other end of the room.

As Tom stood glancing in at this, to him, entirely new phase of Western life, some one touched him on the shoulder. Turning quickly about, Tom saw young Saxton. He had discarded his white shirt for a colored one of boating flannel, had left off his vest, and was evidently beginning to adapt himself to the customs of the country.

"Come in and take a drink, Dean," he said, in a friendly voice; "and then when there's a chance at the billiard table we'll have a game or two; in Rome, you know, one must do as the Romans do."

"I don't drink; I don't play billiards; and we're not in Rome," was the uncompromising reply.

"Ah, you'll soon get rid of all that squeamishness if you stay in San Francisco any time," said Saxton, coolly. "Fact is," he went on, as Tom shrugged his shoulders, "it's all very well for a fellow to steady down after he gets to be thirty or thereabouts; but till then I believe in a young fellow's having his fling—sowing his wild oats, don't you know?"

"I know," steadily replied Tom, "that in an old-fashioned book which young fellows are apt to make light of, it says: 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap; and, short as my life has been, I've seen and heard enough to find that it is true.'"

"Well, don't preach," was the impatient answer; but Tom noticed a shadow pass over his companion's good-looking face as he spoke.

"Preaching isn't in my line," said Tom, gently, drawing Saxton a little one side out of the glare of light that streamed from the open door; "but look here, Saxton, if you go in there you'll only get into trouble with that brute Curley who is three quarters drunk already. Come on back to the Vendome; there's some one I want to inquire about in San Francisco, whom possibly you may know."

Perhaps curiosity to learn something more about Tom, whose reticence concerning himself had rather piqued his new acquaintance, was the motive of Saxton's final acquiescence. And possibly Tom's gentle rebuke might not have been entirely lost.

"Pity I hadn't had some one like you at my elbow all my life, instead of the one I have had," he said, abruptly, as the two turned away from the noisy revelry which was growing more furious every moment.

"Saxton," exclaimed Tom, impetuously, "it's never too late to mend. If you've gone a bit wrong—which of course I know nothing about—why don't you turn square round, and go back to your home?"

In the clear moonlight, Tom could see the muscles of his companion's face twitching convulsively. But Saxton pulled himself together, and said, decisively:

"You're very kind, Dean, but you don't know. In my case it is too late."

Tom saw that he could not well pursue the subject without seeming inquisitive, so he said no more.

Elbowing their way along the noisy thoroughfare, the two reached the Vendome piazza. They found it entirely deserted, and seated themselves in the clear moonlight.

"The person I wanted to ask about," began Tom, referring to the paragraph in his diary, "though of course it's only barely possible that you may know or have heard of the name, is a Mr. G. S. Greyson."

It was probably the report of the pistol or rifle shot, which suddenly rang out a little way down the street, which caused Tom and Saxton to start so violently at this juncture.

So at least Tom supposed as Saxton sprang to his feet and gazed eagerly in the direction of the shot. A number of passing pedestrians turned and ran toward the open door of one of the saloons.

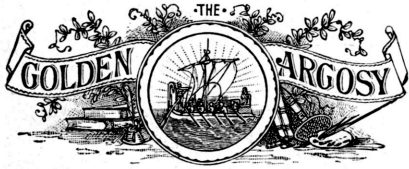
"There's some sort of a row at Rafe's," said Tom. At the same moment the peace-loving colonel, followed by a number of others, dashed out on the piazza and into the street, duly, armed and equipped, "according to law," to quote Mr. Diggs, who with a due regard for his personal safety had staid behind.

"Better stay here," he added.

A sudden irregular discharge of firearms in the street, and the whistling of two or three stray bullets, in the direction of the building, gave point to the warning.

Amid a hoarse chorus of yells and oaths, accompanied by popping of revolvers, half a dozen or more mounted men dashed past the piazza like a whirlwind!

(To be continued.)



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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 6 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 subject of next week's biographical sketch will be "M. Quad," the famous humorist of the "Detroit Free Press."

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

ON New Year's Day THE GOLDEN ARGOSY heartily renews the good wishes to all our readers which we offered them last week for Christmastide. The beginning of a new year, the end of an old year—the turning of another page, the closing of another volume of our lives—it is a joyous and yet a solemn thought. This is the time for new hopes, new resolutions, new plans for the future, and a fresh start in the upward path.

We do not wish to sermonize in season and out of season, but we have a few earnest words to say to the great circle of readers whom we shall endeavor to entertain and amuse each week of the coming twelvemonth. We stand at the beginning of another year, with all its great possibilities for good or evil, and we may well pause for a moment to enter upon it with soberness and hope, while the pealing bells that ring out the dying year

"Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good."

When ordering single copies of the present volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY from the publisher, please enclose six cents for each one.

THE SABBATH FOR MAN.

ANOTHER attempt has been made, on the last few Sundays, to enforce in New York the old laws which prohibit all work on the first day of the week except works of necessity or charity.

These laws, although they allow meat to be sold before nine o'clock, and have a few other exceptions, are very stringent; and though they have been for a long while on the statute book, they have been quite generally disregarded in this city.

Just four years ago an attempt, similar to the present one, was made to have the prohibition enforced; but it was abandoned after a short time, and the law is evidently not supported by general public opinion.

But there is no doubt that license has now gone too far, and it is time to cry a halt. The weekly rest commanded by the decalogue is necessary to our national welfare, and must be secured. If the present laws are defective or unfair, they should be amended.

As Volume IV is now closed, any subscribers who wish to complete the volume by ordering missing numbers should do so at once, as we shall only keep a few copies of the back issues.

HOW TO ENJOY THE HOLIDAYS.

ENJOYMENT depends partly on circumstances, and partly on temperament. Some people seem to be always depressed, while others can be cheerful amid the gloomiest surroundings.

We know of a good recipe for pleasant holidays, and we will give it to our young readers. It is this: Prepare for them by genuine hard work. You cannot work well without holidays, and you cannot enjoy the holidays unless you work well in school time.

Another good rule for the holidays is: Do not be idle. Idleness is not enjoyment; it is rather the opposite of enjoyment. Enter heartily into work and amusement alike.

Keep your holiday time fully occupied with books and games, with some pleasant or useful employment; do not idle around with empty hands, which will surely find some mischievous occupation if you do not provide them with anything better.

We will send two copies of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY to separate addresses, for \$5 a year. Any smart boy can get a friend to join him in making a club of two, and thus save 50 cents on his subscription.

THE Hon. William D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, has visited the South after an absence of eleven years. He says the workmen of that section are "enjoying not only progress, but prosperity greater than is enjoyed in the North." This statement is surprising, but worthy of consideration, for Judge Kelley is a good judge.

AN IMPERIAL SCHOLAR.

KINGS and queens have a pleasant time of it, in some ways, but their duties are more oppressive than most people imagine. When they are young, they are put through a tremendous amount of schooling to prepare them for their future duties.

Some years ago the editor of a Hungarian newspaper was engaged to give to the empress of Austria a long course of lessons in Hungarian literature. He says she was a careful and painstaking pupil. She wrote her translation exercises in a child's copy-book. But one day she handed him the exercises scribbled on both sides of a bit of blotting paper. "Yesterday," she explained, "I had to give audiences all day, and in the evening there was a concert, after which I was so tired that I went straight to bed. It was only then that I remembered my lesson, and I got up, took my pencil to a leaf out of my diary, and worked out the lesson in bed, to show you my earnest desire to do well."

The young readers of the ARGOSY would do well to imitate the zeal of this imperial scholar.

THE CHOICE OF A CAREER.

MANY of the ARGOSY's friends consult us with reference to the selection of a career for themselves, and we are always glad to help them to the best of our ability; though most, probably, have friends who know their circumstances and tastes better than we do, and could advise them more definitely.

The question of a career is, indeed, very often a hard one, and we do not wonder that many a boy is puzzled when it confronts him.

Perhaps the best guide in this matter is one's own natural bent. Most boys have a special taste for some particular vocation. There is a vast diversity of work to be done in the world, and nature takes care to produce men fitted for each of the necessary branches.

The child is father of the man, as Wordsworth says, and innate tastes generally manifest themselves early. The boy who is fascinated by steam engines and locomotives should become a mechanic, and so on. Let each endeavor to follow out his natural bent.

The yearly subscription price of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is now three dollars.

Our subscribers will please take note of this fact.

MASTER ONE SUBJECT.

HERE is one more piece of advice which we should like to give to those who are debating what path of life to pursue: Choose some one thing and try to be perfect in it. A well-known New York editor once said to a young friend who had consulted him: "If you wish to succeed in any profession, you must do some one thing better than any one else. Those whose cleverness is shown in a general way rarely make a mark."

This was a shrewd remark; and the same idea is more bluntly expressed in the old proverb which tells us that "A jack of all trades is good at none."

The world is full of clever young fellows; there are plenty of them in the crowded ranks of every profession and every trade; but it is only the few of them who climb to prominence, or accomplish any real achievement. The fortunate ones who rise generally owe their success to their special knowledge of some particular subject.

We would say then to the young readers of the ARGOSY: Select some special point for yourselves, following as far as you can your own genuine tastes, and then strive to attain perfection in that particular branch. Avoid change as far as possible, and prefer a thorough mastery of one business to a smattering of three or four different ones.

COLONEL CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

Editor of the Boston Globe.

THE career of the genial editor of the *Boston Globe*, which we briefly sketch this week for the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, is an interesting page of personal history. It tells us once more the old American story of a poor boy, toiling and struggling, and raising himself by his own efforts to win success and an honorable place among his countrymen.

Charles H. Taylor springs from the common people, and he was brought face to face with the stern realities of "life at an early age. When thirteen years old, he left school, and was sent to work for a short time in a printing office. Next he tried two or three trades in succession, but found none of them congenial. He had no mechanical ability, and could not succeed without it.

He was only fourteen when he got work in the composing room of the *Boston Traveller*. Early and late he worked in the composing room, press-room, and mail room; he carried bundles to the depots, and did all kinds of odd jobs. Not very attractive work, this; but he persevered, and did thoroughly all that he had to do, no matter how much he disliked it.

Then came the war, and when the lad was sixteen, probably as soon as he was tall enough, he enlisted for service. This was in August,

1862; and the young soldier had served for eighteen months when he was wounded, at Port Hudson, La., by a ball which is still in the colonel's side. He came home on a furlough, obtained a discharge from the army, and went back to work in the composing-room of the *Traveller*.

But young Taylor's soldiering had not been a waste of time. It had given him a knowledge of the world, enlarged his ideas, and made him ambitious. He determined to get into the editorial room, and worked hard to qualify himself for the position. He was not yet nineteen when he gained his wish.

He had learned short-hand, and the knowledge stood him in good stead. In 1866 he was dispatched as special correspondent with the famous Fenian "army" which made a raid upon the Canadian border. Then he undertook the Boston correspondence of the *New York Tribune*, the *Cincinnati Times*, and other papers, a fact which shows that his powers were becoming widely recognized.

He was now working hard and saving money. In the year in which he reached his majority, he made four thousand dollars by his pen. But greater things were in store for him.

Both politics and soldiering seem to come naturally to the journalist; perhaps, as a recorder of history, he is closely akin to the soldier and the politician, the makers of history. In 1869 Mr. Taylor earned his military title, by a more peaceful service than his war experience. He was appointed private and military secretary to Governor William Claflin, of Massachusetts, a position which gave him a thorough insight into the administration of the State government.

Three years later, Colonel Taylor was elected to the Massachusetts legislature by his fellow-citizens of Somerville, receiving the unanimous nomination of both parties; and when, the following year, he was chosen clerk of the House, he seemed to have fairly set foot upon the ladder of political promotion.

But before the year was over, he had turned away from politics, and undertaken a difficult and hazardous venture in journalism.

The *Boston Globe* had been established a year, and a sickly yearling it was, when Colonel Taylor took charge of it in 1873. It had proved a failure, and was in danger of extinction; and the attempt to resuscitate it seemed almost hopeless.

But Colonel Taylor had the good judgment

to see an opportunity, and the pluck and energy to grasp it. The Democratic party of Massachusetts was practically without a voice in the Boston daily press, and he determined to build up a journal which should supply this want.

The hard work, the anxieties and difficulties which faced him, can scarcely be realized by those who do not know the enormous labor involved in the task of creating a newspaper. Let it suffice to say a few words of the result.

From its feeble start, and from a position outside of the Associated Press, the *Globe* has risen till to-day it possesses a circulation, volume of business, and profit, exceeded by very few papers in the country. The *Globe* has influence, too, and speaks with authority. It is no longer disreputable to be a Democrat in the Bay State; indeed, we were told the

other day that the Massachusetts Democrats "sit on the box and drive this Administration." And the able championing of Colonel Taylor's journal has had a large share in raising the party's position.

The controlling spirit of the *Globe* is fond of new ideas. That journal was a pioneer in the matter of illustrations, which have now been adopted by most of the leading dailies. Signed editorials, too, were introduced a year ago, and many well-known names are to be found on the *Globe's*

leader page. Occasionally a pithy and pointed article is penned and signed by Colonel Taylor himself.

It is in many ways easier to start a new enterprise than to regenerate one already discredited by ill success. To turn apparently hopeless failure into prosperity and fame, to build up a young and struggling paper into one of the leading journals of the country—this is a performance which bears striking witness to the same talent and energy which have enabled Colonel Taylor to lift himself from odd jobs in a printing office to the head of the *Boston Globe*.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

PRAISE THAT ENDURETH.

MUSIC when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors when sweet violets sicken
Live within the sense they quicken;
But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

If you are not wiser and better at the end of the coming year, the year will be worse than wasted.

To give and to lose is nothing, but to lose and to give still is the part of a great mind.—*Seneca*.

TIME is lent to us to be laid out in God's service, to His honor; and we cannot be too diligent in it, if we consider that time is precious, short, passing, uncertain.

To feel always more disposed to see the favorable than the unfavorable side of things, is a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year.

No physician ever weighed out medicine to his patient with half so much exactness and care as God weighs out to us every trial; not one grain too much does he ever permit to be put in the scale.

You must work yourself tired before you can rest yourself refreshed. Labor is the appetite for rest, as hunger is for food; and he who is always doing nothing can no more rest than he who is always eating can get hungry.

Not soil alone nor sun alone gives strength and majesty to the sturdy oak, but also its exposure to the changes of the seasons and its battles with the storms and winds. So it is through hardships well and borne trials cheerily met that man attains to the power and dignity of his full nature and the stability of his true manhood.

The world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man is a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philosopher and historian, the humble listener, there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.—*J. A. Garfield*.



COLONEL CHARLES H. TAYLOR.

[This story commenced in No. 212.]

The Camp in the Mountains

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of the "Young Pioneer Series," "Log Cabin Series," "Great River Series," etc.

CHAPTER VII. TWO RIFLE SHOTS.

THE Winnebago who raised and carefully sighted his gun at the unconscious Terry Clark fired just two seconds too late to accomplish what he set out to do. In other words, Fred Linden anticipated him to the extent of the brief period named. The two reports were so close together that they sounded like the discharge of the ordinary double-barreled gun, which all of you have heard many a time.

Indeed, when Fred saw the warrior bring his rifle to a level, and knew that he intended to drive a bullet through the body of Terry, he was naturally flustered, and lost the coolness which had stood him so well in many emergencies.

It was because of this agitation that he failed to make his aim as accurate as he would have done under different circumstances.

When he ran his eye along the barrel of his good weapon, he observed that the Winnebago was doing the same.

"If I do not fire ahead of him, it will be too late to save Terry," was the thought that flashed over the youth, and which would have unnerved almost any one in his situation.

You can understand, therefore, why it was that the little sphere of lead which whizzed from the rifle barrel failed fully to do what its sender intended; but, for all that, it accomplished its main purpose.

It tore its way through the left forearm of the Winnebago, which was the one that was extended, and supporting the gun. It caused such an electric twinge that the limb involuntarily twitched, so diverting the aim of the miscreant that the ball did not pass within a yard of Terry Clark.

Without pausing to note the effects of his shot, Fred dodged back behind the tree, and began reloading his piece. This was in accordance with true frontier training, for so long as his gun is empty the pioneer is at the mercy of the foe who has a charge in his weapon.

Now you can readily understand that this ordeal was fully as trying as the moment when the young hunter was striving so hard to get in his shot before the warrior could shoot Terry Clark. In the latter case, the life of another was the stake; now it was his own, for Fred knew that he had not slain the Indian, who would be likely to make a rush upon him before he could reload his gun.

If the Winnebago should dart around the trunk of the tree with upraised tomahawk (as there was every reason to believe he would do), the lad would have no means of making an efficient defense. True, he could club his gun or draw his own knife, but in such an encounter he could not hope to prove the equal of the active and sinewy warrior.

A shiver ran through the plucky youth when he heard the rustling of leaves, such as would be made by a running Indian.

"He is coming sure enough!" was the terrifying thought, as he rammed the bullet home and hastily snatched out the rod; "he's bound to beat me."

Ah, if Fred Linden had but possessed one of the breech-loaders with which you are familiar, how coolly he might have awaited the coming of his savage foe! But you need not be told that it was many long years afterward before such a weapon was dreamed of.

Hope awoke again, when the boy began pouring powder into the pan. He hastily lowered the flint in place, and peeped in the direction whence he had fired.

To his astonishment, the Winnebago was not in sight.

"I didn't hear him after all; I guess I finished him," he whispered to himself, awed by the thought that he had really slain a man who was trying to take the life of his friend. "I feel strange to think of it, but I would much rather shoot him than have him shoot Terry, whose father was killed by one of his kind."

At that moment of agitation and excite-

ment, when Fred Linden aimed and fired so quickly, he was struck by one singular circumstance; he knew his bullet hit the Winnebago, but the redskin did not make the least outcry.

Since it is a rule, with scarcely an exception, that no member of the American race receives a mortal or even a painful hurt without emitting a screech like that of a wild animal, Fred was puzzled to understand why it was not so in this instance.

"I know I struck him," he said to himself, as he hurried across the intervening space, "and I hit him hard, too; I wonder now whether he is hiding somewhere and playing possum, so as to get a chance at me!"

The possibility was anything but pleasant, and, anxious as the lad was to learn the result, he used all the care he could in advanc-

"He may be lying on the ground dead!" was the awful fear that caused young Linden to hasten in that direction, without any thought of the lurking red man.

A few seconds were enough to take him to the spot. His relief was beyond expression, when he failed to catch sight of Terry's figure prostrate on the ground.

"He hasn't been killed, that's certain, though he may have been badly hurt; at any rate he ought to be somewhere near here."

The ground was broken with rocks and covered with trees and undergrowth, so that it could not have been better for the stealthy movement of a white man or Indian. As I have shown, any one, so long as he kept out of the natural clearing, which surrounded the cabin, could, with a little care, prevent the

"His aim was good enough, but I was a little ahead of him."

"I heard your gun, though I didn't know it was your own."

"I thought I had killed the Winnebago, but I must have been mistaken, though I am sure I hit him."

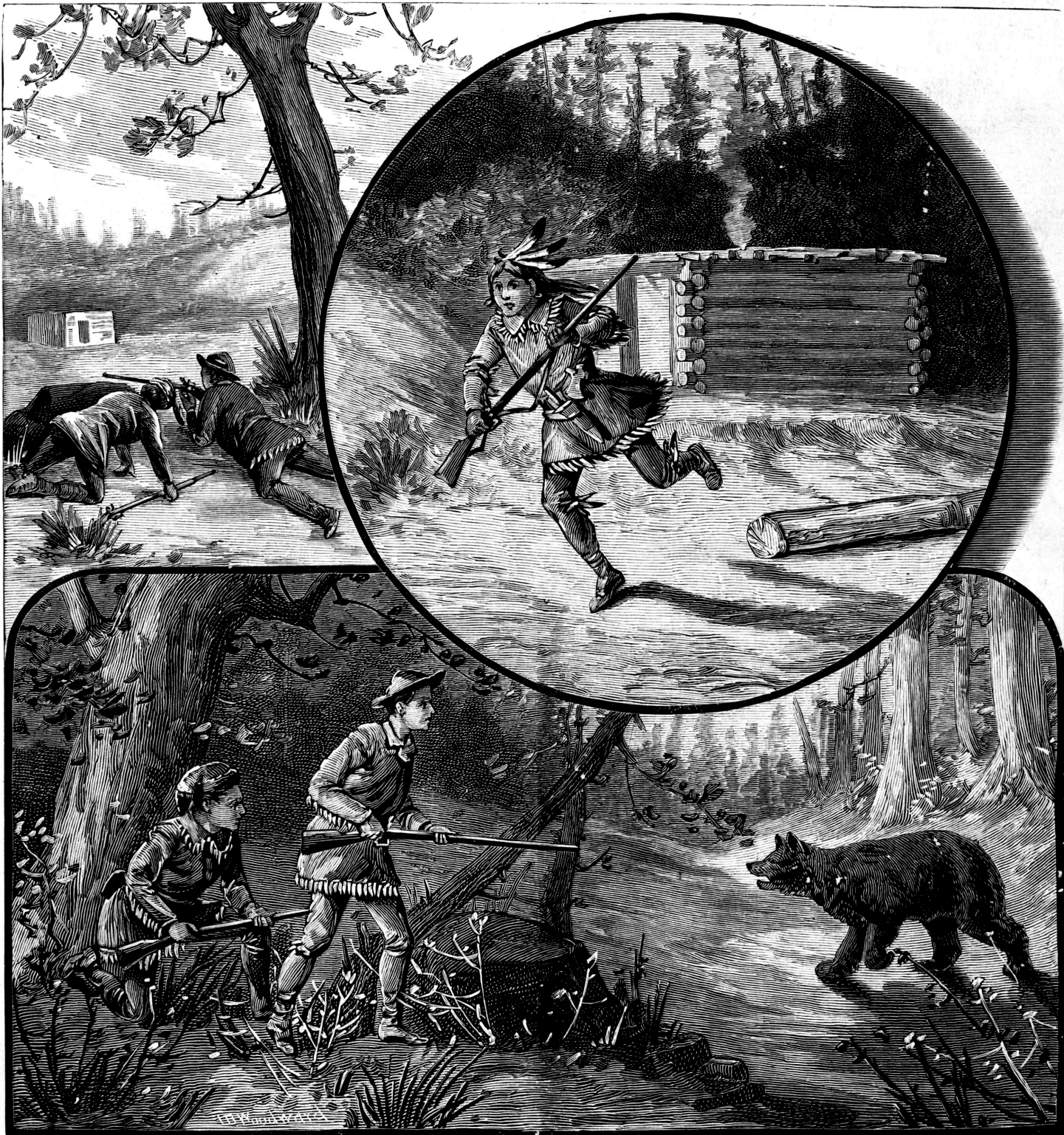
"Of that there's no doubt."

"How do you know?"

"I observed the Winnebago meself."

"Where? When? What was he doing?"

"Of course, when the two sounds fell on my ear I looked around to find the cause of the same. I observed the Winnebago running as if a dog was nipping at his heels. Indade, I niver had the plisure of seeing a red man run harder. He went through the woods like a streak, holding on to one arm as though he was afraid he was going to lose it."



TO THE CONSTERNATION OF THE BOYS, DEERFOOT SUDDENLY BOUNDED FROM THE CABIN, AND DASHED TOWARD THEM WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND.

ing to the rock where the Winnebago was crouching only a short while before.

He had not far to go before learning that the redskin had not been killed by the rifle shot, for he was not lying on the ground, nor indeed was he visible anywhere.

The leaf-covered earth within an area of several rods was in clear view, but there was no warrior to be seen; he had fled.

"That is strange; I suppose I did not hurt him enough to prevent his getting away, but what about Terry?"

The instant he was relieved of immediate fear of the Winnebago, Fred's anxiety about his companion became painful. He had heard the report of the warrior's rifle directly after his own was discharged, and since the savage took time to make his aim deliberate, there was reason to fear that it had been fatal.

Looking toward the spot where the Irish lad was standing, with his gaze fixed upon the log cabin, Fred was unable to see him; he too had vanished.

most vigilant sentinel within the structure from discovering him.

"Where can he be?" repeated Fred to himself, standing still and looking around; "he must have known that it was either I or Deerfoot that fired one of the shots."

Just then a low whistle reached his ear. Turning his gaze toward the point whence it came, he caught sight of the round, good-natured face of Terry Clark, who was peeping from behind a rock, a couple of rods distant.

Seeing that he was discovered, Terry beckoned Fred to approach, and the latter did so without delay.

"Are you hurt?" asked Linden.

"Not in the least," was the reassuring reply, "for the good reason that I didn't know of anything to hurt me, as me uncle replied to the inquiries of his friends, when the house fell on him; why do ye ask me that question?"

"I saw a Winnebago Indian shoot at you."

"Thin he must have took a poor aim."

"Then I must have hit his arm; that was it," said Fred, who somehow or other felt relieved to know that he had not killed the warrior, even though it would have been justifiable. "Which way did he go?"

"He aimed for some point over beyanst," replied Terry, pointing toward the elevation, where the three friends were grouped a short time before, when they first caught sight of the camp in the mountains; "if he hasn't stopped running—and the spalpeen didn't look as though he would stop before night—he must be about a mile off."

"Didn't you think he fired at you?"

"I had no idada of the same; if I had," added Terry, with a shake of the head, "I would have taken a pop at him on the fly, just to make things even; I'm thinking, too, that he wouldn't have kept on running as he did after you shot."

"Well, he's gone for the present; but I don't believe that's the last we shall see of him. You know how determined an Indian is to have revenge for anything like that. There

must be other Winnebagoes not far away, too."

"They have been plenty ever since we started; begorra, but the woods are as full of 'em as they are sometimes of mosquitoes." "Let's move away from here," suggested Fred, who could not feel easy so long as they were so near the spot where the prowling Winnebago had stood within the past five minutes.

Terry saw the wisdom of the step, and the two followed the suggestion without delay. Instead of continuing in the direction both were following a moment before, they turned back and started over the ground where Fred Linden had just trod.

One reason for this course was that they might keep out of Deerfoot's bailiwick, as it may be termed. He had instructed them to do so, and would have been displeased had they disregarded his wishes.

Feeling quite sure that other Winnebagoes were in the neighborhood, the boys were silent for a few minutes, while they started to push their way as best they could between and around boulders and rocks, and among trees and undergrowth, meeting now and then with gullies and ravines, where in many places it looked as if their progress would be stopped altogether.

Our friends pressed on, however, using their eyes and ears to the utmost, and remembering that they were as likely to find enemies in the rear or on one side as in front.

They had set themselves quite a task, one which it would have taken them nearly a half-hour to complete, but they were no more than fairly started upon it, when an alarming interruption took place.

"I wonder what Deerfoot is doing?" said Fred; "I thought the sound of the two guns would bring him around here to see what they mean."

"Begorra," whispered Terry, "Deerfoot is the smartest fellow we ever met (though *ye* may have met one of the same kind since *ye* have met *me*), but there are a good many things which he can't do, and he may have his own hands full without bothering *us*."

"That may be; but we haven't heard the sound of any guns besides those two."

"There can be a haze of trouble without firing off guns."

"No doubt of that; but just now—"

"Whisht! What do you call that?"

To the consternation of the boys, Deerfoot at this moment bounded into view around the corner of the cabin, and dashed toward them at the utmost height of his unapproachable speed.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

DEERFOOT the Shawanoe found that in venturing into the cabin he had indeed entered the lion's den. He had struck the Winnebagoes more than one hard blow, and they knew it; the time had come for them to balance the account.

Having planted himself against the massive door, after closing it in the face of the Shawanoe, the warrior, who recognized the youth, uttered the boastful words with which the sixth chapter closed.

But the boast was never finished. So quickly that no precaution could have prevented it, the left hand of the Shawanoe shot out, and, clutching the throat of the Winnebago, as if with the jaws of a bloodhound, he drew him forward with such sudden fierceness that he was thrown prostrate on his back, so violently that it almost drove the life from his body. In the same instant, the door was jerked open, and, leaping outside, Deerfoot did not pause to close the entrance after him, but darted round the corner of the cabin, and across the clearing with the speed of the wind.

The wonderful runner had but a short distance to go, but life, it may be said, hung on every passing second. His enemies from whom he had bounded in such haste had but a few steps to travel in order to bring him within range, and they were sure to lose no time.

The training of the American Indian from his earliest youth tends to make him alert of eye and movement; and though the warriors within the building may have been disconcerted for the moment by the audacity of the youth, they were quick to recover from it.

Running with a swiftness which no living person could have surpassed, Deerfoot made straight for that part of the wood where Fred Linden and Terry Clark stood, with their eyes fixed on the cabin, knowing that stirring events were close at hand.

It was a startling sight, when the young Shawanoe burst to view around the corner. He held his rifle in his left hand, and his graceful legs doubled under him with such swiftness that the eye could hardly see the twinkling moccasins, just as the outer part of the spokes of the sulky drawn by Maud S., when going at her wonderful speed, are invisible. Deerfoot was running for life and he knew it.

It seemed to Fred and Terry that instead of making such desperate efforts to escape, he ought to have turned and fired at his enemies, but, since there were five of them, whom the Shawanoe expected to appear at the same moment on the outside, the odds would have been too great. Consequently, slight as was the hope of escape, the magnificent runner was doing the best, and indeed the only thing possible to do.

Arrow-of-Fire was standing in the corner by the fire, when he saw the Winnebago flung forward on his face, and caught sight of the Shawanoe as he whisked out of the door and vanished. With a yell of fury, Arrow-of-Fire leaped directly over the blaze, while the others, including the guard, were clambering to their feet. A couple of bounds carried him across the apartment. The door was partly open. A furious jerk drew it back, and Arrow-of-Fire sprang outside.

Gleaming around, he saw nothing of the fugitive, but, suspecting his ruse, he dashed to the corner of the cabin and caught sight of him as he sped like a terrified deer for shelter.

No fairer target could be offered. Amazing

as was the fleetness of the Shawanoe, it could not equal that of a rifle ball, and, before he could reach shelter, Arrow-of-Fire had time to make his aim sure.

With a grim smile of triumph, the Winnebago drew back the hammer of his gun, while in the act of raising it to his shoulder, and took deliberate aim at the fugitive.

You remember that Terry Clark and Fred Linden were a short distance off in front of the Shawanoe, and both saw the threatening action of the Winnebago.

"That gentleman belongs to me," remarked the Irish lad, as he quickly pointed his rifle at Arrow-of-Fire, who seemed not to see the lads standing almost in a direct line of his aim.

"You mustn't miss!" exclaimed Fred, "for, if you do, it will be the death of Deerfoot."

"There will be no miss this time," was the confident reply of Terry, who felt that the red man really "belonged to him."

The emergency was too desperate for Fred Linden to take any chances. He, too, raised his gun, and he was no more than a second behind his companion.

Thus it came about that three persons brought their rifles to bear almost at the same moment. Arrow-of-Fire had scarcely time to point his weapon at the flying Shawanoe, when Terry and Fred leveled their pieces at him. And yet not one of the three pulled trigger.

At this critical moment, when, it may be said, life itself hung in suspense, Arrow-of-Fire uttered an ear-splitting screech. Bounding fully three feet in air, he flung up his arms, his rifle flying from his hands, and tumbled over backward "as dead as Julius Cæsar."

Even in that terrible moment the quaint waggery of Terry Clark asserted itself. His finger was in the act of pressing the trigger, when he lowered his weapon with the remark:

"That's the reward of reputation, Frid! That spalpeen was about to shoot Deerfoot, whin he observed that I had drawn a bead on him; so he knoved it was all up with him, and without wasting his powder, he keels over and throws up the sponge. Try, Frid, to gain the same reputation as meself."

Fred Linden hardly heard the inappropriate words of his companion, for everything was now going with the rush of a hurricane. The death shriek of Arrow-of-Fire was still ringing in the air, when Deerfoot came sailing over a clump of undergrowth in front of the boys, and, striking on his feet, whirled about like a flash, with his loaded and cocked gun ready to engage in a shooting match with the Winnebagoes whom he had left in such a hurry.

But matters had not gone to suit the latter. The greater celerity of their leader enabled him to get out of doors ahead of the rest, and his reward was the loss of his life. But the other four were not much behind him.

The one who had suffered the indignity of being hurled headlong to the earth was infuriated and burning for revenge. He was on his feet the instant the others crowded forward and he was among them when they scrambled through the door after their leader.

At the moment of reaching the outside, they heard the frenzied yell of Arrow-of-Fire, and saw his rifle flung involuntarily several feet from him in his last agony, as he toppled over on his back without a spark of life in his body.

To put it mildly, this was a surprise. The four Winnebagoes did not know the point whence came the shot, and they huddled together, bewildered for the moment, and undecided what to do.

They received a sharp reminder of their peril, when a second bullet whistled among them and buried itself in the logs of the cabin. This threw them into a panic, and, like so many terrified sheep, they made a dash into the building, not taking breath until they had tumbled into the smoky darkness and closed the door behind them. They had sought to decoy the little party, but the tables had been turned upon them with a vengeance.

Deerfoot, while dashing toward shelter, caught sight of his two friends. Their anxiety for his safety was such that they stood revealed, and he saw that each held his rifle leveled and pointed toward the cabin. He needed no one to tell him what that meant. The shriek, and the report of a gun proved that a single Winnebago, at least, had been brought low.

The natural supposition of the Shawanoe would have been that the gun was fired by one of the boys, but he knew better. Even in that critical moment, he observed that no flash came from the muzzles of their weapons, while the report showed that the friendly shot, sent in the very nick of time, had come from a different quarter altogether.

But he could not forget that there were other Winnebagoes. When he whirled about with cocked rifle, he expected that a regular battle would open, in which it would be himself and companions against the red men, who were likely soon to receive reinforcements.

But not an enemy was to be seen. A parting glimpse of one of them was caught as he scrambled after his companions, in the frantic effort to get inside the cabin and beyond reach of the bullets, one of which had already brought their leader low. The Shawanoe lowered his piece, for there was no call for its use.

If that spalpeen goes through the cabin at the rate that he went into the door, he'll knock down the walls on the other side, and bring the logs on their heads, just as was the case with me uncle's cousin whin—

Deerfoot turned upon Terry with such a sharp expression that the lad checked himself as abruptly as if he had caught the whizz of a tomahawk hurled at his head. He not only loved, but feared the Shawanoe.

Terry himself felt that his observation was not in good taste, for he straightened up as rigid as a statue; all three holding their guns ready for instant use should the four Indians make any demonstration against them.

At such a time the minutes seem long, but after the sudden checking of Terry, the silence was preserved unbroken until the sus-

pense gradually lifted, and the tension of their nerves was lessened.

All this time there was one question running through the minds of Terry Clark and Fred Linden: Who fired the two shots, one of which was the means of saving the life of Deerfoot?

Terry turned toward the Shawanoe with the purpose of asking him; but the reproof received a short time before caused him to hesitate, and, catching the eye of Fred, he nodded to him to make the inquiry.

But young Linden, in turn, shook his head; he knew their friend too well to annoy him with any questions just then.

CHAPTER IX.

STRANGE VISITORS.

How strangely, in the affairs of this life, the humorous and pathetic, the dramatic and trivial, the tragic and comic, tread on each other's heels! Who would suppose that while the three youths stood on the alert to meet a savage attack from a party of Winnebago warriors, they would see something to cause a smile? Yet such was the fact.

Deerfoot kept his position behind the rock, slightly in advance of the others, while the boys, finding the intensity of the suspense growing lighter, as the minutes passed, looked at their surroundings in quest of something to contrast with the exciting scenes in front.

At that moment all three received a new shock by the sound of a trampling of the undergrowth. The Shawanoe turned like a flash, and the boys grasped their guns, expecting a call for their immediate use; but it was evident that what was approaching (judging from the racket it made) was either a wild animal or some one who had no suspicion of the presence of strangers.

It proved to be the former. The snout of an enormous black bear was shoved into sight, as he lumbered along, heavy, ponderous and awkward.

The instant his black, shaggy coat was seen among the vegetation, the Shawanoe took a step forward and raised his gun half-way to his shoulder. He had seen men of his race wear the semblance of Bruin with a view of deceiving an enemy, and he did not mean to be misled by any such simple trick. A second glance, however, showed that the brute was a genuine black bear.

You have perhaps read about an Indian warrior who covered himself with the skin of one of those animals, and imitated his actions so well that he deceived a sentinel; but if you reflect, you will agree with me that the sentinel could not have scrutinized the beast very closely, or he would have detected the counterfeit. The disguise, unless used at night, or under favoring circumstances, is not likely to deceive any one.

You will recall that it was late in the autumn, at which time the American bears are in their best condition. Since they generally go to sleep when cold weather comes, and remain so until spring, living upon their accumulated fat, you can understand that all hibernating animals must gather a good supply of adipose tissue before settling in winter quarters.

Fred and Terry had never seen such a fat bear as the one that lumbered into sight, and, discovering them, stopped and threw up his nose with a sniff of curiosity. Like a porker which his owner has been fattening for months, he was so fleshy that he was indisposed to walk, and, when he did so, his gait was a laborious waddle.

"He would be a prize," said Fred, noticing his condition.

"Ye are corriet; I could enjoy a dozen pounds or so of the swate crather if the same was well cooked," said Terry.

"Shall we shoot him?" asked Fred, in a cautious undertone, addressing Deerfoot. The latter looked at him for a second, as if surprised by the question, and then, compressing his thin lips, gave a decided shake of his head.

The Shawanoe's interest lay in the direction of the cabin, from which he had fled a short time before, and he turned his face that way, leaving his friends to watch the bear.

The latter, having taken a long stare at the young gentlemen in front of him, swung himself around like a locomotive on a turn-table, and started to lumber off. Just then he was on a short but abrupt declivity, and one of his hind feet rested on a stone which rolled from under him.

How it happened would be hard to explain, but so it was, that the bear lost his balance and not only fell on his side, but turned completely over on his back; just as a plump boy will do, when he catches his toe in some obstruction, while he has both hands in his pockets.

It was the absurd figure the huge bear cut in making such an extensive fall from so slight cause, and especially the comical perplexity of the huge beast when he got on his feet and stared around, that made the boys laugh.

It was all Terry could do to restrain his mirth from becoming uproarious. The slight noise resulting from the bear's tumble caused Deerfoot to turn his head and look at the animal. Fred glanced at the countenance of their friend and was sure he detected a laugh tugging at the corners of his mouth. He would have been a strange person indeed had he not smiled.

The latter, having got on his feet, after much work, spent several minutes as if trying to figure out his latitude and longitude. It was evident that the unexpected turn-over caused by his fall had muddled his ideas so badly that he found it hard to locate himself.

He stared at the boys as though wondering by what hocus pocus they had jumped so far over him and landed on the other side. Then he gazed at the cabin, as seen through the trees, puzzled to explain how that, too, had swung from its moorings in such a brief space of time.

But, when one is mystified in that manner, one can only take matters as he finds them. The bear concluded that everything was right, and waddled out of sight in his awkward fashion.

"He'll make a fine dinner for any party that

shoots him," said Fred to Terry, "for I never saw a bear as fat as *he*; but isn't it strange that he should poke himself forward at this time, when there are so many rifles ready to be turned upon him?"

"The bear is the biggest fool of all others, as they used to remark about me cousin—that is," Terry hastened to correct himself, "as they didn't remark about him. That baste doesn't know enough to go back into the woods and crawl into some holler tree, or a cave, and go to sleep; for if he gets any fatter he won't be able to climb a tree."

"I thought once that it might be a Winnebago disguised as a wild animal."

"More likely it would be a wild animal disguised as a Winnebago," said Terry, "for no other crathur could have tumbled and rolled in that gintale style that he showed whin he went over on his back wid his paws clawing the air."

And Terry placed one hand over his mouth, and doubled himself like one suffering with the colic, while his frame shook with suppressed laughter. Fred could not keep a sober face, but he took care to make no noise; for Deerfoot would have been highly displeased with such "unprofessional" conduct.

You must bear in mind that all these incidents occupied but a few minutes, and Fred and Terry had not yet mastered their merriment, when, as I have intimated elsewhere, the tragic came treading on the heels of the comic.

The bear was no more than fully out of sight than he seemed to change his mind and decided to come back. Something was heard moving through the undergrowth, though with less noise than before, and very quickly the youths saw the outlines of a dark body.

"I never knew bears to be so plinty," said Fred.

"That ain't the one that was here a minute since, but the one that is here now. The tifer baste has told him about how things was turned around—that is, after he rolled over on his back, and his story has so excited the curiosity of this crathur that he has come to investigate for himself."

"He is more timid than the other," said Fred, his gaze fixed on the animal which seemed to show an indisposition to venture as far from cover as his predecessor.

Meanwhile, Deerfoot was closely watching the figure. Suddenly, with a muttered exclamation, he snatched out his tomahawk, and holding it in his left hand, ready to throw, ran rapidly toward the figure.

He had discovered what his friends did not suspect—their visitor was not a quadruped but a biped!

(To be continued.)

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

A DESPERADO IN REAL LIFE.

THE kings and queens of the stage are generally very ordinary people in private life, their tragic grandeur being entirely laid aside when they step off the theatrical boards. The wonderful performers of the circus or the Wild West show, too, are mostly peaceable citizens when out of the ring, in spite of the whooping and warpaint that delight the audience.

"While we were at Olean, N. Y.," said a circus man to a correspondent of the *Syracuse Standard*, "we picked up a gigantic lumberman named William Pike, who had never been farther west than Michigan. We proceeded to bill him as 'Tiger Bill,' a noted scout and reformed desperado. He was an awfully big fellow, but as tender as a chicken, and wouldn't dare to shoot a cat. At Johnstown we got five or six tame Indians and painted them up to kill. Then we started a Wild West show to top off the performance. Tiger Bill was announced as the best shot, and, altogether, the most remarkable cowboy of the age. He would come into the ring, sniff, cry, 'ha, I smell Injuns,' and then stalk stealthily along until he discovered them lying in ambush, when he would blaze away and kill all but one or two, whom he would finish with a knife. The audience was assured that he obtained his name from the fact that he once killed three tigers with one shot. He loved to impress people with the notion that he was a very tough cuss. Every hotel we'd go to he'd say to the waitress in a deep voice, 'whin you could hear all over the room: ' 'Bring two pounds of raw beef and a pint of blood.'"

"The girl would reply that she couldn't get the blood, and he would resignedly ask for milk instead. The raw beef he ate right along. I don't think he liked it, but he worried it down in good style. After a while, in addition to his Wild West show act, we got him to do feats of marksmanship. He would knock the pipe out of the mouth of the man smoking it, or brush the ashes off a cigar with his trusty revolver. The weapon was loaded with blank cartridges, and the moment he fired the other man would bite the pipestem in two or bite the cigar so suddenly that the ashes would tumble off."

"One night when Tiger Bill had inspired the audience more than usual with a sense of his ferocity, he essayed to shoot the ash off a cigar in the mouth of one of our boys, who, for the fun of the thing, wouldn't disturb the ash, but kept smoking the cigar as cool as before. Tiger Bill fired four or five unsuccessful shots, and then the audience began to laugh and hiss, and he ran off in a rage."

LO, THE POOR INDIAN.

THE Bar Harbor Indians complain that the trade in baskets, bead-work, fans, and other Indian ware manufactured in New York was very dull last summer, and Mincelney, one of the braves, is reported to have said: "Faix it's clams I'd rather be diggin' than breakin' me heart over thim bows and arrows and things."

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

THE good old year's a waning;
He brought us care and woe,
But we'll forgive the wrong he wrought
Before we let him go.
We will not look around us
For those who once were here,
But count the good that's left us still,
On the last night of the year.
He carried off their riches
From some in springtime proud;
But summer's heavy-hearted ones
He made to laugh aloud;
And though his months went over
With many a sigh and tear,
We will not stay to tell them now,
On the last night of the year.
He broke full many a friendship,
And many a lover's vow;
But he hath let us meet again,
So we'll not blame him now,
Nor look behind nor forward
In sorrow or in fear,
But send the cup of hope around
On the last night of the year!

[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 XXXV.

CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

TOM TRACY was about the last person whom Trevor desired to see at this moment. Gerald, on the contrary, realized that he was in a scrape, and he welcomed the arrival of the cousin he had been wont to despise.

"Oh, Tom," he said, "save me from this man. He wants to rob me of my watch."

"I intend to save you, Gerald. I know this man to be a knave and a pickpocket."

"Take care what you say, you young scoundrel!" exclaimed Trevor, furiously.

"I understand very well what I am saying, Lord Vernon," said Tom, sarcastically.

"Is he a lord?" asked Gerald, impressed.

"No more than you or I; but he has been passing himself off for one in the country. I exposed his real character, and he probably doesn't thank me for it."

"You are quite mistaken in your man," said Trevor, with audacious effrontery. "I am Gerald Trevor, an English gentleman. I know nothing of the man you take me for. I never heard of Lord Vernon in my life."

"You are very ingenious, Mr. Trevor, but I am not deceived. Gerald, what was he trying to do?"

"He wanted my watch."

"That I admit," said Trevor, "but it was as security for a debt of thirty dollars, which I fancy this young man would never pay if I let him off without some pledge."

"How do you happen to owe this man thirty dollars, Gerald?"

"I believe I lost it at billiards," said Gerald. "At any rate he said so."

"I have your IOU's for that sum, Mr. Gerald, and I think it only right that you should hand me your watch as security."

"Do nothing of the kind, Gerald!"

"I won't, if you say so, Tom."

"Look here, young man, you are meddling with affairs with which you have no concern," said Trevor, blustering. "I have a great mind to give you a thrashing."

"Better not try it, Mr. Trevor. There is a policeman coming."

Trevor had an instinctive dislike to a policeman. Turning his head quickly, he saw that Tom told the truth.

"I'll see you both again," he muttered, as he hastily moved away.

"Gerald, I am sorry to see you in such company," said Tom, in the tone of an elder brother.

"I thought he was a gentleman. Do you know him?"

"I do, to my sorrow. He is a notorious pickpocket."

"He'd have got my watch if you hadn't come up just as you did."

"That shows the danger of associating with such a fellow. You had better go home at once."

"I—feel rather dizzy; if you don't mind, I wish you would take my arm and go with me."

"I think you have been drinking, Gerald."

"I drank a little," Gerald admitted. "It must have been stronger than I thought."

"Take my advice, and give it up. Your father wouldn't approve of it, I am sure."

"Oh, the governor would make a fuss, but I don't want him to know it. If you'll

just take me to the door, I'll just steal upstairs, and no one will be the wiser."

"Did that fellow get any money out of you?"

"Yes, he got three dollars. Besides, I treated twice to whiskey, and paid for the games. I had five dollars when I came out. I wish I hadn't met Trevor."

"How came you to join him?"

"I thought him a rich English gentleman; he said he was."

"And all the while he was after your money."

"Oh dear, I suppose so. Tom, I haven't a cent left, and my week's allowance doesn't come due till Saturday."

"Can't you get along without money till then?"

"No; I'm going to a picnic to-morrow, and I must have money. I don't dare to ask father, or he will make me own up how I lost my money."

"Wouldn't your mother lend you something?"

"No, she's awful mean. I suppose you haven't half a dollar to spare?"

It cost Gerald something to solicit a loan from his despised cousin.

"I'll make you an offer, Gerald," said Tom, overlooking the slights which Gerald in other days had heaped upon him. "If you'll promise to give up drinking and bad company, I'll give you all you have lost this evening."

"What, five dollars?" asked Gerald, incredulously.

"Yes, five dollars."

"I say, Tom, you're a good fellow, but how on earth do you, a newsboy, happen to have so much money?"

"I am afraid that must be a secret," said Tom, smiling. "By the way, I am not a newsboy any longer."

"You haven't retired on a fortune, have you?"

"At any rate, I didn't make the fortune selling papers."

"Do you really mean what you say about letting me have the five dollars?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then I accept. I can't make it out, but I am ever so much obliged."

Tom drew from his wallet a five dollar bill and handed it to his cousin.

"There, Gerald, that makes you all right, doesn't it?"

"Thank you," said Gerald, taking the bill with alacrity. "I'm afraid I haven't treated you very well, but I didn't know what a trump you were. I'd invite you to call and see me sometimes, but I am not sure whether the governor would approve."

"Thank you, Gerald, all the same. It may come about after a while. Perhaps your father has misjudged me, too."

They had now reached the flight of steps in front of Gerald's house. Tom ascended with him, rang the bell and then withdrew.

"Was I foolish in giving Gerald that money?" thought our hero. "I don't regret it; we may become friends after all. There is such a thing as heaping coals of fire on the head of one who has wronged you. I think I have done something like that."

Gerald was not wholly bad, and he was seriously impressed with the generosity of his cousin, and disposed to think more favorably of him. It happened that when he rang the bell his father was just turning the corner from Fifth Avenue. By the time he reached the house Gerald was upstairs in his own room. He did not care to meet any one of the family that night lest it should be discovered that he had been drinking.

"Gerald," said his father at the breakfast table the next morning, "who was that boy who came home with you last night?"

"Did you see us?" asked Gerald, surprised.

"Yes; I was turning the corner from Fifth Avenue."

"That was Tom Tracy."

"What! the newsboy?" exclaimed Mrs. Weeks, in wonder.

"Well, I certainly am surprised," said his father. "How came you to fall in with him?"

"I want to say that Tom Tracy is a tip top fellow," said Gerald.

"You seem to have changed your opinion of him, my son."

"I have; he came up last evening when a fellow was trying to steal my watch. He prevented his doing it, and came home with me for fear the fellow should follow me."

"I suppose he expected a reward," said Mrs. Weeks, dryly.

"No, he didn't," answered Gerald, flushing a little as he thought that this was quite the reverse of the truth.

"Well, I am glad he acted so creditably," said Dudley Weeks, dropping the subject.

Mr. Weeks went to his store after breakfast. About ten o'clock a visitor was ushered into his office, who was destined to give him an unpleasant surprise.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE COLLAPSE OF A DISHONEST SCHEME.

MR. WEEKS had finished reading his morning mail when one of the clerks brought in a card on which was inscribed the name of

FRANCIS SHELDON.

It was a name quite unknown to Dudley Weeks, though the reader will recognize it as the appellation of Tom Tracy's legal adviser.

"Show the gentleman in, James," said the merchant.

Directly a young man of thirty or thereabouts, in appearance a well dressed and well bred gentleman, entered the office.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said, apologetically.

"Certainly, Mr. Sheldon," said Mr. Weeks, with suavity. "I presume you wish to see me on business?"

"Yes, sir; in reference to the Minnesota Coal Company."

"By all means," was the affable reply, for Mr. Weeks now regarded the visitor as a probable investor.

"You are the president of the company, I believe."

"Yes, sir. In fact, I may say that the land which has proved so rich in coal deposits is my property."

"Have you long possessed it, sir?"

"I inherited it, but never regarded it as of much importance or value till chance revealed its mineral wealth."

"How came you to suspect that it had a vein of coal?"

"I received an offer for it from a Minnesota man, which seemed so disproportioned to the value I had set upon it that I sent out an agent to investigate. He came back with the tidings that what I had regarded as scarcely worth a dollar an acre was worth a fortune."

"You are certainly in luck. So you have formed a stock company, as I judge from the advertisement?"

"Yes; it would, perhaps, pay me better to retain the property in my own hands, and work it myself, but I can't abandon my New York business, and should be obliged to leave the matter in the hands of others. I have decided, therefore, to form a company, retaining a considerable number of shares in my own hands."

"You have no doubt that the vein is permanent?"

"O, none in the world! Confidentially, my dear sir, I don't believe any of the Pennsylvania mines exceed it in richness."

"Are you not setting a low value on it in stocking it at one hundred thousand dollars?"

"I retain five hundred shares in my own hands."

"Making the entire stock one hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"Precisely; that, as you will agree, is very low."

"Yes, if your information as to the richness of the deposit is borne out."

"There is no doubt about that," said Dudley Weeks, confidently.

"How is the stock going?"

"Five hundred shares are already subscribed for, and I don't think it will take a week to place the rest. In my mail this morning I have several letters of inquiry about it. Do you feel disposed to put down your name?" continued Weeks, persuasively.

"I would advise you not to delay, for I feel confident that in less than a week, perhaps in a couple of days, the entire balance will be subscribed for."

"I will take the matter into early consideration, Mr. Weeks," said Sheldon. "It affords me great satisfaction to hear such good accounts of the mine."

"Why?" thought Dudley Weeks, regarding the young man with a puzzled look.

"Why should he be so interested in this particular enterprise, when there were so many promising investments in the market?"

"You seem puzzled, Mr. Weeks," continued the young lawyer, smiling. "You will understand me when I tell you that I am a lawyer, and represent, as attorney, the interests of Mrs. Tracy and her children, joint owners with you of this promising property."

The face of Dudley Weeks changed surprisingly. He was thunderstruck at the confirmation of his worst fears. But he did not mean to yield till absolutely obliged to do so.

"Explain yourself, sir," he answered.

"What have your clients to do with this property?"

"You do not ask for information, Mr. Weeks," said the young lawyer, coolly. "You are trying to find out how much I know."

"Let it be so. I can assure you you are under a great mistake."

"Is not Mrs. Tracy joint heir to the property left by the late John Tracy?"

"Yes, I admit that; but this land is a purchase of my own," asserted Dudley Weeks, with unblushing falsehood.

"Then there was no land in Minnesota left by the late Mr. Tracy?"

"There was a northern tract, worth perhaps a dollar an acre. I have made Mrs. Tracy an offer for this, beyond the actual or market value, out of consideration for her poverty."

It was a bold mis-statement, but Dudley Weeks was playing for a large stake.

"Mr. Weeks," said the young lawyer, "I happen to have information disproving your statement. The Tracy land, jointly owned by my clients, is identical with the coal land which is about to be mined."

"Such is your surmise," sneered Dudley Weeks; "but, unfortunately for your clients, it is only a surmise. May I ask you from whom your information comes?"

He expected that the answer would be: "From Mrs. Tracy;" and he was very much taken aback when Sheldon replied: "My informant is Mr. Duncan, the agent whom you sent out to Minnesota."

"Has he been to Mrs. Tracy?" asked the merchant, hurriedly.

"He has been in communication with Mrs. Tracy and her son for some time."

Mr. Dudley Weeks understood why his offers had been rejected. In his heart he cursed the agent, whom he chose to regard as treacherous to him. If he could have had his will, Duncan would have fared badly.

He did not immediately answer; but, rising, paced the office, with an agitated air. At length he stopped.

"I admit nothing," he said, sullenly. "What do you propose to do?"

"You had better think better of it, Mr. Weeks. As a lawyer, I tell you that you have not a leg to stand upon. My clients are so plainly in the right that no jury would require five minutes to decide in their favor. If you choose to contest the matter we will meet you in the courts; but I would not give much for your reputation as an honorable man after the case is closed."

Dudley Weeks paced the floor again.

"Well," he asked, abruptly, "what do you demand?"

"Justice!" answered Sheldon, firmly.

"Half of this property belongs to my clients; they will accept no less."

"Do you wish me to withdraw the advertisement of the stock company?"

"Not at all. My clients do not care to mine the coal themselves. They ask for half of the proceeds."

"This has come upon me unexpectedly. I want time for consideration."

"I will give you twenty-four hours. It is a matter of common honesty, and that should be sufficient."

"Very well, sir. If you will call to-morrow morning at the same hour, I will have my answer ready."

(To be continued.)

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

A HOARD OF OLD COINS.

HERE is an anecdote which the numerous readers of the ARGOSY who take an interest in coin collecting may like to read. We take it from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, and it shows that it is sometimes well to know the value of old coins before you take them to the bank.

Not many days since a man appeared at the Bank of England perspiring under the weight of a heavy bag, which he threw upon the counter and asked to have changed for gold. The bag contained six thousand silver fourpenny (eight-cent) pieces which are no longer coined. They were struck in the year 1838, and were as bright and unworn as when freshly issued from the mint. The owner explained that the coins were a legacy from his grandmother, who had just died, and who, having a passion for fourpenny pieces, had procured the bagful at the bank half a century ago, and hoarded them carefully until the day of her death. The legatee took a hundred pounds, the face value of the coins, in gold, and departed.

Next morning he reappeared in a very excited state of mind, and asked for the fourpenny bits back; "for," said he, "I am told that the jewelers will give a shilling apiece for them." He was politely informed that the coins had been "distributed," and that it was impossible to return them now. Thereupon he went away sorrowful.

And now everybody who has a friend in the bank is gleefully exhibiting brand-new fourpenny bits, which he intends to have made up into breastpins and other trifes of personal adornment.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

From the German.

Who many servants has, servant of many he: Only as he serves them, they serve him cheerfully. He serves by giving them their bed and board and pay: If all this keeps them not, why, then, they run away. They with their body serve, their minds from care are free: They to their master leave the care and slavery.

THAT BELL!

BY PAUL BLAKE.

BERRY was a boy of many characteristics. The most notable was an amazing love of sleep and a desperate activity when awake. He seemed to lay in a fresh stock of energy every time he had a nap, and although the most difficult boy in the world to waken, when he was awake he was irrepres-

sible. It was winter. Berry found that season of the year did not agree with his constitution.

"This getting up in the middle of the night is killing me," he remarked one day to a group of sympathizers. He had the whole school on his side in this particular matter, for work before breakfast in winter was decidedly unpopular. At half-past seven every boy had to be at his desk, "putting in" an hour at mathematics before prayers and breakfast.

It was pitch dark at seven, when the big bell rang as a signal to rise. It is curious how difficult it was to hear that bell in winter. Berry never heard it, or rather never heeded it. He scorned to rise till twenty minutes past seven. He could "do it," as he termed dressing, in ten minutes, and had been known to do it in five. On such occasions his personal ablutions were apt to be rather neglected.

"That old bell is at the bottom of it," remarked Culverwell, another boy, who found that the heavy clang disturbed his slumbers.

"It's John who's at the bottom of the bell," put in Millward.

"I wish he'd resign," said Berry. "It's time they pensioned him off and sent him to a hospital for incurables."

"He's a hopeless job," said Millward. "I spent half an hour one day trying to make him understand that I was willing to stand him a shilling if he'd give us a few minutes' grace in the morning. But he's as deaf as a post, and though he took my shilling he rang us up more punctually than ever next morning."

"I wish he'd hang himself with his bell-rope," said Culverwell.

They eyed the offending bell, which hung idly in its turret, built over what was once a stable, but was now part of the school building.

"I wish we could muffle the old thing," said Millward, looking wistfully up. "It's freezing hard, and 'twill be deadly work getting up to-morrow."

"I believe I could shiv a stone up and crack it," suggested another.

Berry had been silently inspecting the building.

"Tell you what, you fellows," he said at last, "I believe I could get up there if I had a ladder. Out of the small class-room window, jump on the ledge, then creep up the roof by the chimney, then a ladder over the space to the turret. If you fellows will hand me up the ladder I'll go!"

They were all dumb for a moment at his audacity. Then Millward said:

"How are you going to get into the small class-room? It's always locked in play-time."

"So 'tis," assented Culverwell.

"Then I must get up to the ledge with a ladder, and then pull it up after me."

"You're a plucky beggar!" exclaimed Millward, in admiration. "Shouldn't we have a jolly snooze in the morning if you could stop that old bell's jaw!"

"I will, too," said Berry. "There must be a ladder somewhere about."

"There's the one John uses to clean the outside of the windows," suggested Millward, "but it isn't long enough."

"It may do," said Berry. "Come along, let's get hold of it. This is just the time; it's dark, and 't isn't tea-time for half an hour."

It was just five o'clock and nearly every boy was indoors; few cared for sliding on a worn slide in the dark, and a game was out of the question. So the three boys had small fear of being discovered as they prowled about in search of John's ladder.

That worthy was having his tea, and was not likely to be disturbed by any noise, for he was stone deaf. The boys hauled out his ladder almost from under his nose without his hearing a sound. Culverwell kept "cave" while Millward held the ladder for Berry to ascend.

It was a plucky if not perilous feat to attempt in the dark. But Berry was abounding in pluck, and the spirit of the adventure made him keep his nerve. He soon found himself on the ledge, and managed to haul up the ladder after him. It was an assistance instead of an incumbrance in crossing the roof, and he soon was within a dozen feet of the turret.

The boys below anxiously waited for his reappearance. But he had a job before him. His idea was to unship the tongue of the bell. He had a glorious reward if he could succeed, for John would never know if the bell rang or not!

It would be superb to have the old factotum pulling away at his rope and fancying he was fulfilling his duty when the tongueless bell was swinging silently on its pivot.

Berry worked the tongue this way and that, but it was a difficult job. The inside of the bell was as dark as the inside of a wolf, to use a hunter's simile; he had to feel everything, and the metal was terribly cold.

However, at last he managed to unhitch it. He deliberated what to do with it, now he had it. He put it in his pocket, and descended as quickly as was consistent with security.

"Off with the ladder," was his first order. They soon had that in its place again. Then they felt safe from detection.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Millward, alluding to the rusty tongue which Berry exhibited.

"I think I shall leave it at the bottom of the turret. If I take it away they'll know some one's been up, but if we leave it here they'll think it's dropped down."

on the mantelpiece confirmed her watch, and two minutes later bells were ringing in a manner which brought the servants out of their beds with a jump.

By half-past eight, every one, boys and all, had been awakened, informally, for the bell refused to make a sound. John was summoned, and was at last made to understand what was the matter. He asseverated warmly that he had rung the bell, and went on a tour of inspection. He found the tongue on the ground, and obtaining a ladder from the gardener, next door, fastened it in its place again before it was time to ring for school.

"Never had such a gorgeous sleep in my life," said Millward, warmly, to Berry. "We'll vote you a silver tankard as a reward of merit."

"Pity the trick can't be played twice," remarked Culverwell. "They don't seem to

Berry listened in horror. He did not know it was John who had captured his only means of retreat; whoever it was, he must throw himself on his mercy.

"Hi!" he called out, in a voice meant to combine a shout and a whisper.

"Hi! you there!"

It was a shout this time and no mistake. But it had no effect.

Berry knew now it must be John. It was no use to shout. He tore off a piece of plaster, and shied it in the direction of the retreating figure.

It struck the ground close to John, but he did not hear it. Poor Berry was left alone on the ledge, fourteen feet from the ground.

He could't drop, for there was a nasty grating just beneath him; besides, he could not lower himself from the narrow ledge. He might have done it in daylight, but not in darkness. Even his pluck must draw the line somewhere.

It was an uninviting night, and not a boy was out of doors. There was nothing for it but to accept the inevitable, and remain where he was until something happened.

He knew well enough what would happen. After tea there would be calling over; he would be unable to say "Adsum," and inquiry would be made, resulting in his capture and punishment.

Once more he proved himself a true prophet. Everything fell out exactly as he had anticipated. And by the time he was assisted down he was so cramped and frozen he would have welcomed a caning on the spot to warn him.

Intentionally or unintentionally, the authorities did not connect his being on the ledge with the outrage on the bell of the day before. He received the usual punishment for missing calling over, but beyond that nothing was done.

Probably the master who captured him considered he had already received punishment enough. At any rate, Berry was of opinion that he had bought his extra hour's sleep rather dearly.

CHEESES MADE OF TOBACCO.

THE ingenuity of smugglers has never, perhaps, been more strikingly illustrated than it was recently on the Swiss-Italian frontier, according to the *London Daily News*.

An innocent-looking wagoner, with a wagon-load of cheese, arrived at the Italian Custom House, at Chiasso. He had come from Lugano, and his destination was a small Italian village, called Marignan. The cheese weighed three tons, and the wagoner, who was "childlike and bland," whistled blithely as he duly presented his papers, which certified that he was employed by the firm of — to convey the cheese, which formed part, only, of a large order, to its purchasers at Marignan.

The papers were examined and found correct, and before resuming his journey the wagoner stepped into a neighboring cafe, with one of the officials, for the day was hot, and a cigarette and a glass of wine could not fail to be acceptable. But the delay for refreshment was destined to prove fatal to the wagoner's hopes, for during his absence another official wistfully gazed on the tempting load of cheese, and, thinking that a slice from such a quantity would never be missed, and at the same time would, in conjunction with a morsel of garlic and a piece of black bread, afford him a delectable supper, he whipped out his knife, and, selecting a prime-looking cheese, he proceeded to cut into it, or, rather, he did not cut into it, for either his knife was blunt or the cheese was uncommonly hard.

This peculiarity induced him to consult with a colleague, and together they proceeded to make more than a cursory examination of these remarkable cheeses. Lo and behold! they proved to be not cheeses at all, but solid, compact rolls of tobacco, artfully done up in cement; this, again was covered with canvas, which was painted to represent cheese.

Of course the "find" was instantly confiscated, and the bland wagoner was transferred from the comforts of the cafe to the hardships of a jail. It is said that both the consignor and consignee will be called to account, and that the fine likely to be inflicted will not fall short of five thousand dollars.

HOW HE BECAME A GENERAL.

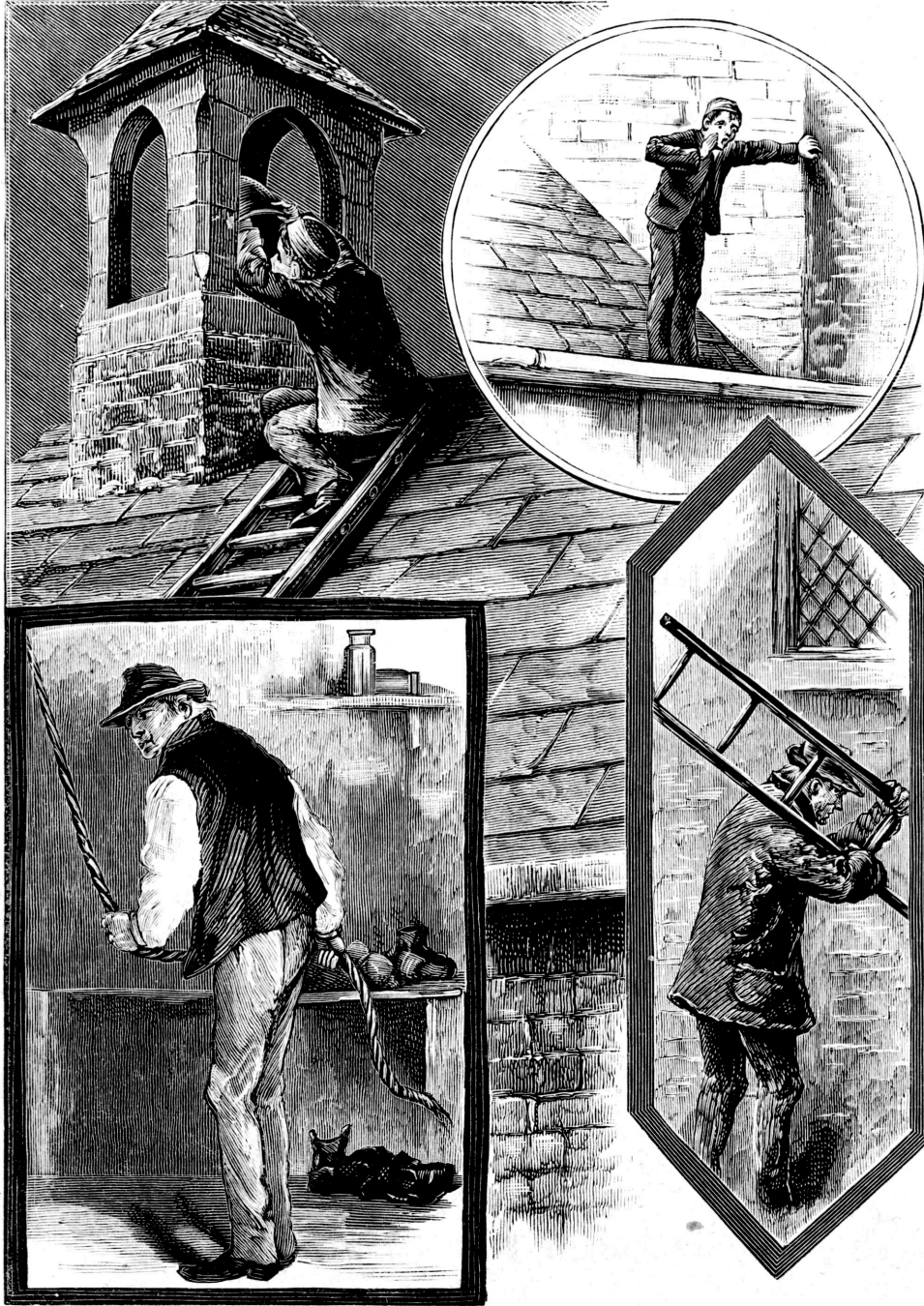
It is often said that in some Western and Southern towns almost all the male citizens of voting age are the proud possessors of military titles. Some of them were gained in curious ways, of which we quote a specimen from *Texas Siftings*:

"Were you actively engaged in the late war?" asked a stranger in Austin of General Jeff Blake-man.

"Oh, yes; I was very actively engaged in shipping cotton to Europe during the war."

"Then how did you come to be called 'General'?"

"Well, you see, I made money during the war, and afterward the boys came home poor and wanted to borrow a little money. I generally loaned it to them, and that is how I came to be called 'General,' and it has stuck to me ever since."



BERRY DARINGLY CLIMBED UP TO THE OBNOXIOUS BELL.

"Let's hope they will, said Culverwell, dubiously.

"At any rate, I'll chance it," continued Berry. "So you fellows will be able to have a tall time to-morrow morning; we sha'n't get called till half past eight, at the earliest."

The sequel proved the correctness of Berry's prophecy. Old John sought his bell-rope punctually at seven, as usual, rang away steadily for three minutes, and then retired to his den to commence his never-ending job of shoe-cleaning. One or two boys awoke from sheer habit, but, hearing no bell, went to sleep again. The rest slumbered peacefully, on little thinking to whom they owed their unwonted repose.

The whole household were asleep. The big bell was the signal for rising to every one, servants included, with the exception of John and his wife. Her duty was to light the schoolroom fires, after which she retired to her own part of the house to prepare her husband's breakfast. These two almost useless pensioners on the doctor's bounty inhabited two rooms apart from the rest of the house.

How long every one would have slept can not be known, perhaps till nine, for when one depends on a bell for waking, one waits for the accustomed sound. But dogs are not like human beings, and Fido, who always had his breakfast at eight, began making a great disturbance at a quarter past.

Fido woke his mistress, the doctor's wife. She looked at her watch—8:15. She was surprised beyond measure, as there was a strange silence everywhere. But the clock

suspect anything this time, but if it were to happen again, there'd be an inquisition."

Berry heaved a regretful sigh. It was hard to think that at seven next morning the inextinguishable bell would toll out as usual the knell of departing night.

Something that day put him in a peculiarly reckless mood. More than that, he did not get his usual afternoon nap; he was disturbed by an inconsiderate master, who wanted to know when his exercises were going to be handed in to him. So five o'clock found Berry ready for any deed requiring more cheek than usual.

The bell! It struck him directly after he had written his last line. Whatever might happen, he would have one more good sleep. He did not confide in his intentions this time to his two friends. He knew his way now. In five minutes he had captured the ladder and placed it against the wall.

He was just stepping off it on to the ledge, when he heard footsteps beneath him, perilously near. If he attempted to draw up the ladder, the noise must attract attention. His only chance was to keep quite still, in the hope that the ladder wouldn't be noticed in the dark.

But it was. Old John happened to have finished his tea earlier than usual, and was on his way to fetch an armful of wood.

"Now, who's been taking my ladder!" he said to himself. "Suppose it's one of them boys wanting to get their balls off the ledge."

He put the ladder on his shoulder and marched off with it.

NEW YEAR BELLS.

THE bells ring clear for the glad New Year, With a hope that shall never cease; Their notes ring out old fear and doubt, Ringing in an age of peace.

[This story commenced in No. 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 XIII.

STILT BUCKRAM POINTS HIS RIFLE.

STILT BUCKRAM obtained his boat at the place where he had left it, for the shanties had not thought to take possession of it, if they knew it was near them. The hunter towed the boat out into the lake and joined the rest of the fleet. "What next, Stilt?" asked Clipper, for it was evident to him that the end of the battle for the boats had not yet come.

"Them sarpen'ts will make more mischief, as sure as you live," replied Stilt. "I reckon they will burn my cabin, break up Perry's camp, and clean out your shop. We've got to kiver the three places somehow or 'nother." "Furdy is a desperately bad fellow, and I suppose he will do his worst to get his revenge. But who are those four fellows that came to the shanty camp just as we were leaving?"

"I hain't the least idee, and I don't care who they be. I callate we've got to watch that crowd for some time."

"Do you think they will molest me?" asked Perry Bunse, anxiously.

"I have no doubt of it," replied Clipper, promptly. "They will break up your camp and steal your boat. They will take what they want, and destroy what they don't want. You must move your camp to-night, or there will be nothing left of it in the morning."

"Where shall I move it? They will find me wherever I go."

"I advise you to go over to Flash River, where you will be near Stilt's cabin."

"That's jest what I was goin' to say," added Stilt. "The place is better'n where you are over by the outlet. I callate all of us had better stay there to-night."

"I must go up to the hill to-night," interposed Clipper. "I have some matters to look out for there."

The young hunter thought of the treasure hidden there, and he was not willing to leave the shop for any great length of time.

"If you say the word, Perry, we will move you over to Flash River the next thing we do," added Stilt.

"I do say the word, for I should be as helpless as a chicken alone in the camp," replied Perry.

"Alone mit me?" said Will. "You don't dink I lets dem do nodings to you, Perry Bunse?"

"I think it is better to keep on the safe side."

"Dot's shust what I dinks. You keep on der safe side, and I stays on de oder side; and I don't let dem touch you mit a hair of der heads."

"I know you will do your best, Will; and you can do it over on Flash River just as well."

"I can stow all the boats in the loft of my cabin," said Stilt. "I think we'd better take this spare one there afore we go over to t'other side o' the pond."

Stilt began to pull in the direction of the mouth of the river on which his cabin was located, and the others followed him. But they had not made half a dozen boat lengths before the two hotel boats appeared coming out of Peach Bay. The shanties and their new allies were pulling with all their might; but it was evident enough that they were clumsy rowers.

The victors increased their efforts, and gained upon their pursuers, so that they went into the river some distance in advance. In front of the cabin the boats were taken out of the water. Fordy's Rushton was hauled up into the attic of the cabin before the enemy came in sight. The large window, made for the admission of the boats for the winter, was closed by a shutter on the inside.

"I callate we might as well attend to movin' that camp," said Stilt, as he proceeded to shove his own boat into the water.

"If we leave them here they will set your cabin on fire," suggested Clipper.

"I don't reckon I shall leave 'em here."

The hunter started his boat down the river. The others did the same. Stilt appeared to take no notice of the shanties, but kept near the left bank of the stream, while the two boats were coming up on the other side.

"Now run him down! Sink him! Smash his boat!" yelled Fordy, when the head boat was abreast of the hunter.

Furdy's boat came about, so that her bow pointed at the gunwale of the hunter's. The rowers pulled with all their might. The angry leader sat in the stern, urging the oarsmen to row their hardest.

"Keep it up, and I will steer her right! Pull with all your strength!" roared Fordy. "We shall break his boat in two."

With a stroke of his left oar, Stilt suddenly whirled his boat so that it pointed at the leading hotel boat. Unshipping his oars, the hunter stood up with his rifle in his hand. Taking deliberate aim at Fordy, he waited the issue without uttering a word.

"Stop rowing!" screamed Fordy, in mortal terror. "He is going to shoot me!"

It is not probable that Stilt intended to do anything of the kind; but the boy who could sit still unmoved, with the rifle of a skilled hunter aimed at his head, would have been a most extraordinary young man, and Fordy was not one of that sort.

The rowers ceased their labors, and then Fordy told them to back her. Stilt slowly

lowered the muzzle of his rifle, placed it in the stern, and then resumed his oars. He pulled but a short distance, and then stopped to see what happened to the boats of his friends. Fordy gave no more savage orders. The other two boats passed those from the hotel without even a menace of harm.

"What a blood-thirsty old villain!" exclaimed Tom Little.

"I didn't think he would try to kill me," added Fordy, in a tone very much subdued. That was what was said in the hotel boats.

"I didn't think you would shoot a fellow being, Stilt, even for stealing all the boats on the lake," said Clipper, when his boat came up, with that of the hunter.

"I don't reckon I would, Clippy; but Fordy skeers well. The rifle wasn't loaded," replied Stilt, with a slight chuckle. "I never pinte a loaded gun at a human critter in my life; I never will, 'cause it might go off."

That was what was said in the hunter's boat.

fied himself that it had not been visited during his absence.

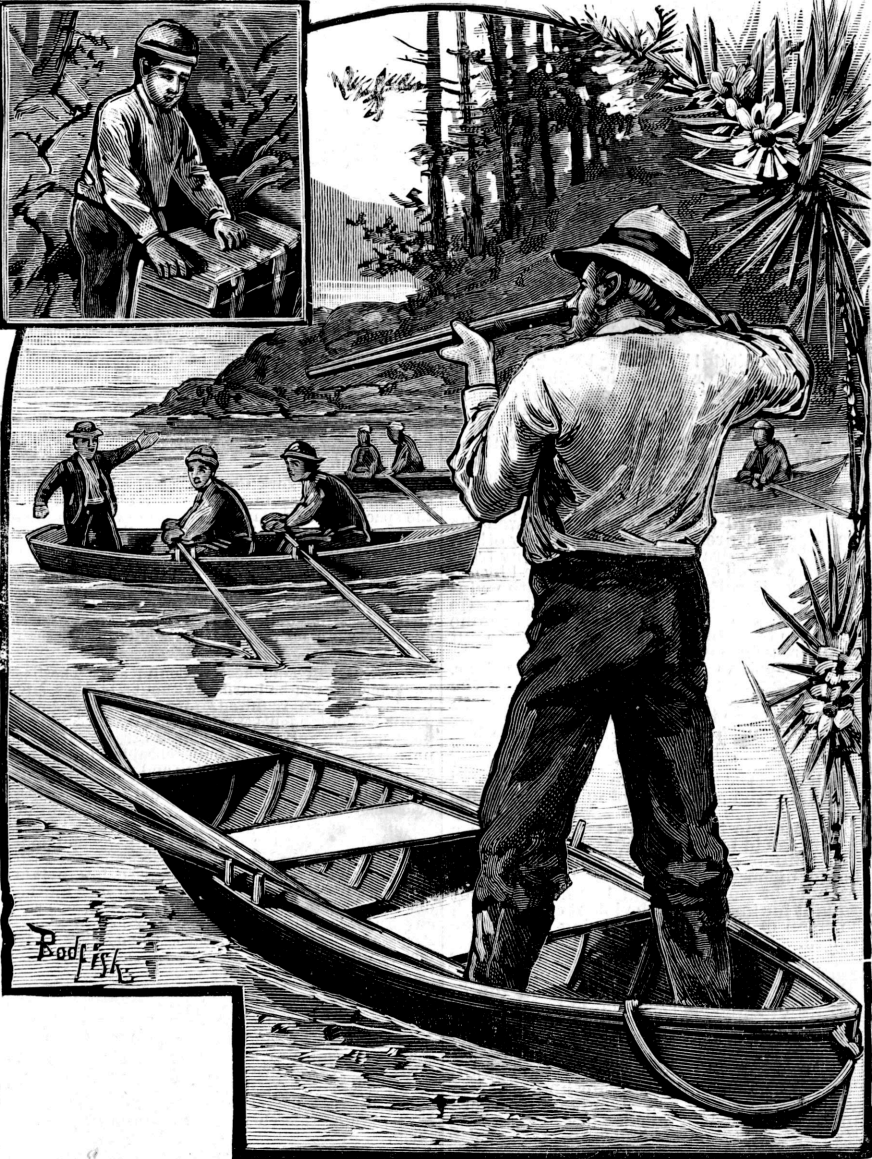
In the morning he was curious to know what had happened on Flash River during the night, for he was confident that another attempt would be made to recover the lost boat. After he had eaten his breakfast, he started down the river, for the water was still too high to permit him to cross it. Just after he had passed the Narrows he heard the sound of voices on his left.

This was an unwonted occurrence in this locality, though it was now nine o'clock in the forenoon. He stopped short and listened.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT BECAME OF THE TRUNK.

CLIPPER GRAVES listened with the most intense eagerness to the voices. The stream ran along a hill side at this point, and on the left the land sloped sharply down to the plain. The bank of the river was



TAKING DELIBERATE AIM AT FORDY GAYBROON, STILT BUCKRAM WAITED THE ISSUE WITHOUT SAYING A WORD.

"We have no business here," said Tom Little, disgusted with the result of the meeting.

"I'll set the old rascal's house afire the first chance I get. I won't stand this!" said Fordy.

"Don't talk about setting anybody's house on fire, Fordy. There is a State prison over in Clinton county."

"But I will get even with all that crowd, and I will have those boats yet," added Fordy, beginning to brace up again.

"What is the use of talking! Where is the boat, or the boats, that were stolen?" demanded Tom Little.

"That's one of them," replied Fordy, pointing to the one in which Perry and Will were seated.

"If it belongs to you we will have it, guns or no guns."

"Do you want to be shot?" demanded Fordy. "No, I don't; but we will have a talk with them, and perhaps they will give up the boat."

"I don't want any more talk. We will go back to the camp; but I will have those boats before to-morrow morning," replied Fordy.

"Is my father coming up to the camp to-night?"

"No; he told me to tell you that he should stay at the hotel till we got back from the trip," replied Tom.

"All right; we will have two boats ready to start in the morning," added the leader, as he directed the oarsmen to pull again.

Keeping on the right bank, the shanties pulled out of the river. The other party kept behind them until they had entered Peach Bay, and then they went over to Perry's camp. Everything there was loaded into the boats, and by sunset the New Yorkers were at home in Stilt's cabin.

Before dark Clipper started for his home on the hill. At the head of navigation he was careful to conceal his boat, and then went up the path. He looked the shop over and satis-

ed himself that it had not been visited during his absence.

Behind the ridge the bushes had grown up, making an almost impenetrable hedge, so that Clipper could not see the persons whose voices he heard. He walked along on the rocks till he came to a place where the pressure of the water had broken through the ridge, tearing out the bushes by the roots.

Passing through the cut, where the earth had not been protected by the rocks, he entered the forest of tamaracks that covered the hill side. There was no underbrush, and the ground was covered with the dead foliage from the trees. The torrent from the overflowing river had torn up the earth, leaving a deep gully, which was now dry. In the bottom of this trench Clipper walked cautiously down the hill.

The voices he heard were not those of men, but boys, or young fellows. He stopped frequently to listen. Just ahead of him was a mass of rocks, which formed a precipice, over which the water from the river must have flowed, for the gully led to a low place on the steep.

The voices were directly under the precipice. By this time Clipper could hear the sounds more distinctly. Fordy Gaybroon was one of the speakers, and the principal one, as usual.

"How came it here, Fordy?" asked one of the party; and Clipper thought it was Buck Ward.

"I don't know, and I shouldn't expect to find a trunk in such a place as this," replied Fordy.

A trunk! Clipper was startled at the word. Could it be the trunk from his mother's room, borne through the crevasse in the ridge to this spot? The young hunter had been through the opening before, but he had not followed the gully to the precipice.

It was a trunk, and the party below were wondering where it could have come from. It was reasonable for him to suppose that this was the trunk which had been in the log house when it was undermined by the water. The paper in the chest which he had dug up had informed him that the statement of his father was in this trunk. It was this fact that startled Clipper, for the important document was in the hands of the enemy.

Of course they would open the trunk, even if they had to break it open, for such boys as they were sure to gratify their curiosity at all hazards. They would obtain possession of the important document, and ascertain from it that twenty thousand dollars in bills was buried on the site of the cabin. Though the money was not there then, they might succeed in finding it under the shop.

Clipper trembled with anxiety as he thought of the difficulty of the situation. He suspected that Fordy's father had something to do with the "momentous secret" which his mother had intended to reveal to him, and if the son got hold of the paper, the justice which David Graves had waited for would be lost forever in this world.

"Do you know where this Clipper lives, Fordy?" asked one, whose voice the listener had not heard before.

"I was at his house last summer, and it is somewhere on a river higher up," replied Fordy.

"What's the use of going up there, even if you do know where he lives?" demanded Buck, rather impatiently. "I have had enough of climbing these hills. Of course he didn't bring the boat up here with him."

"I don't know about that; these fellows carry boats for miles," added the unknown speaker.

"I don't believe he did, Life," added Fordy. So far as heard from, the party consisted of the original shanties, and the new arrivals were not with them. They were looking for the boat they had lost, and possibly they expected to find it somewhere on Smoker River.

"If we can find him, all three of us ought to be able to handle him, and make him tell where the boat is," said Buck.

"I should like to get hold of him," replied Fordy; and Clipper fancied that he grated his teeth with wrath when he spoke.

"Clipper hits hard," suggested Buck, who knew the fact from experience.

"He took us when we were not expecting him," pouted Fordy. "I can hit as hard as he can. But I want to know what is in this trunk before we go any further."

"It is locked, and you can't open it without smashing it to pieces. It is bound with iron, and it will be no easy job to make a hole in it," Buck objected. "Let's find Clipper first and get the boat. We can come over here some other time and smash the trunk."

"We may not find it here when we come again. How do you know but there is money in it?" reasoned Fordy.

"If I thought there was money in it, I should go for getting it out; but nobody would leave a trunk with money in it in such a place as this."

"I do not believe anybody did leave it in such a place as this," replied Life; and Clipper concluded that he was looking about.

"There has been a stream of water running at a lively rate down this hill some time, and I think the trunk floated on the water to the place where we find it."

"Then it must have been tumbled over that rock," added Buck. "If it would stand such a fall as that, it won't be an easy thing to open it. I am in favor of leaving it here until we put this Clipper on the gridiron. We can find some sort of a tool at his house to open it with."

"All right; the trunk won't run away while we are gone," replied Fordy. "Clipper may start for the lake if we put it off much longer. Come along, fellows."

The listener was thankful to hear this decision, and thought he should be able to take care of the trunk before they came back. He was not so well pleased with the idea of the party visiting his home; but he was more concerned about the trunk than anything else just then. He lay quietly in the trench, though not without a fear that he might be discovered by the young ma-

raunders.

The steep rock extended for some distance, and it was hardly possible for the party to climb up its front. When he ceased to hear their voices, Clipper raised himself in the gully, and looked in the direction taken by his intended visitors. Beyond the ledge they began the ascent of the hill, and soon disappeared in the trees.

Clipper lost no time in letting himself down to the foot of the precipice by an overhanging limb of a tree. He found the trunk, which he had often seen in his mother's room. It was not a little battered by contact with the rocks in its passage from the house to its present resting-place. He examined the lock, and tried to pull the lid open. It seemed to be as tightly secured as though it had been a safe.

With considerable difficulty, Clipper lifted the trunk, and got it on his shoulders. It was quite heavy, and he was afraid he should not be able to carry it as great a distance as he desired from the gully. He had not lugged it fifty rods before he came to another gully, from the river above, where the water had torn up a vast number of loose stones.

Placing the trunk on the ground, he removed a quantity of loose stones, until he had made a hole big enough to receive it. Working with all his might, he soon buried the trunk in the rocks, disposing them in such a way that no one passing over the gully would have suspected that anything was concealed there.

He was but a short distance from the path by which he usually went to and from the boat. Following that, he reached the rushing river. It was worth some risk to reach the shop before the ruffians from below had done any mischief. He found a place where a young birch, not more than twenty-five feet high, grew close to the bank. He climbed it to the very top. It bent over under his weight till he could reach the branch of a tree on the

other side, from which he descended to the ground.

Striking into the woods, he ascended the hill, and soon reached the stream again, at a point just above the shop. He was glad to find that the shantytiles had not yet reached their destination.

Clipper always locked the shop when he left it. He unfastened the door and went in. He might expect company soon, and he seated himself on a bench to await the arrival of his visitors.

But he had not much time to consider the subject before he heard the voices of his expected visitors. After his success in finding the trunk, which had given him so much uneasiness, he felt very good-natured, and he thought he would go out and meet his guests.

CHAPTER XV.

VIOLENCE AND STRATEGY.

GOOD morning, gentlemen," said Clipper, as he came out of the shop. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I think you can, you lobster!" replied Fordy, evidently intent upon declaring war without the loss of a moment.

"Thank you for the compliment; I suppose it is a compliment, for I have heard lobsters well spoken of by parties in the Adirondacks, though I never saw one," added Clipper, pleasantly. "If I can do anything for you, I shall be glad to do it, in spite of what happened yesterday."

The mountain boy's mother had taught him the sublime doctrine, "Love your enemies," and he always tried to act on this principle.

"What have you done with the boats you stole from our camp yesterday?" demanded Fordy.

"The one you stole from Cape Island is in the loft of Stilt Buckram's house. The other will be restored to you at noon to-day," replied Clipper, squarely.

"We have been looking for those boats all day and all night," said Life, more mildly, and in fact, giving away his part of the boats; but there was not one in the water, or anywhere near the house.

"Did you look in Stilt's loft?" asked Clipper. "Of course we didn't," replied Life.

"Shut up, Life Murkison! You have said enough, you have!" interposed the leader of the shantytiles. "What do you want to tell him what we are about for?"

"I don't believe a word he says," added Buck Ward. "Clipper brought the boats up here and hid them."

"Of course he did," said Fordy. The shantytiles and their allies had visited Stilt's place in the night in search of the boats; but there was not one in the water, or anywhere near the house.

"What's the use of fooling? Let's put him on the gridiron at once," said Buck, in a low tone.

Fordy seemed to be ready to adopt this advice, and he made a sudden rush upon Clipper, who was standing within a few feet of the door of the shop.

"Spread out, there, so as not to let him get away!" shouted the leader.

"You needn't trouble yourself to spread out; I shall not try to run away," said Clipper, stepping to the door, so that no one could get in behind him.

"If you want to fight, come out here, and I will give you enough of it in two minutes, by the watch, you lobster!" yelled Fordy, as he doubled up his fists, and took an attitude.

"I don't want to fight; I never fight, if I can help it; and I generally can help it, and will in this instance, if you will let me," answered Clipper, in the mildest of tones.

"But you hit me yesterday," snarled Fordy. "You can't play the good little boy on me."

"I defended myself; and I suppose I shall do it again, if I have to," added the young hunter, modestly. "When I see a bear coming at me, I strike before he bites."

"Do you mean to call me a bear, you lobster?" demanded Fordy, edging up a little nearer the lord of the castle.

"I hadn't the least idea of calling you a bear; you don't act a bit like one," added Clipper, smiling at the idea. "I don't want to quarrel with you; and I should like to be your friend. I think we had better talk the matter over a little. It may save one or both of us from getting hurt. What do you want of me?"

"We want the two boats; and we want satisfaction for the way you treated us yesterday; for the blow you struck when I wasn't looking. I am looking now."

"So far as the boat that belongs to you is concerned, that will be returned to you at noon. So far as the other is concerned, it belongs to the young man who camped over by the outlet, though he is staying at Stilt's cabin now; and the boat is there. You see I can't do anything about the boats."

"Will you get that boat and bring it to our camp?" asked Fordy.

"I will not; the boat doesn't belong to you."

"You won't; I see you don't mean to do the right thing," added the leader, edging a little nearer.

"That is just what I mean to do; and for that reason you cannot have Perry's boat."

"Come on, fellows!" called Fordy, as he rushed upon Clipper, ready to deliver a blow,

with his clenched fist, in the face of the resolute young hunter.

The mountain boy did not strike his adversary this time, but simply swung his left arm around to ward off the blow. The movement was vigorous enough to send Fordy reeling down the slope. Buck was coming to the rescue when Clipper, evidently averse to a fight on any terms, hastily retreated into the shop, closing and locking the door after him.

Clipper could not but think of the vast sum of money that was buried under the shop, and the situation gave him no little anxiety. The shantytiles were reputed to be bad enough to burn and sack a dwelling. What if they should set the shop on fire? The burning logs might break the flat stone in their fall, and destroy the bills. He was appalled at the thought, and he decided to lead the enemy away from his castle, if possible. He went to one of the front windows to ascertain the position of the shantytiles.

"Bring up one of those logs, Life; and we will break the door in quick!" shouted Fordy. "I wouldn't do that," remonstrated Life. "I won't stay if you do anything of that sort."

"What's the reason you won't, you sick chicken?" demanded Fordy, angry at this mutinous talk.

"Because there is a court and jail somewhere in this county; and, instead of coming to the Adirondacks next summer, you will be in the State prison. I'm not up to anything of that sort. I'm not a house-breaker."

"Set the shanty afire!" shouted Buck, loud enough to be heard half a mile. "That will bring him out."

"That's just the idea!" exclaimed Fordy, taking a box of matches from his pocket.

"Put them back, Fordy," said Buck, in a low tone, for he evidently knew there was a State prison in the next county. "We must use a little strategy, don't you see?"

"I should like to burn the shanty, so as to teach this fellow how to treat a gentleman," added the leader.

"But it won't do!" protested Buck. "There may be a sheriff, or some other fellow, around here. Your father couldn't get us out of such a scrape, and Life would squeal on us."

"Fetch on your strategy, then," replied Fordy, disgusted, not at the crime, but at the possible consequences.

"Come out here, or we will burn the house over your head!" yelled Buck, going up to one of the windows.

Clipper heard this threat; and fire was the one thing he dreaded more than any other. He decided to draw his assailants away from the shop, which could be accomplished by going away himself. He looked out at the window, but he could not see one of them. He concluded, too hastily, that they had gone around to the other side of the house to put their threat into execution.

Clipper lost no time in unlocking the door, and passing out; but he took care to lock the door after him. He did not wish his assailants to suppose that he was alarmed, and he stepped leisurely down the hill. But he had not gone ten steps before Buck, who was the heaviest and largest of the trio, sprang out from behind the shop, where he had concealed himself for the purpose, and jumped upon his back.

At the same time Fordy leaped up from a pile of logs in front of him, and so distracted his attention that he was in doubt which he should dispose of first. He reached up and got hold of Buck's collar; but his assailant brought his knees in such violent contact with the small of his back as to bring him to the ground.

"Now we have him!" gasped Buck, out of breath from the violence of the struggle.

Down went Clipper, with Buck on top of him. Fordy got possession of one of his hands, while he was thus embarrassed by the weight of his first adversary, and Life of the other. The stout mountain boy struggled with all his might to shake off his captors; but the three were too many for him.

Buck's strategy had conquered where Fordy's violence had failed.

(To be continued.)

ROBBING THE INDIAN'S CORPSE.

SERIOUS consequences may follow the thoughtless acts of sportsmen, as some gentlemen from Chicago found out, according to the Tribune of that city.

Two gentlemen named Taylor and Haskell made an excursion into the Indian Territory, accompanied by three or four friends. One day they were driving along a lonely stretch of prairie in the Cherokee Nation's domain when they came upon four posts driven into the ground, topped by a woven mat, on which lay the body of a dead warrior.

His beaded moccasins and embroidered leggings, and bow and quiver, were not to be resisted.

"See his leggings," said Mr. Taylor.

"I do," returned Mr. Haskell, knocking the tenth commandment out of the ring.

"Well?"

"All is fair in war," said Mr. Haskell.

Mr. Taylor shinned up the pole while the others stood below and held the bag. The sportsmen helped themselves. Mr. Haskell got the leggings, and the other trappings went to the rest of the party. They left that denuded Indian lying there in a state that would have made a well-bred marble statue blush, and came back to the city. They were rather proud of that adventure, and they told it to their friends—at least, Mr. Taylor told how they had robbed a dead Cherokee Indian chief and his wife, while the others had it that they had robbed an entire cemetery. Mr. Taylor told his version to a friend who owns a telegraph operator. This friend manufactured the following telegram and had it delivered by a messenger boy:

"CHEROKEE NATIOS, I. T.—Sacriledge discovered. Intense excitement. Indian died of smallpox."

"J. SMITH, Agent."

Mr. Taylor rushed out to Mr. Haskell.

"Great heavens! What shall we do?"

"Make our wills!"

"Get vaccinated!"

There was comfort in this last idea. They were vaccinated, their families, their children, and their wives' relatives, were vaccinated. But they are not happy; they can't be happy. Perhaps now they will be.



CORRESPONDENCE.

W. D. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Gas engines can be procured from A. C. Manning, 48 Dey Street.

J. A. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., and many others. Your exchanges are inadmissible. See the notice at the head of our exchanges.

C. S., Waterloo, Ind., and W. A. B., Salem, N. C. We will send the four bound volumes for \$12. We have very few sets left.

W. B. B., Winterport, Me. We cannot publish your exchange, as the publications mentioned in it are of a decidedly objectionable character.

NO NAME, Estherville, Iowa. Miss Cleveland's "George Eliot's Poetry and other Sketches" is published by Funk & Wagnalls, Dey Street, New York.

O. P. R., Lafayette, Ind. The Western Union has 462,285 miles of wires, the Baltimore and Ohio Company 54,900. All the other companies have about 122,000 miles.

J. R., Boston, Mass. There is no premium on the nickel cent of 1857, but the copper cent of that date is quoted at five cents, if in good condition; at ten cents, if new or nearly new.

TOM TRACY, JR., Des Moines, Iowa. 1. Our exchange column is open free of charge to subscribers and weekly purchasers. 2. The ARGOSY first saw the light on December 9, 1882.

C. L., Erie, Pa. There was no relationship between Gen. Albert S. Johnston of Kentucky, and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia. We understand that the two officers were hardly friends.

WINTER, Rochester, N. Y. The winter season begins this year on the 21st of December, at twelve minutes past four o'clock in the morning; but, popularly speaking, it begins December 1 and ends February 28.

W. S. M., New York City. Very few of our readers took an interest in Puzzledom, and we find that the space is better employed when devoted to publishing another serial. The ARGOSY is always glad to receive suggestions from its readers.

GREENBACK, Jackson, Miss. Yes, there are some \$10,000 legal tender notes in existence, though most people find them hard to get hold of. The next highest denominations are \$5,000 and \$1,000, and there are no national bank bills higher than this last figure.

J. M., North Manchester, Conn., asks whether book-keeping can be learned without a teacher, and what books are required. We can recommend Saml. W. Crittenden's "Treatise on Book-keeping," published by Fortescue, 811 Arch Street, Philadelphia. A teacher is not indispensable; but J. M. should be careful in his writing and spelling.

P. H. U., Corning, N. Y., asks whether there has ever been a reward offered by any government of Europe, by our own government, or by any State in the Union, for the discovery of perpetual motion. We answer, No. Our congressmen and assemblymen are not always as wise as Solomon, it is true, but they have never offered a reward for the discovery of a demonstrated impossibility, nor has any European government, so far as we know. Perhaps the Irish legislature, when that body meets, will do so.

EXCHANGES.

We wish to inform our readers that it is against our rules to insert exchanges of fire-arms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any worthless or objectionable articles, as well as all exchanges which are really advertisements. Do not send us exchanges of this character, as we cannot publish them.

HARRY G. RITTER, Box 149, Carlisle, Pa. Tin tags for the same. Send list.

A. W. YOUNG, Williamsburgh, O. Vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY for the best offer of a book.

L. O. MUMFORD, Phelps' Bank Building, Binghamton, N. Y. Postmarks to exchange for other articles.

HARRY A. AXTELL, Bloomington, Ind. A pair of all-clip Acme club skates, and U. S. and foreign stamps, for type.

FRANK E. SMITH, 195 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. An old guitar, of fine tone, for a collection of postage stamps.

JOHN M. HEBBARD, Lake Village, N. H. A new Gem stamp album for each 100 match, medicine, or revenue stamps sent him.

G. H. SHELTON, Seymour, Conn., would like to correspond with the readers of the ARGOSY about natural history, collecting, etc.

HARRY CHAFFPELL, 498 Monroe Street, Chicago, Vol. V of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, a few nos. missing, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

JACOB WEIGEL, Box 411, New Brunswick, N. J. 412 foreign stamps and 500 postmarks, no duplicates, for a set of U. S. cents and half cents.

OLIVER WATSON, Greenfield, Mass. A magic lantern, with 25 views on tickets, and a pair of new roller skates, for Vol. II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A. H. BENNER, P. O. Box 44, Rockland, Me. A steam engine, a bracket saw with outfit, and a pair of all clip nickel ice skates, for a magic lantern.

T. C. BACON, 173 West Forty-seventh Street, New York City. Two foreign stamps for each tin tag sent him. Not less than 10 and not more than 100 accepted.

W. H. VAN ARKEN, 1424 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and numbers of Oliver Optic's Magazine, for a set of boxing gloves.

HARRY FERGUSON, Moravia, N. Y. Three good books, by Alger and others, for any complete volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or one of the first five volumes of Golden Days.

WILFRED B. BATES, Webster, Mass. A violin, with

box, bow, and self-instructor, valued at \$4.25, for the "Great River Series," by Edward S. Ellis, or the "Go Ahead Series," by Harry Castlemon.

B. STOUTENBURGH, 363 Thirtieth Street, South Brooklyn, N. Y. A photographic camera and outfit for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound, and in good condition. All communications answered.

GEORGE WHITE, JR., Box 161, West Winsted, Conn. The 1883 volume of Youth's Companion, bound, and 47 nos. of vol. VII, Golden Days, for any bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or two unbound.

JOSEPH P. SHAINLINE, 341 Moore Street, Norristown, Pa. THE GOLDEN ARGOSY from no. 178 to date, and Golden Days from no. 22, vol. VII, to date, for a pair of nickel plated patent lever ice skates to fit a no. 8 shoe.

F. W. AMACK, 65 No. th Fourth Street, Columbus, O. Ten tobacco stamps, all different, for every 3-cent (1876) Centennial postage stamp, "special delivery," "officially sealed," or 5 or 10-cent 1863 blue Confederate stamp.

JOHN M. STOWELL, care R. G. Dunn & Co., Sentinel Building, Indianapolis, Ind. Eighty-five nos. of Harper's Young People, in good condition, for vols. III and IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound, in good condition.

A. MELVIN JONES, Hoosick Falls, N. Y. Complete directions for making a hectograph or copying pad, that prints 50 to 100 copies from one writing, for any U. S. stamp that catalogues at 10c. or over, or for 4 special delivery stamps.

HARRY S. BASSETT, Tuscola, Ill. Ten Wyandotte cockerels, 3 pairs of Rock cockerels, a trio of prize-winning rose comb brown Leghorns, and some fine setter puppies, for a hand press, size about 8 by 10 inches, with type and fixtures.

H. E. HAZEN, De Land, Fla. A Gem camera and outfit, for volumes I and II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound, in good condition; also vol. III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, unbound, for best offers of books of science, travel, or adventure.

NOBLE M. EBERHART, corner Brooks and Day Streets, Galesburg, Ill. An E-flat cornet, a type writer, a banjo Indian clubs, two silver watches, club skates, etc., for a guitar, books on natural history, bound volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or offers.

V. M. WALLACE, Oneida, N. Y. A Shepard screw cutting foot lathe, with tools, chuck, etc., in first-class order, or a 50-inch standard Columbia bicycle, in first-class order, for a steam boiler, complete, 1 or 1 1/2 horse power, or a Shipman engine of some horse power.

ARTHUR C. PLATT, 14 Jewett Avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J. Vols. LVII, LVIII and LIX of Youth's Companion, vols. X to XIII of St. Nicholas, vol. VII of Golden Days, and a pair of roller skates, for a 50 or 52-inch bicycle, with steel spokes and rubber tire.

FRANK WARDWELL, 17 Chestnut Street, Portland, Me. Five hundred U. S. and foreign stamps, 150 postmarks "Fish and Game Laws of Maine," Richardson's "Lake Guide," "Summer Saunterings," and other books, for volumes II and III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

JOHN F. SHORT, Box 3436, New York City. Vol. VII of Golden Days, 30 consecutive nos. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, a 12-bracket nickel-rimmed banjo, 25 "Libraries," and 2 books, all valued at \$9, for a nickel-rimmed banjo with not less than 28 brackets. New York and Brooklyn offers preferred.

JOE A. BLUM, Western Union Telegraph Co., Nebraska City, Neb. Vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, vols. IV and VII of Golden Days, and a pair of all-clip steel B & B ice skates, for vols. I, II and III of Golden Days, and the best offer of good books by popular authors. All letters answered.

JOSEPH B. TIERNAN, 40 Second Street, East Cambridge, Mass. Vol. IV of Harper's Young People, vol. I of The Boys' World, 2 nos. missing, 52 nos. of Golden Days, a pair of B. & B. all-clip roller skates, size 9 1/2, a collection of stamps, and a banjo, for reading matter, or a printing press, with or without outfit.

K. M. MURCHISON, JR., 44 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City. "Gascoyne, or the Sandalwood Trader," "Square and Compasses," Milton's "Paradise Lost," with notes, "Baron Munchausen," a brass kaleidoscope, and a pantograph, for a powerful electric motor or other electrical apparatus. City offers preferred.

E. W. RUSSELL, 37 Parker Street, New Bedford, Mass. A printing press, chase 2 by 3 1/2, with 2 fonts of type and complete outfit, Harper's Young People, from no. 8 (vol. I) to no. 112 (vol. III), a pair of Winslow all-clip roller skates, size 10 1/2, and a fountain pen, all in first-rate condition, for electrical goods, or a scroll saw with lathe attachment, or offers.

WALTER A. BILLINGS, North Leominster, Mass. "Cast Adrift," by T. S. Arthur, and "The Mysterious Island," by Verne, for any books by Alger and Castlemon; also, 60 nos. of Youth's Companion for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY or Golden Days.

THOMAS KEHOE, 435 West Huron Street, Chicago, Ill. A printing press, with 2 fonts of type, for 30 V nickels without "cents," or minerals or curiosities.

L. G. WHITNEY, 55 Pearl Street, Cambridgeport, Mass. A magic lantern, with 23 slides, a Waltham watch, and 48 nos. of Golden Days, vol. 5, for a 1 1/2 horse-power engine with boiler, or a 54 or 52-inch Columbia bicycle.

DAVID MCINTYRE, JR., 36 Gouverneur Street, New York City. Five hundred postmarks and 100 foreign stamps, for a font of set type. City exchanges preferred.

LEWIS OSWALD, Lock Box 23, Portland, Ind. A pair of all-clip nickel-plated Shirley skates, to fit a 6 or 7 shoe, a telescope with 3 draws, as good as new, a vol. of Golden Days, and a vol. of Youth's Companion, all valued at \$12, for books, or numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY or other periodicals.

WALLACE L. HALE, Box 151, Glastonbury, Conn. A silver watch, valued at \$5, for the first 5 volumes of the "Great Western Series," by Optic, or books by J. T. Rowbridge; also a magic lantern with slides, and a Panorama of American History, for the best offers of books or papers.

PEARL SAGEEELI, Kenton, O. "Pilot" and "Red Rover," two books in one, for the first 40 numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, vol. IV.

R. L. BAKER, Brighton, Iowa. Four books by popular authors, for the best offer of foreign stamps.

CLINTON LEACH, Portsmouth, N. H. Twenty-five nos. of Golden Days, vol. IV, in fair condition, for a rosewood fife, or 25 nos. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

RING out, oh, bells, ring silver-sweet, o'er hill and moor and fell! In mellow echoes let your chimes their hopeful story tell. Ring out, ring out, all jubilant, this joyous glad refrain: "A bright new year, a glad new year, hath come to us again!" Ah, who can say how much of joy within it there may be Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet melody? Good by, Old Year! Fried, trusty friend, thy tale at last is told. Oh, New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of brightest gold. The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when gone the winter's snow; God grant that after sorrow past we all some joy may know. Though tempest-tossed our bark a while on Life's rough waves may be, There comes a day of calm at last, when we the haven see. Then ring, ring on, oh, pealing bells! there's music in the sound. Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes round. The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we hold dear, That God may gracious be to us in this the bright new year!

A COUNTRY ROMANCE.

NEAR a wayside station on a branch of the New Jersey Midland Railway, there stands an old house which has a queer history. The station is called Haunted House, and a stranger who left the train there was struck by the singular name. No one was in sight except an old farmer who was unloading milk cans from his wagon, and the stranger applied to him for information. "Why do they call this Haunted House?" "Cause there's a haunted house here," said the farmer. "I s'pose that's the reason the place got its name. The house is yonder, but the haunt ain't there no more. Leastways, that's what they say." "How did the house come to be haunted?" "Murder," replied the honest dairyman. "Fifty year ago a family lived in that house, an' folks said they hadn't a very good name. One night a peddler stopped there, an' he never quit a-stoppin' there, so folks said. By an' by the family moved away. Another man bought the property an' went to diggin' a new cellar. He found the peddler's bones—leastways they said they were the peddler's, an' I guess they was, fer nobody else's bones was missin' round here. Nobody came to claim the bones, an' they was chucked into a lot an' the boys that was here then, kicked 'em around for fun. There's them a livin' nigh here now that gave the skull many a hist, an' cracked butter-knives more'n once with the peddler's shin bones—leastways that's what they say.

Not long arter the bones was scattered to the four winds, the man that had found 'em in diggin' his new cellar moved his family into the house. They hadn't got scarcely settled when the chairs began to tumble about the room, an' the dishes broke in the closets, an' the doors wouldn't stay shut, an' the windows rattled an' banged like as if some one was all the time a shakin' 'em. The owner of the house said that at night some one that he couldn't see kep' a shakin' sumfin about his ears th' sounded like dry bones in a bag. Ev'ry once in a while a gust of wind would sweep through the house, without no doors bein' open an' no wind a blowin' outside, an' sweep ev'rythin' afore it. Then a big black dog with red eyes got to appear in the house. When any one'd try to get nigh him he wouldn't be there, sometimes a floatin' away in the air like a feather, an' sometimes a fadin' away right where he stood. Leastways that's what they said.

Folks said the house was haunted, all because of the onchristian way the dead man's bones had been treated, an' that th' wa'n't no use of the family 'speakin' or tryin' to have any peace till them bones was buried decent. But there they was, all kicked and chucked to the four corners, an' it was like lookin' for cream on pigeon milk to find 'em. Anyhow, the man th' had found the bones an' chucked 'em into the lot went to work to see if he couldn't git the bones together ag'in an' lay him to rest like a feller citizen orter be. He found a few of the bones an' planted 'em decent, jist to see whether that would have any 'feet on the on-relent'n' spooks. The doors an' winders banged, an' the furniture skipped round, an' the cold gusts of wind kep' a-playin' all the same. But the bag of bones didn't rattle as hard as it had afore, an' the queer, black dog, that had looked all along very fierce with its eyes very red, wa'n't anywhere nigh as fierce-lookin' arter the few bones had been planted, an' his eyes war changed to a mild kind of blue, an' jist afore he'd made his disappearance floatin' off or fadin' away he'd give his tail a little wag, ez much ez to say that his feelin's was changin' towards the family.

This encouraged 'em, an' they went to huntin' for more of the skeleton. They offered the boys ten cents a bone for all they could find, an' the boys jined in the s'arch, an' sing'lar ez it may sound to a stranger, they got all of 'em bones but the skull. Leastways that's what they said. Some of 'em was broke a leetle, of course, an' one of the neighbors had a knife handle that he had whittled out of a piece of the peddler; but he took the rivets out like an honest man an' handed the bones over to the family.

These bones was all buried with the fust ones, an' ez sure ez timothy seed them cold gusts of wind changed to a gentle warm breeze, an' the bag of dry bones quit intirely, an' the doors an' winders seemed to hev hard work a-gittin' up their bangin' matches, an' not more'n one dish was broke a week, an' the furniture settled down as prim an' quiet ez could be. But the queerest change was in the dog. The children could almost git to him an' play with him. He looked as pleased

ez a cow with a new calf, an' when he dug out he went in the air with a playful little skip. Leastways, that's what they said. I never see the spook myself. "Well, the family wanted that peddler's skull the wust kind, so th' ev'rythin' could settle down an' be nat'ral; but it couldn't be found. Bout two weeks arter the lost bones was found one of the boys was down in the mecker over yonder 'hind the hill, pickin' blackberries 'long the fence. "He was pickin' away, when all of a sudden a big black snake riz up 'bout ten feet ahead of him. He reached down an' grabbed a stun th' laid by his foot, an' was jist a-go'in' to chuck it at the snake when he see th' it was the missin' skull th' ev'rybody was lookin' fer. He struck a bee line fer the haunted house, an' handed the skull over to the family. Th' was a big time here an' hereabouts when the news spread th' the last missin' link in the peddler was found.

The skull was put in with 't'other collection of remains of the unfortnit peddler, an' from that day on the haunt left the house, the dog actin' ez if he hated like Sam Hill to go, an' d' rather stay on the farm an' be a cow dog th' n playin' spook to skeer people into gettin' up peddler's bones. This locality has been called Haunted House ever since, jest fer the reason I've ben statin'. Leastway that's what they say, an' I can't swar it ain't so."

A CROWD OF ONE.

TRAVELING theatrical companies often find themselves in awkward positions. Our readers may remember an anecdote of Edwin Booth's ingenious solution of a difficulty of this kind, which was told in the ARGOSY a few weeks ago.

We take the following amusing story from the Chicago News. "I had a funny experience in Canada," said an actor. "I was with McCullough, and when we arrived in Hamilton, we found that the advance agent had not procured us any supers. Two members of the company were sick, and the first and second 'cits' were playing larger parts. We looked at the thin line of men buying gallery tickets, and decided we would rather have their twenty-five cents and have them in the gallery than upon the stage. In fact, the curtain was ready to rise when we discovered the deficiency. It so happened that Vance, the stage manager, Bob Pritchard, McCullough's dresser, and myself comprised the Roman mob. It was very funny, and hardly any one could keep his countenance when reference was made to the power of the populace, etc., but the best was to come.

In the scene where the mob is about to attack Dentatus for his freedom of speech, Dentatus, old as he was represented to be, could have turned the three of us, neck and crop, out of doors, and Langdon, who played the part, was snorting with suppressed mirth when a piece of scenery fell down, and Vance went off to attend to it. Just then McCullough called for Bob, and Pritchard disappeared leaving me the only mob in sight. At the proper cue I rushed Icelius to defend his old friend, Dentatus. This was the impulsive and scene-chewing Fred Warde. Dentatus has been called a coward, and Icelius's first speech is a refutation of the charge and a demand to know the name of the defamer. Three times he says, 'Who calls Lucius Dentatus a coward?' Each time he asked the question the audience laughed the louder, and when in answer to his third request I said, as if relieving my invisible fellow-mobists from the charge, 'Well, I will,' the people fell out of their seats, and Langdon bit a huge piece out of the scenery to keep from bursting."

BRER HAWK AND BRER PICKEREL.

A PENNSYLVANIA farmer, who has a watchful eye for the wonders of natural history, tells the following story of a fish-hawk and a big pickerel:

Last spring he saw a big fish-hawk, which had been circling high in the air for half an hour, drop like a shot into a pond, having aimed for a fish. The big bird went clear under, and it was several seconds before it appeared again, half way out of the water. Then, after an apparent struggle, it went down again and never came up.

The disappearance of the hawk puzzled the farmer, but he never solved the mystery until last Monday. On that day he hooked a large pickerel in the same pond, and, after a good fight, landed him. He was surprised to see two dark-colored projections from the shoulder of the pickerel, reaching up more than three inches. Closer inspection showed that they were the legs of a hawk, and the talon of each leg was buried deep in the pickerel's back. The wounds made when they had been plucked in the flesh had grown over, and nothing could be seen of the claws until they were cut out. The pickerel weighed six pounds.

The fish-hawk of last spring, the farmer naturally inferred, had picked the big fellow out for his dinner, and, dropping down on him, had fastened its talons deep in his flesh. The pickerel was a heavier load than the bird could raise out of the water, and jist sank down in the pond and took Mr. Hawk with him. The bird was drowned, of course, and made a nice meal for such pickerel as could get at it, a privilege probably denied to the one that was lugging it around with its claws in his back.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"How? or, Spare Hours made Profitable" (Worthington Co., New York), an interesting book of games, puzzles, and useful directions for children, by Kennedy Holbrook.

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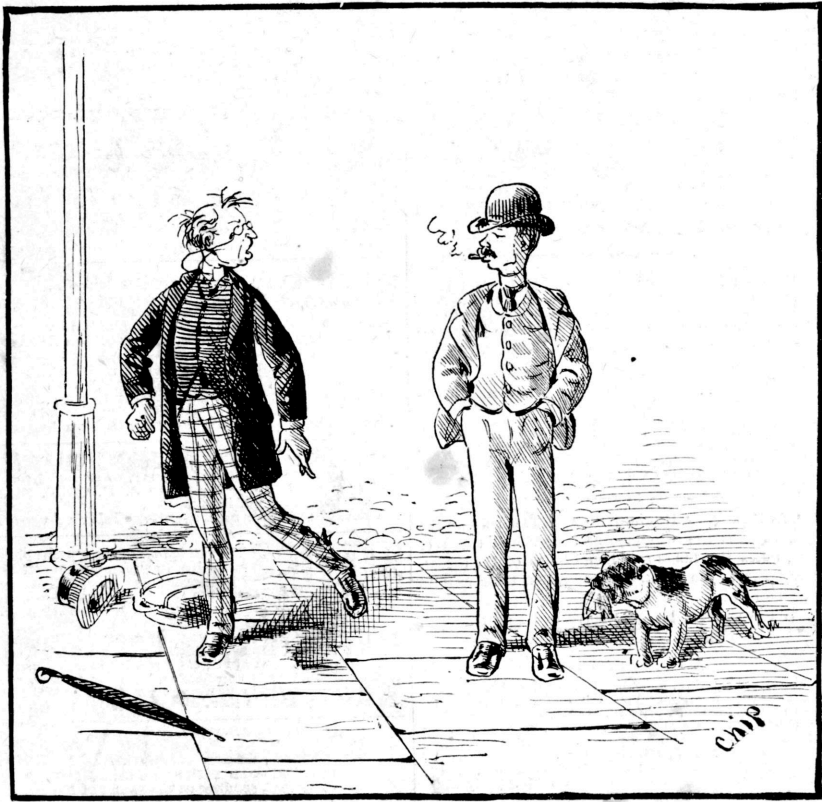
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WILD TURKEYS IN JERSEY.

THE Turkey is a great American bird, and many think that it should be adopted as the national emblem instead of the eagle. It would certainly be a more original device, as the ancient Romans, the French, Germans, Austrians, and Russians thought of the eagle before us, but the gallinaceous favorite has not hitherto received the recognition he deserves.

Thanksgiving and Christmas would lose a leading attraction if it were not for the turkey. Of all the good things of purely American origin, he is one of the best. The early settlers of this country found great flocks flying in the woods and swamps of the Atlantic States, but they have gradually disappeared.

Fifty years ago, says the *New York Sun*, the hunters occasionally found a flock of wild turkeys in the great swamps of Warren and Passaic counties, New Jersey. The turkeys were so steadily pursued, however, that it is probable that this game was exterminated long before the present generation of sportsmen were able to handle a gun.

On Tuesday last, however, Mr. Adams, a gentleman of Newark, found turkeys most unexpectedly in a swamp near Canistrar, Passaic county. The swamp is a mile in length and half a mile in width. In the middle of it is a heavily timbered hill about 100 feet in height. This hill is seldom visited, but is known to a few sportsmen as an excellent hiding place for ruffed grouse. Mr. Adams was in search of grouse on Tuesday, and had just emerged from the swamp when he saw a flock of thirteen turkeys feeding on the hillside. He thought that the birds belonged to some farmer in the neighborhood, but doubts arose in his mind when the birds ran swiftly for a few yards, and then, taking wing, went sailing around the hillside and settled in the swamp. He pursued his search for grouse, and thought nothing about the turkeys until he encountered a woodchopper, who asked him if he had seen the turkeys, and laughed at him for not shooting at them.

"You'll never git another chance like that," said the woodman. "Them turks is wild, and anybody as gits 'em is welcome to 'em. I never seed 'em yet when I had a gun, but I've run on 'em many's the time, like I did this mornin', when I only had a axe."

Mr. Adams learned from the countryman that these birds were not genuine wild turkeys, but the degenerate progeny of wayward domestic birds which ran wild in the woods, feeding on buds, acorns, chestnuts, beechnuts, and the seeds of wild plants. The existence of this and several other flocks was known to a few local hunters who kept down the numbers every year. The chopper said that the birds were as shy as wild turkeys generally are,

that they were seldom seen in the same place twice in a week, and that a gunner might easily travel twenty miles without coming upon them.

Mr. Adams left the countryman with determination to find those turkeys if it took a week, and he stealthily walked over the wet and spongy ground to the spot in which he saw them disappear. After two hours of patient hunting he sat down upon a fallen tree to hunt and think. He lit his pipe, and sat with his gun across his knees for ten minutes when a noise attracted his attention, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, he saw the gaudy head of a gobbler peering out of a tangle of cat briers. Mr. Adams slowly raised his gun, and carefully aiming below the head fired into the brier patch. Three turkeys dashed from the cover with drooping wings and lowered heads, and Mr. Adams turned loose his other barrel in the direction of the largest. To his extreme delight he saw the bird fall, and on going to gather it in he heard a struggle in the direction of his first shot. Pushing through the briers, he found a huge gobbler nearly dead, and at his side was a plump hen turkey stone dead. Mr. Adams tied the birds' legs together, slinging them over his shoulder, and started for the road entirely satisfied with his day's sport. He got as far on the road as an old farmhouse, and there he stopped to get a drink. While he was drinking at the well an elderly farmer came out.

"Hullo! where did them turkeys come from?" said the farmer, turning over the gobbler with his toe.

"I shot 'em up in the swamp," said Adams.

"They're wild birds."

"Humph, wild birds! So they be. Well, now that's funny, too. Hold on a minnit, stranger, until I call Bill; he's never seen a wild turkey," and, going into the house, the old man returned a moment later with a gun in his hand at full cock, and a strapping big boy following him with a spring balance.

"Wild turkeys, Bill," said the old man, with an ugly fire in his eye. "Wild birds. Just hitch the scale onto 'em and see what heft they've got. Singler that ther shed be wild turkeys up in our swamp 'thout good hunters like you and me knowin' it. Ten and 'leven is twenty-one, and a half is a half—twenty-one and a half and sixteen. Now you don't say that big gobbler only weighs sixteen pound. Well, sixteen and twenty-one is thirty-seven, and a half is thirty-seven and a half. At a shillin' a pound, that makes four dollars and seven shillin'. Purty good day's work for one day, ain't it, Bill? Well, now, stranger, I reckon you'd better settle. 'Tain't so very high considerin' that yer the oney man ez hez shot wild turkeys in Jersey of late, and I don't mind yer tellin' yer folks them birds is wild, even if I did raise 'em myself, eh Bill? We'll feel kinder sorry 'bout the old gobbler, 'cause we reckoned on eatin' him a Christmas."

Adams looked at the turkeys, then at the farmer and his ugly-looking weapon; then his fingers sought out a folded five-dollar bill which he had tucked away in his vest pocket.

"Never mind the change," he said; "I will give you five more if you will just lay for that fellow chopping wood up on the hill, and blow his head off when he passes. He told me that those birds were wild."

"He did?" said the farmer. "Well, that's kinder singler, fur that's my boy Jim. But he allus wuz a corker for joking and guying folks."

Adams took the turkeys, and he told his Newark friends that he won them at a raffle.

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