# GOLDEN ARGOSY

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THE MILK-WHITE MONSTERS SCRAMBLED HASTILY OVER THE BULWARKS, PANIC-STRICKEN BY OTHO'S FIERY WEAPONS.

## BOARDED BY POLAR BEARS.

*BY GEORGE H. COOMER.*

THE ship Chariot had for some weeks been cruising in Behring Sea; but one morning, when the warm season was sufficiently advanced, and there blew a fresh breeze from the southwest, her helm was "put up," her yards squared, and she bore away for the Arctic.

Everybody was in high spirits. In fact, it seemed as if the old-fashioned ship herself had become an intelligent thing, and was putting her "best foot foremost."

Her sides were streaked with oil, and stained by the rust from her boltheads, but she was a good ship, nevertheless, and had, although only a whaler, all the stateliness of an old-time man-of-war.

Dead before the wind, with studding-sails and royals set, and the swell following exactly in her wake, how fast she reeled off the minutes of northern latitude as she pitched and tumbled along!

Her crew, like that of all whalers, was a motley company. It consisted mostly of New England "greenhorns," with a sprinkling of Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, and a few "old salts;" there being of these last only enough for "seasoning."

The youngest person on board was Otho

Raynor, a boy of fourteen, whose widowed mother had permitted him to undertake the voyage, because she knew the captain, her townsman, to be a kind man; and because, moreover, old Ned Talbot, her nearest neighbor when at home, was going as shipkeeper.

Ned was "old" only as age goes among sailors—for he was not past forty-five. But weighing, as he did, two hundred and sixty pounds, he was too fat, too heavy and clumsy, to go in a boat, and hence had entered as shipkeeper, an office for which he was eminently fitted, as he knew a ship thoroughly from kelson to truck. He possessed, too, the strength of a Hercules.

He seldom, if ever, went aloft; but his presence on deck was a power, both morally and physically.

Otho Raynor, active and quick to learn, was a great favorite with him, and the kind feeling was fully reciprocated.

The ship passed Behring Strait, and was soon among the icebergs of the far North.

Here Otho found himself in the midst of a glorious panorama. Often there were in sight at once a hundred floating castles, and as the sun shone upon them they assumed a variety of colors, some of them exceedingly brilliant.

Besides these lofty bergs, there were immeasurable fields of low, flat ice, about the edges of which could be seen the dark bodies of seals and walruses, basking in the sun; and now and then a prowling polar bear, with a coat as white as snow.

Whales were abundant, and their fountain-like spouts going up in the pleasant air, among the moving pyramids, added much to the strange impressiveness of the scene.

But the casualties incident to a whaling voyage were present also. One of the crew was killed by a stroke from the tail of an immense leviathan, while another, venturing out to a distance from the ship upon a field of ice, was seized and borne away by a huge bear.

The animal was pursued in vain, and the unhappy sailor was no doubt torn limb from limb in some one of the many recesses among the ice.

To Otho, this incident seemed very dreadful; yet, somehow, the idea of these big white bears had a fascination for him. He thought what noble game they were, and what excitement there must be in hunting them.

Not long after this tragedy, and when the ship lay moored to an ice-field, the boats were lowered in pursuit of a school of whales.

On such occasions Otho and two others had generally been left on board to assist the shipkeeper; for, although the boy was hardly strong enough to pull an oar for a long chase, about the ship his activity would make him very useful.

As two men, however, had now been lost, it was necessary, in order that the boats might have their complement, that the powerful old sailor should be left with no other companion than the young lad.

Of course, had the ship been under sail, such an arrangement would have been out of the question; but as she was moored to the ice, it was not at all unreasonable.

The whales eluded their pursuers in the most provoking manner, so that the chase proved a very long one.

In the meantime, Otho was permitted by the shipkeeper to go out upon the ice, armed with a lance, in the hope of stealing upon some sleeping seal or walrus. He was not, however, to go far from the ship, and was to keep her constantly in sight.

The ice-field was extremely rough, looking as if made up of huge masses thrown together by the waves.

The boats having at length become lost to sight from the deck, the old shipkeeper went aloft in order to get a view of them.

It was a great undertaking for him, with his two hundred and sixty pounds; and he could not help thinking of the days when he was accustomed to go up the rigging like a cat.

From the foretop, for there was no need of going higher, he brought his glass to bear upon the distant boats, and discovered that at last two of them were fast to whales.

"Good!" he cried; "that is better than I expected from the way the school was acting."

Then, having satisfied his curiosity, he began descending towards the deck.

Otho Raynor had by this time given up his pursuit of the seals, and was approaching the vessel when he was horrified to see close behind the shipkeeper, who had now arrived at the foot of the shrouds, an enormous white bear!

"Mr. Talbot," cried the boy, "run up the rigging! Run up quick! There's a bear close to you!"

The shipkeeper cast one glance over his shoulder, and then, fat and heavy as he was, he showed all the agility of a monkey.

The rigging shook, and the very mast seemed to spring, as he went hand over hand up the shrouds. But the grim enemy did not follow him, and he reached the foretop in safety.

The animal was so intent upon boarding the ship that it did not appear to notice Otho, who was a hundred yards distant, and partially hidden by a ridge of ice. But what was the boy's consternation to see, in a few moments, three other bears following the first!

The whole four went over the ship's side, and disappeared behind the bulwarks.

"Look out for yourself, Otho," called Talbot, as soon as he could get breath to speak; "don't come near the ship. Keep out of sight till they are gone."

"Won't they climb up after you?" asked the boy.

"No; I guess not. I don't think they'll try to climb the rigging. They are rummaging the deck to see what they can find."

Otho looked about him. What should he do? Hide himself as he might, the bears, upon leaving the ship, would be almost sure to find him, should they go prowling about.

If he were on board, he, too, might find safety aloft, as the shipkeeper had done. This thought no sooner occurred to him than he decided upon his course. The ice where the ship lay was not more than four or five feet below the bulwarks. He would approach softly, and make a rush for the rigging.

Putting up his arm as a sign to Talbot of what he intended to do, he stepped nimbly along towards the ship. The old sailor saw the lad's intention, and recognized its wisdom.

"Be as still as you can," he called out; "don't speak a word to me. They are all forward now around the tryworks, snuffing the grease. You must take to the mizzenmast."

As Otho heard this, a new thought struck him. If the bears were forward, and engaged about the tryworks, why should he not make a run for the cabin? Once within it, with the sliding door shut behind him, he would be able to secure firearms, and the beasts would be at his mercy.

Peeping cautiously over the bulwarks, he saw the way clear.

"Now's your time," cried Talbot; "jump into the rigging, quick!"

But, to the surprise of the good shipkeeper, he saw the boy, instead of obeying the direction, make a spring for the cabin door.

The cabin was a house on deck, with small lights looking forward. Otho flew to examine the three or four muskets it contained, but to his disappointment he found them all empty.

"I know there must be ammunition here somewhere," he said, and he turned to search for it.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had heard the captain speak of having lost all his percussion caps.

"Oh, if I could but find even one," the boy thought; "just one!" But he searched in vain.

Meantime some of the bears had come aft, and a fierce old fellow put his nose against the glass of one of the small windows. Then he struck it with his paw, and broke it in. He could not, however, get through, as the window was only about a foot square.

Otho looked hurriedly about for some weapon with which to strike that ugly nose. He wished that he had a firebrand or a hot poker.

Then all at once a new thought seized him. He remembered that the captain kept a quantity of sky-rockets in the cabin, to be used for the purpose of signaling the boats at night, should any of them get lost.

In a moment he had a number of these large rockets in his hands and was prepared to use them.

Lighting one of the fuses with a match, he took aim at the bear's nose, at a distance of some three yards.

The thing hissed and sputtered, and then pop! went the fiery messenger, striking Bruin plump between the eyes.

With a fearful growl, the brute whirled around, wiping his forehead with his paws. His three companions were close about him, wondering, perhaps, what had happened.

Pop! pop! pop! went three other rockets, each hitting its mark, while the strange-looking weapon, which Otho now held out of the window, kept up its smoking and hissing.

With one accord, all the bears ran forward; then, turning, they looked back in amazement.

Opening the cabin door, Otho now stepped boldly out upon the deck, holding in his hands so many of the lighted fuses that he seemed to be fairly blazing.

They hissed and popped, sending rocket after rocket right under the very feet of the bears.

One of the milk-white monsters leaped upon the windlass, another upon the bulwarks, while the remaining two rose up and pawed the air as if to defend themselves against something beyond their comprehension.

The deck was "raked" fore and aft by Otho's "shooting stars."

The scene, however, was brief, for in a minute or two all four of the intruders were going with rapid leaps over the side and out upon the ice, pursued by all the rockets which their enemy could send after them.

"Good for you, Otho!" cried the fat shipkeeper, his terror turning to merriment. "I never should have thought of that way! Now I'll come down."

He descended much more slowly than he had gone up.

"I don't believe the *same* bears will ever board this ship again," he said, "whatever others may do."

The captain, upon returning with his men to the ship, in order to get her under way for the purpose of running down to the dead whales, was much amused at the account of what had been done in his absence.

"I would have given something for a sight of you as you went up the rigging," he said to the shipkeeper, good-naturedly. "It seems to me those foreshrouds look a little slack."

Otho, however, was the hero of the occasion, and all hands joined in praising the presence of mind that he had displayed.

He is now a successful whaling captain.

### A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD HEROINE.

YOUNG people can do deeds of heroism, as is shown by the following story from the *Herald and Presbyter*:

Lulu Carpenter, twelve years old, was mortally hurt in the terrible cyclone at Sauk Rapids, Minn., last spring.

She had fled from the storm, but went back after her baby sister, and was caught and transfixed by a huge splinter that pierced through her body. Her first words, when her grandfather found her thus, were:

"I am dying, but I've saved the baby."

The poor girl lingered a day or two in delirium, and her last words were:

"Don't be afraid, Susy; nothing shall hurt you; Lulu will take care of you! Don't be afraid."

How many other acts of heroism were done in that awful storm no one but God himself knows. Such deeds are surely recorded on high.

### INHABITANTS OF THE WATER PIPES.

PERHAPS the country folks who draw their water supply from wells are the most fortunate after all. All sorts of strange creatures get into city houses through the water pipes. We read the other day of live eels in the mains of London; and here is an item from a Hartford paper which describes a still less attractive denizen of the pipes.

A few days ago, at a gentleman's residence in that city, one of those curious creatures called "hair snakes" came out through the water pipe. It was about two feet long, not much thicker than a hair, and as squirmy as a big snake.

No one should ever drink from a faucet in the dark, any more than from a running stream in the woods.

### THE MOST SECURE TREASURE.

NOTHING is more uncertain than worldly riches. The surest treasure is, after all, one laid up where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break in and steal.

The story is told of a worthy merchant who, having lost by one shipment to the value of $70,000, ordered his clerk to distribute $500 among poor ministers and other persons, adding that "if his fortune was going by $70,000 at a lump, it was high time to make sure of some part of it before it was gone."

### EVERY ONE THOUGHT HIGHLY OF HIM.

DR. JOWETT, the translator of Plato, and master of Balliol College in the English University of Oxford, says a good thing now and then. In parting with a student, who had graduated at Balliol, he once gravely remarked:

"Sir, your fellow students think highly of you, the tutors and professors think highly of you; but no one thinks more highly of you than you do yourself."

### THE DAY OF REST.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

How sweet to hear the Sabbath bell
Ring out in joyful notes, to tell
The world to stop and rest!
Rest on God's holy Sabbath day;
Come to His courts to praise and pray,
And be supremely blest.

To rest one day in every seven,
Forgetting earth, remembering heaven,
In Jesu's own command;
Thus gaining strength for days of toil,
By feeding on the heavenly oil
Prepared by His own hand.

[*This story commenced in No. 212.*]

# THAT TREASURE OR, ADVENTURES OF FRONTIER LIFE.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### SAXTON COMES OUT STRONG.

"CURLEY'S gang—an' a mighty good riddance," exclaimed Mr. Diggs, with a sigh of evident relief. And as the little affair was evidently over, he went in to relieve Britzer at the bar.

"What was the trouble, colonel?" eagerly asked Tom, as that individual, breathless and hatless, returned to the hotel.

"No trouble at all," returned Colonel North, pleasantly, after he had blown the smoke from the barrel of his gun; "only that Curley shot the sheriff, who was trying to arrest him, and, as his gang were inclined to make some little trouble, we quietly ran them out of town—that is all; but Curley himself—he's under lock and key in the jail, by this time."

"What will be done with him?" again inquired Tom.

"Nothing—if it is left for a Taos jury to decide," was the energetic reply; "he has slipped through the meshes of the law seven or eight times already, I'm told, and——"

A word with you, colonel," interrupted Major Smith, hurrying up; and as he whispered something in the colonel's ear, the latter nodded.

"I'm with them," he said, approvingly, and the two, making quickly away together, joined an excited crowd on the nearest corner, who were talking together in an undertone.

"What a singular person that Colonel North is," said Tom, after a short silence; "so polite, and well educated. Yet he seems to be hand and glove with the rough crowd who make up the town here."

"He *is* a singular person," bitterly replied Saxton, very much to Tom's surprise; "a man who would take your life, or pick your pocket, in the same smooth, easy way, in which you hear him talk. He is thoroughly unscrupulous, fears neither God nor man, and has been an adventurer from the time he was turned adrift by his father for——"

Here, conscious that Tom was staring at him in amazement, Saxton pulled himself up very suddenly.

"What confounded nonsense I'm talking," he said, changing color slightly; "but the fact is, while you were gone I had a long yarn with this—Colonel North, who might have let out more about himself than he meant to. Without thinking what I was saying, I gave you my private opinion of the man, who, after all, may not be half so black as I've painted him. But to return to what we were speaking of when we were interrupted," Saxton went on, hurriedly; "curiously enough, I happen to know the Mr. Greyson you asked about—in fact—that is—he is an intimate friend of my grandfather's."

"Well, that is odd," returned Tom, forgetting his companion's tirade against Colonel North, in his eagerness to know more about Mr. Greyson. "Who and what is he, please?"

"A retired sea captain, enormously wealthy, very eccentric, and very cross-grained," was the slow reply. "And now, do you mind telling me why you asked about him?" inquired Saxton, with a curious side glance at his companion.

Tom did not mind in the least. On the contrary, it was rather a relief for him to tell this young fellow, so near his own age, as much of his story as was necessary. Bringing out the pocket diary, he read aloud the newspaper fragments by the clear moonlight, which was flooding everything with almost noonday radiance.

It was, perhaps, the moonlight itself, which gave such a ghastly pallor to Saxton's face, as Tom Dean finished his narration.

"I don't understand why the professor kept the newspaper scrap from my knowledge, though," remarked Tom, after vainly waiting for the young fellow beside him to break the silence.

"Perhaps," suggested Saxton, whose voice sounded rather strangely, "the professor, as you call him, had written to Mr. Greyson, and was waiting for him to answer before he told you the whole story."

"I don't see why Mr. Greyson didn't answer, if the professor wrote to him," persisted Tom.

"Mr. Greyson might never have received the letter," was the low reply; and, as though anxious to change the subject, Saxton began trying to draw Tom out more fully regarding his former life and his adventures generally, of which he seemed to have heard some hints. He probably got this from Halsted, who was seemingly well known to many of the habitues of the Vendome, and had been hanging about the bar-room since late in the afternoon.

But Tom, mindful of his companion's reticence as to his own history, took pattern thereby so successfully, that Saxton finally

rose. He muttered something about "turning in," and stepped inside the door, followed a moment later by Tom himself.

The interior was no more inviting than by daylight. The fumes of liquor and strong tobacco poisoned the atmosphere. Half-intoxicated roughs and miners leaned against the bar counter, and interspersed their mutual confidences with oaths and ribald songs. Even the fluent pen of Bret Harte could hardly evolve a picturesque character or situation from such environments.

Colonel North, whom no amount of liquor seemed to affect in the least, was playing poker at a rough board table near the door, with the major as his partner, and an English lord, who was "doing" the Western country, and a wealthy cattle buyer as opponents.

It might have been fancy, but Tom thought, as the colonel looked up, that a glance of intelligence passed between him and young Saxton.

But however this was, the latter, seemingly forgetful of his intention to retire, stepped behind the colonel's chair, where he stood watching the progress of the game.

A few minutes later, the major rose from his seat, exclaiming that "something he'd eat for supper didn't seem to sit well."

He allowed the cards to fall from his hand, and, pushing back the stool, made a very sudden and abrupt exit.

"Oh, look here now," exclaimed Lord Clinghurst, who was being initiated into the national game, "that's not the thing, don't you know."

"Perhaps Mr.—er—Saxton knows enough about the game to take the major's hand," blandly suggested Colonel North. And Tom could almost have sworn that, as he spoke, the colonel threw a meaning glance at Saxton, who was turning away.

Whether or not this was the case, the young fellow stopped, said something about merely knowing the rudiments of the game, and dropping into the vacated seat, took up the cards in a seemingly awkward manner.

"Hum," thought Tom, "so he spars like an amateur prize-fighter, drinks, and plays poker. For a fellow who can't be much, if any, older than myself, I should say that was a bad lookout. No wonder he had trouble with his grandfather. And, more than that," —so ran Tom's musing—"there's something between him and that Colonel North, although they pretend to be strangers. Now, what does it mean, I'd like to know?"

But he was too tired and sleepy to pursue the question further, so he turned toward the sleeping-loft overhead.

Carrying in one hand his haversack, which contained a newly purchased brush, comb, and a few needed articles of light underclothing, together with some two hundred spare cartridges that were part of the "outfit" for which young Saxton had bargained, Tom was about to ascend the ladder leading to the sleeping-loft overhead. Just then Britzer approached, with a somewhat uncertain step.

"Say, Tom," he whispered loudly, at the same time touching the bulging haversack with the toe of his boot, "why don't you sell your gold before you leave town, same's Sherard did, instead of lugging it round?"

"I haven't any to sell," replied Tom, shortly; "what makes my haversack so heavy is a lot of cartridges."

"Oh, of course," returned Britzer, breaking into an ironical laugh. Without troubling to prove his assertion, Tom ascended the ladder to the loft, whose uninviting interior was made dimly visible by a lighted lantern hanging from a beam.

"There's no one sleeps in number six, Tom; you can turn in there," called Britzer from below. Making his way between two rows of canvas cots, furnished with pillows and gray blankets, Tom deposited his haversack under, and himself upon, the cot designated.

Tom was tired out, and his eyes were soon closed by a heavy drowsiness. As he lay partly undressed on the outside of the cot, he had a strange dream, which did not seem to be all a dream, either.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### SEVERAL GENTLEMEN LEAVE HOLCOMB.

As he lay dozing, Tom fancied that Saxton, whose cot was next to his own, approached with a lighted candle in his hand. After glancing about him, to make sure that he was unobserved, he softly pushed the sleeve of Tom's woolen shirt up to the elbow, as his arm lay partly exposed from the cot.

Bending down, he seemed to look attentively at some tiny blue scratches in the smooth, white flesh, which a little stretch of imagination might convert into one or more initial letters, though Tom himself had only thought of them as a skin blemish or birthmark.

"Yes, the 'T' is there, plain enough! I guess the game is up, sure." Tom dreamed that he heard Saxton say, half aloud, as he softly replaced the sleeve, and sat down on the edge of his own bed. Then, placing the candle on the floor, he began unlacing his boots.

Still dreaming—if he were dreaming—Tom heard a sleepy voice near at hand, which he recognized as that of the English tourist, remark:

"Say, Saxton, Beal and I had beastly bad luck to-night, playing against you and the colonel. Seems to me you play an uncommon good hand for a young fellow. I lost nearly five hundred dollars to-night."

"Poker is a very uncertain game, Lord Clinghurst," replied Saxton, with a real or affected yawn, as he blew out the candle. Then there was a short silence.

"Should think so," finally returned his lordship, who had included Holcomb in his tour simply to see what a typical Western mining town was like. "Have the colonel or the major come up yet, do you know?" he asked, duplicating Saxton's yawn.

"Doubt if you see either of them before morning," said Saxton, coughing dryly; "as I understand, they, with a number of law-abiding citizens of Holcomb, are holding a short session of court, presided over by Judge Lynch, somewhere in the vicinity of the jail."

"Isn't it rather late in the evening for that sort of thing?" inquired Lord Clinghurst, innocently.

"Better late than never," was the somewhat enigmatic answer; and then Tom's dream seemed to end abruptly, and when he awoke the sun was streaming in at the one uncurtained window.

"Ready for that exchange?" said a voice near him. Starting up, Tom saw Saxton, who tossed coat, pants and vest upon the foot of Tom's cot, and proceeded at once to array himself in the latter's rejected habiliments. Tom, in exchange, donned Saxton's swell suit.

When, a few moments later, the two descended to the lower room, they found only Mr. Diggs, the proprietor, Lord Clinghurst, and the cattle dealer present; most of the mining men having had an early breakfast, and gone to their work by sunrise.

"So you two hev made the swap-off I heard some of 'em tellin' about las' night," observed Mr. Diggs, staring very hard at the two well-proportioned young fellows before him. "It's kind o' surli in me to say your part, but I s'pose you know yer bizness better'n any one else," he added, addressing Saxton, who was laughing softly to himself, as he viewed his features, shaded by the big sombrero, in a seven by nine looking-glass at the side of the room.

"Doosid good lookin' chap that young Dean, come to dress him up, don't you know," muttered Lord Clinghurst, aside, to Beal, the cattle buyer. "Didn't think an American tailor could turn out such a suit as that," he went on, eying Tom critically; "blessed if it doesn't fit equal to Poole's."

"He looks more the gentleman than the other chap," growled Mr. Beal, who was very sore over his previous night's losses. And in truth, Tom Dean, in his well-fitting suit, fell easily and readily into the gentlemanly manner and ways which had been natural to him from boyhood.

But, unconscious of the encomiums thus passed upon Tom's personal appearance, Mr. Diggs was chosen a sort of referee to appraise the value of Tom's outfit; which he did very fairly, all things considered.

"Hoss I call forty; Winchester, bein' secon' hand, fifteen; revolver, ditto, ditto; saddle and rest of hoss gear, includin' blankits, say thirty; an' sundries—includin' haversack, kettle, ridges, belt, knife, pockit compass an' sich, ten more," he announced, after considerable cyphering with a stumpy pencil.

"One hundred and ten—take my traveling bag, with the underclothing, etc., and call it an even hundred, Dean," said Saxton, with a sort of forced gayety.

"Very good," said Tom; and the bargain was completed. From a well-filled pocket-book Saxton produced two fifty dollar bills, which he handed to Tom, and then between the leaves of his diary, with the rest of his little fortune. After this, they sat down to breakfast with excellent appetites.

The meal was soon over, and the two Chinamen employed as waiters began clearing away the dishes.

A general adjournment to the piazza followed. Lord Clinghurst, who never stirred without a field glass in a case hanging from his shoulders, stood leaning against one of the rough supports, polishing the glass towards a distant clump of cottonwoods.

"Why, bless me—there's a man hung himself to one of the trees yonder," he exclaimed, in horrified accents which caused every one to look up.

"Paint no sooicide bizniss—it's only Pete Curley," remarked Mr. Diggs, coolly, as he proceeded to light his pipe. "The boys busted in the jail door som'eres to'ards mornin'," he concluded, blowing a cloud of smoke into the clear air, "an' afore they quit—that is," said Mr. Diggs, correcting himself, with a slight show of confusion, "after *they'd* driv the jailer an' deppity sheriffs into one o' the cells an' locked 'em in, we—*they*, I mean, jes' took Pete out to the cott'nwood clump yender, giv' him five minutes to say his prayers, an' run him up whar he orter ben five year ago."

Just then Halsted, who had evidently been walking very fast, came up to the piazza, and addressed Mr. Diggs.

"I dropped in, it's all right, Diggsy," he said, rather hastily; "but jes' now Cherokee Charley came in from the range, an' says jest afore sunup that Britzer chap on your sorril mare, along of Major Smith' an' the kernel, passed him on the of Piute trail, headin' to the west. What's the upshot, I wonder?"

The pipe dropped from Mr. Diggs's mouth—perhaps forced therefrom by the torrent of imprecations which followed it!

"My sorril mare an' five weeks' board to them two blamed, smooth-talkin' scalawags clean gone!" yelled the unhappy Diggs, who, with his fingers clutched in his unkempt hair, seemed desirous of lifting himself off his feet in his frenzy. "Derned fool that I be," he went on, walking rapidly up and down, and occasionally kicking over a stool; "I let Britzer hev the mare in pupposs to help out las' night, an' thought ev'rything wuz all right when the kunnel took his gun along of him, so ev'rything should go off peaceable an' quiet; dern such luck, I say!"

But leaving Mr. Diggs to bewail his losses, and to lament that as yet there was no telegraphic communication between Holcomb and the adjoining towns, Tom betook himself to the railway station, in company with Mr. Beal and Lord Clinghurst. All three of them intended to leave Holcomb on the same train.

Tom bought a through ticket to San Francisco; but as the 6 P. M. express from Albuquerque did not stop at Holcomb, all three would be obliged to change at Daggett, some ninety miles further on, where the express did stop, for their several destinations.

"That's the worst of the whole thing," growled Mr. Beal, as they returned in company to the Welcome: "for these wretched local trains in this section of the kentry are stopped by train robbers nigh as often as the ol' stage line used to be."

Lord Clinghurst laughed lightly.

"Stopping a mail coach is one thing, but for robbers, or road agents, as I believe you call 'em, to stop a railway train full of passengers —come, now, that's rather too absurd!"

Mr. Beal grunted, but made no further comments, and the train reached the Vendome. They found young Saxton, in his plainsman's garb, exercising the Indian pony by running him through the street at full speed; which, being quite one of the customs of the country, excited neither comment nor particular attention.

"If you shoot as well as you ride," remarked Tom, as Saxton leaped from the saddle, and gave the pony into the hands of the half-breed hostler, "you'll make an admirable plainsman."

"I shoot fairly well," was the quiet reply. "My grandfather," he continued, sitting down beside Tom, "was one of the most indulgent of men in some things. I had a saddle horse when I was nine years old, and after I was big enough to handle a gun I spent almost every vacation at a hunting lodge in the Yellowstone Park, with some friends of his; so I got to be quite a good shot for a youngster."

"And to think you'd leave such a home as you must have had for the life that you have taken up!" exclaimed Tom, impulsively.

"Some day I fancy you will understand better why I did it," returned Saxton, moodily; "for I have a sort of presentiment that in the course of time you and my grandfather will meet."

"It's not very likely, when I don't even know his name," laughed Tom; "and for that matter, I'm beginning to think that I'm not sure that I know yours—that is, your real name. Was I dreaming last night," continued Tom, as the other made no reply, "when I thought that as you passed my cot, on the way to your own, you pushed up my shirt sleeve to look at something on my arm?"

"I should say you were dreaming, most decidedly," answered Saxton, with a look of surprise, or a most admirable imitation of one. Of course Tom could say nothing more.

"You're positive I didn't leave any letters in the pockets of the coat you've got on?" asked the young fellow, suddenly.

Taking his big wallet from the inside pocket of the shirt, where Tom had kept the diary which had now been transferred to his new suit, Saxton was turning over some papers in one of the compartments with a look of anxiety.

"Perfectly sure," was the confident answer.

"Why, do you miss anything?"

"It's no consequence. I probably left it behind in my hurry, or perhaps tore it up. I don't know and don't care," replied Saxton, fretfully, as he pushed his wallet back to place.

But he soon regained his usual demeanor, and went on talking of what he meant to do. He had plenty of money, and perhaps would join a wagon train or a hunting party before long, that is, if—

And here this very singular young man stopped abruptly, and changed the subject.

"I'm going to say good by to you now," he said, rising and reaching for his rifle, which was leaning against the side of the house; "for I shall take a little turn outside of the town, and practice at jack rabbit shooting till dark. I suppose you'll be off before very long."

"Well, good by, then," returned Tom, hardly knowing what to make of his peculiar and rather mysterious acquaintance, as he shook him heartily by the hand; "who knows but we shall meet again some day?"

"Better if we don't," muttered Saxton, in an undertone.

Pressing Tom's hand again, his lips parted, as though he were about to say something more. But if such was his intention, he checked himself, muttered "Good by and good luck;" and, a few moments later, Tom saw him riding down the street at a rapid trot.

Near the clump of cottonwoods, from which Pete Curley's body was still swinging, Tom saw the young fellow draw rein and sit motionless in his saddle for a short time.

"How can he want to look at such a horrid sight?" thought Tom, with a shudder, as he turned and entered the house.

But Saxton was looking at something else. It was the little compass he had drawn from the haversack.

"Strike the Piute trail south of the clump of cottonwoods," he was saying, with his eyes fixed on the compass card; "or keep straight on to Ash Forks. Stop at the Gayety saloon, and wait for him there; so my orders were last night, and there's nothing for me to do now but wait. I wonder what new deviltry he's planning now."

And as he cast his eye at the ghastly object a few paces away, a little shiver passed over the young fellow.

"A pleasant omen for the beginning of a journey," he muttered. "Come on, pony, let's get out of this."

And, clapping his heels to the plump sides of his sturdy little steed, Tom Saxton galloped on toward the Piute trail, drawn on by an irresistible destiny to the strange events that awaited him.

*(To be continued.)*



### SNEAK THIEF AND PICKPOCKET.

THE coyote, or prairie wolf, which is dignified with the Latin title *Canis latrans*, is a prominent character of the Rocky Mountain region, and a very bad character he is. He is the sneak thief and pickpocket of the far West, and so cowardly that he never dares to seize even a bird which faces him, but springs when its back is turned.

My first experience with these animals, says a correspondent of *The Sun*, was when sleeping in a tent after a hard day's ride, in Wyoming, on the back of a bronco. The night was dark and threatening. Suddenly a chorus of unearthly sounds came from a high rock overhanging the tent.

"What on earth is that?"

"Coyotes," said the guide, with a curse, turning over for renewed sleep.

I took a shotgun and a cartridge of heavy slugs, and blazed away at half a dozen figures dimly outlined on the rock above. There were any more strange noises that night I slept too soundly to hear them. In the morning, two dead coyotes were found near the tent, off which the remainder of the pack, and perhaps other animals, had managed to make a meal during the night. The coyotes followed us wherever we traveled, for 500 miles through the mountains, always slinking away in the distance, and at night, somewhat emboldened, stealing into camp and eating the refuse of our meals.

I shot a number of these animals, and dissected them. If any one can mention an edible article in existence that the coyote will not eat, he ought to give it to the world at once as a curiosity. To my knowledge, they are carnivorous, insectivorous, herbivorous, graminivorous, frugivorous, and the rest.

Sportsmen, in the absence of game, often ride down the coyote, but find the chase brief and with few features of fox hunting. I rode one down, but never repeated the operation.

In the fights between the hound and the coyote, the dog usually get an unmerciful thrashing, particularly if he strays far from camp. In such cases the coyote calls his neighbors, and the entire pack set upon the dog, and often kill him. If the coyote is alone and can obtain no help, he makes haste to sneak away, with his tail between his legs.

In Idaho I saw them hunting, in their usual sneaking way, the large sage hens. Indeed, when I had taken the trouble to shoot one of these birds, I was surprised to see a nimble coyote step out from under a tall sage brush, seize the bird, and dash away. At that time I was riding through the mountains in a double buggy, and was unable to give chase.

One day I climbed an almost perpendicular elevation of 1,500 feet. On the narrow top was a coyote, who, in his haste to escape, leaped too far, and fell over the precipice on the opposite side, several thousand feet.

In captivity, the coyote is the most servile and despicable rascal imaginable. How the Indians ever had patience to domesticate them, and make courageous and faithful dogs of them, I cannot imagine. Although the Indian may be wifeless and wigwamless, he is never dogless.

### IT WAS JEFF HIMSELF.

"ON my way to New Orleans," said a correspondent of the Boston *Globe*, "the train stopped at Beauvoir, and a passenger boarded the last car and sat down in a seat behind a couple who got on just above Mississippi City. They had evidently just been married, and were Yankee to the backbone. She was very pretty, but evidently disgusted with the South. Presently I came by and heard the young lady say: 'What place was that where we stopped just now?'

"'Beauvoir, I believe,' answered the young fellow, without looking up from his newspaper.

"'Why, that's where Jeff Davis lives,' she exclaimed; then, in an undertone: "The old rebel; he ought to have been hung!"

"'And pray, miss,' said a stately voice at her elbow, 'why do you, a young, innocent girl, pronounce such a harsh condemnation on him?'

"'Because,' she replied, 'he deserved it. He tried to ruin our country and caused thousands of brave men to die. He made widows and orphans, he made me an orphan,' and tears welled into her eyes.

"'Did Jeff Davis do all that?' asked the man, huskily.

"The girl looked curiously over her shoulder and said: 'I believe he was responsible for it.'

"The stranger bowed in silence, and when he raised his head, tears fell on his coat sleeve as he said: 'I understand the spirit which prompted you to speak, but I wish to correct the view you entertain of Jefferson Davis. He is not the cruel person your imagination paints him, young lady. Here in the South, as well as in the North, are thousands of mourners for dear ones who fell in the war. Jefferson Davis sympathizes with all. Whether the blue or gray makes no difference now. You, I take it, are a soldier's orphan. In the loss of your father you have Mr. Davis's sincere pity. If he can aid you in any way he will gladly do so.'

"With the words the stranger took a card from his pocket, and, presenting it to the young lady, left the car. She read the name in silence and handed it to her somewhat annoyed companion. Much to his surprise he saw inscribed in a plain, firm hand the name:

"JEFFERSON DAVIS,
"BEAUVOIR, MISS."

### PREFERRED TO BE A COWARD.

A LIVE donkey, says the proverb, is better than a dead lion, and the soldier in the following story evidently agreed with it.

The colonel of a New York regiment tells an incident of the battle of Winchester. In the thickest of the fight, when the slaughter in the Union line had become perfectly frightful, he detected a stout Irishman of his regiment curled up behind a great tree. He rode up to the delinquent, and savagely reprimanded him for his cowardice. But the man, with irresistible Hibernian drollery, responded: "Now, colonel, dear, don't be hard with a poor felly like me! A coward is it? Faith; I think I am, but I'd rather be called that every day in the year than to be like that poor crayter yonder."

The "poor crayter yonder," to whom the colonel's attention had been directed, was the mangled corpse of a soldier, whose head had been entirely demolished by a shot.

The odd earnestness of the fellow's excuse made the colonel laugh heartily, and the man was left to the enjoyment of his tree.

## THE WESTERN LAND.

BY MINNIE GILMORE.

The wind blows down to the West,
O, friends! let us follow its flight
To the crags where the eaglets nest,
And the phantom-braves flit by night;
To the prairies that gleam below,
Where the buffaloes run at will,
And the prairie dog mounts his hill—
O, friends! let us go, let us go!

## HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY WILLIAM BENNETT.

THE boy home for the holidays is always suspected of all manner of mischief.

I know that I, Charley Mitford, found it so when I was home for my last Christmas holidays. Everything that went wrong was sure to be my fault; sometimes I was blamed justly, but generally, I thought, unjustly. I will tell you about one scrape of mine.

My father had invited a middle-aged gentleman, who was a learned professor, and a terrible book worm, to spend a week or two at our house.

I didn't like Dr. Millbank, and he hated me and all other boys. I generally kept out of his way; but one day, the doctor being in a more friendly and talkative mood than ordinary, I ventured to accompany him into the library, taking care only to speak to him when he condescended to speak to me.

The doctor, however, soon became lost in a book, and altogether forgot my presence. I accordingly retired into the recess of a window, and also engaged myself with a book on old sports and pastimes. Dr. Millbank's back was turned upon me, and he was thoroughly lost in his studies.

Now, learned as was the doctor in his special subjects—mostly of the dry-as-dust order—he knew but little of the natural history of magpies; and at the present moment my interest and the interest of my story is with one of those birds, Jack by name.

He was a tame magpie, a clever talker, and a great pet in our household, though he was as mischievous, almost, as they said I was.

He came hopping into the library, unseen by the doctor, but watched by my observant eyes. He stealthily posted himself on a chair; it seemed that there was something on his mind.

While he was ensconced in his citadel of the chair, he kept his cunning, twinkling eyes fixed on the doctor's silver spectacles on his nose. Magpies are fond of pilfering bright or glittering articles, and with secret joy I saw that Jack was meditating a theft.

Perched, however, in his elevated position, and seeing no hope for the present of purloining the spectacles, he stealthily took the leather case which the doctor had laid upon the table after taking the glasses therefrom. Then he stealthily hopped out of the room.

A few minutes later, the doctor, weary of his book, took his spectacles from his nose, and naturally enough, sought the case to place them in. The case was not to be found.

"This is most mysterious. I know I placed it on the table. Dear me! dear me! always something to annoy me!"

It was very wrong, no doubt, to laugh at the misfortunes or annoyances of other people, but I was home for the holidays, you know, and I really couldn't help it. He laid down his spectacles on the table, while he took a walk round the room, frowning in his displeasure and mystification. Then he espied me lounging with outstretched legs in the recess with my book of sports.

"Ah, ah, Master Charles, and so you are the culprit, are you?"

"Sir!" I exclaimed, affecting to be ignorant of his meaning.

"My spectacle-case—where is it?"

"Spectacle-case? I have not got it."

"What! Why, I laid it beside me on the table, and now it is gone! You should not take such liberties with your elders."

"Why, sir, I have not moved from the spot where I am sitting, and it is a very hard case for me to be accused of removing it."

"Your joke is impertinent at a time like this. You are the only person, as I said before who has been in the library since I have been reading here——"

"Excuse me, doctor——"

"Do not interrupt me, Master Charles. I must ring the bell for your father. Boys home for the holidays take so much license nowadays that really they have become an intolerable nuisance. There should be no school holidays if I could have my way."

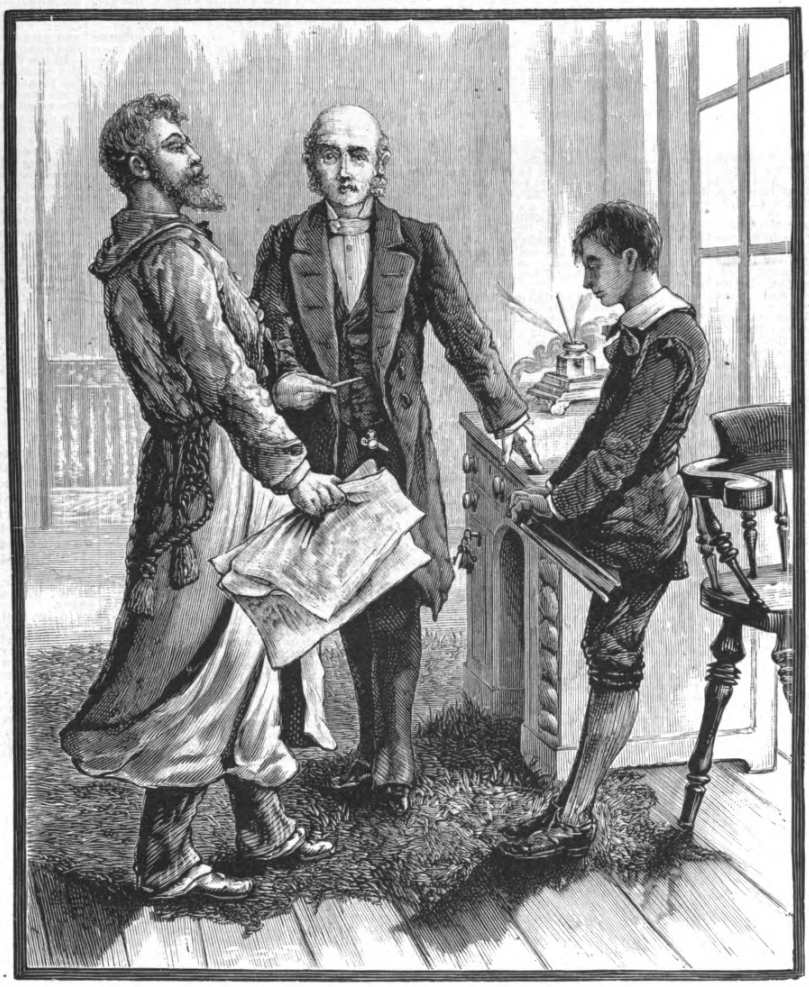
As he spoke, the doctor advanced to the bell-rope. He walked with his back towards the door, and as he did so my old friend Jack, the magpie, came hop-hop-hopping in, and his thievish eye at once fell upon the silver specs, which the enraged man had laid down on the very spot on the table where before he had laid the case which had so disgraced me in his eyes.

Jack quietly hopped upon his old quarters in the arm-chair and as quickly possessed himself of the envied trophy, and I became the innocent witness of another theft much greater than the last.

Deeper disgrace to me, I thought; but as the doctor was evidently sure I was the culprit, and was not likely to accept any explanation from me, I thought it best to keep quiet, though by this I no doubt made myself Jack's accessory.

A servant answered the bell, and he was requested to send my father hither, and, of course, my father came.

"Well, doctor, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" he inquired. "You appear agitated—what is the matter?"



DR. MILLBANK VEHEMENTLY ACCUSED ME OF THE THEFT.

"Look here, sir, if you please," said the doctor to my father. "I laid my spectacle case on the table where you see my glasses," and here he pointed to the table, and my father looked on the spot indicated, and said:

"Where, doctor, where? I see no glasses."

We were all standing some distance from the table, and the doctor could not see what was on it; he only spoke from the knowledge that he had placed his spectacles on the table, to which he now drew near, when, to his great surprise, and to my greater amusement, he made the same discovery that my father had done, that there were no glasses there.

"Why, sir, not five minutes ago I laid my glasses on this spot!" he exclaimed, giving the table rather a loud rap with his knuckles, which did not harm the table, though it did the knuckles, as the doctor's screwed-up face indicated. "There, sir, exactly there—and now you see with your own eyes that both case and spectacles are gone!"

"It is a very mysterious occurrence, Dr. Millbank," remarked my father.

"I cannot say that I see any mystery about it, sir; I am no believer in spiritualism, but I am in logic. I laid the spectacles and case there on that table. They are now gone—no one has been in the room but Master Charles."

"*Ergo*, Master Charles must have them," interrupted my father. "That is the true inference of your logic."

Just then, another visitor came hopping into the room—no less than my father's favorite, Jack, the magpie. My father was now seated by the side of the doctor, and the bird, as was his custom, hopped and flew to his shoulder, which was his favorite perch when he had the opportunity.

"Well, pa," said the cunning bird, bending his head and beak to my parent's face.

"And what do you want, Master Jack?"

"Sho!" said the magpie, which was another daily phrase of his which he had picked up. Then he pretended to be sleepy, winking and blinking, and even yawning and crying. "Poor Jack! poor Jack!"

"A fine, rare bird, Mr. Mitford, is your magpie," said the doctor, who would not have said so much had he known, as I did, that Jack was the author of his misery.

"By the by," cried my father, "I wonder if the magpie has taken the things from the table!"

"Tell the truth!" I said, catching the bird up by his tail, much to his displeasure. "What have you done with the spectacles?"

"Sho!" screamed the bird, making divers pecks at my hands.

"Depend upon it, my friend," said my father, "it is the magpie who is the thief."

"Easier said than proved, dear sir," replied the doctor. "I know this, however, that I would not keep a bird capable of such thefts. But I am surprised, Mr. Mitford, that you should suggest such a solution of the mystery. It is quite a vulgar error to suppose that magpies are thieves of anything but that which contributes to their sustenance. If a magpie will take one bright thing he will take another. There is a silver pencil-case," said the incredulous doctor, placing it on the table, when, to his great surprise, the bird, that had hitherto been immovable, hopped from my father's shoulder to the arm-chair. "Now, sir, if the bird took my glasses, and if it is his nature to steal, he will soon possess himself of the pencil-case."

"Not when he is observed, perhaps, Jack, like human thieves, doesn't like his evil propensities to be seen."

"Then let us all three retire and leave the magpie with the pencil-case. What then?"

"Why, that when we return you will find the bird and the case both flown."

"A bargain, sir!" said the doctor, quite pleased that he should soon have the satisfaction of proving my father in the wrong.

We all retired to the dining-room, and had a little agreeable talk about magpies, and the plot that had been laid to discover whether Jack was a thief or not.

An hour later I asked whether I should go and look after the bird and the case.

"No, thanks, Master Charles," said the doctor, "I object to that; you are home for the holidays. We will all go together when your father is prepared."

"I am quite ready, sir."

So we all three went to the library and to the table. Bird and pencil-case had vanished! The doctor was astonished; I and my father were not, but laughed to each other at the doctor's expression of surprise.

"What do you say now, doctor?" quizzed my delighted parent.

"That they are gone!" he replied.

"It could not be by the boy home for the holidays, now, could it?"

"But the bird, sir—where is the bird?" exclaimed the doctor, who fairly felt himself in a dilemma.

"Gone to his storehouse," replied my father.

"And where is that?"

"I have not been able to discover."

"Have you taken any means to do so?"

"I have not. Can you suggest any?" inquired my father.

"Watch him," was the laconic but sensible reply.

"But the cunning fellow has committed his depredations when he has not been seen."

"Plant some temptation for him, as now, and then place three or four persons to watch where he takes it."

"A very good idea, and I will follow it out now, if you please."

"I should like very much, for my curiosity is now deeply excited. Ah! Master Charles, you are a boy of an excellent temper to bear so well as you have done with my petulance and hasty conclusions."

"Now," said my father, "I will place my gold pencil-case on the spot where you placed your silver one, and then wait the return of the sly old bird."

This was done, and it was not many minutes before the bird entered, no doubt to see if there were any more bright things to be taken away. What! another pencil-case for Jack! No one was in the room but the doctor, who this time pretended to be deeply engaged in a book, as I had before done, while I and my father planted ourselves in unseen places outside the room. The bird was not slow in accomplishing his theft, and as quickly hopped out of the library with the pencil-case.

"Seeing is believing!" exclaimed the doctor, closing the book with a loud bang. "I wouldn't keep a magpie for the world."

Then he made his way to the courtyard, where I and my father had stationed ourselves. We had not been long here before the bird came hopping along with the pencil-case in his beak, and he flew to the top of a loft.

The doctor's countenance expressed indescribable surprise, while I and my father laughed heartily as Jack flew up to his hiding place.

We all ascended the ladder, and when we had got to the roof, there, in a leaden valley between two angles, we discovered a hoard of bright things, among others the cases and spectacles belonging to Dr. Millbank!

"What do you say now, doctor?" triumphantly asked my father, extending his hands over the magpie's storehouse and handing him back his property.

"That I will never keep a magpie," he returned, shaking his head, placing his hands behind the tail of his long clerical-cut coat, and blushing and laughing.

During a little conversation between us on the top of the loft the saucy bird returned, looking unutterable things and screaming when he saw us there and his hoard disturbed.

When the doctor held up his glasses, and was about to admonish him, the bird turned tail upon us and flew off, croaking "Sho! Sho!" and we did not see him for two days afterwards. He was evidently deeply offended; indeed, Jack was not the same bird afterwards, and was even cold and indifferent to the caress of my father; as for "Master Charles," he dare not touch Jack's tail.

On taking his departure, the doctor, smiling good-naturedly, remarked:

"I assure you, Mr. Mitford, until now I set down all these wonderful stories of animals that we meet with as fabulous. But your bird, sir, has taught me a wholesome lesson, that things may nevertheless be true, whether we believe them or not; and, further, I have had a warning not to be too hasty in coming to conclusions with boys home for the holidays upon circumstantial evidence; and, still further, that as long as I wear spectacles I will never keep a magpie."

We each and all had a hearty laugh, a shake of the hand, and the doctor took his departure. When he next loses his spectacles he will inquire if there is a magpie around.

## LOOK UPWARD.

BY S. K. BOLTON.

THERE is hope in the world for you and me;
There is joy in a thousand things that be;
There is fruit to gather from every tree—
Look up, my boys, look up!

There is care and struggle in every life;
With temper and sorrow the world is rife;
But no strength cometh without the strife;
Look up, my boys, look up!

*[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 XXIV.

IKE'S RANDOM SHOT.

HAVING taken up a favorable position and placed his rifle across his knees in readiness for instant use, Colonel St. Clair looked up and down the swamp to see where his companions were, but could not locate a single one of them. The moment they heard the signal they had drawn in their paddles and grasped their weapons, and they were now anxiously waiting to see what was going to happen. They were all highly excited, especially Ike Bishop, who felt as he had often felt before when he was on the eve of going into battle. The waiting was worse than the actual conflict, and Ike had to wait a long time, almost half an hour, before Captain Belden's oft-repeated signals brought any response; and when it came, it was in a way that excited Ike's profoundest amazement.

"I'd give something handsome to be in Cap Belden's shoes this minute, so't I could see what sort of a place it is he's lookin' at," said Ike to himself, at the same time lowering the heavy double-barrel which he had held to his shoulder until his arms ached. "If he has found the hide-out—an' if he hain't, I don't see what he's foolin' around thar for—why don't Luke answer the signal to let him know? Now, then, what's that, do you reckon?"

While Ike was communing thus with himself, Ned Marsh and Sidney Jones were hauling their canoe slowly through the cane toward the open swamp; and now the blinding glare of their dark-lantern was turned full upon the face of the Confederate spy. Ike could see the latter very plainly, but he could not see anything else except a little ball of fire, which was so brilliant that it dazzled his eyes to look at it. Anything that Ike Bishop could not account for was sure to frighten him, and he began to tremble all over. He was in just the right humor to do something desperate without knowing a thing about it.

"Now, what is that thar, and whar did it come from, do you reckon?" continued Ike, looking all around in the hope of finding some one to explain the matter to him. "It looks jest like an eye of fire, don't it? Sh—! That's somebody thar, sure's you're born, 'cause I can hear 'em talkin'."

Although Ike listened with all his ears he could not catch a single word of the conversation that was carried on between the spy and the invisible persons who managed the light, but he did hear an excited voice exclaim:

"Shoot him, Sid! He's got friends close by!" and something told him that if that lantern were not put out on the instant Captain Belden's life would be in danger; but Ike could not settle in his mind whether or not he ought to shoot at it without orders. While he was debating the point, Colonel St. Clair settled it for him, by raising his rifle and smashing the bull's-eye.

"Hey-yoop!" muttered Ike, who took this as a signal to commence firing. "That's me, every time! I only hope it's Luke Bennett that this charge of shot is goin' into, 'cause then——"

Without waiting to finish the sentence, and quite forgetting, in his frantic eagerness to do something, that he stood as good a chance of killing the friendly spy as of hitting Luke Bennett or one of his friends, Ike raised his gun and fired both barrels in quick succession. Then he dropped the weapon and threw himself flat in his canoe, in order to escape the return shot; but he was much too slow in his movements. Sidney Jones fired at the flash, and some of the buck-shot in his gun must have found a lodgment somewhere in Ike Bishop's body, for the howls he straightway set up were wonderful to hear. They frightened his companions, who gathered about him without loss of time.

"Are you hit, Ike?" inquired the colonel, anxiously.

"Course I be," replied the boy, in an injured tone. "Think I'm whoopin' this a way for fun?"

"Whereabouts are you hurt?"

"All over, dog-gone the luck. I'm killed. I won't never get my six thousand dollars, an' no star to put onto my collar, nuther. I never did have good luck in this here world, anyhow."

"SHOOT HIM, SID! HE'S GOT FRIENDS CLOSE BY!"

The colonel, who dared not strike a light to examine Ike's wounds, waited impatiently for the return of the spy; but as the minutes wore away and he did not come, a horrible fear seized upon him, which he communicated in a whisper to his friends, the injured boy being too much taken up with his own troubles to pay any attention to him.

"We shall never see Belden again," said the colonel, solemnly. "Ike's random shot put an end to the wrong man."

"Oh, I hope not," exclaimed Captain Griffin.

"Can you account for Belden's absence in any other way?" asked the colonel. "The boys who handled that dark lantern, whoever they were, only fired once, and that charge couldn't have touched Captain Belden, for it hit Ike. They couldn't have made a prisoner of him, for Belden would die before he would let them do that. I broke the lantern on purpose, to give him a chance to escape; and if Ike's shot had not killed or disabled him, he would have been prompt to take advantage of my diversion in his favor."

In spite of the colonel's positive language, he clung to the hope that the spy had been able to slip away from the boys, in the darkness, and so did his companions; but, as the minutes wore on and he did not appear, they were reluctantly obliged to confess that something must have happened to him. The spy knew exactly where he had left Colonel St. Clair and his party when he started on alone to find the hide-out, and, if he were able to come back to them, what was the reason he did not do it?

"Poor fellow!" said the colonel, with a sigh of regret. "He said he expected to die in the service, but he didn't want to be shot by friends. We can do nothing here, and we might as well return to camp. We know where Luke Bennett's hide-out is, and the next time we visit it we will have force enough at our backs to take it by storm. I wish now that I had read those letters."

"It seems cowardly to go away without making an attempt to find our friend Belden," said Captain Griffin, as he made the painter of Ike's canoe fast to the stern of his own, "but I don't see what else we can do. Luke and his friends are on the alert, and it will be sure death to the man who shows himself to them."

While on their way to the camp, the colonel and his three friends were very silent and thoughtful, while Ike moaned continually, and thrashed about in his canoe at such a rate, that the rest of the party began to fear that his injuries might prove to be something serious; but when they got him to the fire and took a good look at him, their sympathy gave place to anger and contempt. There were two or three buckshot in his cheek, and as many more in his arm; but they didn't see that that was any reason why he should keep up such a constant groaning. They had seen men with their arms carried entirely away by shots and shells, who did not make half the fuss that he did.

"I want to go hum to my mam!" whined Ike; and as there was no reason to suppose that he would be of any more use to the party, either as guide or cook, the colonel assured him that he should go there as soon as it was light enough for them to find the way. They had little expected to go back in this sorry fashion—disappointed, and whipped by the boys they had hoped to rob—and there was not one among them who did not wish that they had devoted their time to hunting meat for their families, and had let Luke Bennett and his companions alone.

"We have been repulsed, but we are not beaten yet," said the colonel, when Captain Griffin gave utterance to these sentiments. "We have evidence enough to hang Bennett and his fellow conscripts, and as soon as I get home, I will write him a letter, telling him that if he will reveal the hiding place of his money, so that we can have it for the support of our families while we are in the army, fighting for the South, we will say nothing about the way in which Captain Belden met his death. If he won't do that, we will lay a full history of the matter before Pemberton. I think that will open Bennett's eyes and loosen his tongue; for, if Pemberton sends a company of men over here, they will come with orders to take Luke dead or alive, and to destroy the property of every Union man in the settlement."

There was a loud groan from Ike, who did not at all approve of this way of doing. If a company of men came over from Vicksburg to avenge the death of the spy, they would be sure to unearth the hidden treasure (Ike labored under the delusion that all they had to do was to turn the hide-out upside down in order to find it), and then what would become of his six thousand dollars? This question excited a serious train of reflections in Ike Bishop's mind; and while the rest of the party sat about the fire, thinking about the spy who had been so suddenly and unexpectedly snatched from their midst, Ike, all unconscious of the mischief he had done, lay upon his bed of boughs and planned for the future.

"I can't go back to the army when my furlong's over, 'cause I'm wounded," said he to himself, "so I'll steer cl'ar of the kurn when I get hum, an' strike hands with Cap Ryder an' the rest of them fellers. I know whar the hide-out is, an' they don't; an' I'll tell them that if they want me to show it to 'em, they must plank down ten thousand dollars the minute we find the money. By jinks, that's jest what I'll do, sure's you are born! He's more on the blow than he is on the do, Ryder is; but I reckon I can put a little life into him."

There was not much sleeping done in the camp that night, and all of them felt relieved when daylight came, and the hasty breakfast that Captain Griffin prepared had been disposed of. By this time Ike Bishop had so far recovered his strength that he was able to sit up in his canoe and guide the party back to the spot from which they had set out on their hunt two days before. He was by no means as badly hurt as he pretended to be, and it is doubtful if an army surgeon would have excused him from duty for a single hour; but he assumed a very pitiful expression of countenance, nursed his wounded arm tenderly, and repeatedly declared that he would not be able to go back to active service for at least three months to come. Finally the colonel took the hint, and said, impatiently:

"Well, Ike, if you are not any better when I go back, I will see your commanding officer and ask him to have your leave extended. Now, keep still, and let us have a little peace."

Having gained his point, Ike could afford to keep still. No one heard a word of complaint from him after that.

A little while before dark, the party ran the bows of their canoes upon the shore at the back end of the old cotton-field, and at once prepared to disembark. Ike caught up his gun and started post-haste for the house, to tell his confiding mother some wonderful story about the terrible battle he had passed through the night before (like a good many others, Ike Bishop never was in a skirmish, all the little fights in which he took part being magnified into the hottest kind of battles), while the others lingered to unload the canoes. The supplies, of which they had consumed but a small portion during their short absence, were piled under the trees to await the coming of the wagon which Colonel St. Clair intended to send after them as soon as he reached home. This done, they went up to the house, caught and saddled their horses, which they had left in one of Ike Bishop's lots, and rode off down the lane. It was pitch dark by this time, and they were glad of it, for there was no one abroad to ask them disagreeable questions about their hunt. They felt a good deal as Ryder and his guerrillas did after they had wrecked the houses of all the Union men in the settlement without finding the money of which they were in search. Something told Colonel St. Clair that disagreeable things would grow out of this night's work, and the sus-

picion was confirmed in less than two seconds after he dismounted at his gate.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE HOLLOW BUTTON.

LET us now return to Ned Marsh and Sidney Jones, whom we left in the dark a short time ago, their lantern having been extinguished by a bullet from Colonel St. Clair's rifle. Taken by surprise as they were, the boys did not lose their presence of mind. Sidney did not shoot the spy, as he could have done very easily, and he would have looked upon such a proceeding as little short of deliberate murder. He simply kept him covered with his double-barrel, while Ned dropped the remains of his lantern overboard, caught up the paddle and made all haste to back the canoe into the cane. His prompt action put him and his companion out of harm's way, but it was fatal to the spy. A second later Ike Bishop's blunderbuss roared, and the man who had come so near betraying Luke Bennett and his friends into the hands of their enemies gave one groan and sank back upon the bottom of his canoe—dead.

"Fire at the flash," whispered Ned Marsh, who was quick to comprehend the situation. "It may drive them back if they are advancing upon us."

Sidney acted upon the suggestion. He did not expect to accomplish anything by it, but the doleful howls that awoke the echoes of the swamp a moment later made the cold chills creep all over him, and told him that some of the buckshot in his gun had flown closer to the mark than he wished they had.

"I declare, I have hit Ike Bishop!" exclaimed poor Sidney, who felt as if he had done something for which he never would be forgiven. "I would know his voice among a thousand."

"Well, don't worry over it," said Ned, encouragingly. "You haven't hurt him at all, or he wouldn't yell in that fashion. Think of what he was trying to do to you and the rest of us. Now, when I run alongside that canoe, you stand by to catch hold of it, and we'll tow it to camp. If that spy, or whatever he was, had any documents in his possession, it may be to our interest to take a look at them."

The outline of the spy's canoe could be dimly seen through the darkness, and it was the work of but a few seconds for Ned to paddle up within reach of it. The occupant was lying motionless on the bottom.

"I am glad that I am in no way to blame for this," said Sidney, with a shudder. "It's horrible, isn't it?"

"Well—yes," replied the practical Ned. "But after you have seen as many men killed in action as I have, you will get used to it. This is no time for sentiment. We want to get under cover before they open fire on us again. Take the paddle and find the way back to camp, if you can, and I will hold fast to the canoe."

Sidney had no difficulty in discovering the passage that led through the cane to the hide-out, but before he had pulled the canoes very far into it, he heard a voice close in front of him say, in low and earnest tones:

"Who is it? Speak quick!"

"It's I, Tom," replied Sidney. "What are you doing out here?"

"We came out to take a hand in the fight," was the reply. "What were you shooting at? Who was hurt, and who gave the signal?"

"It's a long story, boys," said Sidney, as he reached over the side of his canoe to replace one of the wires. "Let's go on to the hide-out, and we'll tell it to you there. Duckfoot isn't hurt, and neither am I; but we have got a dead man in the canoe astern of us."

Tom Pike and his friend Frank were greatly alarmed by this announcement, and it was a long time before they could control themselves sufficiently to ask who he was.

"We never saw him before," answered Sidney, "but he meant harm to us, all the same. He tried to pass himself off for another man; but Ned told him he was sailing under false colors, and that was what brought on the shooting."

"Who shot?" inquired Frank.

"Colonel St. Clair and his party," replied Sidney. "Of course we didn't see them, but I answered the shot that killed the spy, and, until I received convincing proof to the contrary, I shall believe that I hit Ike Bishop. If Ike was there, Colonel St. Clair and the rest of his crowd were not far away."

"What did I tell you, Tom?" exclaimed Frank Barron. "Didn't I say that it was Ike and nobody else who was taking on in that dreadful way? What damage did that rifle shot do, and who killed the spy?"

"The shot from the rifle broke our lantern in Duckfoot's hand, and we think it was Ike Bishop's double-barrel that did the rest of the damage. Of course he meant those two charges for us, but Duckfoot was sharp enough to back our canoe out of the way, and that gave him fair range at the spy."

"But what induced you to bring him in here?" asked Tom. "Why didn't you leave him out there for his friends to take care of?"

"He is past revealing the secret of your hiding place now," said Ned, solemnly; "and I think he has some papers on his person that you boys ought to see. He said his name was Proctor, and then I knew that he was a fraud, and that we'd got to look out for him. The ringing of those bells meant just what Sid said it did—treachery."

"Who is Proctor?" demanded Frank.

"A noted Union spy, who has done no end of good work for us," answered Ned. "But I am one of the few who has seen Proctor, and he looks about as much like this man as I look like old Sam. He is a small, stoop-shouldered, loose-jointed, insignificant looking fellow, while the spy looked every inch the soldier. I am sorry that he met his death in this way, for I am sure that he was a splendid man. Well, he took his chances, just as we all did when we came into the service, and they went against him. It may be my turn to-morrow. The man who fired those two shots at us, and I think it was Ike Bishop, is the one who is responsible for the spy's death. Sid and I had nothing to do with it."

This assurance removed a heavy load of anxiety from Tom's mind and Frank's, and, as Sidney had by this time replaced all the wires, they went on to the hide-out. They remained perfectly quiet for half an hour or more, waiting to see what the colonel and his party would do next; but, hearing nothing more from them, the boys finally removed the wet leaves and green boughs, with which they had smothered their fire, and started a little blaze.

"He said he had come over from Vicksburg, and that he had letters from our friends, did he?" said Tom, when Sidney had given a hurried and somewhat disconnected account of the short interview which he and Ned had held with the spy previous to the shooting. "Then it's a lucky thing that Duckfoot was with us. He saved us from capture, beyond a doubt. I do hope there is no mistake about this business. If these people out there were friends instead of enemies, and this man should really—— By gracious, boys, I don't like to think about it!"

"Then think about something else," suggested Ned, who now proceeded to examine the pockets of the dead rebel, while the others gathered about the canoe, which had been drawn out upon the bank, and gazed sorrowfully at his pallid features. "We shall very soon know all about it. Ike made a center shot, didn't he? Both charges struck him fair in the breast, and some of the buttons on his jacket are broken all to pieces. Hal-lo here, what's this?"

The boys standing around were surprised to see Ned take his knife from his pocket and cut away one of the battered buttons, which he pried apart with the blade. This being accomplished, he drew from the inside of it a small piece of paper which had some words written upon it.

"C. S. Belden is a Confederate spy," said he, reading the words aloud and passing the paper over to Tom. "That sets your fears at rest, does it not? This man was a rebel, sure enough. Now, let us see if we can find something to tell us where he got that signal, and what it was that brought him over here."

"He set a trap for us and fell into it himself; but I feel sorry for him all the same," said Tom, little dreaming how soon his sorrow would be turned into anger, intense and bitter, against the man whom Ike Bishop's random shot had sent to his account. "Now, then, what have you got there?"

"I believe that I have got to the bottom of this plot," was all Ned Marsh had to say in reply.

He ran his eye hastily over the big bundle of letters which he had taken from the inside pocket of the spy's jacket, and finally handed one of them to Tom Pike, who was utterly confounded to find that it was addressed to himself in his father's own familiar handwriting. Sidney Jones declared that the two letters that were given to him, one bearing his own name and the other his mother's, had been addressed by his father's hand; and Frank Barron said the same regarding the two that were passed over to him. They wondered what the meaning of it all could be, and looked toward Ned for an explanation.

"My idea is that Proctor has been captured at last," said the latter, who knew that the boys would not be satisfied until he had told what he meant when he said that he believed he had got to the bottom of the plot. "In some way or other he made the acquaintance of your friends in Vicksburg, who laid plans to aid him in making his escape; told him pretty nearly where to find your hide-out; gave him the signals, and intrusted to him these letters, which were to be delivered to you when he found you."

"But you say this man isn't Proctor, and the paper you took out of his button proves him to be a rebel spy," exclaimed Sidney, who turned as white as a sheet and trembled all over. "How do you account for that?"

"I don't like to tell you what I am afraid of," answered Ned, who saw his own suspicions and misgivings reflected in the faces of the boys around him. "You can account for it as well as I can."

"Why, it can't be possible that—do you think—do you really believe——" faltered Tom.

"I do believe just that," replied Ned, who knew what the boy was trying to say. "In some way or other the plot was discovered, and this man took Proctor's place and lost his life by it."

"It served him just right," said Tom, who was so highly enraged that he scarcely knew what he was saying. "The plot for Proctor's escape was discovered, and of course our friends in Vicksburg——"

He hesitated again and waited for Ned to finish the sentence for him. The words he would have uttered seemed to stick fast in his throat.

"Have got themselves into serious trouble," said the young officer, knowing that there was nothing to be gained by trying to smooth the matter over. "Of course, too, those documents have all been read by the authorities in the city——"

"Yes, sir; they have," exclaimed Frank Barron, who was bending over the fire closely examining his letters. "Mine have both been opened, and stuck together again in the most bungling manner. Just look at them."

"And after you have done that, go into the hide-out, strike a light and read what your friends have to say to you," suggested Ned. "Probably they will make everything clear to you. You had better take the others with you. They belong to Luke and Joe."

So saying Ned handed over the rest of the letters which he had taken from the person of the dead spy, and went on with his investigations to see what else he could find in his pockets, while Tom Pike and his companions hurried into the cabin. With trembling hands they spread their letters upon the table, after the candles had been lighted, and while they read them with eyes that were full of tears, they often paused to express their astonishment at the correctness of Ned Marsh's conclusions. Although the latter had nothing to reason from except the outside of the envelopes which contained the letters, and the little piece of paper he had taken from the spy's button, he had told as straight a story as Captain Belden could have told himself if he had been alive at that moment. There were one or two points, however, that were not quite clear to them: What was the spy's object in coming into the swamp to hunt up their hide-out? and how did it come that he had brought Colonel St. Clair and his party with him?

For a few minutes deep silence reigned in the hide-out, broken only by the occasional rustling of a letter under the nervous hands of some excited reader, and then Sidney Jones laid his head upon the table and gave way to a violent outburst of grief. Some brave and encouraging, or perhaps some affectionate words, penned by the father whom he might never see again, and who at that very moment might be lying in the guard-house under sentence of death, were too much for the boy whose patient endurance under the cruel separation had already been too severely tested, and he cried aloud in anguish of spirit.

"I'll just tell you what's a fact," soliloquized Ned Marsh, who, having turned all the rebel's pockets inside out, in the vain hope of finding some document that would throw a little more light on the events that had happened during the last hour, was now engaged in coaxing the camp-fire up to its former proportions; "it does cost something to be loyal down here, sure enough. How little the people up North know about the horrors of war! Poor Sid! I wish I could say something encouraging to him, but if the case is as bad as I think it is, he has probably shaken hands with his father for the last time."

In about half an hour Sidney and his friends came out of the cabin, and joined Ned at the fire. The latter could easily see that they were almost overwhelmed with grief, but, like the young heroes they were, they strove hard to conceal it.

"Yes," said Sidney, in response to Ned's inquiring look; "it is just about as you thought. Proctor is a prisoner; our friends did all they could to help him, and beyond a doubt they signed their own death warrants by doing it. Of course the letters are full of hope and encouragement for us here at home, because they were written before the plot was discovered; but if the writers could drop us a line now, I am afraid they would have a different story to tell. Well, it's war time, and we've got to take what the fates bring us."

Ned Marsh wondered if he could have looked at it in that way if he had been in Sidney's place.

*(To be continued.)*

### BOYS AT THREE CENTS EACH.

HENRY M. STANLEY has eighteen dark-skinned lads whom he bought at the moderate price of three cents a head. The purchase was a kindly act, as it saved them from death, and the boys may prove a useful aid to the white man who is struggling to open up the Congo country.

"When I went up the Congo and founded the station at Stanley Falls," said the great explorer, recently, "I found in the hands of the Arabs 2,300 captives, whom they had dragged into slavery. The poor wretches were suffering for food, and some of them were in a starving condition.

"Among them were many little boys. I selected eighteen of the poor little fellows and bought them of the Arabs for a handkerchief apiece. The handkerchiefs cost three cents each in Manchester, and so I obtained the little negroes very cheaply. I took them because I wished to save them, and as they were almost certain to die of starvation the Arabs were willing to sell them at almost any price.

"The little fellows, who were from ten to twelve years of age, were with me in my steamer when I went down the river again. I distributed them, two or three together, among the stations, directing the agents to instruct them, show them how to work, and to endeavor as they grew up to make civilized young fellows of them. They all came from the Biyerre River, and as I did not know their language I could not communicate with them. Soon after I left for Europe.

"Last summer, when Sir Francis de Winton returned from the Congo, he brought one of these boys with him. The lad is a bright fellow about sixteen years old, and he has been with me since he came to England. As he had learned the Swahili language I could readily converse with him, and he also speaks a good deal of English now.

"By and by this boy will return to the Congo, and he will probably be sent back among his own people. Do you not think that three cent investment was a good thing for the Congo State? None of those eighteen little fellows could have survived had I left them in the hands of the Arabs. But we saved them to train them up as the friends and missionaries of the new order of things on the Congo."

### A BLAND BUT SHREWD SENATOR.

SENATOR SAWYER, of Wisconsin, who went out West nearly forty years ago with two thousand dollars, the savings of fifteen years, and is now one of the richest men in the United States Senate, has a large heart, and a sharp eye for business, too. A writer in the *Minneapolis Tribune* relates that he once played a neat trick upon some Eastern speculators.

Some years ago some Wisconsin lands were advertised for sale under the general law, and Senator Sawyer, then, as now, a large Wisconsin landholder, took care to post himself thoroughly upon the value of each parcel put up at auction. When the sale day arrived a party of Eastern capitalists on the lookout for a speculation were on hand to bid. They knew Sawyer, and in every instance they raised his bid. They felt very much elated when they saw or thought they saw a look of annoyance steal over his placid countenance as section after section was knocked down to them. They bought nearly every parcel upon which Sawyer set a price, and went away delighted at their shrewdness.

Some years after, they visited Wisconsin and called upon Sawyer. He was delighted to see them, and invited them to his house in Oshkosh and treated them very hospitably. They were going to look at the lands they had purchased at the sale. Sawyer chuckled as he shook each by the hand, and invited them to call again when they came back.

They have not called to date. The senator expected to meet sharpers at that sale, and so he got a friend to bid on all the best lands for him, and secured the good timber lands offered.

The Eastern men still hold the titles to half the bogs in Wisconsin.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD KITCHEN.

BY JOSEPHINE CANNING.

How bright and warm a place it was,
That quaint dear kitchen old.
Where burning logs defied the frost—
The breath of winter cold!

The tall clock from its corner dim
The nightly silence broke,
In tolling off the passing hours
With slow and measured stroke.

The apples quartered and festooned
On strings were hanging high,
And ears of golden corn were hung
Around the fire to dry.

'Twas there the spinning wheel was heard
From early morn till night;
For there dear grandma spun and reeled
The fleecy wool so white.

The sunbeams played upon the wall
And danced upon the floor,
And lay in threads of golden light
From cracks around the door.

No longer swing those hinges now,
No merry children play,
No buzz of spinning wheel is heard
Throughout the live-long day.

For restless time has closed the door—
Has locked and barred it fast—
And only to the memory come
These visions of the past.

For as the winter snow falls soft,
It brings to mind at times
The pleasant scenes of long ago,
Like sweet, low-whispered rhymes.

Ye feathery flakes that drift around
That dear, beloved place,
Tell to that kitchen, changing time
Can ne'er its joys efface.

—*Kansas Magazine.*

# 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 XXXVII.

(CONCLUSION.)

TWO days later Mrs. Tracy and Tom were sitting in their humble home in Bleecker Street when a knock was heard at the door.

Tom went to the door and admitted Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Duncan.

"Walk in, gentlemen," he said. "I won't apologize for our humble accommodations, for you understand how we are situated."

"Better, perhaps, than you do yourself," replied the lawyer, smiling. "I can assure you that you are quite able to afford a better home."

"We had made up our minds to move," said Tom, "and were just looking over the advertisements in the *Herald* and *World*. The trouble is, we don't know exactly how high a rent we can afford to pay."

"Then, perhaps, I can give you some light on that subject. As your mother is now worth fifty thousand dollars——"

"What!" exclaimed Tom and Mrs. Tracy, simultaneously. "This can't be true."

"It is entirely true. As your attorney, I have sold out all your right and title to the Minnesota property for fifty thousand dollars. Your uncle may make more out of it, but there will be expense and risk, which in your case are avoided."

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Sheldon," said Mrs. Tracy. "I have no doubt you have decided for the best. I am ready to ratify what you have agreed upon."

"And I also," said Tom. "Fifty thousand dollars!" he repeated, joyfully. "Do you hear that, Bertie? We are rich."

"Then mother won't have to make any more vests," said the little boy.

"No, indeed! She can sit down and fold her hands."

"I shall object to that," said Mrs. Tracy, smiling. "I don't think I shall be willing to lead an idle life."

"Nor I," said Tom.

"Does that mean that you will still continue to sell papers, Tom?" asked Duncan.

"I think I can find something better to do. To begin with, I mean to enter myself at some school for a year; for my education is not what I wish it to be."

"I approve that plan," said Mr. Sheldon; "and when you have completed your education, if you care to adopt my profession, I will receive you into my office."

"Thank you, Mr. Sheldon. I can't decide yet whether law or business will suit me better, but I shall certainly adopt one or the other. I do not wish to be idle any more than my mother."

A week later Mrs. Tracy and her two boys found themselves installed in a pleasant flat uptown. Tom, with the assistance of his mother, furnished it handsomely, but with more regard to comfort than ostentation; and now for the happy family a new and brighter life commenced. The privations to which they had been so long subjected they remembered as a dream. Tom entered a school of high reputation, and quickly distinguished himself, his natural abilities being great. He has a pleasant circle of friends, made in part at Professor Martini's dancing school. Even his cousin Gerald does not disdain to visit the cousin whom he once looked down upon, and is showing the good effects of Tom's companionship. He is still rather a snob at heart; but at all events he has given up drinking and pool-playing, to the satisfaction of his father, who, with all his faults, is desirous that his son may fill a creditable place in the world.

It is not certain that Gerald will inherit a fortune. Commercial life is beset with dangers, and there are those who question the solvency of Dudley Weeks. Should reverses come, it is to be hoped that Gerald will take a lesson from Tom, and help himself back to prosperity.

Last week Tom received a letter from Stephen Conrad, once the hermit of Central Park, in which he writes:

"I am enjoying a happiness, my dear young friend, which I had not dared to hope for. My neighbors and townsmen, accepting my atonement, have given me both their confidence and esteem. A crowning proof of this is that last Monday, at the annual meeting of the directors of the savings bank, I was elected president, Mr. Ross having declined a re-election. You can hardly imagine my satisfaction. Once again I find myself trusted and respected, and my old errors—sins, rather, let me say—condoned. The long and painful years of exile have borne their fruit. Now I have a favor to ask: When your school vacation comes, come out here with your mother and brother, and spend a week with me. I will try to make your stay agreeable."

The invitation was accepted, and the visit was enjoyed by all.

One more character remains to be accounted for—Tim Griffith, the pickpocket, also known as Lord Harry Vernon and Mr. Trevor. He is confined in the penitentiary for indulging in his favorite business of picking pockets; and the community is, no doubt, better off for his enforced seclusion.

Tom, in his prosperity, has not forgotten his early friends and associates, and more than one newsboy has been made comfortable by a timely gift of money or clothing. Prosperity has not hardened Tom's heart, and he is always ready to help those of his old friends who stand in need.

THE END.

***Mr. Putnam's stories, "Tom Tracy" and "Number Ninety-One," have proved so popular with our readers that we are sure they will be pleased to hear that another serial by the same author will be commenced in a few weeks in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.***

### GOOD ADVICE QUAINTLY EXPRESSED.

THE following couplet is a curiosity in its way, the only vowel employed in it being *e*:

Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep the precepts ten.

## VIVID GLIMPSES OF RANCH LIFE.

SOME of the wealthy cattlemen of the West live in Denver and other cities, and instruct the ranch "bosses" to report to them by wire everything of importance that occurs. A correspondent of the New York *Sun* saw a batch of telegrams which gave an amusing picture of the cowboys' life. They read as follows:

Hired three rustlers from Tin Cup at twenty-five dollars and grub. Send arms and ammunition.

Three heifers fell over a bluff last night, and broke neck and legs. Killed one and skinned others. Got meat enough to last two weeks.

Had a seven-mile chase after the four Texans. Run down one horse, and got Jim laid up with a sprained ankle. Send down some grease and whisky. Get whisky at Jones's. He has the best for medicine. If he has a three-gallon cask better send that. Am little sick myself.

Splendid weather for cattle, but men in bad shape.

Herd off about sixty miles to south on Perkins's range, I guess. Heard firing this morning.

If you think you can run this ranch better than I can, suppose you come out and try it. Send money by first train. I'm sick of this fault-finding.

I'll stay until the end of the season. Didn't mean anything in particular. Have you been down to Jones's yet?

Am going out to-day to hunt up herd. Don't know where they are, and am a little worried. Will be gone some time.

Then came some dispatches which had evidently been sent by the other cowboys, in the absence of the "boss."

The boss has been gone two days now, and nobody ain't seen him. Do you want me for boss?

Herd all right, but boss skipped. I'm keeping things straight. How much am I to get for being boss?

Reported here that the boss has sold fourteen car loads of best stock and skipped to Mexico. It ain't necessary for you to come out. I'm here, and will run things just as if I always had.

Sorry to inform you your boss killed a man last night, and had to jump the country. Terrible excitement here. I'm in charge of your ranch, and would like to be boss.

It is hinted around that your head man has been lynched up in the mountains, and I thought as you might be needing a chief that I would apply. I'm from the Panhandle, and was always chief till I came here.

Next was a message from the boss himself, announcing his return.

Got back here to-day after the almightiest ride you ever heard of. Missed the herd somehow, and while I was away they came back here. Understand that the boys have been telegraphing you that I had skipped the country, and applying for my place. Just keep them telegrams. Herd all right. One of the boys lied to me about where it was, and I came mighty near not getting back at all. Am on deck again. Don't come out unless you want to.

Licked four cowboys this morning, and got it in for some more. Don't come out just yet.

Mauled Jim, Jerry, Felix, and Bill (Cottonwood), and got mauled by Bill (Brazos), Tom Gilpin, Hank, Simon, and three rustlers. Will be all right to-morrow.

Licked Bill (Brazos), Tom Gilpin, Hank, Simon and three rustlers. Send two doctors.

Things all peaceful. Tom Gilpin said he was chief, and licked him again. Never mind doctors. Man dead.

A hundred other telegrams still on file gave a very clear insight into numerous disturbances that had taken place, and concerning which the owner had done nothing more than to send an occasional answer counseling peace.

Another batch of dispatches gave a lively account of a little "unpleasantness" between two gangs of herders.

Leffler's men came over to-day and made big talk. Tried to dry them up but couldn't. Jim got mad and hit one man a wipe, and the others piled on. Our men came up, and Leffler's men retreated about four miles to log cabin. We are going to move on them to-morrow.

Arrived here at 3 P.M. Big fight up the valley. Biggest fight you ever see. Got six of Beaver's men here to help us, and am going in again.

Your dispatch came too late. Got to see this thing through now. Leffler's men surrounded, and all got to croak. Send all your dispatches here.

Got nine Injuns to help. Gave them all knives and rifles. Leffler's men starving. We'll go in and slice them up at daybreak.

Didn't get off to-day, owing to row among Injuns. Will settle things to-morrow. Look out for blood.

Send on your troops if you dare! We've got two deputy sheriffs in irons, and will hang them the minute we see the troops.

Too late! You ought to have telegraphed sooner. Leffler's gang has got to go.

Heavy firing all night. Boys enthusiastic. Going to move at sunrise.

Got here at 8 o'clock to-night. Leffler's men got away, and we chased them all over six townships. Made them hump. Will be back on the range as soon as we can move comfortably. Please send two coffins right away. Nothing extra. Just good plain coffins.

While these missives were being copied, a messenger boy came in with a telegram which the cattleman opened and read aloud:

Tom Belden jumped on Dan, and Dan chased him up a hill. There yet. Dan swears he will kill him. Am trying to get Dan off. What shall we do?

The magnate of the herds sighed wearily, and sent some sort of an answer, after which he turned around and said: "I am getting pretty tired of running a ranch by wire, and the next time I go up into the country I am going to stop the nonsense. It costs a heap of money, and the boys don't do anything but describe their difficulties. I believe they get into broils for my benefit, and for the fun of sending the particulars of them to me. That row that you have just been reading about between my men and Leffler's was the most aggravating affair I ever heard of. The boys ran down all our ponies, and, besides unfitting themselves for work, they kept me at the telegraph office pretty much all the time for two or three days. When they were on the war path they couldn't be found for more than half an hour at any one station, and I had to get a map, and follow them the best way I could. When I thought I had located them they would show up at some telegraph office fifty miles from where I thought they were, and finally when I sent a message, I had it dropped at every station within a circuit of a hundred miles. It was a lively time."

Just then another telegraph messenger came in, and the owner read a message from his boss:

Dan brought Belden down at second shot. Coroner's jury now sitting on Belden. Don't send any more dispatches like that last one. It destroys discipline.

### BEARS IN THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

HERE is a hunting adventure which actually occurred a few days ago, and only about a hundred miles from New York. It is related by the *Kingston Freeman*.

John Johnson and Patrick Johnson, brothers and hunters, of Shandaken Centre, a village of Ulster County, New York State, discovered tracks of Catskill Mountain bears, last Saturday. They started on the trail of the bears and followed them for three days.

On the morning of the fourth day, near Big Indian, they came face to face with the bears. The animals, instead of trying to escape, faced their pursuers. The Johnsons discharged their weapons, and severely wounded the shaggy beasts, but the wounds served only to make the bears more ugly and dangerous. They ran after the two men, who, finding they were about to be overtaken, drew their hunting knives. The largest bear stood up on its hind feet and dealt Patrick Johnson a stinging blow over the head.

While this was going on, the other brother had dispatched his smaller antagonist, by plunging his knife into a vital spot. He then came to the rescue of his brother, who lay stunned and bleeding on the ground, with Bruin standing over him. He attacked the bear, and received a blow that rendered his left arm useless.

He kept on fighting, however, for his own and his brother's life, and was in the act of making one last desperate plunge with his knife, when the animal dropped dead at his feet, the wound it had received from the gun being a fatal one.

The two brothers' clothes had been torn in shreds, and they were weak from loss of blood, but they managed to reach a farm house, where they were taken care of. The largest bear weighed three hundred and twenty pounds, the other one two hundred and ninety.

### STRATEGY CONQUERS SPEED.

THE rabbits in Oregon have increased in numbers of late years, owing to the destruction of their enemies, the coyotes, which have been poisoned off by the sheep men, and they are becoming a nuisance. As the country becomes settled they will gradually disappear; for, although no dog can catch a full-whiskered, fan-tailed jack rabbit, yet dogs soon learn the coyote's trick, and one will chase after the rabbit, while another, who has found out that the long-eared animal always comes back to the place from which he started, lies in wait, and, as the panting and tired animal nears the home base, he pounces upon him and gathers him in.

One rancher, says the Portland *Oregonian*, has a shrewd old shepherd dog which manages to capture rabbits without assistance. When he first starts the rabbit he rushes furiously after it for a short distance. The rabbit lights out for a ten-mile run, and finally finds his way home rather tired. Next day the dog starts the rabbit again, and races him far enough to warm him up, and he does his regular round again, and comes home bunged up. The next day the dog goes out, and when the rabbit hobbles off he puts in his best licks and soon captures his prey.

### BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

KING KALAKAUA, the Hawaiian monarch, celebrated his birthday recently, and the festivity was evidently the event of the year in Honolulu society. Among the presents received by his majesty were pigs and chickens, a check for eighteen dollars and fifty cents, a money order for $570, some sweet potatoes, and lots of poi. Whether it was apple or huckleberry poi is not stated.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

**The subscription price** of the ARGOSY is $3.00 per year, payable in advance.

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

***The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be George W. Childs, editor of the Philadelphia "Ledger."***

# Another Story by Oliver Optic.

*We have an announcement to make which will perhaps surprise and certainly gratify every reader of* THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. *We shall commence next week another Serial by* **OLIVER OPTIC.**

*Of all the authors who write for the boys of America, not one enjoys more fame and popularity than* **OLIVER OPTIC.** *You have all read his matchless stories; there is, as you know, one now running in the* ARGOSY; *and we do not think you can have too many of them. You will now have the unusal treat of two stories from his pen, in addition to the unequaled array of other serials presented in these pages.*

**OLIVER OPTIC** *has just completed a new story for the* ARGOSY, *and it is so unusually fascinating, even when compared with the other works of this favorite author, that we have decided not to keep our readers waiting for it, but to commence its publication at once.*

*Next week, therefore, there will appear in* THE GOLDEN ARGOSY *the opening chapters of*

# ALWAYS IN LUCK,

*the new story which* **OLIVER OPTIC** *has just written for us. We will not spoil our readers' enjoyment by forecasting its plot or characters; we will content ourselves with assuring them that we never read a better story.*

## AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

THE transformation of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY into a sixteen page paper was a rather bold experiment, and we awaited our readers' opinion upon the new departure with some little anxiety.

The returns are now pretty well in. We have received a large number of letters on this subject. They come from all parts of the country, and are written in all manner of styles, but in one thing they are unanimous. It is almost impossible to please everybody at once, but the ARGOSY has evidently succeeded in accomplishing the feat. Not a single correspondent differs from the universal opinion that we have made, to quote the actual words used by several, "a *grand* improvement."

Of course these kind letters are very pleasant reading for us, and we should like to make some acknowledgement to the writers. But we have received so many, that we find it impossible to reply to each one by letter; and so we take this opportunity of asking all our friends to accept our sincere thanks for their good-will towards he ARGOSY; a good-will which we trust will long continue, and to secure which no exertions on our part will be lacking in the future.

## HE HAD NO HABITS.

WE are often told that it is well to form good habits in early life. But a successful business man once said to a friend: "I have no habits of any sort. I think that a man is at his best when he controls himself in every action—when he is not the slave of any habit."

Now there is some truth both in these words and in the common saying, contradictory as they may seem. Good habits are well, and an independent self-control is well also. It is best not to do a good act mechanically and merely from the force of habit, but to do it deliberately, and from a definite and particular motive.

Right habits are valuable inasmuch as they produce right actions; but the man should control his habits, and should not be controlled by them. Be completely your own master.

THE traveler who surveys the East River from the lofty span of the Brooklyn Bridge might suppose that he stands far above the highest spars of any vessel. And yet last year seventeen ships lost their top-masts in passing under the bridge.

THE English bishop who stated recently that total abstinence did not agree with his health has been sharply taken to task from various quarters. He is reminded that two thousand doctors signed a declaration "that the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages," and is charged with a "seducing error in physiology."

## TO SAIL UNDER THE WAVES.

A NEW idea in submarine boats is reported. An English inventor has constructed a boat which is sometimes sixty feet long, and sometimes considerably less. In other words, it shuts up and opens out like a telescope, and sinks in the former case and floats in the latter.

A boat of this kind, which could dive down and hang a torpedo to an adversary's keel, would be an awkward customer to deal with in a naval battle. Perhaps the sea fights of the future are going to be decided under water, as the land wars may be decided by balloons in mid-air.

The new idea, however, is only in its infancy yet, and may not be practically developed for a long while. The telescoping boat to which we referred is said to work satisfactorily, but it has only been tried, so far, in the shallow and placid waters of the London docks.

## REGARD FOR OTHERS.

THE golden rule of "Do as you would be done by," needs this supplement: Be especially considerate of others in little things. How much more smoothly and easily the world would go round if every one was careful to regard, in all the trivial every-day affairs of life, the feelings of those with whom he is brought into contact!

There was a portly and middle-aged Chinaman in some part of the Celestial Empire. His parents, who lived with him, were no longer even middle-aged, and the sense of approaching decrepitude made them sad. The good son bethought him of a plan to relieve their sorrow.

Procuring a large hoop, he trundled it about in front of his house with gleeful whooping, and as much agility as his own advancing years would admit. This exhibition of youthfulness on his part would, he fancied, make his parents feel that they were only middle-aged yet.

Now, how many of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY'S readers have as much thoughtful regard for others as this kind-hearted Celestial?

## DISAGREEABLE IMPORTATIONS.

EVIL communications corrupt good manners both in the moral and in the natural world. How easily, for instance, are troublesome weeds or dangerous insects carried from land to land! We have noticed in the ARGOSY that nearly all of the weeds with which the American farmer has to fight have been brought across the ocean by European settlers. The botanists tell us that 220 species have come to us in this way, eighty-three of them during the last fifty years. The common plantain is known to the Indians as the "white man's foot," because it has followed the western progress of the pale-faced settlers. The handsome but useless Scotch thistle arrived, it is said, in an emigrant's mattress stuffed with thistle-down; and chickweed grew from chickseed imported for cage birds. Yellow toadflax was introduced as a garden flower, and speedily overran our pastures.

In return, we have sent to Europe a troublesome water-weed, whose scientific name is *Anacharis alsinastrum*, which is threatening to choke some of the English rivers and canals. It is said that a student of Cambridge University, who had botanical tastes, imported a specimen of this weed, and after examining it threw it from his window into a stream, where it recovered and took root.

It is to be wished that each nation could keep its pests to itself; but modern commerce unfortunately renders this quite impossible.

## CHARLES B. LEWIS,

### *"M. Quad" of the Detroit Free Press.*

No doubt all the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY are acquainted with "Brudder Gardner," the kindly Socrates of the Lime Kiln Club, but perhaps they do not know so much of the clever humorist who has made the quaint old darky famous. We mean to tell them something about him.

His real name is Charles B. Lewis, and he was born at Liverpool, Ohio, on the 15th of February, 1844. He was only eight years old when his parents moved to Lansing, Michigan. Here he attended the Union school, and spent a year in an agricultural college, after which he went to work in the printing office of the Lansing *Democrat*. A bright boy can pick up a wonderful amount of information in a newspaper office, and young Lewis doubtless availed himself of the opportunity.

Then came the war, and a sudden call for men to fight for their country's flag. Lewis was enthusiastic in the Union cause, and it is said that he was the first man in Lansing to be enrolled as a volunteer. He joined the Sixth Michigan cavalry, and served through the war, creditably, though without gaining special distinction. After Lee's surrender, his regiment was ordered to Fort Bridger, Utah; and before it was mustered out in the following year, it took part in some stirring Indian fighting.

CHARLES B. LEWIS.

His military experience over, Lewis returned to Lansing and to his work upon the *Democrat*. After a couple of years he heard of a better position in the South, and, wrapping his assets in a bundle, he started off to seek his fortune; which he found, though in a very unexpected way.

Arrived at Cincinnati, he took passage down the Ohio on a steamer called the Magnolia. Now in those days the racing propensities of the steamboat captains were developed to a dangerous extent. The Magnolia had a reputation to keep up, as she was accounted the fastest boat on the river. Another steamer had got off with a few miles start of her, and she set out to catch her rival, or "bust" in the attempt. She did both, at exactly the same moment.

Lewis had the misfortune to be near the boiler when the explosion occurred; and a few minutes later he was gathered up, with battered limbs and shattered hopes, from among the wreckage. But his vitality was strong, and, after a hard experience in a Cincinnati hospital, he regained his health.

This accident was so discouraging that Lewis abandoned his invasion of the South. His spirit of enterprise, however, was not wholly quenched, as his first action on recovering was one against the steamboat company, whom he sued for heavy damages, and with so much energy that the company was obliged to pay out twelve thousand dollars as a peace-offering.

Lewis now returned to Michigan, and worked upon a small paper called the *Jacksonian*, of Pontiac. One day he set up from the case, without copy, an article describing the sensations which he felt while "progressing sideways through the air," as he put it, immediately after the bursting of the Magnolia's boiler. The article was headed "How it Feels to be Blown Up," and signed "M. Quad," because, as the modest writer remarked, "a bourgeois em quad is useless except in its own line—it won't justify with any other type." The humor of this effusion was so taking that it was copied by newspapers all over the country, and "M. Quad" found himself suddenly famous.

He was offered a position on the *Detroit Free Press*, which was not then, as now, a paper of national reputation. He accepted, and it is said that his first "screed" in his new paper was a humorous description of a dog fight which he witnessed on his way from the depot.

He was detailed to look after the local and criminal news, and here he struck one of the bright ideas which have made him and his paper so widely popular. While chronicling the daily incidents, tragic and comic, of the Detroit police courts, he originated the famous articles entitled "Hours at the Central Station," in which Judge Harbaugh, and the court officer, Abijah Joy, appeared, under the names of "His Honor" and "Bijah," as the principal actors in a series of scenes mostly imaginary, and wholly humorous, which raised a smile from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Curiously enough, some of these comic sketches were copied in the London *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other English papers, as being genuine illustrations of contemporary manners in America.

Lewis was now promoted, and dispatched to his old home at Lansing to report the proceedings of the Michigan legislature. But here M. Quad was out of his own line, and the gorgeous raiment of exaggeration and romance with which he invested the prosaic proceedings of the Michigan Solons failed to please his unappreciative managers, who speedily recalled their too imaginative correspondent.

M. Quad's next idea proved to be the greatest of all his successes. It was the "Lime Kiln Club," a weekly report of the meeting of an imaginary self-improvement club of colored citizens. "Brudder Gardner," as president of the club, gives utterance to many a gem of dry and humorous philosophy, and has become a familiar character all over the country. A darky in Memphis, Tenn., on one occasion wrote to a Northern paper inquiring the cost of an advertisement for missing relatives, and stated that he had taken the advice of Brother Gardner on the subject.

Besides his work on the *Free Press*, Mr. Lewis has produced a great deal of miscellaneous literature. He contributed the weird and pathetic "Black Hill Sketches" to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and has done a quantity of less noteworthy pen-driving.

When his first contract with the *Free Press* expired, he received some tempting offers from other quarters, but he could not be induced to leave the city where he first won fame.

He still lives there, dividing his time between his little office in the *Free Press* building, and his pleasant home on Pitcher Street.

In 1882 he made a Southern tour, visiting Charleston, Atlanta, Chattanooga, and other cities, and collecting material for a series of war sketches, published in the *Free Press*.

In person Mr. Lewis is rather slenderly built, with an earnest and somewhat harrassed expression of face. He is a Freemason; strange to say, he takes little interest in politics. All who know him bear witness to his even and amiable temperament, which has some of the pardonable eccentricities of genius. His pen has gained for the journal to which he belongs a national reputation—and more than this, for the *Free Press* has a flourishing branch in London, with an office in the Strand—and yet Mr. Lewis is the most modest man on the staff.

He has many friends and few enemies; a kind heart, and an open hand.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

## GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

GRATITUDE is the most dignified return you can lavish on your benefactors.

THOSE are wealthier than all who have trampled under foot the desire of riches.

FRETFULNESS of temper will generally characterize those who are negligent of order.—*Blair.*

THE manly course is to own the blunder and reinstate the reputation where it has been dethroned.

ATTENTION to small things is the surest method of preparing one's self for dealing with great things.

IF you will always remember that, whatever you are doing, God stands by as a witness, you will never err in all your acts—*Epictetus.*

ONE good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is a loadstone to all hearts and a loadstar to all eyes.—*George Herbert.*

LIFE in Christ has boundless possibilities; the effortless virtue of a born seraph is not as worthy, perhaps, as the noble act of a galley slave.—*F. W. Farrar.*

A WORD TO GRUMBLERS.—We had better be content with the work given us which we are able to do, and perform it faithfully, than vainly wish for something beyond our reach, which we would not be able, perhaps, properly to perform.

RELIGION is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe—its brilliant attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death.—*Daniel Webster.*

[*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 X.

### "MY FATHER."

DEERFOOT, the Shawanoe, had taken only a few steps when the supposed bear flung off his shaggy coat, and, rising to the upright position, dashed off at his utmost speed. He was a swift runner, and quickly vanished from sight. Deerfoot, having compelled the Winnebago to uncover, did not follow him. He came back to his friends with the same shadowy smile lurking about the corners of his mouth.

Fred was on the point of venturing a remark, but the Shawanoe raised his hand as a signal for him to hold his peace. Coming back to his former place, he turned half way round, and was observed to be gazing intently at a point a short distance to the right, and partly behind him.

The undergrowth was agitated differently than when disturbed by the bear, and it was quite evident that it was a person who was approaching the spot this time.

The three were watching the appearance of the stranger with an intensity of interest that may be imagined, when a low, joyful cry escaped Fred Linden, who, regardless of time and circumstances, made a sudden rush toward the point where the outlines of a man had become visible.

"My father!" exclaimed the happy youth, dropping his gun, and throwing his arms around the neck of his parent, who was no less delighted than he.

"Why, Fred, my son!" called the father in turn, as he returned the fervent embrace of his child.

Then, as if ashamed of his weakness, Fred released himself, blushing, and picked up his rifle from the ground.

"I was afraid—that—something had happened to you," he explained, in a choking voice.

"And so there has, and a good deal of it, too. Hallo, Terry, I am glad to see you," added Mr. Linden, warmly shaking the hand of the Irish lad. "I didn't know that you had set out for our camp."

"Begorrah, but it's mesilf that knows it," replied Terry, provoked with himself, because, despite all he could do, the moisture would gather in his eyes. "If I had knowed iverything that I know now, whin I started, why I would have knowed as much as I do now, which is the remark an uncle of mine made whin he was a boy in school, and got whipped for owning up to something he didn't do."

"And you, Deerfoot!" added the hunter, seizing the hand of the Indian youth; "your presence is worth a dozen men."

Deerfoot was touched by the evidence of affection between father and son. He allowed Linden to shake his hand in his own impulsive fashion; but the moment it was released, he assumed the attitude of a sentinel, whose business it was to watch over the safety of the rest. He seemed on the point of speaking, but, singularly enough, did not utter a word.

"This is a rather stirring reception," remarked the hunter, addressing himself to all three; "had I known, Fred, that you would be called upon to pass through such experience, I never would have allowed you to leave home."

"We have had a good deal of adventure on our way here, but we came through without a scratch. I was dreadfully afraid that it was all up with you. Where are Mr. Bowlby and Hardin?"

"They are safe—that is, for the present; though there is no knowing how long they will remain so. But, Deerfoot, tell me the meaning of the performance at the cabin. I did not see you go in the door, but I saw you come out, and I must say that you did it quicker than I believe any such performance ever took place before."

The Shawanoe smiled at the recollection of the figure he must have cut when he leaped through the entrance, and ran with such amazing speed for shelter. Before replying to the query of his friend, he scanned their surroundings, as if to assure himself that it was safe to give his whole attention for a few minutes to his companions.

Fortunately, the little group was in one of the densest portions of the broken forest that surrounded the clearing in which the log structure stood. Just then there was not a Winnebago in sight, and it was not likely that the four who had scrambled back in such a hurry, would dare to show themselves for some time to come.

Such being the situation, Deerfoot told, in his own modest way, what had befallen him after his separation from the lads. He touched very lightly on the manner in which he extricated himself from the power of the five warriors who sought his life.

"That's just like you!" exclaimed the hunter; "you speak as though you hadn't done anything worth the telling, but your exploit is one of the most daring that I ever knew. You walked into that cabin, where there were five mortal enemies; you closed the door behind you, but, when you wanted to leave, you did so in spite of them all, and here you stand without so much as a hair of your head harmed."

"Deerfoot would have fallen but for his brother, who shot Arrow-of-Fire when his gun was leveled at Deerfoot."

"I am proud to say that it was my rifle that brought that wretch low; I saw him draw a bead on you, and then—well, I thought it was a good chance to fire off my gun."

"You couldn't have taken a better time," remarked Fred, "though Terry and I had our guns leveled, and would have let fly the next second."

"Well, from the way things looked, there wasn't any leisure for consultation."

HE AIMED WHERE HE FANCIED A DUSKY FACE WAS PEERING FROM THE CABIN.

"Who fired the second shot?"

"Hardin; he was at my side, but he was in such a hurry, when he saw the Winnebagoes trying to get inside again, that he didn't stop to make his aim sure. He added a little to their fright, however, and, before he or I could reload, they were sheltered."

"But, father, how did all this come about? How did it happen that you were out of the cabin, and those Indians were within?"

"Deerfoot would like to hear his brother tell about the Winnebagoes," said the Shawanoe, who was as curious as the rest to learn the interesting story that the hunter had to tell.

"Well," said Mr. Linden, looking around, as if to assure himself that it was safe to relate his experience, "we have had some strange adventures within the past twenty-four hours. You know that we had not the least fear of Indians when we came to trap and hunt here."

"But Terry's father lost his life by their hands," gently suggested Fred.

"True; but that was several years ago. Last winter, and the winter before, we only saw an Indian now and then, and every one of them was friendly. We had them in the cabin, and several times they stayed over night, besides eating venison and buffalo meat with us. So, when we put up that rough structure of logs, we didn't do it with any idea that we would ever have to use it as a defense against the redskins. You see that it hasn't a loophole or window in it, so that in case of trouble like this, I would much rather be outside, than in."

"I'm thinking that the spalpeens in there are of the same mind," was the truthful opinion of Terry Clark.

"There can be no doubt of that. Well, yesterday morning, we made the discovery that there were more Indians in the woods about here, than we had ever known before. We saw the smoke of their camp-fires, and from the top of the elevation we observed an odd-looking column of smoke, which we knew was intended for a signal to some of the parties farther off. That made us uneasy, for there was a bad look about it."

"Did you miss any of the horses?"

"Yes; we found shortly after that the three pack animals were gone, and it didn't take us long to learn what had become of them. The marks of moccasins were too plain to admit any doubt. You can understand that we were pretty mad, when we learned that the beasts were stolen. Bowlby was in favor of pursuing the thieves at once, but as he had a lame ankle, and there was no telling how much start the redskins had got, Hardin and I decided against it. It was some consolation to find that they had not disturbed the other animals, which were cropping the grass several hundred yards away to the left.

"If I hadn't been convinced that you were on the way here," continued Mr. Linden, addressing his son, "and that we were likely to miss you, we would have mounted our remaining horses and made for home, for we were convinced that there was a large war party of the scamps in the neighborhood, and that they meant to make trouble. Hardin and I tried to persuade Bowlby to mount the fleetest animal—that's my own—and hurry off; but he wouldn't listen to anything of the kind, and declared that he would stay with us and see the thing out.

"Before the middle of the afternoon matters looked more squally than ever. By using great care we were not discovered, though we caught sight of several parties of Indians prowling around. Some of them smashed all of our traps they could find, and it was plain they were looking for us. There were a number who fancied we might be in the cabin, and we saw them knock at the door several times before pulling the latch-string, which is always hanging out, except at night.

"The building would have been a regular death-trap at such a time, and I needn't tell you that we knew better than to trust ourselves in it, as long as hostile Indians were so plentiful. There is a place some distance

back, among the rocks, where we knew the Winnebagoes, as Deerfoot calls them, would have hard work to find us. There we stayed till this morning. Since Bowlby was too lame to walk with any comfort, we left him there, while Hardin and I stole down to see what shape matters had taken. The smoke coming through the chimney showed that some of the rascals were inside.

"What they meant by kindling a fire was more than we could tell; but while we were considering the matter, who should come bounding out but Deerfoot. He recognized him, and so did not fire. When one of the Winnebagoes plunged after him, I thought it a good idea to let him know that the Shawanoe was not without friends. After the little flurry which you all saw, I hurried around to find Deerfoot to hear what he had to say for himself, and—well," laughed the hunter, "here we are."

## CHAPTER XI.

### WHAT NEXT?

HARDLY less interesting than the narrative itself were the characteristic attitudes of the listeners.

Fred Linden stood erect, gun in hand, and with his eyes fixed on his father. Pride and affection glowed in the boy's face, and he neither saw any one beside his parent, nor knew anything, for the time, except the story that he was telling.

Terry Clark had rested the stock of his rifle on the ground in front of him, with his arms folded over the muzzle, in the attitude that Deerfoot often assumed. His height compelled him to reach upward a little more than the Shawanoe did, so that his elbows were almost even with his chin.

Terry was so absorbed by the account to which he listened that his mouth was wide open and his eyes were expanded to their fullest extent. He was oblivious of everything else.

Deerfoot was between the parties and the clearing, in which stood the cabin, and he looked steadily at the latter. He appeared to be paying no attention to the words, but it need not be said that not one escaped him. He had inclined his head to one side, like one striving to identify some indistinct sound. He did not ask any question, or make any comment, but the story was impressed as vividly upon his brain, as it was upon that of the other listeners.

In most respects the revelation of Linden only emphasized what Deerfoot already knew. The Winnebagoes had circumvented him in one respect, by sending their fleetest runner by the most direct route to the camp in the mountains, and through him the scheme was laid for entrapping the three friends who arrived on the succeeding morning.

Fortunately for the hunters, they were too wise to shut themselves in the cabin, where they would have been without food or water, and at the mercy of their assailants.

It was a strange stroke of fate that the very redskins who sought to imprison the whites in the structure found themselves held there by the rifles of their triumphant foes.

This being the case, the natural question that occurred to Linden and the two boys was as to the best course to follow.

"Where is Mr. Hardin?" asked Fred, when the story was finished.

"I left him over yonder, not far away, where he and I stood when we fired at the cabin. Hadn't we better join him, Deerfoot? He expects us."

"Deerfoot thinks as does his brother," replied the Shawanoe, who was on the point of making the very proposition, for the reason that he wished to move around so as to have a view of the front of the cabin, where the Winnebagoes must make their appearance, whenever they dared to show themselves.

The Shawanoe led the way through the wood, which, as I have said, was in many places of the roughest character. His favorite policy at such times was that of compelling all to walk in Indian file, as he had learned to do when a child, and when he was as fierce in his hatred of the white people as a spitting wild cat.

Hardin was expecting his comrade, and he met him and his friends before they reached the point where he stood when he fired at the Winnebagoes in front of the cabin. Deerfoot, therefore, pushed on a little further until the most favorable spot was gained.

You need not be told that Hardin was as much delighted as Linden to find the young Shawanoe. He had seen and heard enough of the youth, to consider his assistance equal to that of a half a score of others. Gifted with a phenomenal keenness, Deerfoot had cultivated those senses which oftenest came into play in the woods to the highest possible point.

There was always a certain grace and dignity about him, and his friends noticed it when he pressed the hand of the effusive Hardin. Sometimes a person in the excess of his admiration of the young Shawanoe would assume a certain familiarity; but the warrior never forgot himself. That he possessed a strain of quaint humor in his composition had been proven many a time, but it may be said that it was always of the quiet order.

Having halted where the wood and undergrowth gave them good shelter, our friends naturally looked at the cabin with deep interest.

"We have a lot of them shut in there," said Hardin, "but how long can we keep them fast?"

"As long as we want to," said Fred.

"Provided we don't want to do so long," corrected his father; "for you must not forget that we are liable to an attack in the rear."

Linden had pointed out the real difficulty of the situation. Had there been no Winnebagoes in the neighborhood, beside the four cooped up in the cabin, it would have been an easy matter to hold them there until they were at the mercy of the hunters. I have shown, however, that there was not the disguised one alone, but a good many more, in the surrounding woods, besides Black Bear, who was approaching with the main war party.

It will be seen how impossible it was, under the circumstances, for such a small company of whites to prolong the siege. Indeed, the probabilities were that within a few hours they would have all they could do to defend themselves; why then delay their departure, when nothing could be gained, and much might be lost?

While Deerfoot, screening himself behind a tree, closely watched the front of the building, the others stood further back, where they were so well sheltered that they had no need to give any thought to danger from the front. They discussed the situation in guarded undertones. Fred and Terry doing little more than listen in the presence of the older and more experienced hunters.

"From what Deerfoot and Fred have told me," said Mr. Linden, "I am satisfied that there is but one thing to do."

"What is that?"

"Get out of this part of the United States without delay. Deerfoot says that Arrow-of-Fire (that's the fellow lying on his face in front of the cabin) told him that Black Bear had fifty warriors with him, and was coming this way."

"Maybe Arrow-of-Fire told a lie," suggested Hardin.

"More than likely he spoke the truth. At any rate, there can be no doubt that there are many more Indians in the woods than we can manage. They will break up into small parties, and make such a sharp hunt that they may find where we have left Bowlby among the rocks, though I must say he is well concealed. There isn't any more chance of making a fight there than in the cabin itself. We can get in as much drink, and it won't take them long to smoke us out."

"What would you advise us to do?"

"Put Bowlby on one horse, Fred on another, and Terry on the third, and then let them race all they know for Greville."

"But they would have to follow the trail along which Black Bear and his warriors are coming this way," was the prudent suggestion of Hardin.

"I have thought of that, and I see that if Winnebagoes are there it would be the worst thing for us to do."

"But, father, we saw them, and know it," remarked Fred, in an earnest undertone.

"Ye can belave what Frid says," solemnly remarked Terry; "he is telling the thruth this time."

"But," explained the elder Linden, "since Black Bear and all his warriors are pushing this way, they are bound to arrive sooner or later. We will take the horses off in the woods, and have them ready. Deerfoot is sharp enough to find out when Black Bear and all the others are here; then we will start the three home as fast as they can go."

"But what is the good of *that*?" asked Fred; "we have come here to give you help, and now you propose to send us off again."

"I propose that we shall *all* leave," his father hastened to say; "and that you shall take the lead. If we had a good block-house, with provisions and water, there are no two persons in the world that I would rather have there than you three; but you can understand that it is sure death to stay when the advantages are so overpoweringly against us."

"You think then, George, that we should abandon everything?"

"Of course; the Winnebagoes have made a long journey from their hunting grounds, and are now on their way home; they have turned aside to do what damage and mischief they can, and they will not tarry long in this part of the country. All we have to do is to keep out of their way until they leave, and then come back, repair damages, and begin over again. Besides, I don't see that we have so much after all to abandon."

"They have smashed most of our traps and will be likely to burn the cabin with our peltries."

"There are not many of them, and, when we put up another house, we'll see that it has loopholes, and that there is a way of stopping them from shutting off our supply of water. We can keep enough food on hand to stand a siege at any time."

"There seems to be some sense in what you say," remarked Hardin, with a smile; "let's speak to Deerfoot, and find out what he thinks of it."

The two stepped to the spot where the young Shawanoe was standing motionless, with his eyes still fixed on the cabin.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING.

DEERFOOT, as was his custom, listened attentively to the proposition of his friends, and, when it was finished, pleased them by saying that he thought it the wisest course they could take. He repeated his belief that the war party of Winnebagoes numbered fully fifty. This was enough for them to divide into small parties, and make such thorough search that no hiding place could be secure against them.

The first requisite was that they should assure themselves, so far as they could, that the trail leading northward to Greville was clear of their enemies. That being settled, the three mounted members of the party would have a simple task to gallop back to the settlement ahead of any pursuit the Winnebagoes could make.

It was manifestly the province of the Shawanoe to decide when it was safe to start on this flight, and even he, with all his acumen, could not be absolutely certain until the actual effort should come to be made.

It was not at all impossible that Arrow-of-Fire falsified when he declared that their war party numbered fifty members. He may have erred the wrong way, and it was not unlikely that there were considerably more than fifty.

During the brief conversation that Linden and Hardin held with Deerfoot, the latter explained his idea more fully. From what he knew of the habits of his race, he believed that Black Bear and all of his warriors would be on the spot by or before the middle of the afternoon. He was convinced that the chief would be with the last squad; and therefore it would be reasonable to conclude that, when he was present, none of the rest were absent.

Deerfoot said that he would do his utmost to find out when the chieftain arrived. Knowing the sachem by sight, he was hopeful of detecting his presence with little loss of time.

Meanwhile, he inquired particularly as to the location of the cave where Bowlby, no doubt, was impatiently awaiting their return, and the place where the three horses had been left to graze. The answers to both these questions were very satisfactory.

Bowlby could not have been more securely hidden. Deerfoot had never seen the spot, but the description of the hunters was so clear and graphic that he would have recognized it at once. He was pleased to learn that the approach to the refuge was, for a considerable distance, over boulders and rocks, where the foot left a trail too faint and shadowy for the eye even of a Winnebago to follow.

The red men could not track him thither, and Bowlby was too wise, despite a certain recklessness that sometimes marked his actions, to reveal himself to them.

Furthermore, Deerfoot was told that Bowlby would not have to go far, before striking the trail at a point beyond where Black Bear and his warriors were likely to gather. Then, provided the path in front was clear, it would be plain sailing to Greville.

So far as the three were concerned, the outlook must of necessity be less favorable. They were liable to be found at any time by the Winnebagoes, who would confiscate them in short order. In case they should do so, the situation would become complicated. As to what could be done in such an event, Deerfoot and his friends decided to give no thought until the necessity arose.

Linden and Hardin could not share the belief of their Indian friend that they ran no risk in remaining where they were for a brief while longer. It seemed to them that it was lost time, but they had such faith in his judgment that they offered no objection, though they would have preferred to leave without a minute's delay.

"Let my brothers look at the cabin, and tell me what they see," said the Shawanoe in his quiet way.

The two did as directed, but were unable to detect the cause of Deerfoot's observation. There lay the form of Arrow-of-Fire, flat on his back, with his face turned to the clear autumn sky, stricken down as he had been in his attempt to take the life of Deerfoot. He had not stirred after falling, and his death had been so quick and merciful that he was spared the suffering that too often comes to those of his kind when fate at last overtakes them.

There was something impressive in the sight, but it must be said that among those who surveyed it there was little feeling of sympathy for the victim who had earned his taking off too well for them to care.

"Do my brothers see nothing to tell about?" asked Deerfoot.

"I do not," replied Linden; "how is it with you, Rufe?"

"I can report nothing more than yourself," replied Hardin.

"Let my brothers look at the door," added Deerfoot, with his faint smile.

The hunters did as requested, but were unable to discover anything more than they had noticed before.

Observing their disappointment, the Shawanoe explained:

"It is not closed, it is drawn back a little, as it was when Deerfoot went forward to pull the latch-strings."

"Why didn't you say so?" exclaimed Linden, in an undertone; "the Winnebagoes are tired of being shut up there, and are trying to find out whether it is safe to show themselves."

"Let my brothers have care that they are not seen by the Winnebagoes," warned Deerfoot.

"Look," said Hardin; "the door goes back a little further; you can see the darkness inside; now they have stopped—ah! one of them is peeping around the edge."

There could be no mistake about that. Deerfoot noted with interest the suppressed excitement of his companions.

"By gracious!" exclaimed Hardin; "I would like to give them another shot, Deerfoot, just to let them know we are on the watch; what do you say?"

"My brother must make his aim sure," replied the Shawanoe, thereby giving assent to the proposal.

Hardin dropped on one knee, and took deliberate aim at the point where he believed he saw the intelligent eye of a warrior peering out from the cabin. Every one in the wood was silent and motionless during this critical moment. Then the trigger was pressed, a sharp report followed, and the bullet sped on its mission.

What the result was could not be known with certainty, though the hunter was confident he had not missed.

No sign, however, showed that any execution had been done. Deerfoot, who was gazing intently at the point, observed that the door did not stir. It was neither closed nor drawn further open. The Indian beyond, as partly revealed, vanished as if whisked out of sight by some resistless hand behind him, but whether he had fallen backward, pierced by the leaden messenger, or whether his withdrawal was a simple precaution, not even Deerfoot himself could declare with certainty.

But one thing was certain; it would be some time before the Winnebagoes within the building would take such a risk again. It was safe to count on their waiting until relief came from their brother warriors, who would soon converge to the spot.

"Now," said Linden, "it strikes me, Deerfoot, that it is worse than losing time to stay here. Black Bear and his redskins have not arrived, but they will soon do so; some of them are near at hand, and the sound of Hardin's gun will draw their attention to this place, and we may find ourselves in the worst kind of danger."

"My brother speaks the words of wisdom," assented the Shawanoe; "Deerfoot will go and make search; he will not be long and when he returns he will have much to tell his brothers."

"What shall we do, while you're away?" asked Fred Linden, stepping forward, and naturally much concerned to know what plan was to be followed.

The Shawanoe stood a minute as if undecided how to answer the pointed question. His friends, as has already been shown, were in such a dense part of the wood, that they were as well screened from discovery as they could be anywhere else. But they were too near the central point of interest to the gathering Winnebagoes, since they were on the edge of the clearing. Should the warriors begin gathering very soon, the whites were likely to find it difficult to extricate themselves.

Besides, since they intended to get out of the neighborhood as soon as possible, nothing was to be gained, and much might be lost, by tarrying any longer where they were.

So Deerfoot quickly reached his decision.

"My brothers will go part way with me—ah, see!" he suddenly added in excitement, pointing again at the cabin. Looking at the building all were startled by a strange and suggestive sight.

*(To be continued.)*



### A WELL-DISCIPLINED SENTINEL.

STRICT obedience to orders is a necessary part of military discipline, but it may sometimes lead to curious results, as happened once at a military station near Berlin.

One of the commanders there had stationed a sentinel in front of his own residence, with orders to pace up and down a certain distance. The officer, a pompous self-important man, was expecting visitors that day, and he wished to impress them with his military style. Calling the soldier before him, he gave his orders. "You are to pace the distance assigned, with your gun at the 'carry.' Do you understand?" "Yes, commander." "On no account are you to deviate from your walk, or remove your weapon from its position. You understand?" "Yes, commander." "You will observe strict silence. On no occasion are you to speak with any one on your beat. You understand?" "Yes, commander." "Very well; go and obey."

An hour later the officer's guests were ushered into his presence. They entered each with a broad grin on his countenance. "My friend," asked one of them of the host, "what is this procession in front of your house?" "Procession—procession! There is no procession!" blurted out the host, growing red in the face. "Well, look out yourself."

The commander rushed to the window. There was the soldier, as stiff and erect as his own weapon, with eyes stolidly staring straight ahead, marching solemnly up and down his beat, while following him was a mob of young street-loafers, armed with old brooms, sticks, pitchforks, and other improvised weapons.

Seeing that the soldier was apparently unconscious of all around him, one bold scamp had affixed to the sentinel's coat-tail a string, at the end of which dangled a rusty tin can. And this unique procession had been going on for half an hour, to the intense delight of the populace in the street and the edification of the guests when they arrived.

Out rushed the irate officer. The mob, seeing him, dispersed, and he began to vent his anger on the sentinel. "Idiot—blockhead—senseless! Why did you not strike them down—disperse them?" "The commander forgets. I had orders not to remove my gun from position." "True. I am a fool! But you might have ordered them off." "The commander, pardon me, forgets again. I had orders not to speak." "It is true; but—" "There is no 'but.' You ordered; I obeyed. What more can be said?"

Indeed, nothing could be said. The officer swallowed his wrath as best he could. It would be altogether unmilitary to punish a soldier for obeying orders.

### NO GREAT SHAKES, AFTER ALL.

A CITIZEN of Chicago, says the *Ledger* of that town, visited the prairies, and returned disappointed.

"How did you like your trip?" a friend asked him.

"Well, I was a good deal disappointed. Things have been misrepresented."

"You don't tell me!"

"You can't believe anything you hear. Why, I was even disappointed about the wind. You know what whopping big stories they tell about the wind out there?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you believe them. I did and I got fooled. From what I'd heard about the tall blowing in the prairie countries I went out West expecting to see a good share of the people lying down and holding on to the grass to keep from being blown away, but I didn't see anything of the kind. You may stand a board straight up against the house and the wind will hold it there three weeks at a stretch, but when it comes to blowing the hair from a dog slick and clean, why it just can't do it, that's all."

### CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.

THE managers of railroads and other corporations do not always, we are sorry to say, please the shareholders whose property they control. There was one financier who got over this opposition in a very ingenious way.

He used to meet his shareholders once every year. The place of meeting was an immense room with neither seats nor table in it. The financier read out his report, and then added: "All those who approve the proceedings of the board will stand up and the others will sit down." Of course nobody sat down, and the financier concluded by saying: "Approved unanimously."

## THE ENDLESS STORY.

BY MARY A. DE VERE.

A freshening wind, an April shadow,
A bird's song trilling clear and fast,
A gleam of violets from the meadow,
A builded nest and Spring is past.

Warm golden blooms that break asunder
The calm of full perfection won;
A lightning spark—a crash of thunder,
And rose leaves scattered—Summer's done.

Light thistle downs through the blue air flying,
Swift wandering leaves of gold and red,
An empty nest by the wayside lying—
A mateless bird!—fair Autumn's dead!

A bright white world! Soft snow wreaths blowing,
And fringed eaves dropping in the sun,
Then floating ice in the great sea going,
Again the endless tale's begun!

[*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 XIX.

MR. WOLVERTON MEETS TWO CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

"WHAT are you doing here, Mr. Wolverton," repeated Bob, sternly.

"Oh, it's you, Bob, is it?" said Wolverton, with assumed lightness. "Really, you quite startled me coming upon me so suddenly in the dark."

"I noticed that you were startled," responded Bob, coolly. "But that isn't answering my question."

By this time Wolverton was on his feet, and had recovered his self-possession.

"What right have you to put questions to me, you young whelp?" he demanded, angrily.

"Because I suspect you of designs upon my property."

"What do you mean?" snarled Wolverton.

"I will tell you; I think you meant to cut the rope, and send my boat adrift."

"How dare you insult me by such a charge?" demanded the agent, working himself into a rage.

"I have reason to think that you meant to do what I have said."

"Why should I do it?"

"In order to injure me by the loss of my wheat."

"You are a fool, young man! I am inclined to think, also, that you are out of your head."

"If you had any other purpose, what is it?" Wolverton bethought himself that in order to avert suspicion, he must assign some reason for his presence. To do this taxed his ingenuity considerably.

"I thought I saw something in the water," he said. "There it is; a twig; I see now."

"And what were you going to do with the razor?"

"None of your business!" said Wolverton, suddenly finding it impossible, on the spur of the moment, to think of any reason.

"That is easy to understand," said Bob, significantly. "Now, Mr. Wolverton, I have a warning to give you. If anything befalls my boat, I shall hold you responsible."

"Do you know who I am?" blustered Wolverton. "How do you, a boy, dare to talk in this impudent way to a man who has you in his power?"

"It strikes me, Mr. Wolverton, that I hold you in my power."

"Who would believe your unsupported assertion?" sneered the agent.

"It is not unsupported. I brought with me Edward Jones, my faithful assistant, who has seen your attempt to injure me."

At this, Edward, a stalwart young man of twenty-four, stepped into view.

"I saw it all," he said, briefly.

"You are ready to lie, and he to swear to it," said Wolverton, but his voice was not firm, for he saw that the testimony against him was too strong to be easily shaken.

"I don't wonder you deny it, Mr. Wolverton," said Bob.

"I won't remain here any longer to be insulted," said Wolverton, who was anxious to get away now that his plan had failed.

Bob did not reply, and the agent slunk away, feeling far from comfortable.

"What cursed luck sent the boy to the creek to-night?" he said to himself. "I was on the point of succeeding, and then I would have had him in my power. Could he have heard anything?"

Wolverton decided, however, that this was not likely. He attributed Bob's presence to chance, though his words seemed to indicate that he suspected something. He was obliged to acknowledge his defeat. Yet it would be possible for him to return in an hour or two, and carry out his evil plan. But it would be too hazardous. The crime would inevitably be traced to him, and he would be liable to arrest. No, hard though it was to bring his mind to it, he must forego his scheme, and devise something else.

When the agent had left the scene, Bob Burton said: "Edward, you may go home. I mean to stay here on guard."

"But you will not be in condition to start to-morrow morning. You will be tired out."

"I can't take any risks this last evening, Edward."

"Then let me take your place. I will stay here."

"But it will be hard on you."

"I will lie later to-morrow morning. You can relieve me, if you like, at four o'clock."

"Let it be so, then! Too much is at stake for us to leave anything to chance. I don't think, however, that Wolverton would dare to renew his attempt."

Meanwhile Wolverton retraced his steps to his own house. There was one lonely place on the way, but the agent was too much absorbed in his own reflections to have room for fear. His occupation of mind was rudely disturbed, when from a clump of bushes two men sprang out, and one, seizing him by the shoulder, said, roughly: "Your money or your life!"

Wolverton was not a brave man, and it must be confessed that he was startled by this sudden summons. But he wasn't in the habit of carrying money with him in the evening, and an old silver watch, which would have been dear at four dollars, was not an article whose loss would have seriously disturbed him. So it was with a tolerable degree of composure that he answered: "You have stopped the wrong man."

"We know who you are. You are Aaron Wolverton, and you are a rich man."

"That may and may not be, but I don't carry my money with me."

"Empty your pockets!"

Wolverton complied, but neither purse nor pocket-book was forthcoming.

"Didn't I tell you so?" he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"We won't take your word for it."

The first highwayman plunged his hand into the agent's pockets, but his search only corroborated Wolverton's statement.

"You, a rich man, go without money!" he exclaimed, with rough contempt.

"Perhaps I might have expected such a meeting." Wolverton replied, with cunning triumph.

"You must have a watch at any rate!"

"I have one that I will sell you for four dollars."

As he spoke, he voluntarily produced the time-worn watch, which had served him for twenty years.

The thieves uttered an exclamation of contempt, and their disappointment made them angry. They hurriedly conferred as to the policy of keeping Wolverton in their power till he should pay a heavy ransom, but there were obvious difficulties in the way of carrying out this plan.

Aaron Wolverton listened quietly to the discussion which concerned him so nearly. He smiled at times, and did not appear particularly alarmed till one, more bloodthirsty than the other, suggested stringing him up to the nearest tree.

"My friends," he said, for the first time betraying a slight nervousness. "I can't see what advantage it would be for you to hang me."

"You deserve it for fooling us!" replied the second highwayman, with an oath.

"In what way?"

"By not carrying any money, or article of value."

"I grieve for your disappointment," said Wolverton, with much sympathy.

"If you mock us, you shall swing any way."

"Don't mistake me! I have no doubt you are very worthy fellows, only a little unfortunate. What sum would have paid you for your disappointment?"

"Fifty dollars would have been better than nothing."

"That is considerable money, but I may be able to throw it in your way."

"Now you're talking! If you are on the square, you'll find us gentlemen. We are ready to hear what you have to say."

"Gold! But I expect you to earn the money."

"How?" inquired the first gentleman, suspiciously. The word earn might mean work, and that was not in his line.

"I'll tell you."

There was an amiable conference for twenty minutes, but this is not the place to reveal what was said. Enough that it nearly concerned Bob Burton, and involved a new plot against the success of his enterprise.

### CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED PASSENGER.

THE next morning the boys were up bright and early. It was a glorious morning, and Bob accepted it as auspicious of a pleasant and prosperous trip.

Clip was in wild spirits. He was naturally vivacious and fond of change, and the prospect of the river trip made him very happy. Bob, as a practical joke, put on a grave face and said: "Clip, I don't know but I shall have to leave you at home."

"What fo', Massa Bob?" inquired Clip, his face assuming a look of dismay.

"I am afraid you might prove to be a nigger."

"I can't do no good on the ranch," said Clip, eagerly. "I'm only a lazy, good-for-nothing nigger."

"Then I don't see how you can help me, Clip," returned Bob, his eyes twinkling as he listened to this candid confession.

"Dat's different, Massa Bob. I ain't no good on the ranch, but I'm powerful help on the river. Please take me along, Massa Bob," pleaded Clip.

"Just as likely as not you'll get lost, Clip. Besides, you might meet your old master from Arkansas."

"He won't catch dis nigger," said Clip, shaking his head, resolutely. "Please let me go, Massa Bob."

"Your arguments are so cogent, Clip, that I suppose I shall have to give in."

Instantly Clip's face was radiant. He didn't know what cogent arguments were, but as long as they had accomplished his desire he was content to remain in ignorance.

"But if you give me any trouble, Clip," Bob added, seriously, "I may have to put you ashore, and let you walk home."

Clip gave the most emphatic assurance of good conduct, and was informed that he could go.

There was much to do, even on the last morning, and though the boys were early risers, it was fully ten o'clock before they were ready to start.

Half an hour before this Bob had a surprise. Sam Wolverton was seen approaching on a run, breathless, and without a hat. He arrived at the landing, just as Bob was putting off in the flat-bottomed boat, with a load of provisions for the voyage.

"What on earth is the matter, Sam?" asked Bob, in surprise.

"Let me get on the boat and I will tell you."

The boat was put back, and Sam jumped on.

"Now what has happened, Sam?"

"Do you see this?" said Sam, pointing to his right cheek, which was stained with blood.

"What has happened to you? Did you fall and hurt yourself?"

"My uncle knocked me over, and I fell against a block of wood."

"What made him attack you?" inquired Bob, indignantly.

"I don't know. He got mad with me for nothing at all. He's been in an awful temper all the morning. Something must have happened to vex him."

Bob smiled. He could understand what had happened. Wolverton's disappointment at the failure of his villainous plan had no doubt soured him, and like a born bully, he had vented his spite upon the poor boy who was dependent upon him.

"I wish you'd show some spunk, Sam," Bob said. "He wouldn't dare to attack me in that way."

"You're stronger and braver than I am, Bob. I can't be like you. I wish I could."

"Your uncle is no more nor less than a bully. He imposes upon you because he thinks it is safe to do so. He wouldn't dare tackle me, because he knows it wouldn't be safe."

"Bob," said Sam, solemnly, "I've borne it as long as I'm going to. I am not going back to my uncle's house."

"Do you mean this, Sam?".

"Yes, I do. It's the only home I have, but I would rather go without a home than to be beaten and ill-treated by uncle Aaron."

"I commend your pluck, Sam. I can't say I think you are doing wrong."

"I have a favor to ask of you, Bob. You are my only friend."

"What is it, Sam?"

"Let me go with you to St. Louis. It would make me happy to be with you, and I should be out of my uncle's way."

Bob paused for consideration, the proposal being unexpected.

"But suppose, Sam, I am charged with abducting you?"

"I'll take all the blame. Let me hide on the ferry boat, and I won't show myself till you have got miles away."

"That might do," said Bob, smiling. "Perhaps it isn't exactly square, but with such a man as your uncle we must make use of his own methods."

"You will take me, then?" asked Sam, eagerly.

By this time they had reached the boat.

"Clip," said Bob, "go with Sam and hide him somewhere on the boat, but don't tell me where he is concealed. Then, if old Wolverton comes after him, I can say truly that I don't know where he is."

"All right, Massa Bob," said Clip, showing his teeth.

When the contents of the boat had been transferred to the larger craft, Bob rowed back, leaving Clip and Sam together. The boat was roofed over, as already stated. Besides the bins there was a corner in which some bedding had been placed for the accommodation of the young voyagers. But it seemed difficult to find a suitable hiding place for Sam.

"Where can you put me?" asked the young runaway, with a troubled look.

Clip looked about him, rolling his eyes in perplexity.

At length his face brightened, for an idea had come to him.

In one corner was an empty barrel. Some stones had been brought aboard in it, and it had been suffered to remain with the idea that it might prove of use. The particular use to which it was to be put certainly never occurred to Bob or Clip.

"Get in there, Sam!" said Clip. "Old Mass' Wolverton won't look for you there."

"But I shall be seen," said Sam.

"You wait and I'll show you how we'll manage, only get in!"

Thus adjured, Sam got into the barrel, and with some difficulty crouched so that his head was lower than the top of the barrel.

"Now I'll show you," said Clip.

He took a white cloth—it was a piece of sail cloth—and spread over the top of the barrel.

"Now old Mass' Wolverton will have sharp eyes to see you," said Clip, triumphantly.

"That may do," said Sam. "But it isn't necessary to put it on now. It will be time if my uncle makes his appearance. I'll keep out of sight in the center of the boat."

Meanwhile Bob had gone to the house to bid good by to his mother.

"I feel anxious about your going off on such a long trip, Robert," said Mrs. Burton.

"You forget that I am almost a man, mother. It is time for me to assume some responsibility."

"But you are only a boy, after all, Robert. Think, if anything should happen to you, what would become of me?"

"My dear mother, you may depend on my taking excellent care of myself. I don't see what risk or danger there can be in going to St. Louis. It isn't a long trip. I shall be back in less than a fortnight if all goes well."

"It will seem a very long fortnight to me, Robert."

"I have no doubt you will miss me, mother, but you forget I have Clip to look after me."

"Clip is only a poor colored boy, but I am sure he will prove faithful to you," said Mrs. Burton, seriously. "Even the humble are sometimes of great service. I am glad he is going with you."

Bob did not mention that Sam Wolverton would also be his companion, as he foresaw that the agent would not unlikely question his mother on that point.

Bob returned to the boat, and was just about to cast off, when Wolverton was seen on the bank, waving his hat and shouting frantically.

"I guess, Massa Sam, you'd better get into the barrel," said Clip, with a grin.

*(To be continued.)*



### IT WAS GOLD!

PERHAPS the most romantic and striking event in the history of the West was the discovery of gold in California, which opened up the most prolific gold fields in the world, and created one of the greatest States in the Union. The tale has been told in many ways, and the real facts of the case are probably little known.

The common version of the story is as follows:

James W. Marshall was engaged, in January, 1848, with two Mormons in repairing a race for a saw mill at Sutter's mill, on the American fork of the Sacramento River, near the town of Coloma, about thirty-five miles east of Sutter's Fort. The spring freshets had injured the mill race, and Marshall was overseer of the gang engaged in repairing it.

One day Marshall's little daughter picked up a lump of gold and showed it to her father as a pretty stone. Marshall knew nothing of chemistry or gold mining, and yet could not get rid of the idea that he had secured a nugget of gold. Every day he went searching through the mill race for other bits of the precious metal. The men at the mill laughed at him, and called him crazy, and they kept at work repairing the race, sowing wheat and planting vegetables.

The fierce current in the mill race had washed a good deal of the ore out, and Marshall found no difficulty in securing a number of specimens of what he believed to be gold. Then his associates began to think he might be right. About the middle of February one of the party went to San Francisco with specimens of the ore, for the purpose of learning whether it was really gold. The first man who examined the specimens was an old Georgia miner, who recognized the precious metal.

He at once went to the spot where Mr. Marshall had got his specimens. The old mill was going, and no gold had been thought of by anybody else. In a short time the Georgia miner dug out a lot of fine specimens of gold ore, richer than anything that had been found in Georgia. He got the men at the mill to make rockers, and they all easily rocked out an ounce a day. The news spread rapidly, and by the end of the year miners were at work on every large stream of the Sierra Nevada, also in the Sacramento valley.

Marshall died, a poor man, about eighteen months ago, and at that time a correspondent of the *Sun*, who had known him personally, gave the following account:

"Marshall and a man named Weimer," he said, "built for Colonel Sutter a saw mill at Coloma, Cal., and had finished it in February, 1848. The mill had been erected at the head of a bar where the river bends around it in the form of the letter U. The mill race had been cut through the bar, and when the mill was started it was found that the race was too shallow.

"The water was shut off, and Marshall and Weimer went down into the race to ascertain where it was to be dug deeper. Here Marshall said to Weimer: 'What is that which shines just at the toe of your boot?' Weimer then picked up the shining object, and they both thought it a piece of brass. They began to conjecture how it was possible for a piece of brass to get into the race. From the fact that no brass had been used in the construction of the mill, and that the piece found had been worn smooth, they concluded that it was not brass, and might be gold.

"On that day Mrs. Weimer was making soap, and for this purpose had made lye from wood ashes. To test the metal, Mrs. Weimer boiled it several hours in this lye, and when she removed it from the lye it was as black as ink, and the men now felt sure they had found gold.

"This discovery was made in February, 1848. The day I do not remember. As soon as this lye test had been made, Marshall and Weimer went into the mill race, and with wooden bowls washed out some two or three ounces of gold, and Marshall carried it to Monterey to ascertain if it were gold. This was the nearest place where the means to make the test could be had.

"Colonel Sutter resided at his fort, near what is now the city of Sacramento. He told me the story of Marshall's return from Monterey. Colonel Sutter said: 'I was in bed, and it was about 2 o'clock at night. I heard some one ride up to the fort, the horse running at the top of his speed. Then was banging at the gate; then I heard the clank of the spurs on the brick floors of the fort; then a pounding at the door of my room, and when I opened the door in rushed Marshall, shouting: "It's gold! it's gold!"'

"Marshall now took about 300 Indians to Webber Creek, distant about six miles from Coloma. There he washed out a large amount of gold. His part was sufficient to buy from Sutter the saw mill at Coloma. In 1849 Marshall and John Winter owned the mill together, and they also owned Winter's Hotel. I paid at the hotel $100 a week board, without a room.

"Marshall was then worth more than $100,000, but his generosity was without limit. He gave to all who asked of him. He had no business qualifications, and when sharp business men came in and built up the little town of Coloma, Marshall was soon traded out of all his property. His money he had lent or given away.

"Then Marshall became a prospector for gold mines. Several times I fitted him out with mules, men, and provisions to go prospecting. He knew the country better than any other man at the time, and led the way to many rich placer mines; but he never found any that were rich enough for him. Often has he left mines where he could take out six or seven ounces per day to each man to seek an El Dorado where hundreds of thousands could be made in a week."

And yet this man, whose discoveries made thousands rich, died in poverty and obscurity.

## LIFE IS NOT ALL SORROW.

We may be happy ere we die:
We may enjoy our earthly life,
And, rising o'er opposing strife,
We may fulfill a purpose high.

If life were in our feeble hand,
Our tears might then forever fall;
But One there is who ruleth all—
Rejoice, rejoice, is His command.

## MAT'S DEER HUNT.

BY HENRY M. HAMILTON.

"CRACK!" went Mat Melville's rifle, and a red squirrel, frightened, but unharmed, scrambled nimbly along the branch of a tall oak, and disappeared from sight in the leafy wood.

"Well!" exclaimed the unsuccessful marksman; "how did that happen? I don't understand how that squirrel got away; he must have started just as I pulled the trigger."

Ned Darrell and Abe Geiger, Mat's two companions, were too considerate to say anything about this signal failure, although they smiled to each other when Mat wasn't looking. They were the sons of two Pennsylvania farmers, whose farms lay close together in the northern part of the State.

The country around their homes was wild and thinly populated; the wooded Alleghany Mountains ran through it in countless broken and irregular ranges; but there was good farming land in the valleys, and the homes of Ned and Abe were homes of comfort and plenty, though not of luxury or wealth.

The two boys were nearly of the same age, and inseparable companions. They had helped each other in their farm work, they had trudged together to and from the nearest school, which was three miles away, in the village of Kentrytown; and many a time had they sallied forth into the woods together, to shoot pigeons or squirrels, or whatever game they could find.

Both boys were enthusiastic sportsmen, and as they grew towards manhood, their ambition aspired to larger game. They neither despised squirrels now, and did not think that anything less than a deer was a victim worthy their prowess; and last spring they had, to their great satisfaction, shot a large bear, which had been prowling close about Mr. Geiger's farm.

Mat Melville was Ned Darrell's cousin. His home was in New York, and he was now paying his first visit to his uncle's farm. He was rather a dandified young fellow, who prided himself upon his fashionable air and correct costume. He knew but little of the country, but he brought with him a beautiful and very expensive rifle, with which he expected to do some wonderful shooting. Ned and Abe had only rather old and clumsy fire arms, which Mat viewed with disdain.

"I am glad to hear that there is considerable game around here, for I mean to show you what a good shot can do, when he has a first-class Remington like mine."

In fact, Ned afterwards remarked privately to his friend Abe:

"My cousin Mat talks like a Dutch uncle about his shooting, and I should like to see what he can do."

Mat had only been two or three days at his uncle's farm when the boys, having no work on hand, determined to spend a day in the woods, and give their visitor an opportunity to show his prowess. It was a splendid autumnal day, warm and sunshiny, with a faint haze, through which the distant hills to the south shimmered faintly, range beyond range, while the woods were beginning to put on their glorious raiment of autumn.

But the boys were strangely insensible to the poetical aspect of nature, as they shouldered their rifles, tramped a little way up the road, and turned off into a wood road that led steeply up the side of the hills that rose behind Mr. Darrell's farm.

For some time they walked on without seeing any game, and Mat Melville began to find the steep path disagreeable.

"Well," he cried, after a while, "you fellows said that game was so plentiful on these hills, and I haven't seen a living thing except one little rat. How far do you mean to walk among these trees? I want something to shoot."

"The 'little rat' was a chipmunk, Mat," replied his cousin; "we can't expect to see much so close to the farm, but if we cross the hill we shall get into the Old Mine Valley, which is quite deserted now, and there is a big swamp where we nearly always find something."

"If you want something to shoot," added Abe, "there's a red squirrel on that oak yonder, sitting still and staring at you."

"Is there? Whereabouts is he?" And Mat looked about him vainly. His eyes were not so sharp as those of the country lads.

At length he caught sight of the little rodent, who sat on a branch that overhung the path, about twenty yards ahead, as coolly as though there were no fire arms in the State of Pennsylvania.

Raising his rifle to his shoulder, Mat took deliberate aim, and fired, with the result mentioned at the opening of this story.

"Oh," he went on, "my Remington is not meant for shooting such little things as that! I only care for large game, you know; if we meet a moose or a buffalo, then you'll see what I can do."

"I am afraid that we are not likely to meet moose or buffalo to-day, for they are not so common about here as they used to be," said Ned, joking; "but we are quite likely to see some deer over in the Old Mine Valley, and you shall have a shot at the first we see."

The three hunters soon reached the summit of the hill, and the path which they were following now descended and passed near the borders of an extensive swamp. A couple of woodcocks started up before them and flitted away; but one of them had not got very far before it was stopped by a bullet from Abe's rifle. Ned Darrell fired at the other one, but it was not strange that he missed, as it requires indeed a skillful shot to bring down a flying woodcock with a rifle.

"Good shot, Abe!" cried Ned, who was not too selfish to applaud his friend's success.

"It was more luck than anything," said Abe, as he stooped to pick up the bird, which he transferred to his game bag.

Soon after this, the boys reached the edge of a good-sized clearing, which was partly overgrown with sumac bushes and tall ragweed. An old log house stood in the centre, deserted and ruinous; and a row of fallen logs showed where a snake fence had marked off the former tenant's patch of corn and pumpkins.

Ned Darrell uttered a low exclamation, and pointed towards an object moving among the tall weeds on the opposite side of the clearing. It came nearer, and Ned and Abe saw that it was a young deer. Mat wasn't quite sure whether it was a cow or an antelope.

Whatever it was, he proposed to have a shot at it, and was lifting his Remington to his shoulder, when Ned, with a sharp gesture, motioned him to put it down again.

"Hold on!" he whispered; "that is a this year's fawn, and there must be some more deer not far off; keep quiet, and we may see some of them."

Mat obeyed with rather a bad grace, and the three boys crouched down in a big clump of sweet-fern, and looked eagerly across the clearing. The fawn advanced close to them, and gazed at them so inquisitively with its large and wistful eyes, that even Mat Melville felt it would have been a shame to shoot the little creature. They kept perfectly still, and the young deer did not seem to be at all alarmed.

In a few minutes there was a rustling among the bushes near the spot where the fawn had first come into sight, and a couple of full grown does stepped into the clearing.

"Now's your time, Mat," said his cousin in a whisper; "fire at the fattest one, on your left—no, wait a moment," he added "there you are, fire at *him!*" And he pointed at a fine buck, whose antlered head appeared a little to the left of the two does, and not more than forty yards from the spot where the boys were crouching. The stag was to windward of the hunters, and evidently had no suspicion of danger.

THE FAWN ADVANCED CLOSE TO THE BOYS AND GAZED AT THEM INQUISITIVELY.

Mat Melville sighted carefully at the buck's forehead, while Ned and Abe prepared to send bullets after the two does the instant that Mat had put in his shot. A moment later a sharp report rang out, instantly followed by two others. The two does pricked up their ears at the first explosion, but had no time to flee, for the second dropped them both, mortally wounded.

But either the buck started before Mat pulled the trigger, or else the latter's marksmanship was very poor; for the bullet missed the head, and only grazed the animal's side. The buck hesitated for a moment, and then, with a furious "runt," he lowered his antlers and came charging upon his enemies!

This is a very unusual thing for a deer, and neither Ned nor Abe had thought of the possibility of such an occurrence; but still it is the fact that many hunters have been killed by a charging buck; and the animals are especially savage in the autumnal season.

The boys' position was indeed perilous, for Ned and Abe had just fired their single-barreled rifles, and had no time to reload; while Mat, who had two barrels to his weapon, was so much alarmed that it dropped from his hands!

Quick as thought, Ned Darrell picked it from the ground, raised it to his shoulder, and pointed it at the buck. The sharp antlers were barely half a dozen yards from the muzzle when he fired, and the deer rolled over—stone dead.

Mat was quite overcome. Forgetting his self-conceit, he grasped his cousin's hand, and cried:

"You have saved us; we owe our lives to your presence of mind."

"Well," replied Ned, "we owe our lives to your second barrel, too; so we are about square, after all."

### A SHAM PEANUT.

MEANNESS is not a boy's fault. Here is a story, told in the Boston *Post*, of a little lad who didn't mind playing a trick upon a clergyman, but who disdained to take credit that he had not deserved:

A few Sundays ago a young clergyman from a young congregation preached, by exchange, to a congregation which is one of the serene, old-fashioned, undisturbed sort, where the rising generation's undoubted human nature is allowed for in a quiet and sensible way. The visiting clergyman remained to the Sunday school, and after the exercises were about half finished he rose to make a little speech. "I know that you are an enterprising Sunday school," he said, "because I see you have so many new books. I know that you are a happy Sunday school, because I see so many smiling faces around me. And I know that you are a generous Sunday school, because that little boy over there by the long pew door offered me a peanut as I came in."

The attention of the assembly was instantly directed to the little boy, who began to snicker uncontrollably to himself. "Well, what's the matter, my little man?" asked the clergyman. "You're not sorry you offered me the peanut, are you?" "Did you th-think that was a peanut I gave you?" asked the little boy, still snickering violently. "Why, yes; wasn't it?" "No—o—o! 'twas only a shell!"

### NOT FAMILIAR WITH LOBSTERS.

A GOOD story is told on the Hon. Frank Lawler, the genial congressman from the second Chicago district, by a writer in the *Indianapolis Journal*.

Several years ago, when the congressman made his first visit to New York, a friend invited him to a restaurant, where they called for soft-shell crabs. Lawler had never seen any before, and did not know what they were. He liked them, however, and a few days afterwards, wishing to regale himself again with some of the toothsome crustaceans, he hunted up the restaurant, walked in, and sat down at a table; but he had forgotten the name of the food he desired.

Looking over a bill of fare, he saw "lobsters." He called the waiter, and said: "Waiter, have you any lobsters?" "Yes," said the waiter. "Bring me a dozen," said Lawler. "A dozen?" exclaimed the waiter, in astonishment. Lawler saw that he had made a mistake, but he was not going to admit it. "Yes," he said; "don't you suppose I know what I want? Bring me a dozen."

The table was cleared of everything that was on it, and Lawler pitched in. He ate all he possibly could, and then looked up at the waiter, and said: "I was not as hungry as I thought I was. How much is the bill?" "Fourteen dollars and fifty cents," replied the waiter. "Why, it is not as much as I thought it would be" said Lawler. "Here, you needn't mind the change," and handing the waiter fifteen dollars, Mr. Lawler walked out.

### SAVED BY A THISTLE.

THE Scotch thistle, which we have counted among the troublesome weeds brought into this country, is nevertheless the honored national emblem of the people whose name it bears. The reason for this fact is told as follows:

Once when the Danes invaded Scotland, they prepared to make attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as silently as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a bare-footed soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a shrill cry of pain. The sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss.

The plant which had given them the timely alarm was adopted as the national emblem.

### LIBELOUS EVEN IF TRUE.

BROWN (to lawyer)—"Smith called me a fool jackass in the presence of the witnesses. Isn't that remark actionable?"

Lawyer—"Yes, it is libelous, certainly."

Brown (anxiously)—"And he said he could prove it."

Lawyer—"That won't make any difference."

Brown (relieved)—"All right, if you are sure of that. Go ahead and sue him for five hundred dollars."

[*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 XVI.

### A PLUCKY PROTEST.

POOR Clipper was overcome, and in the hands of the enemy. He waited a moment to get his breath, and then renewed the struggle to upset his captors. He was not at all inclined to submit to the outrage. He was rather sorry that he had not shown fight in the beginning, instead of pursuing a peaceful policy.

Each of the shantyites was two or three years older than he, though they were not physically as well developed as he was. He had believed that he could hold his own against all three of them; but their strategy had been too much for him. In vain he wrenched and twisted and writhed to escape; but all his assailants were lying down upon him. His strength was soon exhausted again, and he could no longer resist.

Buck took from his side pocket a long cord, which he passed to Life, and told him to make it fast to the wrist of the prisoner. Fordy produced another line, and proceeded to do the same thing with the other wrist. It was plain that they had come up the hill for the purpose of capturing their stout opponent. The cords could have been for no other use; besides, Clipper heard them say that they meant to put him "on the gridiron."

The sufferer concluded that the operation was yet to come; and he had some curiosity to know what it was. He suspected that it was some sort of torture to induce him to tell where the boats were. While Clipper was wondering what was to happen to him, his captor had fastened the cords around his wrists. Without regard to the pain he inflicted, Fordy pulled on the line attached to the prisoner's right wrist under his head, until he had brought the two hands together. Buck rolling his body over so that it could be done. Fordy then tied the two wrists of the captive together behind him. Thus secured, Clipper could no longer offer any effective resistance. His captors, panting from their exertions, rose from the body of their victim, satisfied that he had been rendered harmless. But Fordy and Life retained their hold upon the cords attached to the wrists of the prisoner.

For a few minutes the three mighty conquerors of the one captive looked upon him in silence. Clipper was too much exhausted to do anything more, and he lay still upon the ground. He would have been glad to see Stilt Buckram for a moment just then.

"I have a great mind to set fire to his shanty now," said Fordy, when he had recovered his breath.

"Shut up, Fordy! You had nearly made a mess of the whole thing; and we don't want any more of your gassing," added Buck.

"I made a mess of it!" exclaimed Fordy, pale with anger.

"You wanted to smash things. Now you can see what a little strategy will do," replied Buck, complacently; and he evidently regarded himself as the hero of the final conquest.

"I led on in the whole thing; and, if anybody has made a mess of it, it was you, Buck Ward!" retorted Fordy. "You couldn't have done anything without me."

The politic follower made no reply. The expedition was a success so far, and he did not care to have it spoiled by the wrath of Fordy.

"Can we find any tool to open that trunk with?" asked Buck, as he looked about him.

"I saw a hatchet on the wood-pile beyond the shanty," replied Life.

"Bring it along," added Buck. "It is about time we were moving. Tom and the rest of the fellows have got waked up by this time; and if we get the boats we may start for the lake this afternoon. Come, Clipper, get on your feet; it is time to march."

At first the prisoner was inclined to resist; and was on the point of telling his captors that if they wanted him to move they must carry him. But he desired to have the shantyites leave the vicinity of his castle; besides, what he had heard about strategy led him to wonder if he could not do something at that game. But he found that it was not an easy thing to get up with his hands tied behind him. But he succeeded in doing it without any help from his oppressors.

"Now, you lobster, are you ready to tell us where the boats are?" asked Fordy, as he placed himself in front of the mountain boy, who was harmless now.

"I have told you about them, and told you the truth," replied Clipper, with dignity.

"I don't believe you! If you don't tell us where they are, we will roast you on a gridiron," added Fordy, savagely.

"You can roast me as much as you like; I have told you the truth."

"Come, come, Fordy, quit that vaporing. I think he speaks the truth," interposed Buck.

"Who's running this expedition, you or I?" demanded Fordy.

"You are running it into the ground. Come, let's be moving on."

"If you pick me up again, Buck Ward, you can go one way and I will go the other. I won't have a fellow in my party who keeps trying to pick me up," growled Fordy.

"We won't fall out, Fordy. I didn't mean anything," pleaded Buck, who was too politic to quarrel with his host. "What are you going to do with Clipper, now you have got him?"

"I am going to take him down to the camp, and give him the biggest thrashing he ever had in his life. I'll teach him what it is to hit a gentleman."

Buck shrugged his shoulders.

"Why don't you do it up here, and have it done with?" he asked.

"I want Tom Little and his fellows to see how it is done. We were cleaned out at our own camp yesterday, and I never felt so mortified in my life as when the fellows came and found us whipped. Then we came home from the trip up Flash River, like a lot of curs with their tails between their legs."

"But it was Stilt who sent you off."

"This cub was the cause of the whole of it. I said I would have my revenge; and I will. No fellow ever got ahead of me before; and this lobster will wish he hadn't before I have done with him," blustered Fordy.

Away from the influence, and especially away from the patronage, of the leader of the shantyites, probably Buck and Life would have had more honor and good feeling than to assist in persecuting one who had simply stood up for his rights.

The young tyrant went to the bushes near the shore, and cut a good sized stick. He trimmed off the twigs as he returned to the prisoner. The use he had for this implement was soon made evident, for he immediately brought it smartly around the legs of his victim. It hurt, but Clipper was to proud even to wince under the infliction.

"Don't you want to hit me on the head again, as you did yesterday, and as you did to-day?" demanded Fordy, with the meanest and most low-lived expression that was ever seen on the face of a boy. "Do you think you will ever want to strike a gentleman again, you lobster?"

"I never struck a gentleman; and I shall never have occasion to strike one!" replied Clipper, mildly.

"Do you mean to say I'm not a gentleman?" howled Fordy, as he brought the stick to bear on the legs of his victim again.

"Stop that, Fordy Gaybroon! I won't stand it!" shouted Life, springing up to the leader of the shantyites. "If you strike him again I will cut the cords, if I am killed for it. It is mean and cowardly to hit a fellow with his hands tied behind him."

"If you don't mind what you say, Life Murkison, I will give you some of it!" replied Fordy, angrily, as he turned upon his associate. "A little of it would do you a deal of good."

Life was the smallest and weakest of the party. The tears stood in his eyes, whether of anger or pity, and just then he looked like a young lion.

"If you strike him or me there will be a fight on the spot," replied Life, as he brandished the hatchet he was carrying about him.

"Didn't you hear him insult me, Life?" pleaded Fordy, looking doubtfully at the hatchet.

"No gentleman would strike a fellow that was tied," added the plucky little fellow.

"Make it up, fellows," interposed Buck, who was quite as much disgusted with the leader as Life was.

A peace was patched up, and the party started down the river with their prisoner. They went by the way they had come, Fordy holding one of the cords attached to the victim, and Buck the other. Clipper's tyrant frequently twitched the line, which caused quite as much pain as the switch would have given, but he did not venture to strike him again.

It was all of half an hour before they reached the gully where Clipper had first seen them. The shantyites looked anxiously about them, and possibly they thought they had mistaken the locality, for the trunk was not to be seen.

"What has become of it?" asked Fordy, looking from one to the other of his companions. But he did not look at his prisoner.

"Give it up!" exclaimed Buck. "It couldn't have walked off itself. It must be somewhere about here."

While Buck held the prisoner by the line, the other two looked all about the locality; but no trunk could be seen.


"WILL YOU EVER WANT TO STRIKE A GENTLEMAN AGAIN, YOU LOBSTER?"

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE PRISONER AT THE CAMP.

"DO you know anything about the trunk that was here an hour ago?" demanded Fordy, turning to his prisoner.

"I decline to answer," replied the mountain boy, promptly.

"That means that you do know something about it," stormed Fordy.

Clipper made no reply. Some would have said that he was fanatically opposed to telling a lie; but he did not believe that a falsehood would help his case at all.

"Why don't you answer me, you lobster?" demanded Fordy, flourishing his stick about him.

"I have nothing to say, and I decline to answer you," replied the mountain boy, preparing to take the consequences of his refusal.

"Do you hear that, Life? He knows where the trunk is, and he refuses to tell. I can make him tell," added the leader of the shantyites.

"How can he know anything about the trunk?" asked Buck. "Wasn't he up at his shanty when we got there? If the trunk belonged to him he would not have left it here in the woods."

"Why don't he say he don't know anything about it, then?" argued Fordy. "I believe in making him answer."

"He could not have been here after we left the trunk, for we went right up to his shanty," replied Buck.

But they had gone a long way round, and had been nearly an hour in reaching it.

"Somebody must have been here while we were at the shanty," said Life.

"The trunk could not have walked off itself. Of course the trunk don't belong to Clipper, for he would not have left it here."

"But he knows something about it; and he wouldn't open his mouth," added Fordy, as he shook his head menacingly before the prisoner.

"Don't you hit him, Fordy!" said Life, with his teeth firmly set.

"What's the use of staying here any longer? We don't get ahead any. We shall not be over to the camp until afternoon," said Buck, looking at his watch. "We can make him answer at the camp as well as here."

"I think we can, with one traitor among us," added Fordy, glancing at Life.

"I had rather be a traitor than a brute and a coward. I don't like this business, any way," answered Life. "But I am in it, and I am willing to see it through as we planned it. If we didn't find the boats over here, we were to take Clipper over to the camp, and make him find them for us."

"How were you going to make him find them for us?" asked Fordy, with a heavy sneer.

"He helped take one of our boats from the camp, and I was ready to keep him on the gridiron until he told us where to find it."

"Don't jaw about it any longer! Let's start up the team and hurry over to the camp," interposed Buck. "Still Buckram went off with a party for a week this morning, and we can have it all our own way, without interruption."

The others assented, and the march to the landing place was resumed. When they reached the point, Clipper saw two boats in the water. One was a hotel boat, and the other was his own. The marauders had discovered the hiding place of the Lucy, and taken possession of her.

"We have one more boat, Mr. Clipper," said Fordy, as they came to the bank of the river; and he enjoyed the regret which the mountain boy could not but show in his looks when he saw his boat in the hands of the enemy.

Clipper was put off in the hotel boat with Fordy and Buck, while Life was to row the other over to the camp. The prisoner felt rather sad when he learned that Still had gone away with a party. Without the old hunter's assistance it might go hard with him and with Perry Bunse. But he did not despair, for he felt that some lucky chance would restore his liberty; and then he could take care of himself.

It was after twelve when the boats reached Peach Bay. Tom Little and the party that had come with him were on the shore in front of the shanty. They all looked curiously at Clipper, as with his hands tied behind him he was led to the shore.

"This fellow is the boat-stealer, is he?" said Tom Little, as he surveyed the prisoner from head to foot.

"That is the fellow; he fought like a tiger, and we had some trouble in catching him," replied Fordy, always ready to magnify his own prowess. "We had to use strategy in the end, but here he is."

"Well, what are you going to do with him?"

"We are going to make him give up the boats he stole, in the first place, and then——"

"Never mind the second place, Fordy," interposed Tom. "The one thing we want is the boats, and when we get them, the rascals may go to grass. I had no idea there was such lawlessness in the Adirondacks."

"It was brought in here from outside," said Clipper, who could not blame Tom for the view he took of the situation, after the lies that had been told him.

"Who brought it in, my gay lark?" asked Tom.

"Fordy Gaybroon brought most of it."

"Good!" laughed Tom.

"Good and true," added Clipper. "Do you think it is quite lawful to take a fellow prisoner, as I have been, tie his hands behind him so tight that he is in pain every minute, and whip him like a slave?"

"But you stole the boats; and I am told that this is a high crime in the Adirondacks, where every man has to trust his neighbor," replied Tom, who appeared to be interested in the subject.

"I have lived here for some years, and the first boat that ever was stolen was taken by Fordy Gaybroon," added Clipper, stoutly. "I only hope you will inquire into the matter before you take any part in the proceedings."

"Are you in pain now?" asked Tom, evidently impressed by the manner of the prisoner.

"I am; the cords cut my wrists."

"Here, Fordy, this fellow is in pain; and I don't believe in torturing even a thief," called Tom Little, as Fordy came from the shanty with two more cords in his hand.

Neither he nor Buck had heard what passed between Clipper and Tom. They had left the prisoners in charge of the new arrivals while they went to the shanty.

"I don't care if he is in pain," replied Fordy, roughly. "A fellow that steals boats ought to be in pain."

"But he says you stole the first boat that was ever stolen in these parts, Fordy," added Tom.

"He says I stole it!" exclaimed Fordy, casting a look of hatred and malice at the captive.

"That's what he says; and I should like to know something more about this business before we go much further. But they don't torture even a man that is to be hanged," replied Tom, going behind the captive to look at the cords that bound him.

He could not help seeing that they were drawn very tight, and must cause the victim a great deal of pain, especially as he had seen Buck and Fordy pulling very recklessly on the cords when they led the prisoner ashore. Without announcing his intention, he proceeded to untie the cords.

"What are you doing, Tom Little?" demanded Fordy, furiously, when he saw what his friend was doing.

"I am going to put this fellow out of misery. The cord is cutting his wrists as though it were a handsaw," replied Tom, coolly, for, unlike Buck Ward, he seemed to have no fear of Fordy Gaybroon.

"He will get loose, and run away!" protested Fordy. "Don't do that! Besides, I was going to put him on the gridiron."

"On the gridiron! What do you mean by that?" asked Tom, without ceasing his benevolent labor at the cords.

"He stole the boats; and he won't tell where they are. He is ugly and saucy, and he hit me over the head yesterday, and he did the same thing to-day. I am going to make a spread eagle of him and put him on the gridiron. I shall keep him there till he tells where the boats are."

"You don't say what you mean by the gridiron."

"A rope from each wrist and each ankle, carried to four trees in a square, and hauled taut. That's a gridiron, or a spread eagle, whatever you please to call it. If he won't tell the truth then, a little birch atick may help the matter," replied Fordy, who seemed to enjoy the picture he described.

"You have been reading the 'Book of Martyrs,' Fordy," added Tom, shaking his head.

"What do you mean, Tom Little? You have taken the cords off his wrists!" exclaimed Fordy, rushing towards the prisoner.

"That's what I meant to do. I think we will look into this thing a little before we bring out the gridiron," said Tom.

Fordy lashed himself into a violent passion.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

"ARE you crazy, Tom Little? You have let the rascal loose!" yelled Fordy, in furious tones.

"There are seven of us here, and if we can't manage this fellow, we ought to let him go," replied Tom, calmly.

"He is as ugly as sin; and the first thing you will know, you will get a crack on the head that will knock you over. He has got a fist like a paving stone," howled Fordy. "You have no right to let him go after all the work we have had to capture him."

"He isn't gone yet; and we shall be a squad of chickens if we let him go."

"I won't run away; I shall be too glad to meet these rascals again to do anything of the sort. I can get along with anybody that means fair play," said Clipper, very much surprised to find a friend in the camp of the shantyites.

"That sounds about right," added Tom, turning to Fordy. "He talks about fair play; and that's what I believe in, even for a dog."

"I should like to know what business you have to come into my camp and tip things over in this way. I asked you to come; but I didn't ask you to meddle with my affairs," growled Fordy.

"You asked me to take a hand in dealing with this fellow; and I am only doing it. I shall not help punish a fellow without knowing something about the business."

"Don't I tell you he stole the boats? Isn't that enough?"

"Not quite; I want to know what the fellow has to say for himself. There can be no harm in that. If he has stolen the boats, and won't give them up, I will help you punish the prisoner as he deserves," replied Tom.

"It's none of your business! You had just as much right to pull my shanty down as you had to let that villain loose," stormed Fordy.

"I thought it was an even thing with all of us here. If I am expected to gridiron a fellow without asking any questions, I shall simply step down and out, and quit the ranch."

"My sentiments, exactly!" exclaimed Art Mundy, one who had come the day before with Tom.

"So say we all of us!" shouted Phil Fagford, another of them.

"Amen!" added Kit Craven.

"I am with you," added Life Murkison. "I have had about enough of this thing. The shanty is big enough for seven of us; but I give up my bunk to some one who is not expected to torture a fellow with his hands tied behind him."

"You are a black-hearted traitor, Life Murkison!" foamed Fordy.

Clipper was very much astonished at the turn things had taken, and his confidence in boy character went up a hundred degrees. It had seemed to him very strange that even three boys should be found who could treat him in such an outrageous manner. Life's plucky protest had changed his views, but the revolution at the camp had made the love of humanity bubble up in his heart.

"Come, come, fellows! It is mean to go back on a friend in this way," said Buck Ward. "Fordy is a good fellow, and he has invited us all to his shanty to spend the summer. We are to have great larks on the lakes and rivers; and what's the use of spoiling the cake before it is baked?"

"I hold that fair play is a good deal better than politeness when a fellow being is to be put on the gridiron," retorted Tom Little. "Even a man charged with murder or robbery is treated decently until he is proved guilty of the crime. I find I am expected, because I am a guest at Peach Bay Camp, to take part in torturing a fellow, before I know anything about the merits of the case. I am not even allowed to hear what the prisoner has to say for himself. For one count me out."

The others who had taken the same side heartily responded to this speech. But, before the matter had proceeded any further, a gentleman on horseback rode into the camp. He was between forty-five and fifty years old, rather thin in flesh, with a red nose and a blotched complexion. He dismounted, hitched his horse to a tree, and walked towards the group of campists with a rather unsteady step, which seemed to have some connection with his blossoming nose and face. He carried a large riding whip in his hand, which he flourished about in his efforts to correct his suspicious gait.

"Well, boys, what's the matter here?" asked the visitor, who could not help seeing that there was trouble in the camp, though he supposed it must have been somewhat obtuse at just that time.

"That fellow has stolen our boats, father," replied Fordy, making haste to get in his own explanation before any one exposed the unpleasantness of the situation; and he pointed at the prisoner.

"Stole your boats, did he?" said Mr. Gaybroon, speaking as though he had a tongue as big as that of an ox. "Sure he did it, Fordy?"

"Of course I am sure!" protested Fordy.

"Stole the boats, did you, you young whelp?" continued Mr. Gaybroon, walking up to Clipper, who stood in the center of the group of shantyites.

As he spoke he brought his whip around the legs of the prisoner with all the power of his arm.

"Shame! Shame!" cried Tom Little; and his friends joined in the cry.

"Stole the boats, did you?" repeated Mr. Gaybroon, as he raised his whip to administer a second blow.

But his movements were not very well directed, and Clipper easily dodged the blow. As the whip came down, he seized hold of it, and, in the twinkling of an eye, he had wrenched it from the hand of his persecutor. In the slight struggle which ensued, Mr. Gaybroon went over backwards, and lay sprawling upon the ground.

"How dare you strike my father, you villain?" screamed Fordy, as he rushed with clenched fist upon the prisoner.

Clipper simply warded off the blows aimed at him. He had not struck Mr. Gaybroon, and if the gentleman had not been affected by his cups, he could hardly have fallen. Buck Ward tried to pacify his chief, and succeeded in drawing him off.

With the assistance of Mr. Tom Little, Mr. Gaybroon got upon his feet again. His wrath was even greater than that of his son. He swore like a pirate, and vowed vengeances on Clipper. He made a spring at him; but the young hunter had no difficulty in keeping out of his way.

"What's the trouble here, Fordy?" asked the father, when he had in some measure recovered his self-possession. "There is some dispute here."

"This fellow stole our boats yesterday, and he won't tell us what he has done with them," replied Fordy, pointing at the prisoner again.

"I am in favor of making him tell the truth; but the rest of the fellows, except Buck Ward, went back on me. Tom Little let him loose after we had spent the morning in catching him, and had tied his hands behind him."

"You have got pluck, you have, Fordy; and I admire your spirit. What did you let the thief loose for, Little?" said Mr. Gaybroon, with a silly grin on his red face.

"Because the cords he was tied with gave him great pain. I have joined in the search for the boats, and I am willing to do all I can to get things right. But I want to see fair play, and hear what the prisoner has to say."

"This fellow hit me yesterday and again this morning, and knocked me down when I wasn't thinking; and I mean to get even with him. He is an ugly fellow," answered Fordy.

"The prisoner talks and acts like a gentleman; and some of us are in favor of giving him fair play," said Tom Little. "But five of us have been told that we had better mind our own business, and we propose to do so."

"You had better mind things as you found them when you interfered with my affairs," said Fordy, angrily.

"What do you desire us to do before we go?"

"Tie the hands of the prisoner as you found them when you began to meddle with what did not concern you," replied Fordy.

"For one, I shall not do that," replied Tom.

"No! No! No!" shouted his adherents.

Mr. Gaybroon, all I desired was the opportunity to hear what the prisoner had to say for himself. His story is different from that of your son; and there may be some mistake," Tom explained.

"If Fordy says this rascal stole the boats, that's enough," said the father. "We will punish the prisoner as he deserves. Come, my boy, I think we can handle the fellow without any help from these shabby guests of yours."

"Come, Buck, let's put things where they were!" added Fordy, who wanted to assure himself of the continued loyalty of his last adherent.

Mr. Gaybroon was more zealous than wise in his son's cause, and he rushed upon Clipper. The mountain boy found that he must be overpowered by assault, and was reduced to bondage again, unless he defended himself. He retreated to a large tamarack, so that Buck could not jump on his back again.

"Fair play!" shouted Tom Little, as he and his adherents rushed to the rescue.

To the astonishment of Clipper, the five dissatisfied shantyites planted themselves between himself and the enemy.

*(To be continued.)*



### LOST IN A LONDON FOG.

It is popularly supposed in this country that London is perennially enveloped in a pea-soup fog, through which the inhabitants are blindly groping their dangerous way. Now this is a delusion; for though the Londoners are not like the Israelites of old, "ever delicately marching through the most pellucid air," nor can they boast of an atmosphere comparable to that of New York and other American cities, yet a really thick fog occurs very few times during the year.

Some funny scenes happen when one of these clouds overshadows the British metropolis. "An amusing incident," writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "occurred during the fog which enveloped certain parts of the metropolis on Thursday afternoon. Attracted by the firing of a salute, I entered St. James's Park from the Duke of York's steps. Immediately inside the park the fog was so dense that it was hardly possible to distinguish a light ten yards distant.

"I went on, however, and in a very few minutes found myself in the center of a small knot of loiterers. The firing had ceased, but I could hear the rumble of the wheels of gun-carriages and every now and then a shout from a startled horse. Cries of 'Where are you?' and 'Where are you, gunner?' were repeated all around.

"Then I realized what was happening. A squad of Life Guards was getting into more or less fussy confusion. They would just distinguish the helmets of a dozen of them standing in line, and here and there a lantern was darting about among those who would have taken the lead in the march home. To move the guns was, however, impossible, for a few paces brought them in contact with some obstacle. Everything was then at a standstill, save an officer or two. These wanted to know the way to Whitehall. One informant insisted that Whitehall was to the left; another was positive it was to the right. In the end the officers adopted the latter advice, and rode into the railings. How the squad would have got on had the fog not lifted it is difficult to say."

## CORRESPONDENTS & EXCHANGES

### CORRESPONDENCE.

W. D., Trenton, N. J., and others. Your exchanges are inadmissible.

L. P. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. The story you name did not appear in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and we do not know it.

Ben O. Cull, Prairie City, Iowa. Write to H. W. Hunter, 1145 Broadway, New York, or B. Pike's Sons, 930 Broadway, New York.

W. A. B., North Leominster, Mass. 1. There is no premium on the cent of 1858. 2. Volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY cost $3 bound, $2 unbound.

Ironrod, Brooklyn, N. Y. A Christmas story should be submitted to us in November. Our stories are always selected several weeks in advance.

F. H. T., Old Chatham, N. Y. Periodicals can be "entered" or registered by the publisher to secure the special postage rate of 1 cent per pound. This is done by application to a postmaster.

W. A. B., Salem, N. C. 1. The Scott Stamp & Coin Co. publish a catalogue of copper coins. 2. To clean them they may be washed in vinegar and then thoroughly dried in sawdust.

F. A. B., Johnstown, N. Y. The half-cent of 1794 is worth 25 cents in good condition; that of 1797, with thick die, is worth 75 cents, and with thin die, 15 cents. A Mexican dollar is worth its weight in silver; a Haytian quarter we cannot price.

A Weekly Reader. Here is a recipe for shoe blacking: Take ivory black, two pounds; molasses, two pounds; sweet oil, one pound. Rub together till well mixed; then add oil vitriol, three-quarters of a pound; coarse sugar, half a pound, and dilute with stale beer.

J. L. T., Providence, R. I. 1. Deerfoot the Shawanoe was a character in "Camp-fire and Wigwam," which ran in the ARGOSY, nos. 98 to 113, and "Footprints in the Forest," which appeared in nos. 138 to 153. 2. Mr. Alger is still on deck, and we hope that his pen will long continue to delight the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

J. A. C., Chicago, Ill. 1. Here is a verse which may do:

Some friends may wish thee high renown,
And others wish thee wealth;
My wish for thee is better far—
Contentment, blest with health.

2. Vol. IV of the ARGOSY is now on sale; price $3 bound, $2 unbound.

W. E. P., Washington, D. C. 1. Of the conspirators against Abraham Lincoln four were executed, three were sentenced to hard labor for life, and one for six years. Four of those convicts died on the Dry Tortugas, and the other three were pardoned by President Johnson; but whether any of them are still alive we do not know. 2. The melting of snow in the streets with salt is objectionable because the salt destroys shoe-leather. 3. Your writing is regular and good on the whole, though somewhat angular and ungraceful.

### 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.

Frank B. Littlewood, P. O. Box 32, Darien, Conn. A mechanical organette (cost $14), in good condition, for a metal-rimmed banjo in good condition.

C. Harris, Box 291, Henderson, N. C. An organette and a scroll saw, for a magic lantern and views that cost not less than $5, or offers. All letters answered.

John Lamont, Fargo, Dak. Some German coins for other foreign coins; also 120 tin tags and a small dark lantern, with red and green lights, for Indian relics.

D. F. Flynn, 1823 Barker Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Vol. VII of *Golden Days*, a few nos. missing, for vol. I, II or III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Write before sending.

H. W. Allen, Red Wing, Minn. Vols. III, IV, V and VI of *Harper's Young People*, bound, and in fine condition, for any 2 bound vols. of *Golden Days*, except vols. V, VI and VII.

Mortimer Norden, 156 East Sixty-sixth Street, N. a York City. Macaulay's "History of England," in 3 vols., for the "Franz Dawison" or "Rocky Mountain Series," by Castlemon.

Frank Dobson, Bergen Point, N. J. A hand inking press, chase 5 by 8, with 8 fonts of type, cases, rules, border, cuts, etc., all in first-rate order, for the best offer of coins, or anything of equal value.

George R. Logan, Oak Lane Station, Philadelphia, Pa. Any one of the following books, "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Children of the Alley," or "Shifting Winds," for the first 8 nos. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, vol. I.

J. H. Lochlochler, 621 L Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. A rubber stamp, a game of "Authors," and about 25 numbers of *Golden Days*, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound. All letters answered.

John P. Devine, 705 Jayne Street, Philadelphia, Pa. A pair of skates, "The Arabian Nights," Cutler's "Physiology," 15 nos. of *Golden Days*, and a large number of scientific periodicals, for a good magic lantern or chemical apparatus.

Louis F. Dunbar, P. O. Box 1617, New York City. A large magic lantern, cost $30, a pair of P. & S. American Club roller skates, 10-inch size, a pair of ice skates, vol. V of *Golden Days*, 250 rare foreign stamps in an album, and other articles, all valued at about $40, for a 44 to 50-inch bicycle.

Bert Bartlett, 2518 Fifteenth Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. Vols. II, III and IV of *Golden Days*, a pair of nickel-plated ice skates, size 10, and a pair of Barney & Berry roller skates, size 10 1-2, all in good condition, for a self-inking model printing press, with outfit, chase not less than 3 1-4 by 5 1-4.

## GOD'S WORK AND MAN'S WORK.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

"I WILL build," said the architect, "mansions more fair,
Marble-columned, and stately and grand,
Mammoth domed, perfection, base, turret and stair,
And the winds the fame of the builder shall bear
To the uttermost parts of the land."

'Neath the broad dome of heaven's encircling blue,
Sculptured columns reared stately and vast,
And the architect smiled as the palace grew;
But the finger of time pierced those columns through,
While the mountains, God's buildings, stood fast.

## HEROISM IN THE MINES.

BY ARTHUR F. ASCOTT.

THERE is in England a decoration, called the Albert Medal, which is given as a reward for distinguished gallantry in saving life. Many a thrilling tale could be told of the perilous acts by which it has been gained, none perhaps more heroic than those of the rescue party at the Stratford Pit Colliery.

On February 19, 1883, the little old-fashioned town of Atherstone, in Warwickshire, opened its Town Hall, and from far and near, high and low, rich and poor, friends and strangers, all met with one common sympathy, one thrill of gratitude and pride, to see ten of their fellow-men decorated with the Albert Medal by the special desire of Queen Victoria.

No deeds of valor on the battlefield could have been more noble than the acts for which these brave Warwickshire men modestly came forward to receive an expression of the regard that all, from Queen Victoria downward, felt for them.

On the 2d of May, 1882, a fearful and an appalling piece of news spread like wildfire over the villages all round. The Stratford Pit Colliery at Baxterley had had an explosion, and nine lives were shut up in the mine.

At first the news could hardly be believed. For about nineteen years the pit had been so very free from gas that several of the colliers said it would be safe to work there with naked lights.

The pit has three shafts, a blowing, a drawing, and a ventilating one; and these three are worked by an immense wheel-fan, which keeps the air as fresh as underground air can be kept. The blowing and the drawing shafts are very near each other, and I believe their depth is 365 yards. At the bottom of these is an incline of 900 yards, and at the end of this incline are two turnings. One leads to the spot where eight men and a boy were at work, and the other to a huge boiler some thirty or forty yards off. It is supposed that the coals surrounding this boiler took fire, and that, of course, speedily fired the pit.

About ten o'clock on the evening of the 1st of May eight men and a boy descended, little dreaming that in this world they would never see those they loved again. Most probably they were working till Tuesday morning quite unconscious of the terrible danger they were in. This particular Tuesday happened to be an "off-day," so the colliers did not appear at their usual hour, but when the alarm of fire fell upon the place, not a hand was missing, not one miner hung back, but rushed forward, intent only upon one deed, that of saving the nine souls shut up in that fiery furnace. It was no excitement, no feeling of impulse which prompted our brave men. They went without flinching straight into the Valley of the Shadow of Death, for each man there present knew what he was going into, and that the chances of death were far greater than the chances of life.

Very early in the morning, as soon as the fearful news was brought to him, Mr. Dugdale, the owner of the mine, hurried to the pit, and was one of the first to enter it. He and thirty-two volunteers were below when an explosion took place. He was brought out of the mine, as you will read presently, and a very few hours from the time that he had started full of life and health he was carried, maimed and suffering, back to that beautiful home he loved so dearly.

For a week he lay there, patient but helpless, forgetting his own pain in his anxiety for his people. All his questions were for them; and even when he learned that in a few hours he must say farewell to all that made life dear to him, his touching words were: "I shall die for my people; I love my people." And so, showing the greatness of his love for them even unto death, William Stratford Dugdale passed quietly away on the morning of the 9th of May, leaving to his two little boys an honored name, and to his people a memory and a love which will never die.

Perhaps the sight that must have gone most deeply to the hearts of all present on the 19th of February was the presence of these two little boys, in their deep mourning, who stood on the platform; and as each man came forward to receive their medal they stepped forward also and shook their hands.

The selection of the men who were to receive the medals caused great perplexity at Whitehall, for it was agreed that all deserved some recognition of their bravery; and yet Albert Medals are so choice that seldom, if ever, have so many as ten been given away before.

At last, after much deliberation, ten names were chosen for the medal, and a hearty message of thanks was given to all the rescuers.

Mr. Smallman was the earliest called upon to receive the Albert Medal. He is a mining engineer, who lives about five miles from the colliery. At two o'clock on the 2d of May he was called up with the news that nine men were imprisoned in the Stratford Pit. He hurried off at once, and on his way he examined a plan of the mine, as he had not visited it for many years.

He arrived there at three o'clock exactly, as the first band of volunteers was driven back, and he headed another party, making himself the captain of it. The fire was raging in the return airway, in such a manner that the engine-plane, or intake airway, was the only possible way by which the miners might be rescued. Under Mr. Smallman's orders every attempt was made to clear the smoke and gas. Every now and again outbursts of smoke and gases stopped this brave band, but for two long hours they gallantly though unsuccessfully worked there, till they were so worn out they were compelled to retreat.

A new plan of action was then carried instantly, and, Mr. Smallman again heading them, they renewed the work. About half-past eight the air became motionless; for one instant there was a dreadful stillness, then a terrible thunder crashed, and flames of fire flew out, burning Mr. Smallman severely and giving fatal injury to twenty-three of that noble little army. Eighteen men were working alongside of him in the advance party, and to-day only one of them survives.

Making his way at last to the shaft, Mr. Smallman found many of his injured companions, and ascended with the last two to the surface. Even then, however, he would not leave the colliery, and, in spite of his suffering and the danger he was in, he lay on a bench, waiting to give a correct report to the other engineers, and by his example and experience to encourage other volunteers.

The second name called was Mr. Stokes. He is an inspector of mines, who for many years had lived in the Atherstone district. He lives at Derby now, but on receiving a telegram with the sad news, he started directly and arrived at Baxterley very soon after the explosion had taken place.

The first person, almost, whom he saw was Mr. Smallman, lying on a bench, and so injured that he could recognized him by his voice. He told him that Mr. Dugdale, he *knew*, was in the pit, and most likely several others also. "It is more than dangerous to go down, for fire may come in at any moment," he went on; "until possible, have a try for it."

These brave words coming from one who had just passed through the burning fire went straight to the brave heart of the man before him. Without waiting an instant Mr. Stokes changed his clothes and went to the pit's mouth; finding there three men, Spruce, Marsh, and Mottram, he said: "You know the danger; will you come with me?" They joined him at once; Charles Day and William Morris also volunteered, and these six descended the shaft.

They passed their way through every danger of suffocation and almost darkness to the engine-plane; this they found filled with smoke and noxious gases, but they had not come in vain, for they fancied they heard a faint voice. They all made one rush forward, and there, lying quite helpless, and with his face downwards, they found Mr. Dugdale. They carried him out and bore him to the surface, and then again descended to help in the rescue of John Collins.

After finding him alone all that was in his power to do in the mine, he went to the injured and helped to dress their wounds and tried to comfort their friends. When the lord lieutenant called him forward a medal of the second order was already pinned to his coat, as he had won before for another act of bravery.

The third called was Charles Day.

He was a deputy at the colliery, and was working at the pit bottom at ten o'clock on the night of the 1st of May, when his son, who was working with him, threw himself into the smoke. He took part in all the attempts to rescue the miners, and although most severely shaken, insisted upon being one of the six to save Mr. Dugdale; after that he joined the second party in search of John Collins. He volunteered again, but he was so shattered, that Mr. Stokes had to order men to carry him away. He has lost three sons, as brave as himself, in this sad accident.

Charles Chetwynd, a collier, was the next to receive the Albert Medal; and he did a deed worthy of any of our bravest soldiers.

There was a rumor that a carpenter still lay hidden away by the fearful mist. It was scarcely possible he would be living, and to reach him was almost certain death. Chetwynd stepped forward and he and two others went to the edge of the smoke. There they listened, but they heard no noise; they called, but there was no answer; they could stand the gas no longer, and they had to leave for a minute for fresh air. They hurried back directly, and Chetwynd sent one of his men for a long rope, one end of which he tied round his own body, the other end he gave to his friends. Then, with his face downwards, and a handkerchief stuffed in his mouth, he crept backwards through the mist and the smoke, till he reached the carpenter. He held him firmly, and tightening his hold on the rope, the comrades at the edge dragged them both out together. Almost the moment they reached the surface the poor carpenter died.

There is not room here to give an especial account of the deeds of the six next men—Spruce, Marsh, Mottram, Morris, Pickering, and Joseph Chetwynd, who all received the medal, but their attempts were not less brave.

It is said that the queen keeps an especial book, wherein every name is written and every deed copied, which has won the medal. She takes an interest in every wearer of them, and when she can she has the photograph of the possessor placed by the side of his history.

### BROTHER GARDNER'S PHILOSOPHY.

ON another page of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY we give a sketch of "M. Quad," the author of the Lime Kiln Club sketches. Here is a specimen of his humor:

"I doan go much on mottoes an sich," said Brother Gardner as he opened the Lime Kiln Club. "I once knowed a man who set out in life wid de motto: 'Excelsior.' He was proud of it an' he stuck to it, an' de las' time I saw him he was in de poorhouse. He got so tired of luggin' dat motto around dat he couldn't work ober three days in de week.

"I once knowed a man who carried de motto of 'A Penny Saved am a Penny Airned' in all his pockets, an' no pusson ober found him wid a dollar in cash to his name. He was all on de save an' nuffin on de airn.

"Doan' you git de ideah inter yer heads dat a motto or a maxim am gwine ter feed an' clothe ye an' whoop up rent and doctor bills. It's mo' in de man dan in de maxim. I kin show ye fo'ty pussons in my nayburhood who sot on de fences all summer an' keep deir eyes on de maxim; 'Industry am de Road to Wealth.' I kin show ye fo'ty mo' who hang up de motto of 'Providence will Purvide,' and sot down fur Providence to do so. If de wife airns a dollar dat's Providence.

"Stidy work at fair wages, wid a domestic wife to boss de kitchen, an motto an' maxim nuff fur any of us. If anything furdier am wanted let us strive to be honest, truthful, charitable an' virtuous. We needn't hang out a sign on de fences dat we am strivin', but jist git dar widout any Fo'th ob July fireworks to attract public attenshun."

### THE WORKERS OF NEW YORK.

PROBABLY more large salaries are earned in New York than anywhere else. A correspondent of the *Providence Journal* gives the following details about some of this city's busy workers and money makers:

President Chauncey M. Depew of the New York Central, is variously credited with from $25,000 to $40,000 a year. He may work far into the night, and unquestionably has done so again and again, but he always appears to be at his ease, even when he is explaining that he can't do something he is asked to because he has four other things to do at the same time. Unlike President Cleveland, he pays no attention to details. His subordinates stew over them and come to him for a word of final decision when they have reached the end of their responsibilities.

The man who earns $20,000 the hardest of any man I know is a celebrated tea taster down town. To-day you see him and he looks like any other man, but if you meet him in a month hence, he will strike you as extraordinary. His hat will then appear to be four sizes too small, and to be perched on his head like a marking pot on a barrel. This is said to be because he has been poisoned by his business, and the lower part of his face and head has swelled out of all proportion to his crown and his hat. He only washes his tongue with the tea, and then spits it out, but in the course of doing this a thousand times a day for several weeks the strong drug does its work, and then he has to lie off for a few weeks and shrink his head ready to begin again.

I don't know how H. B. Hyde of the Equitable Life, or Mr. McCurdy of the New York Life, earn their $36,000 a year apiece. They get "extras," I think, that bring their salaries much higher. The best paid editor in town, Mr. David S. Stone of the *Journal of Commerce*, takes his $15,000 a year very comfortably. Theodore Thomas probably made $100,000 last year, and will duplicate it this year. He gets $30,000 for fifteen weeks as leader of the American Opera. But he is forever high-strung, excited, and in trouble, and salaries come hard with him.

On the other hand, Jay Gould is the personification of easy going, and never loses his temper or his head. He treats his head through the medium of his stomach by living very plainly; in fact, he communicates no excesses in any direction except money making. He has himself under perfect control. He is as methodical as a machine, goes to bed at such an hour, gets up at such an hour, and spends just so many hours at his office. Naturally, everybody who works with him or for him likes him. But neither as president of the Manhattan Elevated nor of the Gould system does he take any salary. If he gets his $5 for each attendance at a meeting of the Western Union directory it is because the money is sent to him.

### ONE-ARMED, BUT A HERO.

WE have chronicled in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY so many golden deeds performed by boys, and girls too, that none of our readers need think that there are no more opportunities nowadays for heroic actions. Below we relate an occurrence reported recently in the daily papers:

On the 19th of last month, when the afternoon train on the Susquehanna road entered a cut near Paterson, N. J., five boys were walking down the track. The train had been signaled to make a flying switch, and the boys consequently did not see their danger until the train was almost upon them. Three of them got safely off the track, but Robert and James Nusbaumer, aged respectively ten and eight years, found themselves in the way of the train.

Robert leaped aside in time, but his little brother had not time to escape. He was caught by the steps of the front car, and would have been crushed, had not his elder brother sprung forward and pulled him away just in time. But while James escaped with a slight bruise, Robert was struck by the car, and thrown under the wheels of the train, which passed over one of his arms.

He was taken to the city, and the doctors decided that amputation was necessary. The brave little fellow refused to take an anæsthetic; and while the physicians took his arm off at the elbow, he conversed with those around him, only showing by the occasional twitching of his muscles and the compression of his lips that he was undergoing any suffering. When the forearm had been removed it was found necessary also to amputate the limb at the shoulder. Still the little fellow did not flinch.

If he gets over it, Robert Nusbaumer will have only one arm, but he will be a hero.

### DONAN ON DAKOTA.

THE great would-be, and, no doubt, will-be, State of Dakota, has many warm friends and eulogizers, none warmer, perhaps, than the genial and well-known Colonel Patrick Donan. He speaks in glowing terms of its magnificent fertility and unrivaled attractiveness.

"Dakota," says the colonel, "is the sole remaining quarter-section of paradise in this Western world. It is no uncommon thing for a whole Dakota family to sit on one end of a potato while the other is roasting in the fire. We hatch our own wild geese of such dimensions that Eastern and Southern tenderfeet are liable to mistake them for winged hippopotami, on lakes of never-freezing rose-water and cologne. We wall up for wells the holes from which we pull, with steam derricks and 1,800 horse-power engines, our radishes and beets, and make cow-sheds and circus-tents of turnip rinds. We put rockers under our empty pea-pods and use them for cradles."

Donan says more and grows still more enthusiastic; but we will not quote him further, as we suspect that at this point he begins to exaggerate.


A DREAM OF WINTER SPORTS.

### THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

A FEW weeks ago we related in the ARGOSY a tale of the beaver's cleverness in vanquishing its deadly enemy, the gray wolf. Here is another story which shows how long it can evade another more cunning foe—the trapper.

There were very few beavers left in the waters of New York State or Pennsylvania in 1794, when Benjamin Patterson, a noted hunter and trapper of those days, discovered a colony in Mud Creek, a tributary of the upper Chemung River. This was the first colony of beavers that had been found thereabout for some years. Patterson set his trap, and caught a beaver every night for seven nights. On the eighth night a beaver escaped from the trap, and left one of its hind legs in it.

It is a peculiarity of the beaver family that if all the members of a colony but one are captured or die, the survivor will never again seek another colony or follow the regular life of a beaver, but will become a wanderer, hiding wherever it can, and displaying a cunning and sagacity that were strange to it when it lived in a colony. After finding the beaver's leg in his trap, and failing to capture any more of the animals, Patterson knew that he had taken all but one of the entire colony, and that that one had become a crippled wanderer.

These solitary beavers were called tramps by some trappers, and bachelors by others. Patterson lost track of the missing beaver, but the next year he came upon signs of it. He could not find its hiding places, however, and for five years he followed the crippled beaver up and down the Chemung and its branches, always on its trail, but never succeeding in outwitting its cunning.

At the end of five years Patterson declared that the beaver bore a charmed life, and that there was no use in wasting time on it. His brother Richard thought differently, and continued the search for the bachelor beaver. It was heard of all over the valley, first in one place and then in another; but Richard had no better luck in trapping for it than his brother had, and in 1807 all signs of the wandering bearer disappeared. It was thought that it had died or left the locality.

In 1809 Richard Patterson was trapping on the very head waters of the Chemung and he discovered signs of a beaver. He could not locate it in any one spot, and it kept moving down the stream. Patterson followed it all the way to Newtown, where Elmira now stands, without getting a sight of it.

At Newtown Eddy the beaver left the stream, and Patterson discovered by its tracks in the snow that it had but three legs, and he made up his mind the crippled bachelor beaver of 1794 had turned up again. The trail led across country seven miles to another stream, where it disappeared, and all trace of the beaver was lost.

Nothing was heard or seen of it again for nearly four years. In 1812 Benjamin Patterson was fishing in the Tioga River, near Painted Post, and was surprised to see a beaver crawl out from a clump of willows near him and draw itself up the bank. One of its hind legs was gone, and Patterson felt that he was once more in the presence of the charmed beaver. He picked up a club and sprang toward the animal, but it quickly disappeared in the water.

Patterson ran to a house near by and got a rifle. When he returned to the river the beaver was in the middle of the river, swimming toward the other shore. Patterson took good aim and fired at it. It disappeared beneath the water. Patterson, believing that he had killed the beaver at last, jumped into a boat and started out to look for its body. Before he had gone far, he saw the beaver climb up the bank on the other side and disappear. Patterson then swore that he would never again make any attempt on the life of a bachelor beaver.

All sign of the mysterious tramp was again lost. In the spring of 1814 there was an unusually large freshet in the Chemung. A raftsman named Ira Mapes was working on a raft with two other men some distance above Newtown. The flood became so strong that just after the men had gone to their raft, early one morning, the rope broke, and they were carried down stream. The raft landed on an island near Newtown. A crop of corn had been raised on the island the year before, and some of the shocks of stalks had been left standing. The weather was very cold, and Mapes and the men started for one of the corn shocks to shelter themselves.

There had been a slight fall of snow during the night, and the men noticed a peculiar track leading from the river to the corn shock toward which they were going. The track had been made by an animal with but three feet. The men picked up clubs, and, surrounding the corn shock, routed the animal out.

It was a very large and very gray beaver, and it was soon killed. One of its hind legs was gone, and the men then knew that the crippled bachelor beaver that had foiled all the best trappers for twenty years had met its death at their hands.

Mapes had a cap made out of the beaver's fur, which he remained as an heir loom in his family ever since.

### BISMARCK AND GERMAN LETTERS.

IN his schemes of state socialism, and in his shrewd diplomatic strokes, Prince Bismarck seems a pushing and go-ahead statesman; but on one point he is obstinate in resisting a manifest improvement.

For ten years, says the *Pall Mall Gazette* of London, there has been a steady effort made all over Germany to get rid of the German character in printing and writing. It serves no purpose, enshrines no patriotic associations, and has no legend or history to make it interesting. Somewhere near the end of the Middle Ages the scribes of all nations took to adorning and adding flourishes to the familiar Latin alphabet. The taste spread, and what are called "Gothic letters" was the result of it. Ultimately there was a reaction in favor of simplicity, and this reaction is only reaching Germany at the end of the nineteenth century.

Prince Bismarck holds by the old character. Six years ago he caused certain manuals issued at the Chancery, that had been printed in the ordinary Latin characters, to be reprinted in Gothic type. There was a great outcry at the time, and men of science asserted that the prevalence of near sight among the German people was due to this trying and minute print. But the Chancellor never yields, and now within the week he has sent back several Blue-books issued by the Berlin magistracy and had them reprinted in his favorite sight-destroying type.