

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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BODFISH.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

By HENRY M. HAMILTON.

THE cinnamon bear is the most formidable of all the wild animals of the North American continent. He belongs to the family of grizzly bears, but is found only in the Southwestern and Pacific States, not ranging so far north as his brother, the black grizzly. Some years ago I had an encounter with cinnamon grizzlies which I am not likely to forget, as I bear a vivid reminder of it about with me in the shape of a scar on my right arm, just below the shoulder.

At that time I was about seventeen, and lived with my father at Grand Gulch, a

small settlement among the Cruasquez Mountains, about fifty miles, in a straight line, west of Denver. My mother was dead, and I was left a good deal, perhaps too much, to my own devices.

Though not an idle or uneducated boy, I was not very fond of school, and preferred to spend my time in working or hunting, rather than in studying the Latin grammar or decimal fractions. Many a time I have shouldered a pick, and gone off to work in the mines along with the men—for Grand Gulch was a mining community; and they said that I did as good a day's work as

THE BIG CINNAMON BEAR HAD HEARD THE CUB'S CRIES, AND WAS COMING AFTER ME LIKE A RACE HORSE.



HE TOOK A HASTY AIM AT THE BEAR, WHICH HAD SPRUNG UPON MARTIN.

A BEAR STORY.

BY WALTER G. PICKENS.

HUDSON'S BAY is not, perhaps, the pleasantest of places in the depth of winter. That is, however, the time when it presents most attractions to those who visit it, for the cold drives the animals from their hiding places, and the difficulty of finding anything to eat makes them bold in the pursuit of food, even to the extent of snatching it from the jaws of a trap.

A small party of trappers were seated round a camp-fire one night, a few years ago. They had a blaze big enough to attract all the animals of the forest, for it was bitterly cold, and fuel cost nothing.

"I saw bear tracks to-day," remarked Coppee, a French Canadian. "I shall hunt him to-morrow."

"You're always seeing tracks," said Martin, a burly Englishman, "but you never seem to come up with the bear. For as more in your line."

Coppee looked as if he would like to have retorted with more than words. But he was a good-natured little fellow, and could make allowance for Martin's want of amiability.

"I shall try and find this one," was his reply. His eyes twinkled with joyful anticipation, for he had discovered the home of the bear, a discovery which he meant to keep secret.

"You can't go to-morrow, Coppee," put in Hopkins, a Yankee. "You're to go to the cache; the agent will be along soon."

"Ah, so I have," exclaimed Coppee, dolorously. "Never mind; my bear will keep for a day or two."

"Where's his hole?" inquired Martin, carelessly.

"Ah, wouldn't you like to know?" was Coppee's evasive reply. "No, my friend, I mean to pay my morning call by myself."

"That bear will live a lonely life then, that's all I can say," retorted Martin, rising to throw some more pine knots on the fire.

"We shall see," said Coppee; "only don't expect a paw all to yourself when I bring the skin home."

"I'll eat the skin when you bring it," responded Martin, laughing.

Coppee made no reply, but his face

showed the determination to carry out his intention of killing Bruin. Soon after, all the trappers rolled themselves in their blankets and dropped off to sleep.

They woke early; the fire still smoldered. They made a hunter's breakfast, and each prepared to go his own direction.

"Where are you off, Martin?" asked Hopkins.

"Up by the ravine. I shall be back early to-day. Look out for that bear, Coppee."

"I shall not call on him to-day; I'm off for the cache."

"Well, it's all the same for the bear," was Martin's remark, as he shouldered his gun and strode off.

Coppee gave one of his light-hearted laughs, and started in the opposite direction.

"He is angry that he did not find the tracks himself," he thought. "Poor Martin! he has had bad luck this season. So have I, though, till now; but when I've shot this bear I sha'n't be able to complain."

He walked rapidly along, for he had a long journey before him. The "cache" he was about to visit was a hole beside a tree, carefully boarded up and covered over. In this were hidden the skins of the animals they captured. At stated times the company's agent came round and took them away. One of his visits was nearly due, and Coppee had to make a preliminary inspection of the cache.

He was about four miles from the camp, swinging along with a hunter's stride, when he stopped as if he had been shot.

A minute after, he was retracing his steps at a long trot. An unwelcome thought had struck him.

Martin had said that he was going to the ravine. Coppee knew that "the ravine" meant a certain gorge between some rocky hills, a part of the district which Martin rarely visited. It was to this very ravine that he had tracked the bear on the previous day.

By this time it was quite possible Martin had come across the tracks, and, forsaking his gins and traps, had set off to trace where they led. If so, he would never rest content until he had killed the bear. And that bear fairly belonged to him, Coppee.

That would never do. How could he endure the chaff of the camp after his tirade of the previous evening? No; he was resolved that, come what might, he would be first on the spot, and not leave to Martin the chance of killing the largest bear he had seen signs of during the whole season.

So the little Frenchman ploughed his way along, taking a short cut through the woods. What was it made him pause for a moment, and then redouble his speed?

It was this. He remembered suddenly that all the tracks leading to the bear's cave were on the side of the ravine farthest from the camp. He had come across them on his way home; but Martin, entering the ravine from the other end, would see nothing to raise his suspicions till he reached the cave. The bear would have scented him long before, and the terrible fear which crossed Coppee's mind was that Martin would be attacked unawares. Such an unequal contest could have but one result.

Coppee forgot all about his own desire to kill the bear; his one hope now was that Martin might have succeeded in doing so. Never had he run so fast in his life. He pelted over the snow, choosing, where possible, the ground sheltered from the drift.

It seemed an age before the ravine was reached. He leaped from rock to rock with more agility than prudence. One more turn and he would be in sight of the cave.

He was at the very corner, when a terrible cry reached his ears. He leaped forward, to see his worst fears realized. An enormous bear had rushed on Martin, who had not even time to fire; his weapon was dashed from his hand, and he was thrown violently to the ground.

Coppee raised a shout, hoping to turn the bear's attention. His idea bore fruit—the bear turned in his direction for a moment, giving Martin time to draw his long hunter's knife; but, before he could use it, the bear, with an angry growl sprang on him again.

Another moment, and it would have been all over, for the animal's enormous weight prevented Martin from even turning. But Coppee had made the most of the few seconds, and was now but half a dozen yards off. He took a hasty aim, all trembling as he was with his tremendous exertions; the

ball hit the bear under the shoulder. With a fearful growl he sprang off Martin's body and began biting the wounded part.

Now came Martin's turn. With a temerity born of a hunter's life he raised himself on his hand, and plunged his knife into the body of his foe. It found his heart.

Martin rose to his feet, and for the first time saw Coppee.

"I killed that bear," he said.

Coppee looked at him in astonishment for a moment, and then burst into one of his merry laughs.

"You are right," he said; "you killed the bear. I came too late."

"No, you didn't," replied Martin; "you came at just about the nick of time. If it hadn't been for your shot it would have been a case of 'killed by a bear' for my gravestone. I'll do as much for you, if ever I get the chance."

Coppee saw that he had conquered his rival's enmity forever. When, in the evening, they were once more seated round the camp-fire, Martin told the story of his rescue, and told it in terms which showed he felt deeply Coppee's conduct. However, none the less could he resist ending his story with: "But I killed that bear after all!"

AN ELEPHANTINE BURGLAR.

An elephant escaped from a menagerie at Woolwich, England, recently, and started out on a burlesque expedition.

It broke in the door of a workman's house, but finding the aperture too small it crashed in the window, and speedily consumed all the food left on the supper table, together with the breakfast of the master of the house, which was tied up in a cloth. So far all went well, but in its search for further plunder the intruder smashed the crockery and broke the furniture. Thereupon the lady of the house dispatched her husband for a policeman, and descended, armed with a poker, to do battle with what she imagined was an ordinary house-breaker.

She could just discern some dark object in the room, and, suspecting that it was a burglar, called to him to retreat or surrender; but the object approached her; she smote it heavily with her poker, whereupon the trunk curled up, and the elephant uttered a roar.

It is a capital story, as it is told; but just imagine the feelings of the woman who found herself belaboring an angry elephant with a poker in the small hours of the morning!

THE GLORIOUS VISION.

METHINKS when sleep falls on me I behold
A city with its turrets high in air,
Its gates that gleam with jewels strange and rare,
And streets that glow with burning of red gold;
And happy souls through blessedness grown bold,
Thrill with their praises all the radiant air;
I see the gleaming gates, and toward them press—
What though my path lead through the wilderness?

[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.

To New Readers.—We gave a synopsis of the preceding chapters of this story in our special free edition. Those who read that synopsis can now continue understanding the story as it appears here.—Ed.

CHAPTER XVI.

FACE TO FACE.

"I CALCULATE this is about the biggest nuisance that a chap can have. There wasn't any 'casion at all to sprain my ankle, but I had to go and do it all the same, and jes' when I was needed more than at any other time for half a year.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if everything was in right shape with the boys, but jes' arter Deerfoot had helped me home and gone away, a lot of redskins must take it into their heads to smash our traps and then try to smash us. They're all about us in the woods, and what's worse, Linden is expectin' his boy here. If he could only bring that young Shawanee with him, it wouldn't be so bad. But there ain't one chance in a hundred that that younker will be able to keep out of their clutches. My off leg ain't half as good as a wooden one. It's a bad time to be laid up with a sprained ankle. I wonder now," added the sufferer, screwing up his bronzed face as a twinge shot through his wounded limb, "whether a feller could fix on a good time to have such a thing as that."

The foregoing, as you may suppose, were the utterances of Bowlby, the trapper, and were caused by the injury he had suffered. A few days before he had sprained his left ankle so badly that Mr. Linden sent word to his son Fred to come out and take his place with the working force.

Bowlby was never patient by nature, but it is likely he would have got along without much worrying but for the alarming events that followed so closely on his mishap. The discovery that their pack horses had been stolen, and that the "woods were full" of dusky miscreants, left no doubt that they were looking for scalps, and that exceedingly lively times were at hand.

Under such circumstances, you can well understand how Bowlby chafed under his helplessness. Before the peril became so great he constructed himself a crutch, by the help of which he was able to hobble about; but he felt that he was of little account in the crisis that was coming.

With this crutch under his left arm and his gun in his right, the hunter found himself able to get along for a short distance, though he was so unaccustomed to that kind of work that his arm became almost as painful as his ankle. He sturdily refused to mount one of the horses and go home, but when, on the morning of the arrival of the boys, Hardin and Linden decided to visit the clearing and find out what was going on, he could not refuse to stay behind and await their return.

Passing up a broad and not very deep ravine for fifty rods or so, with rocks and boulders on either hand, a place was reached on the right, where a rough cavern, a dozen feet deep and perhaps half as wide, opened into the ravine.

During violent storms this hollow must have been filled with water. It was without any other means of ingress or egress, and since the hunters had no supplies within it, you will see that they were in no shape to undergo a prolonged siege.

But, should they find themselves cornered there, their situation would have been preferable in many respects to that within the building. From the latter there was but the one way of firing out, while the assailants could approach from any point of the compass. The Indians could not advance upon those in the cavern except by exposing themselves to the rifles of the defenders.

Besides that, as you have already learned, it was an easy matter for the Winnebagoes to burn down the building, but fire was little if any help to them when they came to attack a party among the rocks.

The impatient words with which this chapter opened were uttered by Bowlby while sitting in the retreat just after Linden and Hardin had gone to learn what the Winnebagoes were doing.

science. His friends had insisted that he should keep out of sight until they came back, for you can readily see that the simplest prudence forbade him running any such risk as that before him.

He turned his face inward and started to hobble back into the interior of the cavern.

"I'll be hanged if I will!" he exclaimed, checking himself and facing about again. "I'll die if I have to stay in there; and if I've got to kick up my toes, I'd a blame sight rather do it in the open air, where I can be comfortable."

Accordingly he took his position in front of the opening. Leaning his crutch against the flinty wall behind him, he used the latter also as a support, his left foot bearing hardly a feather's weight of his body. His long, formidable rifle was grasped with

just as we mend a gun or wagon? No; they don't know any more than Deerfoot, so I don't lose anything by not having 'em. Well, I'll be hanged!"

I may safely say that James Bowlby was never more astounded in all his life than at that moment. For some time he had been gazing down the ravine toward the clearing. He could not see very far in that direction, for not only did the gully wind to the right, but the thick wood and undergrowth forbade anything like an extended view.

The hunter ceased his useless effort to see anything that would explain the reports, and, in the most natural manner in the world, looked to the other side of the ravine, on whose edge he was standing. Straight across the depression, on the top of a rock several feet higher than that

which supported the hunter, was a Winnebago warrior looking fixedly at him.

The Indian stood erect and in plain sight. He wore the usual costume of his people, with tomahawk and knife in his girdle, and held his gun in his right hand. The weight of his body rested mainly on his right foot with the left extended a few inches in front, so that his attitude was easy and graceful. Had he been posing for a picture he could not have done better.

The sight of the white man with his back against the wall of rock, and his crutch leaning by his side, seemed to possess peculiar interest to the red man, for surely he had never seen the like before.

It looked indeed as if the Winnebago discovered something of peculiar interest in the features of the hunter, for his motionless pose and his intense stare proved that he was studying him with the closest attention.

A shudder passed through James Bowlby as he realized that the Indian,

had he chosen, could have sent a bullet straight through the trapper's heart before he had the slightest suspicion of danger. He could not understand why the redskin had not done so.

Finding himself the object of such intense scrutiny, Bowlby in turn looked keenly at the Winnebago. As he did so, he cautiously raised the hammer of his rifle, the position of his hand making it unnecessary to shift it; nor did he move the weapon itself. At the same moment, and without taking his eyes from the painted visage, the hunter softly muttered:

"I don't know how this is going to end, but if you can aim and fire quicker'n me, you old scamp, you're welcome to try it."

CHAPTER XVII.

AP-TO-TO.

IT was certainly an extraordinary fact that while James Bowlby, grimly grasping his loaded rifle, gazed across the ravine at the Winnebago warrior, who in turn appeared to be trying to look him through, he suddenly awoke to the fact that this was not the first time the two had seen each other.

"It must be that he remembers me, or thinks he does, though I can't call to mind—yes, I can, too!"

Despite the differently-colored paint, daubed over the countenance of the Indian, Bowlby noticed the peculiar shape of his nose. It had been slashed by a knife in some fight. In healing up, it took such a twisted form that it would have identified the owner no matter where he might be.

A little less than a year before, during one of the fiercest snow storms of winter, a Winnebago warrior had pulled the latch-string of the hunters' cabin, and in broken English asked the privilege of staying overnight with the white men. He was made welcome, given an abundance to eat, and remained three days. By that time the storm was over, and he set out on his long journey to the lodges of his people in the northeast.

This warrior was Ap-to-to, the identical Winnebago who stood on the other side of the ravine, studying Bowlby with such interest.

"It's him, as sure as a gun!" exclaimed the ungrammatical hunter to himself, after he had taken a second glance; "he isn't



BOWLBY SHUDDERED AS HE SAW AN INDIAN GAZING AT HIM ACROSS THE RAVINE.

"This is a fine place," he added, nursing his swollen ankle and looking up at the jagged roof and then at the walls. "I wonder if George and Rufe think I'm going to stay here till they come back. If they do they're badly mistaken."

It was a work of difficulty and suffering for the hunter, with the help of his crutch, to get on his feet. More than once he groaned with pain, but at last he hobbled to the entrance, where he stooped down and made his way to the outside. There he rose to his feet, leaning on his support, which rested under his left shoulder, while he held his rifle in his right hand.

The floor of the cavern, in which the hunters had taken temporary shelter, projected several feet into the ravine, so that it offered a good support, where a man could stand or sit down as he chose. To the right and left it broke away irregularly, soon becoming a part of the bed of the ravine itself.

The latter was from fifty to seventy-five yards in width, the middle portion being some five or six feet deeper than the sides. Although at times filled with a roaring stream, it was now perfectly dry, and had been so for weeks. When the snow of the mountains began melting in the spring, it became a raging torrent that swept everything before it.

Having reached the outside, the hunter was troubled by a compunction of con-

both hands, and held across his thighs in front, the muzzle pointing to the left and the right hand covering the cumbrous flint lock. In this position the weapon could be instantly raised and fired.

Bowlby knew that there was a possibility of his being seen by Indians, but at the same time he did not think there was one chance in ten that he would be discovered.

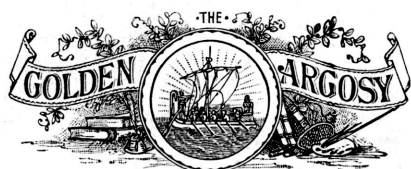
"I suppose the boys will growl when they come back and catch sight of me standing on the outside. But who cares? Let 'em growl, so long as they don't bite. Hallo! the music begins."

The report of a couple of guns came from the direction of the clearing.

Naturally Bowlby felt the most lively interest, though he could form no guess of the meaning of what he heard. Unaware as he was that George Linden's son had reached the spot, and that he was accompanied by Deerfoot and Terry, Bowlby could not have suspected the true explanation.

By and by came the sound of two other guns—those of Linden and Hardin, who were in front of the cabin when the Winnebagoes exposed themselves to their fire. Bowlby ground his teeth and looked down at his bandaged ankle.

"I wonder if the time will ever come," he growled, "when the doctors can cure everything right off! Why don't they know enough to fix up an ankle or leg,



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The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Congressman Amos J. Cummings of the New York "Sun."

WHAT WORK WILL DO.

CHIEF ARTHUR, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, whose clear-headed and practical methods of dealing with labor questions have gained him a national reputation, gives his testimony to the supreme value of hard work. His motto seems to be the one which is also to be seen in the office of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, "Nil sine labore."

"No man," he says, "has a right to anything which does not come to him through the channel of honest acquirement. If you would have name, fame or wealth, work for it. Have an object in life; let it be as exalted as possible, and, if backed by a strong determination and an honest endeavor, believe me, you will attain it."

"THE BOY BROKER; or, AMONG THE KINGS OF WALL STREET," the story promised by Mr. Munsey at the close of his last serial, will commence in No. 218.

EVERY DAY HEROES.

THE soldier or sailor who, like Wolfe or Nelson, falls at the moment of victory in battle, is immortalized by the poet and the sculptor, and undying fame promptly rewards his heroism.

Yet greater deeds are being performed in every day life, without attracting more than a brief and passing notice. Many a locomotive engineer has sacrificed himself, to save a train full of passengers; many a fireman has rushed into a burning house and lost his life in rescuing its inmates.

A few weeks ago, the captain of a transatlantic steamer died from chill and exposure, after spending forty-two hours at his post on the bridge, during a furious gale.

Numerous other instances might be given of men who have faced death as nobly as the hero of Trafalgar, and without the hope of posthumous glory to inspire their valor. These are the truest heroes of all.

Copies of Volume IV are now ready, neatly bound in half calf, Price Three Dollars each.

A YEAR'S GROWTH.

AMERICA can pause at the beginning of each new year, and look back upon her record of progress. Last year, as in other years, we gained in numbers and wealth, we built more railroads and dwellings, we grew more wheat and cotton, and extracted from our mines more coal and iron.

All this is very pleasant food for reflection. The United States is now the wealthiest country in the world. Our government raises less revenue than three others only, but spends less than seven. In the amount of our foreign commerce we are fourth; in the value of our productions, and in the length of our railroads and telegraphs, we are ahead of all others. We are also fortunate in maintaining a standing army which is exceeded in numbers by that of at least twenty countries.

Truly we have much to be thankful for. And we should rejoice still more if we are gaining not only in numbers and wealth, but

in the spread of patriotism, education and virtue among the people. It is a familiar truth that no nation's power has survived the debasement of its national character, and we cannot hope to escape this law. Let us remember that a virtuous nation is a nation of virtuous men, and that every one of us can do something to make our country better.

"LIKE the flakes which fall everywhere during a snowstorm the newspapers are ever flying over this broad land," said Henry Ward Beecher a few Sundays ago, "and the men must be wise in ignorance who can evade the knowledge thus showered about them."

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, the English ship-builder and gunmaker, has launched a new iron-clad for the Chinese government. Her name is *Ching Yuan*, which, being interpreted, means Tranquilizer and Peacemaker of Distant Regions. Tranquilizers of this description seem to be very popular among the peace-loving governments of to-day.

A GOOD deal of missionary work has been done among the Chinamen of New York and Brooklyn laundries, and some days ago eight of them were admitted as members of the Congregational Church. Of these eight, seven are Brooklynites, Ju Yoke being the only New Yorker.

One of the converts went so far as to adopt a Christian name, and became Joseph S. Erwing, Esq., instead of Mr. Way Hop.

THE SPORTS OF WINTER.

WE are constantly inventing new winter amusements, and adopting those of other countries. Formerly skating and coasting held supreme sway; later came ice-boating, and now we have imported a new idea from Canada. The tobogganing fever bids fair to outrival the roller-skate craze, from which the nation has now happily recovered. Nor are we behind our Northern neighbors in the matter of ice palaces and winter carnivals, as witness the very successful yearly *fetes* at St. Paul, and last year's notable parade of bobs at Albany.

Evidently spurred on by this competition to get up something new, Montreal announces that at her carnival, to be opened on February 7th, the central feature is to be a castle, and not a palace. The structure will cover an area of 14,000 square feet, with towers and turrets sprinkled about at the corners in true medieval style. There will also be a winding stairway of ice. But, now that New York has at last got a toboggan-slide, one should not be surprised if in the course of a year or two she could also boast of a mammoth ice hippodrome, by the magnitude of which all the icy palaces and castles will be thrown into the sun and melted up. But we shall doubtless require a patent artificial freezing process to build it, and a "Jumbo" type of refrigerator to keep it afterwards.

The yearly subscription price of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is \$3.00. For \$5.00 we will send two copies, to separate addresses if desired.

EXPLORING IN ALASKA.

ALASKA, the only part of Uncle Sam's domain which has not been pretty well explored by this time, has lately attracted a good many travelers, who have penetrated a greater or lesser distance into its icy wilds.

Certainly the most interesting report is that made by a naval officer who recently returned from a thousand-mile overland journey through a region where white men had never been before. With one comrade, he traveled from Fort Cosmos, on the Putnam River, to Point Barrow, the most northern headland of Alaska. These two men had some strange experiences, which are modestly related by the brave officer, who is now getting over their effects in a hospital.

For two weeks, while they camped beside a river which they discovered, waiting for the ice to break, they had no food except a few roots dug from the frozen ground. Even under this severe provocation, the travelers, unlike another distinguished Alaskan explorer, refrained from naming the new river, which still rolls its icy waters under the musical native cognomen of Ikipkipuk.

A few days later they were met by an old Indian lady, who had heard of their distress, and had walked fifty miles over the snow with a bag of flour. "Dear old soul!" says the officer; "and I could only give her a plug of tobacco to repay her."

THE HON. WILLIAM BROSS.

Editor of "The Chicago Tribune."

"To do all that can be done to cultivate, instruct, and elevate our common humanity, and render it more virtuous, and therefore more prosperous and happy; this is the duty and the high prerogative of the American press. Vena presses there may be, but they are destined to a sure and early extinction. Integrity, energy, commanding talents, comprehensive learning, and perfect independence characterize the leading journals of the country, and are the sources of their popularity and power. Their success is assured precisely in the ratio that they adhere to the right and denounce the wrong, no matter who may perpetrate or uphold that wrong."

These are notable words, and they were written nearly twenty years ago by one whose long career has given actual expression to the principles which his pen laid down. Western journalism, of which he was almost a pioneer, has on its brilliant record no more honorable name than that of the writer of the above paragraph—William Bross.

He was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, November 4, 1813, and passed his boyhood at Milford, Pennsylvania. He studied at Williams College, where he graduated with high honors in 1838. His connection with his old college has not been forgotten, as he has received from it honorary degrees, and was chosen, in 1886, to deliver the alumni address.

Upon leaving college, he taught a school in Orange County, New York, for nearly ten years. In this position he was decidedly successful; his tastes naturally inclined to literature and the arts, and he was a thorough classical scholar. Here, too, he was very happily married to the only daughter of the late Dr. J. T. Jansen, of Goshen, N. Y.

But his life was not destined to pass away in the quiet routine of the pedagogue's duties. He left the teacher's desk to enter the ranks of a profession that gave him a wider knowledge of men and of affairs, and a more extended sphere of action and influence.

In May, 1848, he left the East, and went to Chicago. The town was then quite a new one, having been organized only fifteen years before, and its population was a little over twenty thousand souls. It had just begun the wonderful growth which has made it the metropolis of the West.

After a short experience of the book trade, Mr. Bross bought a paper called the *Prairie Herald*, which he conducted for two years, in conjunction with Dr. J. A. Wight. Next he united with the late John L. Scripps in founding the *Democratic Press*, a daily and weekly paper, which first appeared December 16, 1852.

Hitherto a Democrat in politics, Mr. Bross joined the Republican party immediately upon its organization, and has ever since been one of its ablest champions. His was the first Western journal to advocate the nomination of John C. Fremont, in 1856, and four years later he did most effective service in securing the nomination and subsequent election of Abraham Lincoln; indeed, he was a trusted friend and adviser of the great Illinoisian during his Presidency.

Meanwhile, in July, 1858, the *Press* was consolidated with the *Tribune*, which was already a well-established paper of twelve years' standing, nearly the oldest daily in Chicago.

In 1864, Mr. Bross was elected lieutenant-governor of the State of Illinois, and discharged the functions of that office for four years, gaining approbation and respect from all quarters. It was his pleasant duty to be the first official in the United States to sign a resolution ratifying the constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery, as the Illinois legislature was the earliest to take action to that effect. In his last year of office he made a tour in the Rocky Mountains, which is commemorated by the name "Mount Bross," bestowed in his honor upon a then nameless

peak some twenty miles west of Long's Peak, on the Continental Divide in Grand County, Colorado.

For many years Mr. Bross has personally supervised the paper with which his name is connected, entering warmly into the party politics of the day, and yet making it universally respected for its high character and public spirit. Advancing years—for he is now beyond three score and ten—have at length warned him to lay aside the duties of the busy newspaper office.

Teacher, journalist and statesman, Mr. Bross has led a useful and active life, and his name is intimately connected with the marvelous growth and progress of the city and the State in which most of his years have been spent. He has traveled in foreign countries, without neglecting his own, having—and this falls to the lot of few men as busy as he—visited every State in the Union. He has contributed the record of his intelligent observation to the columns of his own and other journals.

In his married life, Mr. Bross has seen much affliction, as of a family of eight children only one daughter, Mrs. Henry D. Lloyd, now survives. A beautiful monument in Rosehill Cemetery marks the last earthly resting-place of four sons and three daughters.

In private and in public Mr. Bross has ever been a Christian and a gentleman. His integrity stands unimpeached. He will leave behind him a moderate fortune, gained by his own honorable exertions, and the example of a blameless career.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

GOUNOD'S KITE.

NOBODY is kinder to young people than Charles Gounod, the great French composer; indeed, his kindness of heart is proverbial among those who know him.

Not long since, during his recent stay in Normandy, a little friend on a summer's night incited the composer to make him a kite. M. Gounod set to work and made a monster. Midnight saw the task completed. Just as the new day was creeping in, he took up his pen, and, as a finishing touch, inscribed on the face of the toy a brief sonata. Rumor describes it as one of the most exquisite gems that he has ever written.

Evidently there is music in the soul of the composer whose operas have delighted all the civilized world.

AT HOME.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

At home we tire, and wander, but though we roam afar,
We keep the range and reckoning of our magnetic star
At home, the dearest spot on earth, where deftly
And with zest
We weave life's web to lay it down and seek eternal rest.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

SLEEP is a generous robber: it gives in strength what it takes in time.

MISTAKES are not altogether rectifiable, and therefore ought to be avoided entirely.

No man's life is free from struggles and mortifications, not even the happiest, but every one may build up his own happiness by seeking mental pleasure.

ONE of the commonest of illusions is to imagine that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

PRAYER is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.—Hugh Miller.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man, says Dr. Johnson, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

THE institution of the Sabbath rest from labor ought to be valued if only for the sake of its influence on health. The intense labor that is often exercised by man deranges and strains the delicate mechanism of the human body, and engenders disease. To counteract this the great thing is the total rest of the seventh day.



THE HON. WILLIAM BROSS.



CRIES OF "HELP, HELP!" CAME FROM THE BUGGY AS PAUL STEPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD AND SEIZED THE REIN

[This story commenced in No. 215.]

ALWAYS IN TRUCK

By OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "Every Inch a Boy," "Young America Series," "Army and Navy Series," "Woodville Series," etc etc.

CHAPTER V.

AN EXCITING INVESTIGATION.

PAUL MUNJOY was completely overcome when he looked upon the silent and motionless form of the best friend he had ever known in the world. If she was not his mother by the ties of blood, she had been to him all that this sacred name implies. He threw himself upon a seat and wept as though his heart would break.

A man had already been sent for the physician, useless as he must be when he arrived. It was two hours before he could be found and brought over to the cottage. He did not seem to be at all surprised, and said that he had expected the event before, though, in the absence of all excitement, the poor lady might have lived for years.

By this time Paul had recovered in some measure from the prostration the shock had given him. He tried to brace himself up to bear bravely the calamity which had overtaken him. The silent form was conveyed to the cottage, and everything the sad occasion required was done by the housekeeper.

Paul remained in the summer-house with the physician, after the domestics had borne the remains to the house. The doctor had been a constant visitor at the cottage, and was familiar with all the affairs of the family. He tried to comfort Paul, and to some extent he succeeded; at least he brought the appearance of calmness to the face of the mourner. "Do you know, Paul, whether or not Mrs. Munjoy was subjected to anything like a

shock? Were you with her at the time of her death?" asked the doctor.

"There was a shock, and a fearful one it must have been to my poor mother, though I was not with her," replied Paul, as he glanced from the window to the summit of Sparhyte, where the kiosk had stood.

"Did any bad news come to her?"

"No; it was what she saw with her own eyes that produced the shock," answered Paul, as he recalled with a shudder the fall of the temple. "The tower on the bluff fell, and I was in it at the time. I heard her scream when it went down."

"The temple fell!" exclaimed the doctor, rushing to the window. "And you were in it?"

"I was; and it was the sight of that which gave my poor mother the shock;" and Paul proceeded to detail all the events which had happened since the early morning.

"It is fortunate that there was not another death," added Doctor Thurber, when he heard the narrative. "It is strange that you were not killed."

"I almost wish I had been killed," replied Paul.

"You should not indulge in such feelings as that, Paul. But where is Mrs. Munjoy's nephew? He has not gone home yet, I think."

"He went trouting this morning, and has not yet returned," answered Paul. "He is not likely to return before noon."

"He ought to be sent for. His mother is Mrs. Munjoy's only near relative, and a telegram should be sent to her at once. I will take it over to Fairview on my return. Do you know the address?"

"Bloomhaven, Long Island," replied Paul, who regarded the coming of his mother's sister and her husband with a feeling of dread; for it seemed to him that all the Moscotts could want was the money of the departed.

"I will send the dispatch myself. It will be a terrible blow to Mrs. Munjoy's sister," added Dr. Thurber.

Paul looked into the face of the good doctor,

who was an elderly man, and had attended Colonel Munjoy and the lost little one years before. But he said nothing, whatever he thought. It was evident that the physician did not comprehend the relation which had subsisted between Mrs. Munjoy and the family of her sister, or, if he did, he believed the messenger of death must allay all animosity.

Dr. Thurber and Paul went to the cottage, where the former gave such directions as the case required, and then left for Fairview, promising to come over again in the afternoon. Paul sent one of the men to search for Claude Moscott, though he could not tell him where to go.

Everything had been done that the circumstances required, and Paul found himself with nothing to do—that condition to the mourner which seems to double the weight of woe that rests upon the mind. He could not sit down and weep; he walked about the grounds, for there was no one but the domestics to gaze upon his misery. But he desired to escape even the scrutiny of his companions in the house, and he wandered away from the cottage.

With a feeling of dread he could not define, he avoided the summer-house, but from another point in the garden he happened to come in sight of the ruins of the kiosk. There was nothing but a pile of shattered timbers and boards lying on the rocks at the foot of the precipice.

The sight of them brought, for the first time, the question as to what had caused the fall of the tower. Up to this moment he had thought of nothing but the sudden death of his mother. It was little consequence to him now what had caused the disaster, which had resulted so fatally to Mrs. Munjoy; but his curiosity was all the motive he had for inquiring into the matter.

Two years before the whole structure had been carefully examined and repaired. He had looked on and assisted in the work, and ten men had stood at one time on the floor of the kiosk for the purpose of testing its strength. It seemed almost incredible to him

that the tower should have fallen; and nothing but the fact could have convinced him of its possibility.

If Paul did not for an instant forget the fact that Mrs. Munjoy was no more, the sad truth was overshadowed for the time by the interest he felt in the inquiry upon which he had involuntarily entered. Without very clearly realizing what he was doing, he took the road to Fairview, and walked till he came to the point nearest to the precipice at the foot of Sparhyte.

From this point he followed a path which led to the river, and from it climbed the rocks to the spot where the ruins of the kiosk were scattered about. By this time he had worked himself up to a state of excitement which was not the best preparation for calm investigation. The awful result of the calamity was in his mind all the time as the spur of his movements, involuntary as they were.

He proceeded to examine the heap of broken timbers and boards. Even the heavy beams, which had been the foundation of the temple, had been split and crushed by the fall. The Arabian windows and the door presented not even an outline of their former shape. If the tower had been dropped from a balloon three miles up in the air, the destruction could hardly have been more complete.

The effect of its fall could not have been more disastrous if it had fallen on his poor mother. The result to her was the one terrible thing of which Paul could not lose sight for an instant. He tried to blame himself for going off to ascertain the occasion of the fire in the woods, leaving her to wait for his return. It would have been better that the entire forest had been destroyed if she had been saved from the shock.

But, excited as he was, he could not help seeing that if he had delayed his inquiry into the cause of the fire it would only have brought about the calamity the sooner. His action had only put off the fall of the kiosk for an hour or more. He could not blame himself with any show of reason.

The broken boards and shattered a--hes

SUNRISE.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

ARISE, great god of light and life, arise,
Unfold the fond earth in the deathless glowing
Of thy fierce love. Bend from the shimmering
skies
Which burn before thee in thine onward going.
No cheer have we that is not thy bestowing;
Thou art the joy of all hope-lifted eyes.
—The Century.

THE WRECKED BARQUE.

BY GEORGE GORDON MACLEOD.

ONE of the most thrilling tales of heroism at sea is that of the rescue of the crew of a little Danish collier ship called the Aurora Borealis, which was wrecked in a terrible gale on the English coast just twenty years ago.

The Aurora Borealis was a small barque of 236 tons, hailing from Ribe, a port in Jutland. She was commanded by Captain Smith, and was on her voyage from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Messina, with a cargo of coals, when, at half-past four on the morning of Sunday, 6th January, 1867, she went ashore near the Trinity Beacon on the Goodwins, on the southeast spit of the sands.

It was an unusually sharp winter. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and on the Saturday a gale sprang up which did immense damage all round the English coasts. The night was intensely cold, and the blinding sleet was blown about so thickly at times as to hide every object in its veil. The sea ran fiercely, and the barque was simply caught by the waves and driven by the wind down on to the sands. Finding she was in danger, Captain Smith showed a bright light and made signals of distress, which were perceived on board the Gull lightship, and in consequence rockets were sent up acquainting the lifeboat men that their help was needed. This was about half-past eleven on the Saturday night, and the boat, which had only just returned from one rescue, went out to the other. When the boat got out the snow-storm was so thick that nothing could be done, and so she returned to wait for daylight. At eight in the morning the gale was still raging, but the lifeboat was launched, taken in tow by the tug, and finally found the Aurora Borealis heeled on to the sand with the seas making a clean breach over her. The flag of distress was flying, but there were no signs of the crew, who were taking shelter under cover of the deck-house. The wreck was in the center of a most furious sea, and the tide was in full flow, so that the task of rescue was extremely difficult.

The tug took the lifeboat well up to windward and then cast off, and with sail up and cable ready down she came on to the ship. The anchor was let go and sixty yards of cable were run out. But before the wreck could be reached there came a huge billow which crashed down upon the boat, drove her under, and swept her over a hundred yards to leeward. Thus the first attempt failed.

The tug again took the lifeboat up into the teeth of the wind and cast off. Down she came, and again at the critical moment the waves seized her and swept her away. Thus the second attempt failed; and the rising tide had driven the Danes from the deck, and in the biting sleet they had lashed a spar in the mizen shrouds and were clinging to it and watching and dreading the failure.

The men shipped their oars, but they were wrenched out of their hands by the sea, and, as the sail was useless in such a tempest, the lifeboat drifted to leeward and was again picked up by Simpson, who commanded the Aid. Again he battled with her into the wind and again she shot down on her errand. As she passed the ship a rope was thrown, but the distance was too great, and for the third time, there was a miss. And all the while the waves were boiling round, and the wind was howling and actually shearing off the foam crests in its force.

The fourth attempt was differently managed. The steamer tried to tow the boat to the ship, but the danger proved too great; and, after rolling about with her gunwales under water, the cable had to be cut, and both tug and boat went away down the wind.

And now the decks burst up, and the sea was black with coal dust, and pieces of the fore-castle were forced off and borne about by the billows. The danger was pressing, and the fifth attempt was made. Simpson brought the Aid close down and tried to fire a line from the mortar, but before he could do so the steamer was seized and actually thumped down upon the sand by the angry sea. The tug was backed out of peril, and then the boat was picked up, and again they went for the sixth attempt. "We won't go home without them," said the men.

At last one of the men proposes a plan which must indeed either prove rescue to the shipwrecked or death to all.

"I tell you what, my men, if we are going to save those poor fellows there is only one way of doing it—it must be a case of save all or lose all, that is just it. We must go in upon the vessel straight, hit her between the masts, and throw our anchor over right upon her decks."

"What a mad-brained trick!" said one.
"Why, the boat would be smashed to pieces."

"Likely enough; but there is one thing certain, is there not? and that is that we are never going home to leave those poor fellows to perish; and I do not believe that there is any other way of saving them, and so we must just try it. And God help us and them."

Not a single word against it now!
What, charge in upon the vessel in that mad rage of sea! Victory or death indeed!
Most of the men on board the lifeboat are

boat, swamp it, bury it in the weight of their falling volume of water, and for some seconds hide all from view; they have been watching the men persevere in attempt after attempt, when they thought that from sheer exhaustion it would be impossible for them to make another effort for their rescue. Hope was not quite lost yet.

With equal wonder and admiration they watched the noble efforts of the steamer, marked how nearly she was wrecked, and when she failed gave up all as lost; deciding in their minds that in such a rush of broken sea, strength of tide, and gale of wind, it was impossible for the boat to reach them or for them to be saved, and all but one gave up all hope. When the captain says in despair, "The lifeboat can never make another effort," this man answers, "I have sailed in English ships; I have often heard about lifeboat work, and I know that they never leave any to perish as long as they can see them, and they will not leave us."

It falls on the vessel's deck. All the crew of the vessel are in the mizen shrouds, but they cannot get to the boat, a fearful rush of sea is chasing over the vessel and between them and it. Again and again the boat thumps on the wreck as on a rock, with a shock that almost shakes the men from their hold.

The waves soon lift the boat off the deck and carry her away from the vessel. "Is even this attempt to be a failure? No, thank God! the anchor holds; veer out the cable; steadily, my men, steadily; do not disturb the anchor more than you can help; we shall have them now! We shall have them. All will be well. Ease her a bit; ease her. See how she plunges; a little more cable. Now for the grappling-iron—quick! throw it over that line. There you have it!" And they haul on board a line which had been made fast to a cork fender and thrown overboard from the wreck early in the day, but which the boatmen had never before been able to reach. They get the boat straight, haul in slowly upon both ropes, cheer to the crew. "Hurrah, mates! hurrah!" All is joy and excitement, but at the same time steady attention to orders. Now the boat is abreast the mizen rigging, opposite to where the men are clinging. "Down helm! the boat sheers in; haul in upon the ropes, men, handsomely, handsomely." The boat jumps forward, hits the ship heavily with her stern, crashes off a large piece of her forefoot. The men are for a moment thrown down with the shock. Two of the boatmen spring on to the raised bow gunwale, and seize hold of the captain of the vessel, who seems nearly dead, and drag him in over the bows. Two of the sailors jump on board. "Hold on all! hold on!"

A fearful sea rolls over them, the boat is washed away from the vessel. The anchor still holds; they sheer the boat in again; they make the ropes fast, and lash the boat to the shrouds of the wreck, thus verily nailing their colors to the mast. No! they will not be washed away again until they have all the crew on board. A sailor jumps from the rigging, the boat sinks in the trough of the sea, the man falls between the boat and the wreck; a second more and the boat will be on the top of him, crushing him against the rail of the vessel, upon which the keel of the boat strikes and grinds cruelly. Two boatmen seize him, leaning right over the gunwale to do so; they are almost dragged into the water; they are seized in turn by the men in the boat, and all are with difficulty got on board.

Up the boat flies and crashes against the spar lashed to the rigging. "Jump in, men, jump in, all of you. Now! now!" In they spring and tumble, falling upon the men, and all rolling over into the bottom of the boat. All are now on board—all on board! "Hurrah! cut the lashings, then; she falls away from the wreck. Cut the cable! quick with the hatchet! All gone! all gone! Up foresail!"

The seas catch the boat and bear her away from the wreck. Away she goes with a bound, flying through the broken water. The heavy wind fills the sail; they are fairly under way, and with the precious freight for which they had fought so long and so gallantly safely on board. Thank God! all are saved at last!

Not long ago some imaginative members of the British House of Commons alluded to each other as "jackals," "tigers," and other names derived from the animal kingdom, and the speaker was put to some perplexity to decide whether these terms were abusive or allowable.

A similar question has just been tried in a Paris police court. An irate Parisian woman cried to a policeman, or rather a *sergent de ville*, for there are no policemen properly so called in Paris: "*Tu me fais l'effet d'une pilule*," which may be freely rendered, "Looking at you is like swallowing a pill;" and the officer, feeling the majesty of the law insulted in his person, haled her before the correctional tribunal.

POLICEMEN AND PILLS.

The court was considerably exercised as to whether the phrase constituted a justifiable flight of poetic imagination or a punishable outburst of libel. At last it decided that as there were a thousand different sorts of pills, producing the most diverse effects, and as the lady had not specified any particular sort, the vagueness of the similitude removed it from the category of libelous expressions, and left the majesty of the law undiminished.

It is certain that there are pills and pills, whereof the effects are manifold; and then there is the patent bread pill which produces no effect at all. This is the pill to which satirists on our side of the ocean are most apt to compare the guardians of public safety.



THE WRECK DRIFTING HELPLESSLY BEFORE THE GALE.

married men with families—loved wives and loved little ones dependent upon them. Thoughts of this, tender heartfelt thoughts of home, come to them.

"Well, and so we have, and have not those poor perishing fellows also got wives and little ones, and are they not thinking of their homes and loved ones as much as we are thinking of ours? and shall we go home having turned back from even the greatest danger, without having tried all it is possible to try; go home to our wives and little ones and leave them to perish thinking of theirs? No, please God, that shall never be said of us."

Such thoughts as these pass through the minds of some of the boatmen. And what think the poor nearly-drowned crew of the unfortunate vessel?

There they are, clinging to the loose and shaking rigging, a few feet above the boil of the hungry and raging sea. They have seen effort after effort made and effort after effort fail; they have watched the men do more than they ever dreamt it was possible for men to do; and they have watched the lifeboat live and battle with seas with which they never thought it possible a boat could for one moment contend; time after time they have thought the boatmen were drowned as they saw the huge curling waves break over the

"And, look! here she comes again! Oh, God help them! God help them!"

Yes, here she comes again; the steamer had hastened to tow her well into position, well to windward of the wreck. "And here she comes again."

Once more the boat heads for the wreck—this time to do or to die; each man knows it, each man feels it. They are crossing the stern of the vessel. "Look at that breaker—look at that breaker. Hold on! hold on! it will be all over with us if it catches us; we shall be thrown high into the masts of the vessel, and shaken out into the sea in a moment! Hold on all! hold on! Now it comes! No; thank God, it breaks ahead of us, and we have escaped. Now, men, be ready, be ready!" Thus shouts the coxswain. Every man is at his station, some with the ropes in hand ready to lower the sails, others by the anchor, prepared to throw it overboard at the right moment. Round past the stern of the vessel the boat flies, round in the blast of the gale and the swell of the sea; down below, round she comes. Down foresail! The ship's lee gunwale is under water; the boat shoots forward straight for the wreck, and hits the lee rail with a shock that almost throws all the men from their posts; and then, still forward, she literally leaps on board the wreck. Over! Over with the anchor!

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[This story commenced in No. 205.]

THAT TREASURE OR ADVENTURES OF FRONTIER LIFE.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OUT INTO THE WIDE WORLD.

TOM was taken aback at the strange reception he received from this gruff old captain, and remained silent. The old man was calm and collected.

"Allowing that all this dime novel yarn you've been spinning is as you've told it," he remarked, leaning back in his chair, "what then—what of it?"

"Why," stammered Tom, "I—I—had hoped—"

"To discover a grandfather who would leave you a million or so when he slipped his cable," coarsely interrupted the captain, with a grim smile. "Now, see here," he went on, before Tom could utter the indignant protest that rose to his lips; "you've told me your story; now hear what I have got to say. My wife died when our son Tom was born," said Captain Greyson, in a hard, unemotional voice. "He was the only child. I was sailing out of New York then, and making money for myself and the owners, hand over fist, for those were money-making days. Tom went to college, and had a big allowance. While I was away on a long voyage he married. The girl, who was only eighteen—a year younger than Tom—was the daughter of a man I hated like poison—poor as poverty, with only her pretty face and a talent for music for her dowry. How mad I was when he told me," continued the captain, wrathfully, roughing up his short, bushy hair with both hands, "I needn't say. Not so much with him as the scheming girl—"

"If you're speaking of my mother," hotly interrupted Tom, who felt intuitively that he was listening to the story of his parentage, "I'll trouble you to be a bit more respectful!"

"Tom all over," muttered Captain Greyson, in an undertone; and Tom, who heard the words, felt a strange thrill of expectancy. But, affecting not to have noticed the remark, he went on:

"I wouldn't have anything to do with the matter, though I did tell Tom that if he'd separate from her, I'd settle money on her, and Tom could come back. But Tom said he'd see me—well, further first. That settled it. Next thing I heard," said the captain, turning and staring steadfastly out of the window, "Tom had—had died sudden of pneumonia."

"I had Tom put away in Greenwood beside his mother," Captain Greyson went on, hardening his voice again; "and through my business agent made the widow an allowance. But I offered to treble it if she'd give up Tom's boy baby, so that I could make him my heir. She wouldn't hear of it. Some city lots here in San Francisco, which I'd invested in twenty years before, turned out a bonanza, and later I came on here to live. Then I fell in with that smooth-spoken scoundrel who calls himself Colonel North. There's nothing he won't do for money, except be honest. He went on East, I paying expenses, and managed to get Tom's boy in his possession. The devil helps his own, and it was thought the child had been stolen by some wandering Hungarian street musicians. Meanwhile North, who was going to start for San Francisco from Boston instead of New York, where he had taken the little three-year-old,

got scared by seeing one of Pinkerton's detectives on the pier just as he was going aboard the Fall River boat; and in his hurry little Tom got separated from him. North, who was wanted for some old matter, managed to slip aboard the steamer, and after it sailed, I suppose, this Professor Dean, of whom you tell me, ran across the little chap. Tom's widow had a brain fever or something—anyhow the police weren't properly notified, and I suppose that was the reason the professor's advertising wasn't a success; and, as near as I can learn from the detective, who has found out considerable about the case, Professor Dean went back into the country with little Tom to live.

"North wasn't going to lose the thousand dollars I'd offered him over and above expenses if he brought Tom's boy to me though," continued Captain Greyson, who was nervously pacing the office floor; "so

and given him his choice between becoming a regular tool in his hands, or being exposed to me as a nameless foundling instead of old Greyson's grandson and legal heir. Being what he was—a boy with inherited badness, as I shall always think—he naturally chose to stay where he was, and for about three years he has been robbing me in one way and another to put money into that scoundrel's pocket, as well as his own. For, when Tom was fifteen, he smoked, gambled on a small scale, and pulled the wool over my eyes on a big one. I knew that he wasn't truthful, and in a good many ways different from what Tom's boy ought to be; but I kept thinking he'd outgrow it. Then I happened to overhear some talk between him and the colonel, who had got into some scrape or other, and came to him for money to help him get safe out of town, and this opened my eyes. And, by a coincidence, my business agent in New York ran across an old file of the *Times* of 1865, I think, with Professor Dean's notice of finding the three-year-old boy. This he sent me, and I, keeping the matter secret, had the advertisement inserted that must have brought out the professor's letter you have told about, which was intercepted by that Tom. I suppose this letter roused the boy's suspicions and, the night before I was going to tell him that I'd found out the whole thing, he slipped off with something like twenty-five hundred dollars out of my safe, which he's welcome to, if I never see the young rascal's face again."



TOM SWUNG THE LARIAT THrice ROUND HIS HEAD AND SENT IT HURLING THROUGH THE AIR.

what does he do but get a three-year-old waif from the Baldwin-Street Home, and bring it on to me as Tom's boy. My New York agent, having seen the real one, had sent me a description of him, even to the letters 'T. S. G.' pricked into his baby arm through some whim of his mother. North in some way had imitated this with aniline ink, and I swallowed the bait. I paid North his thousand dollars, which gave him a sort of hold on me—so much so, that whenever he chose he made my home his own. When Tom was old enough, I told him of my son's marriage against my wishes, and of the way I had had my grandson (as I presumed him to be) kidnaped. He was sharp enough to know when he had a good thing, so he staid with me, as a matter of course, instead of going into heroics, and rushing off East in search of his mother—"

"Do you mean to say," cried Tom, starting excitedly to his feet, "that my—that your son's widow is alive?"

"I don't know to the contrary; but how can I tell my story if you keep interrupting?" was the testy reply.

Holding his hand before his face to hide his emotion at this unexpected discovery, Tom allowed Captain Greyson to go on.

"I thought the boy took it coolly," continued the old man, with an involuntary frown, "but now I understand it. Before that, North had told him the real situation,

harsh voice, as he laid his wrinkled hand on Tom's shoulder, "your home will be with me, and—"

"One moment," interrupted Tom, in an agitated voice, "you have spoken of my mother—where is she?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Captain Greyson, with a total change of voice and manner, "what has that got to do with what I am talking about? I don't know where she is, and, what's more, I don't care. Tom's widow is no more to me than any other designing, scheming, song-singing professional—"

Now, Tom had inherited some of the Greyson temper, as well as the Greyson fixedness of purpose, and his face grew so white with anger, that Captain Greyson pulled himself up short.

"If I knew where the—the woman was," he said, curbing his own temper with an evident effort, "I shouldn't tell you. She has no claim on you, or you on her; and if you are to take your proper place as my grandson and legal heir, understand, once for all, that she is as dead to you as you by this time probably are to her."

"Oh," returned Tom, with a curious inflection of voice, "that is it. Very good. Now, grandfather," he said, rising to his feet and drawing himself up to his full height, "understand me, once for all. If you think that I can, or will, live in ease and plenty while, for aught I know, my mother"—and as he pronounced the sacred name, Tom's voice was tremulous with emotion—"is friendless, and perhaps in actual want, why you are greatly mistaken. Then you refuse to give me any clew whatever to her whereabouts?" he said, looking the old man steadily in the face.

"Yes, I do!" thundered Captain Greyson, stamping violently on the floor; "and what's more, sir, I repeat what I have said—"

"You needn't," interrupted Tom, coolly, "once is enough. Whatever you may think about it, sir," he continued, "my first duty in life is to the mother who gave me birth, and I shall never rest until I have found her; perhaps the day may come when you will see that I am doing only what is right. Good by, grandfather," and before the astounded captain could speak, Tom was gone!

CHAPTER XXIX.

TOM IN A QUEER COMBINATION.

SOME will say that this action of Tom Greyson, to give him his true name, was hot-headed and hasty; others may think that he was foolish in throwing away such chances as were open to him through Captain Greyson's offer.

But, as to the first, it is sufficient to say that his reasoning was to this effect: If Captain Greyson felt so violent a dislike, amounting to hatred, against the widow of his buried son, as to deliberately cause the abduction of her child for his own selfish ends, without the slightest consideration of a mother's misery, nothing further that Tom could say would alter his determination in the least.

And as to the second, I myself have an old-fashioned idea that there is no earthly tie so strong as that between mother and son. I know that young fellows nowadays are apt to forget this, but it is true all the same. And, in giving up future prospects and advantages, Tom, under all the circumstances, was only doing his filial duty. He had every reason to believe that, somewhere in the world, his mother—his own mother was living. That she was dependent upon her own exertions for her subsistence was a foregone conclusion in Tom's mind.

"A song-singing professional." The words rang in Tom's ears as, banging the office door behind him, he hurried down the wide stairway into the street. "Some sort of actress," he mused; for Tom, unlike most young fellows of his age at the present day, was not versed in theatrical mat-

Here Captain Greyson drew a long breath, and, stepping to a corner cabinet, helped himself liberally to a portion of the contents of a decanter; while Tom, whose head was in a perfect maze of bewilderment, sat wondering what would come next.

He had not long to wait.

"Now," said Captain Greyson, clearing his throat and speaking in a different tone, as he looked steadily at the manly young fellow before him, "you've heard my story and I've heard yours. I ain't what might be called fanciful," he observed, rather awkwardly, "but something has been telling me, since you explained yourself, that you are Tom's boy, and—and more than that, I begin to see Tom's face and Tom's ways as I never saw them in—the other fellow. Maybe the proofs you've told of will turn up some day; but never mind that now. I'm a lonely old man, with more money than I know what to do with; and I have neither chick nor child in the world to help me spend it, or to inherit it after I'm gone. From this time, Tom," said Captain Greyson, with a curious softening of his



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A SPANISH BONANZA KING.

THERE are more rich self-made men in this country than any other, and it is a fact of which we may well be proud.

In Spain, where the class barriers are very strict, and the poor are likely to always remain poor, there is a man with a history as romantic as that of Bonanza Mackay.

He is now called the Marquis of Almanzora. Thirty years ago he was a common laborer in a mine, working for 30 cents a day.

He saved up a little money out of his scant wages, induced two or three of his companions to join him, and they located a mine.

WALKED AND BEAT THE TRAIN.

THE late H. M. Hoxie, who was so conspicuous in the strike on the Southwestern railroads, was an assistant superintendent of the Union Pacific in the early days of the road.

"Let you ride to Omaha for nothing?" said he, when application was made to him. "No. When we get to the next station the conductor will put you off."

The order was strictly obeyed, and the discomfited beat forced out of the car and on to the depot platform at Kearney.

road away to the mob," said the tramp—"I walked."

TOWNS ON THE LINE.

In England, the saloons, or public houses, as they are called there, are allowed to open their doors during certain hours on Sunday.

This calls to mind a town on the line between Iowa and Missouri, mentioned by the Chicago Herald.

A HARVARD PRACTICAL JOKE.

THE plans of a Harvard College student who wished to make a good impression on his father were badly upset, according to the Boston Record, by some fellow students with a tendency towards practical joking.

Before his father's arrival, the youth spent two full hours in putting his room in order, displaying prominently little souvenirs of love or regard from friends at home.

An hour later, upon his return, he opened the door, graciously ushered the old gentleman into the apartment, and paused a moment awaiting the sensation.

Altogether it was a sorry spectacle for a fond father's eyes, although the young man made the best of it, and paternal confidence was quickly restored.

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CLIVE, whose brilliant generalship gained India for England, was a man of wonderful coolness and composure.

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