

Holden

# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. V.—No. 9.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, (B) WARREN ST.,  
PUBLISHER. NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1887.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM  
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 217.



## CLOSE QUARTERS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

I WAS sixteen when I started on my voyage around the Horn from San Francisco to New York. I had gone West with my uncle, who was my guardian, and on his death I had determined to come East, where all my remaining relatives lived. I was my uncle's heir, although by no means a wealthy one, and the expenditure of seventy-five or a hundred dollars for a railroad ride across the continent was too much in the nature of a luxury to be thought of. So, as I had always been fond of the sea, and had a staunch friend in the captain of the ship *Falcon*, which was shortly to sail for New York, I went to him and asked if he would not allow me to work my passage as cabin boy, or something of the sort.

"Why, Ned, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "I will only be too glad to have your company. We will have no passengers on this voyage, so there will be plenty of room for you."

I HAD STUCK IT INTO MY TROUSERS AT THE WAIST, AND NOW SEIZING IT, I AIMED AS STEADY A BLOW AS I COULD, LEFT-HANDED, AT THE MONSTER'S HEAD.





THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you,  
Weep, and you weep alone,  
For the brave old world must borrow its mirth,  
It has trouble enough of its own.  
SING, and the hills will answer,  
Sigh, it is lonely and drear,  
The echoes rebound in a joyful sound  
And shrink from voicing care.

A SCHOOLBOY COURT.

BY PERCY EARL.

A NOVEL class-room exercise was held at a New York school the day preceding the breaking up for the Christmas vacation. It was nothing more nor less than a trial by jury; not a mock trial, either, such as the passengers on ocean steamers sometimes get up among themselves to while away the tedium of the voyage, but a real case of civil action, with plaintiff in the shape of a teacher who had charge of a room in which a pane of glass was broken in November, the responsible party for which breakage all efforts of the faculty had failed to discover. Hence the determination of the principal to clear up the mystery by a trial, in which the himself would take the part of judge. Two of the older students acted as counsel for the plaintiff and defendant respectively, and exactly at 10:30 the crier arose and announced in true legal phraseology and sing-song, "All ye here-in concerned draw near and give attention, and ye shall be heard."

The clerk next proceeded to the work of empanelling a jury. He did so by draw-folding slips of paper from a hat and reading off the boys' names written thereon. The jurymen so obtained were sworn in, four at a time, by the following original oath, administered by the same youthful clerk, who occupied a seat to the left of the judge. The four boys placed their right hands on the bulky, light-colored book held out to them, and the clerk asked, in his deepest tones: "Do you solemnly swear, by the Shades of the Dead Languages, to judge solely by the evidence offered, to determine impartially between the prisoner and the Commonwealth, and to lay aside all previous convictions and prejudices—so help you the Latin Dictionary and the bones of Homer?"

The panel being complete, not a little merriment was elicited by the next process of law on the programme, which was the questioning of each juror by the lawyers as to whether or not his mind was biased in the case, whether he was a friend of the prisoner, etc. Inasmuch as said prisoner, a handsome and good-natured looking fellow of sixteen or seventeen, occupied a front bench, and appeared to be enjoying himself as heartily as any of the others, the word "prisoner," of itself, was almost sufficient to provoke a smile. A model juror was discovered in the boy who, being bluntly asked the question, "Do you believe the prisoner broke the glass?" answered promptly: "I have no belief at all!"

Three or four of the "men" were challenged, and new ones sworn in to take their places, the charge against one of the number being that he had been heard to say he was going to vote with the rest of the jury. The first witness called was the teacher who acted as plaintiff in the case. He testified to the fact that the breaking of the

glass had inconvenienced him in various ways to the extent of five dollars, the amount of damages the jury was asked to award him.

The counsel for both sides having put him through such a thoroughly legal and exhaustive inquisition that he was finally obliged to call for a chair, the second witness was summoned, in the shape of a small boy with a broad white collar and big red bow. With him a new and interesting phase of the case was developed, viz: how much or how little the throwing of sundry spitballs at the prisoner had to do with the question of the latter's responsibility in the matter of the glass breaking. This witness admitted that these missiles had been thrown, and further testified that he,

had any blood trouble, would not the cut have proved a very serious, if not a fatal, matter?"

"It might have incensed him, in that case, a good deal of inconvenience, as I discovered the same to be in the vicinity of the polyparous artery."

[Laughter in the court, and charge by opposing counsel that witness was using medical terms at random, and whereof he did not himself know the meaning.]

A little later this budding "saw-bones" was asked whether he was aware of anything derogatory to the character of the prisoner.

"I have known him two years," was the neat reply, "and consider him a gentleman."

There was not a particle of ill feeling manifested at any time during the proceedings; and in a conversation the reporter had with the principal, the latter expressed himself as extremely pleased with the result of his experiment.

THE MOON HOAX.

FIFTY years ago there appeared in the columns of the New York Sun, then a newly established journal, a series of articles which created a tremendous sensation. They described some extraordinary discoveries in the heavens alleged to have been made at the Cape of Good Hope by Sir John Herschel.

It was known that this astronomer had gone to the Cape to make observations with a telescope far larger than any previously constructed; and that the atmosphere of that country is exceedingly pure, and therefore favorable to the discoverer. Then there appeared in the Sun a series of papers describing what Sir John had observed. They purported to be copied from the pages of a supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, exclusive copies of which had been received at the Sun office.

The grand new telescope, it was said, put it within Sir John's power to view not only the larger class of natural objects in the moon, but to see the dwellings, animals, and even persons of the Lunarians, which he accordingly described.

The descriptions of lunar scenery all believed. There was so much verisimilitude, such shrewd and apparently accurate scientific phraseology, that scientists found it no easy task to say why they should not give the story credence. But when there came descriptions of the web-wings appended to the inhabitants of our satellite, constituting them in appearance a sort of man-but, strong scepticism of the whole story was manifested.

Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, speaking of the immense success of the "moon hoax," states "that not one person in ten discredited it, and (strangest point of all) the doctores were chiefly those who doubted without being able to say why—the ignorant, those uninformed in astronomy, people who would not believe because the thing was so novel, so entirely 'out of the usual way.' The hoax was circulated to an immense extent; was translated into various languages, and was, upon the whole, decidedly the greatest success in the way of sensation, of merely popular sensation, ever made by any similar fiction either in America or Europe."

The skeptics thought that they would discover the truth or fiction of the mysterious story by the effect it would produce in Europe, but the event was at first by no means so distinct for them or so unfavorable to the credit of the story as might have been supposed. It was read all over Europe with as keen an interest as it had been here, and was made the subject of a certain kind of discussion, even in the French Academy of Sciences, when the great Arago at length took it upon himself to put an extinguisher upon it.

Herschel himself was first made acquainted with the fact that he had been taken with his name by its being sent him amongst a bundle of miscellaneous New York papers, obligingly furnished him by Caleb Weeks, who had gone out from the United States to collect a great lot of giraffes and other African animals for his menagerie.

It took a long time to convince the public that it had been deceived, and it was said that some spinsters at Springfield, Mass., took the story in such good earnest that they commenced the establishment of a missionary society for the conversion of the Lunarians.

GENERAL LOGAN AND THE GUIDES.

BENJAMIN LOGAN once related an adventure which he had with an officious guide at Washington, who, strangely enough, was not acquainted with the general's striking appearance.

"Some time ago," he said, "a young man stepped up as I was going into the Capitol one day and said he'd like to take me through and point out the interesting things."

"Is there much worth seeing in here?" I asked him.

"Oh," he said, "if you know where to look, I'll take you through it, you know, if you'll just bid I; and I was going with him when one of the old guides stepped up and pulled him by the coat, and said: 'You fool, that old fellow has been around here more than thirty years.'"

Senator Frye tells this story too, it is said, and according to his version, the guide said "that old injun."



"DO YOU SOLEMNLY SWEAR BY THE SHADES OF THE DEAD LANGUAGES?"

in company with numerous other small boys, had fled from the vengeance threatened them by said prisoner on account of these same "saliva globules," so denominated by the counsel for the defense. He then went on to state that he was the person who had gone through the pane of glass, being pushed into same by some one behind him, and that he had suffered three or four cuts in the hand from the contact. Hereupon the clerk of the court (who is going to study medicine) was called to the stand, as the surgeon who had dressed the wounds.

Grave as an owl, he answered, "Rather," to the lawyer's opening query: "Mr. B—, I believe you are somewhat of a surgeon?"

"How was the hand of the preceding witness injured, Mr. B—?" continued the counsel.

"By the sharp edge of some substance, severing the cuticle," was the equally straight-faced response.

"Very good," pursued the able lawyer for the plaintiff. "If the gentleman had

Four or five more small boy witnesses were examined—also the prisoner—the principal amount of testimony drawn from them all being as regarded the spitball warfare and its incitement of said prisoner to chastise said small boys, as an act of self-defense. This latter plea was that on which the counsel for the defendant, in summing up, rested his case. Thereupon the opposing lawyer arose, and, in a really brilliant speech, proceeded to jurist's argument to the winds. In the course of his address he called the special attention of the jury to the two following points which he wished to make: First—Self-defense can only occur during the time of action; Second—A wrongdoer is responsible for the remote consequences of his action. In support of the latter theory, he related the story of a certain famous case used as a precedent in the British courts. A concise and impartial charge was then made by the judge, and the jury then retired to deliberate. Within three minutes they came marching in again, and their foreman announced that they had found a verdict for the plaintiff in four dollars and fifty cents damages. The judge thanked them for their services, and then declared the court adjourned until 9 A.M., January 4, 1887.

Before dispersing for the holidays, the boys gave three rousing cheers for each of the lawyers, who certainly evinced remarkable ability in their conduct of the case.

THE BEAUTY GOD HATH MADE.

BY MRS. HENRY PAGET.

A WANDERING snow-flake fell on a high-born lady's hand. And a thought lay near a diamond ray, that flashed from a golden band: Before the titled white of her tapering fingers seemed Unclearly fair, with the jewels rare, and the circling gold that gleamed. But at their beauty fed, when that snow-waif downward fell, And lay so bright that her finger white seemed to burn as if it were a star. Ah, thus the proud of earth, though in grand attire arrayed, Lose all their pride when they stand beside the beauty which God hath made.

[This story commenced in No. 212.]

The Camp by the Mountains

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

BOWLBY'S TRIAL.

WHILE Deerfoot, the Shawanoo, was gliding through the densest portion of the forest, he parted some bushes in front, and, the same instant, saw Black Bear and a number of warriors standing where the wood was more open. They were not moving nor speaking, else he would have detected their presence before he ran against them. The Winnebagos seemed to be listening for some expected signal or call.

Many of the wonderful escapes and exploits of the young Shawanoo were due to his amazing resourcefulness and his quickness of mind. The very instant a peril burst upon him, the best means of escaping came to him like intuition, and with the quickness of the lightning's flash.

On glimpse of the Winnebagos was enough. Without the slightest exclamation, Deerfoot leaped backward as if to avoid the blow of a rattlesnake, and was off like an arrow.

The startled redskins saw enough to identify the intruder as their enemy, and they could not have been quicker in their movements. They preferred his capture above that of any one else, and they spared no effort to catch it.

A brief run placed the fugitive beyond sight of his pursuers, though it would have been different in the open forest. He listened and heard them spreading out and pushing their way among the trees, but the pace at which they were traveling was not rapid enough to catch him any.

Standing motionless for a moment, Deerfoot gave utterance to a defiant whoop that the enemy would hear. He even dared to loiter until some of the Winnebagos caught sight of him, and uttering shouts in turn, made all possible haste; but I need not tell you that they did not overtake him.

The Shawanoo chafed at the thought that it was out of his power to turn this diversion to account for the escape of the horses for the trail. The burning cabin was still smoking, and doubtless commanded some attention.

This, added to the attempt to overhaul Deerfoot, seemed to the whites the golden opportunity. The Winnebagos, it was to be hoped, had not yet learned where the animals were, and the owners, by taking a roundabout course, could reach his ears, undisturbed, and all but Hardin and Linden could start for Greville. Those two, with the Deerfoot, ought to be able to take care of themselves.

The hunters would have been glad to seize the chance had they known what was going on. But Deerfoot had no thought of telling them. He passed after one of his astounding bursts of speed, and made the signal that he knew would be instantly understood by either of his young friends, if he could reach his ears. To his dismay, the reply came from a point behind him, and only a few rods distant. It looked as if he was leading Black Bear and his warriors directly upon his friends.

Deerfoot once more halted, until several of the Winnebagos were in sight. They were agitated, each in his own way, making such a useless noise as if he had everything to lose and nothing to gain. He waited dangerously long until sure there could be no mistake. Then he turned to the red man, and such an abrupt change in the course he was following that the Winnebagos were sure to be drawn away from the whites, provided they kept up the pursuit of the red man.

They did so. Probably they awoke to the fact, also, that there was little hope of overtaking the fleet-footed youth who laughed

their efforts to scorn, for several of them fired their guns at him as he sped swiftly among the trees.

As soon as the Shawanoo had shaken himself clear of his pursuers, he hurried back to join his friends, whose situation had been relieved by the answering signal of one of the boys.

At that time the affairs of all parties were in a highly complicated condition.

James Bowlby, having set out to find the horses, made the best time he could in reaching them. He was forced to limp along on his rude crutch, and found it slow work.

Fortunately for the trapper, the Winnebagos, although very numerous, were mostly in another part of the wood, and Bowlby succeeded in making his way to the open plot without detection, though he ran considerable risk.

There, to his consternation, he failed to see the horses. Like Linden, he instantly concluded that they had been stolen by the Winnebagos.

"I was afraid of it," he exclaimed, with a sigh; "that knocks things flat."

The hunter might well be alarmed, but the life he had led for so many years taught him to accept all such things philosophically, and he added, with a grim smile:

"The only thing for the boys to do is to find a holler tree and shove me in there till the storm blows over. Wal, there ain't no use in staying on 'em, so we go 'way."

Unlike Linden, Bowlby never once thought that the animals might be within reach. So he made no search, but began working his way along the edge of the clearing, until he reached the

are quick to take the alarm, they were not wise enough to know that the three men who made their quarters each winter in the log cabin, not far off, did so for the express purpose of capturing and killing them, and were the most dangerous enemies they could have.

Bowlby did not proceed to the beaver dam, for that would have drawn him out of his course, but, crossing the stream where it was narrow and shallow, he continued to bear to the right, not a little encouraged by the success that had attended him thus far.

A minute after, and just as he entered the dense woods again, he was called to bear the greatest trial of his life. He was startled by what seemed the sounds of galloping horses. He heard the splash of hoofs, as one of them dashed through the stream, and the muffled thumping as it bounded up the bank and thudded into the wood behind the hunter.

"I wonder if they're looking for me," muttered Bowlby, forgetting his wounded limb

"He isn't here," said Linden, with a sigh; "and where do you imagine he can be?"

"It's all guess work," replied his companion, "for Jim is in such shape, that he can't know what's best for him to do."

"It seems to me," ventured Fred Linden, "that he may have had the same experience that you did, father."

"Explain, my son."

"Why, he has hurried here, and, seeing nothing of the horses, has made up his mind that they have been captured by the whites to investigate, as you did, he hurried off again."

"You will perceive that the lad was right in his surmise, and its plausibility impressed the others."

"I believe you're correct," said Hardin, admiringly.

Before any one of the company could frame another remark, they were amazed to see a Winnebago Indian advance from the wood. Pausing in full view, he looked keenly at the two hunters. He was fully armed, but he kept his rifle at his side, as though he had no thought of hostility.

Observing this, no one of the whites, except Terry, brought his gun to his shoulder. Having covered the warrior, the Irish lad said:

"I'll leave me eyes on him; none of ye need be scared."

Hardin and Linden had no time to express their surprise, when, recognizing him, by his distorted nose...

"Why, that's Ap-to-to," said Hardin; "the fellow that spent two or three days with us last winter."

"It looks as if he comes to us in the light of a friend," added Linden, relieved beyond expression to believe that such was the case; "if he were not a friend, he would not have put himself in that position."

Ap-to-to was quick to see, from the manner of the whites, that they knew him. Stepping toward them, he extended his hand, saying, as he did so:

"Howdy do, brudder?"

At this moment, the Winnebago smiled to see that, his painted face was the ideal of ugliness; but now the smile made it hideous beyond description. How could he believe that he was a friend gave the Indian a certain attractiveness in the eyes of the whites.

"That's a mighty good thing," remarked Fred to Terry, when they observed the greeting between the parties; "we've got Deerfoot to help us, and now one of the best hunters of the woods has come forward to give what aid he can."

Deerfoot is worth thirteen hundred and eighty-four scalp spaulnes as that; I don't like his looks," said Terry, trying to conceal his disgust.

"It's true he isn't very beautiful, but whoever saw an Indian like that?"

"There's Deerfoot; if yer want to cast any slurs on his handsome looks, I'm riddy to, take it."

"Yes," said Fred; "no one can question his good looks."

"Nor the fact that he resembles meself enough to pass for a brother," interjected Terry, who, by his speciality would obtrude itself at all seasons; "I'm thinking," he added, "that if some one would persuade that spalpeen to swear off from smiling, he wouldn't look quite so ugly."

"Let us hear what he has to say," whispered Fred, stepping closer to the group.

By this time, Ap-to-to had finished several interesting statements to the hunters.

He said, in the first place, that he had met Bowlby limping along, when he was in great danger of being captured by the Winnebagos but he had conducted him to a place of safety, not very far away, where the hunter sat down on the ground, so securely to go back and get his horse for him, and that was the errand that brought the Winnebago to the spot.

This was good news, and caused natural rejoicing. As nearly as could be gathered from what Ap-to-to said, Bowlby was a little less than a mile away, so securely hidden that the Winnebagos could not find him, unless they should chance upon his odd-looking trail, and should take the trouble to follow it.

"What does the hunter want of a horse?" asked Linden, thinking it best to question Ap-to-to a little closer.

"He ride him fast-ride to home-way-thera," answered the Indian, pointing northward.

This corresponded with the plan formed some time before, but the one singular feature about it was that Bowlby should have decided to start homeward alone. Knowing nothing of the presence of the whites, it would have been more like him had he insisted that he should be accompanied by his two friends.

But, after all, he could not have known that Ap-to-to would see them, and it was not impossible to understand his action.

THE HUNTERS CAUTIOUSLY LED THEIR HORSES ALONG THE TRACK OF THEIR MISSING COMRADE.



most northern point. There he plunged among the trees and undergrowth, and forging ahead at reckless rate, he never used more care in all his life.

Having gone a couple of hundred yards to the north, the hunter began bearing to the right, towards the ridge, over which the trail to Greville led. This left the camp in the mountains by a northeast course, its general direction being northward of Winnebagos.

Bowlby had the advantage of being fully familiar with the surrounding country for a distance of several miles. He had trapped and hunted over it so many times, that it may be said he could have walked anywhere, blindfolded. Had it been otherwise, he must have gone hopelessly astray, almost as soon as he left the shelter of the cavern.

He found himself close to the stream that flowed near the spot where his cabin had stood so long. An eighth of a mile off this became a broad, calm lake, made so by an enormous beaver dam that was probably a score of years old. It would be hard to estimate the number of peltries that had been furnished by the colony, which promised to provide an indefinite number more for years to come; for, though those sagacious animals

in his hurry to scramble behind the nearest tree.

He judged that there were two at least, and possibly three horsemen, riding at a reckless rate. Since the hunter was advancing along a rough path, where it was barely discernible, (having been made by himself and friends while visiting their traps), there was a chance for a horseman to force his animal to high speed.

Bowlby had no more than time to lean his crutch against the tree beside him, and make his gun ready, when the horseman shot by at full gallop. He was less than fifty feet away, and the glimpse which the hunter caught was distinct enough to tell him two astounding truths: the horse was the fleetest one of the three belonging to the trappers, as Bowlby well knew, for it was its owner, and the warrior who sat astride the beast was the treacherous miscreant, Ap-to-to.

Bowlby was so eager to shoot him that he could hardly restrain himself; but he felt that it would seal his own fate, since the Winnebagos behind Ap-to-to would have him at their mercy.

But Ap-to-to vanished, and the listening ear caught no sound of Indians.

A few seconds were enough to make clear the exasperating truth that Ap-to-to had no companions, and that it would have been not only easy, but perfectly safe to shoot him off his stolen horse.

It was this infuriating discovery which constituted the greatest trial of Mr. James Bowlby's existence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FALSE FRIEND.

NOW it so happened that Bowlby, the trapper, was only just beyond sight of the clearing, where he was disappointed in not finding the horses, when Hardin, Linden, and the two boys arrived at the same spot. Thus, you see, everything for a time was at cross purposes.

It was but a short walk to the spot where the animals were tethered. Linden stepped to Bowly's steed and unfastened him. "There," said he, "is now the trail to our friend, and till he is not to delay riding homeward with all speed. Are any of the Winnebagos in the path that leads to the north? ...

since we left him early this morning in the cavern. Deerfoot went to the place in the rocks where my lame brother sat down; he found he was gone, and the Winnebagos had been there; he came here, but saw not the horses, and he believes the Winnebagos have taken them away. ...

CORRESPONDENTS' EXCHANGES. CORRESPONDENCE. EMMA G., Dodgeville, Mass. We are at present fully supplied with MSS. A. O. K., New York City. We have no knowledge of any person or thing by the name you mention. ...

EXCHANGES. Fred W. Amack, 65 North Fourth Street, Columbus, O. Vol. III Golden Argosy for best offer of a small printing press. ...





The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 per year, payable in advance.  
 Club rate.—For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.

All communications for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.  
 Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.  
 The ARGOSY is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrears is made, as required by law.

Renewals.—Three weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

Discontinuance.—If you wish the ARGOSY discontinued you should notify us three weeks before your subscription ends, otherwise you will receive extra papers and will be billed for the same.

The Courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

In ordering back numbers enclose 5 cents for each copy. No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.  
 FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,  
 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be *Murat Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati "Commercial Gazette."*

## Two More New Stories!

Next week's ARGOSY will be more than ever crowded with first-rate stories. Besides the six serials now running, we shall start two new ones, both of which, we know, will prove attractive to our readers.

One of these is by Mrs. Denison, and will be named

### LITTLE NAN;

OR,

### The Story of Her Mother's Ring.

Four years ago Mrs. Denison wrote for the ARGOSY one of the best serials we ever published. The talented author has since rewritten this story, and greatly lengthened and improved it, retaining only a few chapters of the former story; and we feel sure that it will be equally interesting to both old and new friends of the ARGOSY.

The other is by Frank A. Munsey, entitled

### THE BOY BROKER;

OR,

### Among the Kings of Wall Street.

This story has been awaited with considerable interest ever since the conclusion of the publisher's last serial, "Afloat in a Great City," which was so kindly received by our readers, and we can assure them that the new story is decidedly superior to the former one. It describes a country boy who comes to New York ambitious to become one of the great merchant princes among whom he finds himself, and relates his struggles to overcome the many difficulties and dangers that beset him.

### A VERITABLE ARGOSY.

A CORRESPONDENT from Brooklyn writes to ask how the name Argosy "implies" to our paper. We are surprised that the difference between "imply" and "apply" is not universally understood in Brooklyn; and we will endeavor to explain the meaning of our title, which has apparently puzzled a good many of our readers.

The word ARGOSY is defined in Webster's dictionary as "a large ship, either for merchandise or war," and we are referred to Shakespeare for an instance of its use. In the ninth line of the "Merchant of Venice," we hear of the merchant Antonio's "argosies with portly sail."

Nor is the word obsolete. Many of our readers will remember the following couplet from "Locksley Hall":

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sail,  
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly hail.

We think we have made the meaning and authority of the word clear. And we believe that we can without arrogance claim it as a suitable title for this paper; not in the sense of a war-ship, for we certainly have no desire to resemble so cumbersome and death-dealing a monster; but in the sense which Shakespeare and Tennyson give to the word Argosy, a vessel bearing precious freight from land to land.

To such a ship we liken our paper, which

flies every week from ocean to ocean, and across the sea to distant countries, and its freight is known and welcomed in thousands of homes wherever it goes. It does not belong to some rich merchant, but lies within the reach of all. It costs hundreds of dollars, and it sells for six cents.

This number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY contains eight serial stories. Tell your friends about it.

A poor fellow who leaped overboard from an East River ferry boat one night this winter, uttered the following impressive words before he went down to his watery grave: "Keep away from horse-racing and pool rooms." They may well serve to point a moral.

A WASHINGTON newspaper reports the discovery of a diary, which lay upon the sidewalk, and contained these two entries:

Jan. 1st, 10 A. M.: Made a good resolution.  
 11 A. M.: Broke it.

We hope that the diary did not belong to any of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY's readers. All their good resolutions, we hope, are yet unbroken.

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

### HONESTY NOT A LOST VIRTUE.

DISHONESTY is said to be the besetting sin of modern civilized society, and especially of this country, where civilization is the most fully developed. We do not believe that it is so prevalent as many people believe. Not every kneel, by any means, will bow to the modern Baal, the lust of gold.

An honorable merchant of wide experience, who had gained wealth without a stain to his integrity, was asked how many dishonest men in mercantile life he had met with during his long and varied career. He replied: "I have traded with most of the civilized races of the earth, and in all my commercial experience, in which more often than otherwise the honor of the man was my only protection, I found but two or three men whom I considered innately dishonest. These men would have remained the same in principle had they been engaged in any other vocation of life."

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

### A FOOLISH HABIT.

We wish we could lead every boy in the land to hate profanity as much as he hates to be called mean, cowardly, a tell-tale, or a dunce. The habit of swearing is a relic of barbarism, and should have passed away with the dark ages, to which it properly belongs; but, unfortunately, it still survives, and seems to be rather on the increase than otherwise, especially among the young. And it is to the boys that we must appeal to put a check to it.

"Don't swear," says Bob Burdette, the well-known humorist. "It is not an evidence of smartness or worldly wisdom. Any fool can swear. And a good many fools do it. Ah! if I could only gather up all the useless, un-called-for, ineffective oaths that have dropped along the pathway of my life, I know it would remove stumbling blocks from many inexperienced feet, and my heart would be lighter by a ton than it is to-day. But if you are going to be a fool just because other men have been, oh, my son, what a hopeless fool you will be!"

In those words, "Because other men have been" lies the root of the evil. Boys are naturally clever imitators and quick to follow an example, whether good or bad. A big boy takes to smoking cigarettes surreptitiously, whereupon some smaller boy imagines that the same operation will make him seem larger—or older, perhaps we should have said, as nearly all boys know that early smoking tends to check their growth.

With swearing, the case is the same. A boy hears men of a certain class sprinkle their conversation with oaths; and, for some unaccountable reason, he decides that, to appear manly, he must follow their example. We have often wondered why it should be the profane words that he selects for imitation, and not the long ones, the foreign ones, or any others that challenge his attention by their oddity. And he gains nothing by doing so; for, as Mr. Burdette says, any fool can swear, while it is universally admitted that the only accomplishments worthy of the name are those which cannot be acquired without some study and effort.

### CONGRESSMAN AMOS J. CUMMINGS, Of the New York "Sun."

At the elections of last November, Amos J. Cummings was chosen to represent the Sixth New York district in congress. Previous to this, though prominent among the members of his own profession, he was but little known to the world at large. The subordinate editors of our leading journals, who fill positions requiring great ability, and entailing a vast amount of hard work and responsibility, have very little chance of acquiring fame. The articles which perhaps guide and mold the public opinion of the nation are, under the prevailing system, unsigned, and the authors remain unrecognized and unknown. Mr. Cummings, who has been elected by his fellow citizens to represent the district where he worked as a boy, and where he has resided for more than twenty-five years, is one of the very few who have succeeded in winning the recognition they have well earned.

He was born at Conkling, Broome County, New York, in 1842. His father and grandfather were clergymen, his father being also the publisher of a denominational newspaper. The printing-office had a strong attraction for young Amos, and he taught himself to set type when he was so small that he had to stand upon a big candle-box to reach the case. His father did not wish his son to become a printer, but finding that the boy had managed to master the art, he set him to work in earnest.

This occurred when he was not yet thirteen years old, and young Cummings now left the school which he had been attending at Newark, New Jersey, and began his hard-working and wandering career as compositor and journalist.

The lad soon left home, and traveled from city to city, as a journeyman printer. For some time he worked at an office in Cliff Street, New York, where his weekly earnings were four or five dollars. At noon he would go to the City Hall Park, and gaze up at the Tribune office while eating his scanty lunch. He did not mentally register a vow that that excellent journal should one day become his property; his aspirations did not reach so far. It was the height of his ambition to obtain a position in the Tribune's composing room.

After this he visited nearly every State in the Union, still working at his trade. In few ways can more information and experience be gained, and Mr. Cummings owes much to the education he received in those early years. He had been an eager reader of the papers when only six years old, and, as he says himself, the composing room and the newspaper office were his real teachers.

He was fond of adventure, too. In 1867, he went to Nicaragua with Walker's filibustering expedition, and was among those captured by Commodore Davis on the Quaker City. Then he returned to New York, and was fortunate enough to secure a place as substitute compositor in the Tribune office.

When the war broke out, he left his case to go to the front, as a volunteer, with the Twenty-Sixth New Jersey regiment. He fought at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and at St. Mary's Heights he performed a perilous exploit which saved a Federal cannon, and was officially reported for gallantry.

He left his regiment with the rank of sergeant-major, and returned to the Tribune office.

On that same day, July 13, 1863, occurred the draft riots, and Mr. Cummings had an exciting night. He was one of four compositors who were not too much alarmed to stay at their cases, while the building was surrounded by an angry mob, growing more and more numerous and violent. At length the rioters broke in, sacked the office and destroyed the furniture. The four printers had blockaded the door of the composing room, and stood

behind it, Cummings with a revolver, and the rest with the best weapons they could find. Hostilities were imminent when a detachment of police put in an appearance, and succeeded in dispersing the mob, not without some hard blows.

Mr. Cummings then worked at Yonkers and elsewhere, and for a time the world went badly with him. He heard of an opening in the editorial room of the Tribune, and went to see the manager. The scantiness of his wardrobe had compelled him to wear his soldier's uniform, with an old blue army overcoat and cavalry boots. The military buttons had been taken off his jacket, and cloth buttons substituted, which made his appearance a little peculiar, to say the least of it.

However, he was appointed for a week, on trial, to edit the weekly edition of the Tribune. His work chiefly consisted in boiling down the week's news from the daily Tribune, and it was done well enough to gain special praise from Horace Greeley.

For two years Mr. Cummings managed the Weekly Tribune, and he found the experience to be of the greatest value. "It taught me condensation," he said, "and gave me the power of saying much in little, which is, after all, the greatest secret of journalism."

Mr. Cummings was afterwards city editor of the

Tribune, but left that paper for a higher and more remunerative position on the Sun, where he has from that time taken a prominent place in the editorial staff. He is well qualified by experience and observation, and is a ready and forcible speaker and writer. He is a fine-looking man, with a resolute face, and easy and dignified manners. Nor is he unaccomplished, being an expert on the banjo, and the more classical violin.

He has always been very friendly to organized labor, and some of his early difficulties arose from his adherence to that cause through good and evil report. He is now president of the New York Press Club, and when he was elected to Congress last November, from the sixth district of New York, none were better pleased than the noble army of typographers.

But though he is an earnest friend of labor, Mr. Cummings is not a demagogue or socialist. When he accepted the nomination for congressman, he said: "Workingmen will know where to find my vote on questions in which they are interested. Capital, however, has its rights as well as labor, and neither should be jeopardized by hasty legislation."

Mr. Cummings has, we hope, many years of activity and usefulness still before him. Whether he elects the journalistic or the political field, his honorable record for the past shows that he may rise still higher in the future.

RICHARD H. TITMERINGTON.

ERRATUM.—In the sketch of Mr. George W. Childs, published in No. 215 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Mr. Childs's middle name was, by an unfortunate error, given as Washington, instead of William.

### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The resolver who never does what he determines is to be pitied for his incapacity.

Live on what you have; live if you can, on less. Do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure—the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret.

We should never have it fixed in our memories that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends our own character is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world.

He who was an idler during the summer should be suffered to hunger in the winter. There is no virtue in providing for the lazy. They have no reason to complain if indignant beneficence shuts up its purse.

Reproof to be effective must be sparingly administered. Perpetual rebuking is like constant whipping of a lazy horse; he soon disregards it. The marvel is that the hardening process is not more damaging. The scold is hardly entitled to any respect.



AMOS J. CUMMINGS.





THE SMUGGLERS HASTILY PREPARED FOR A FIGHT, AS THEY SAW A BOAT LOWERED FROM THE FRIGATE AND PULLING TOWARDS THE CAVE.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

“My grandfather has seen a great deal of the world,” said Harry Worth, as we two boys sat under a large elm tree in Harry’s yard, while a hale old man with a cane passed out of the gate.

“He is eighty years old to-day,” continued my companion. “He used to follow the sea; and this morning, at breakfast, he was telling us of one of his adventures. I have heard him tell the same thing a number of times, but it always sounds new to me. I guess it does old people good to repeat things that they have told before.”

“I should like to hear it,” I said. “I never get tired of stories that old folks tell.”

“It is about smugglers,” replied Harry. “When grandfather was very young, he got acquainted with an English sailor about his own age. They sailed together in a vessel bound from Rio Janeiro to New York, and as soon as they got to sea, the Englishman was stricken down by the yellow fever. It was raging then at Rio Janeiro, but this man was the only one of the crew that had it.

“The captain was a bad man, and neither he nor the sailors would take any care of the young Englishman. They were afraid of getting the fever. But grandfather was different; he turned nurse, and did all he could for the poor fellow.

“Of course the sick man knew nothing about it when he was at the worst, for people don’t know anything with the yellow fever; but as soon as he began to get better, he saw who it was that was taking all the care of him. They parted at New York; but the Englishman told grandfather that he looked upon him as a brother, and would never forget him. The young fellow’s name was Jack Ashmore, and he got on board of an English ship and went home.

“About six years afterwards grandfather sailed on his first voyage as captain. He

was put in command of a brig that was to carry out a load of corn to Gibraltar. I like to hear him tell of the straits, and the great rock, and the English fortress there! He lay at Gibraltar six weeks waiting for orders, and then was sent to Cardiff, in Wales, to load with iron for home.

“It is pleasant to hear him tell of going up the Bristol Channel, and into the mouth of the Severn, where the river is as wide as New York Bay. The crew could see England on one side and Wales on the other; and all about the water sheet there were ships and brigs bound up to Bristol or coming down from it. For Bristol then, he says, was a greater port than it is at this day.

“Grandfather got his cargo of iron at Cardiff, loading the brig away down almost ‘scuppers to,’ as he says—and I suppose that means very deep. Then they ‘mast-headed’ the topsails—that is another of his phrases—and stood down the Bristol Channel.

“By the time they had got out to sea, it was dark. In the course of the evening the wind was so strong that they were obliged to reef topsails. Just as they had done this, and the men had come down from aloft, a big ship was discovered close upon them, and the next moment she struck the brig, cutting her almost in two.

“The men scrambled to save themselves by getting hold of the ship’s bowsprit rigging, and everybody got on board of her, except grandfather, and the negro cook. The black man was the only person not on deck, and he was drowned before he could get out. Grandfather was knocked down and badly hurt, but he caught a hencoop and floated with it. As for the brig, with her load of iron, she went down, he says, in less than two minutes.

“Then he floated all alone in the dark, with the waves breaking about him, and his hencoop very often turning over; but he was very strong in those days, and a good

swimmer besides, so that he held out in spite of the hurt he had received.

“Just before sunrise, he discovered a small schooner a mile off, heading in his direction. Whenever he was in the trough of the sea, he would lose sight of her entirely; but as he rose on the top of the swell, he would get another glimpse of her. She came nearer and nearer, and he could see a number of men on her deck. Still he was afraid they would go by without discovering him.

“At one time he gave up nearly all hope. It seemed as if no one would look in his direction, and he was too far away from the vessel to make his voice heard. The little schooner was pitching in the sea, and his hencoop was tumbling too, so that, after all, he might not be seen.

“He must have felt almost frantic, I should think. But just as the vessel was about passing him—just as she had got so far along that he could not look across her stern, he was discovered!

“They hoisted the schooner ‘up in the wind,’ as he says, and picked him up with a boat. He was taken on board the vessel and helped into the cabin. They gave him a dose of French brandy as soon as possible, and put a suit of dry clothes on him. The captain of the little craft kept looking hard at him, and he kept looking hard at the captain.

“By and by the skipper, as grandfather calls him, couldn’t contain himself any longer.

“‘You’re Tom Worth!’ he burst out.

“‘And you’re Jack Ashmore!’ said grandfather.

“They had met again, sure enough; and grandfather says that they put heart into their handshaking, if ever any two fellows did.

“Then they sat and talked for a long time; and Jack confessed that his schooner was a smuggler. He had nothing to conceal from his old friend, he said, for he

knew that grandfather would not say or do anything to injure him.

“‘The chief reason of our not seeing you sooner,’ he remarked, ‘was that we were looking too much in another direction. A thirty-two-gun frigate has been cruising off here for some time, and I think she is in sight of our lee beam at this moment, though she can’t get at us as the wind now is.’

“That’s what grandfather says that Jack said to him, as near as I can remember.

“All that day there was a high sea, but only a little wind, so that the smuggler did not get along much. Grandfather was very sorry to find Jack engaged in such a business, but Jack tried to justify it by telling how much good he was doing to the poor country people in bringing them goods at half price. I suppose he thought he was doing right, he was so used to looking at it in that way.

“That night it was entirely calm, but the next morning a strong breeze sprang up, and the frigate was seen in full chase, with a fair wind. However, she was four or five miles off, and Jack Ashmore said that he should be able to keep out of her way, unless the wind should blow very hard, so as to give the big ship the advantage. He was bound for a hiding place of his, he said, in Cardigan Bay, and, of course, grandfather must go with him. No doubt the crew would grumble, and might wish to toss the stranger overboard; but there was nothing to fear; his old friend might rely upon him for protection.

“They passed St. David’s Head, on the coast of Wales, and got into Cardigan Bay, that is about seventy miles long. But the wind died out again, and they were nearly all night in getting to their hiding place.

“When it had grown light, grandfather was astonished as he looked around him. He says he could hardly have believed it possible for men to warp a vessel of twenty tons into such a berth in a dark night. She was hidden, masts and all, and the





## SUNSET.

BY MOMENT BURNS WILSON.

WITNES thy burning palace in the west,  
Thou art awhile withdrawn. Yet doth thy face  
Look from the closing portal for a space  
Back to the earth, which thy dear love hath  
blessed!

While she with tears and soft sighs half-repressed  
Beholds thee sinking in thy resting-place.  
As with up-gathered folds of dewy lace  
She hugs remembrance to her yearning breast.

—The Century.

## SNOWED IN.

BY STANLEY WYNNE.

ONE day in November, a few years ago, a detachment of the United States Geometrical Survey Commission, to which I at that time belonged, was camping on the banks of Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada. A brown and weather-beaten settler strolled out of his cabin, which was close to the camp, and remarked, in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, that there was snow in the air, and it would begin to fall the next day. The weather had so far been beautifully fine and warm, like the Indian summer of the East; only one morning had we found a thin film of ice in our water pails. We had plenty of thermometers, barometers, and hygrometers, and none of our instruments gave any sign of an impending change; nevertheless, the settler's remark made me feel a little anxious. Their open-air life, and continuous observation of the weather, makes such men quick to apprehend coming changes, which ordinary mortals, and even the signal service, fail to predict. We had finished our work for the season, and our packs were made up, ready to take the trail for Truckee the following morning.

During the mild weather our only shelter had been a couple of canvas tents. The nights were already sharp and cold, and woolen blankets were a welcome covering. We were on rather short rations, as our stock of provisions was running low and game was scarce, and altogether the idea of being snowed in was an alarming one.

That afternoon we broke camp and moved six or seven miles towards the north. We camped in the evening in Squaw Valley, a deep gulch among the Sierras.

The next morning, as I yawned and stretched in my blankets, I happened to press my hand against the side of the tent. To my surprise, I felt some heavy mass lying upon it. I sprang up and took a hasty look outside.

What a change! Mountain and valley, that showed yesterday such striking contrasts of dark and bright colors, were wrapped to-day in a monotonous shroud of pure white, in which the tall pines stood up like huge snowballs. Our horses and mules were the picture of woe, with their heads hanging down and their tails turned towards the wind.

We were snowed in. The storm might last days, and even weeks; for among the lofty peaks of the Sierra Nevada, when the snow once begins to fall, no one can tell when it will cease.

The cattlemen, who raised their herds upon the spurs of the mountains in that section, relied principally upon two resources. One was the Sacramento valley, where the climate is very mild, and the cattle can safely be turned out through the winter; the other was a narrower valley in the upper part of Placer County, which in spring, when the snow melts, produces an especially nourishing crop of grass.

In the course of the last two or three weeks one ranchman after another had left us and moved down towards the west; and there was now, so far as we knew, not a single human habitation within several miles. We remembered, with no little uneasiness, the fate of a party of prospectors who had been snowed in not far from the spot where we were camped, and had perished from cold and hunger.

As soon as we could, we loaded tents, blankets, instruments, and provisions, on our mules, and struck out in the direction of Truckee. We certainly must have looked a queer cavalcade, had there been any spectators to see us. From our commander to the colored cook, and even the mules, discomfort and discontent ruled supreme; and still now and then some comic incident caused a general smile. Sergeant Hudson was riding a mule, to which there was also attached a sort of barrow with one wheel, which we called the hodometer. It had an indicator to denote the number of revolutions made, and we used it to measure the

distances we traversed. As the wheel struck rocks hidden in the snow, it lurched so violently that on one occasion it threw over the mule, and Sergeant Hudson with it, to the great amusement of the company.

The trail along which we were slowly struggling forward, hardly knowing whither we went, was hemmed in by very high and steep slopes. An icy wind swept down the mountain walls, and carried the snow round and round, and tossed it into the air like clouds of smoke. So thick was the storm, that we could only see a few yards before and behind us.

From time to time, some dark object showed against the gray background, and raised vain hopes. Our imagination pictured the outlines of a house; but the supposed shelter always turned out to be a group of pines or an isolated rock. We had

several sacks of potatoes, a couple of demi-johns, soap, a sack of fine meal, two or three hams, and a collection of miscellaneous articles. With the provisions which we carried in our packs, we had altogether enough to last us two weeks, at a pinch.

We soon had a roaring fire in the hearth, and our coats spread out on the floor to dry. Supper, which was quickly prepared, put us in a more cheerful frame of mind, and tasted better than the most dainty repast that French cook ever compounded. Private Scott, who knew that section of the country thoroughly, assured us that we were uncommonly lucky to have found the cabin when we did, and that the fire and shelter had probably saved our lives.

Still our danger was not over, for we were prisoners in the cabin, and could not make our way down to the valley until the storm

worthy individual received a sum far more than sufficient to pay for a week's rent and the provisions we had consumed.

## TOBAGGAN AND SNOW SHOE.

THE citizens of all our Northern States are now erecting slides, arranging toboggan clubs, and tasting the delights of a skim through the air with the speed of a meteor. The opening of a slide in Chicago brought 4,000 people together; and one New York athletic goods' house has already sold more than a thousand toboggans.

The slide at Orange is 1,400 feet in length, which distance is covered by experts in twelve seconds, by ordinary mortals in sixteen. The Tuxedo Park slide is considered the best in the country; the incline being built on the side of a hill. This is 600 feet long, and the run on the level 2,000, thus giving the happy tobogganer a total whiz of nearly two-thirds of a mile, which he accomplishes in some thirty seconds.

Tobogganing is not an expensive luxury. A first-class toboggan may be bought for five dollars, while an amateur carpenter can make a fair one at home for two dollars or thereabouts. If one comes to join a club, a many-lued blanket, knee-breeches, moccasins, toque, etc., can be obtained for twelve dollars, or less, according to the desire of the wearer to make himself neat but not zany, or radiantly conspicuous.

In building a slide the incline should be one foot in four, and the track forty-five inches in width. Side boards and rails must be added to keep the toboggans on the course, thus counteracting errors of the steersman behind.

A first-rate slide may be built and kept in order, which includes rolling and flooding, for five hundred dollars. This sum, divided up among a club of fifty members, would call for an outlay of only ten dollars apiece for the season.

The recent visit of the Montreal and Quebec Snowshoe Clubs to New York on the invitation of the Oriskany Snowshoe Club of the same city, has aroused an interest among us in that odd kind of skate, which is an absolute necessity to many of our Northern neighbors.

There are two kinds of snowshoes: one for walking over soft snow, and with whose tennis-bat proportions we are all more or less familiar; the other the Norwegian "skis," simply two thin strips of ash, some four inches wide and seven feet long, turned up at the front ends, and with a groove along the bottom to prevent slipping to one side. The shoe, or rather skis, is fastened to the foot by a block contrivance in the center. Shod with this seemingly unwieldy foot attachment, the hardy Norseman is able to skim over the frozen surface of the snow at the rate of twelve miles an hour on the level, and in descending a hill he fairly flies, steering himself by a steady pull, which he trails behind him. It has been stated, moreover, that one of the Scandinavian snow-skaters made a leap or "shoot" over a ravine of eighty-three feet.

## GOVERNOR ALGER'S GENEROSITY.

MICHIGAN rejoice in the possession of a generous governor, if we can believe a correspondent of the *Cleveland Leader*.

On last Thanksgiving day, according to this writer, Governor Alger came out to his office, and calling to him a little newsboy, said: "Go fetch all the boys you see. I have a quarter for every one." As soon as the youngster recovered from his astonishment, he ran like mad down the street shouting to every boy in sight, and in ten minutes' time there was a howling mob about the tall, dignified form of the chief magistrate. The eagerness with which the boys grabbed their quarters, the enthusiasm with which the distribution was received, the cheer which made Griswold Street ring from the river to the high school, made the Governor's eyes twinkle with pleasure as he stalked back to the office up-stairs.

It was then he conceived the idea of doing something more substantial for the lads. He took into his secret the newspapers of the town and two of the leading merchant tailors. They entered into the spirit of the plan, with commendable interest, and the tailors contracted to furnish good clothes at low prices, and made arrangements to fit out in an expeditious and convenient manner the small army which was to be the recipients of the governors' bounty.

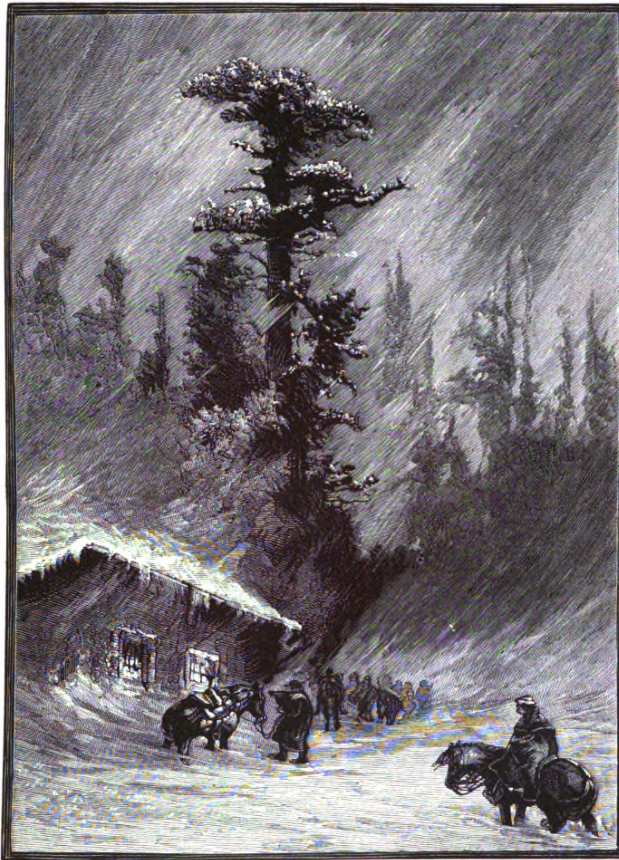
The names of the boys were evenly divided into two lists and the young rascals were first disposed of. A week or more a hundred and twenty boys answered to their names, and were measured for such a style as each selected. Then one after another the rest were served likewise, and the remainder were measured as their turn came.

It was arranged to have each boy's suit delivered at his home the night before Christmas. Such a night as that has not been known in many of their homes for years. There was no shivering and shivering boys, who got out their clothes as soon as the packages were received, tried them on, and wanted to go to bed in them. It was really a great sight the next evening to see the warmly clad, stylish looking little fellows selling their papers like little gentlemen. The theme has been a great success, and the governor has been showered with congratulations for his happy idea.

## ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"I THOUGHT," remarked the victim, after the dentist had dragged him round the room several times, "I thought you advertised to extract teeth without pain?"

"So I do, sir," replied the operator, blandly; "it doesn't hurt me at all to yank 'em!"



WHILE STRUGGLING THROUGH THE SNOW WE CAME UPON A SUBSTANTIAL LOG CABIN.

so many disappointments of this kind, that we paid no more attention to anything that lay ahead of us, and went on struggling against the storm with a stolid disregard of all surroundings.

And so it was that we almost marched into a substantial log cabin before we noticed it. Doors and windows were carefully nailed up, and the settler to whom it belonged had, no doubt, gone into the valley with his cattle some time ago, probably without imagining that his premises would be visited by any travelers before he returned to it in the spring.

We soon had the door open, and thanked our stars that we had at any rate a shelter over our heads. Close behind the cabin was a roughly made shed, which, to our great delight, was almost full of hay. This enabled us to give a good meal to our animals, which we did at once; we owed them something, for we could hardly have come through the snow without their help.

Then we began to make a thorough exploration of the cabin, in search of provisions. Every discovery was loudly announced by the finder, and, as the newspapers say of a popular speaker, greeted with immense enthusiasm. These discoveries included a few cans of beef and fruits,

was over. And for several days we waited in vain.

For a whole week the snow continued to fall. We had already begun to shorten rations, and to talk of sending out one or two of our numbers who might try to push down to the settlements and bring us aid, hazardous as we knew such an attempt would be. It was not until the ninth day of our confinement in the hut that the snow ceased, and the sky grew clear.

We could now reasonably hope to reach the lower country, without much danger, though not without plenty of trouble. At daybreak the next morning we set out from the hospitable home of the ranchero. Before we left it, we took the trouble, as some return for the help it had given us, to nail up the doors just as we had found them, so that no storm could beat into the inside of the cabin.

Late that night we reached Truckee safe, but worn out with our long struggle through the deep snowdrifts; and our adventures were over.

In conclusion, I may add that, after our return to civilization, Lieutenant Howard made inquiries, and at length discovered the name of the ranchero whose cabin had afforded us such timely shelter; and that



AFTER A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE, PAUL SHOOK OFF HIS ADVERSARY'S GRASP, AND FLUNG CLAUDE MOSCOTT, EXHAUSTED AND HELPLESS, UPON THE GROUND.

[This story commenced in No. 215.]

**ALWAYS IN THE BUGGY**

By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER IX.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

CLAUDE MOSCOTT was eighteen years old, and rather tall for one of his age. Undoubtedly he believed he ought to be more than a match for Paul Munjoy, who was only fifteen, though he was a stout fellow. Perhaps he could not exactly understand how it had happened that the victory in the sharp skirmish had perched upon the banner of his younger opponent.

Claude was evidently displeased with the result. The battle had been fought and won in less time than it has taken to define the positions of the combatants. The prancing horse, not a little excited by the movements around him, had been hitched to the fence, and Paul had leaped into the buggy, while the young lady had leaped down from it.

The vanquished persecutor of innocence sat in his seat still, and with the hand which was relieved of the task of holding the maiden wiped the blood from his face. With the other he held only one rein of the harness for Paul had twitched the other away from him. His disgust at the present situation was clearly apparent on his bloody face. They were not playing chess, but it was Claude's next move.

Paul had not had an opportunity to look at the heroine of the event which had just transpired. It had been evident to him that the young lady was suffering persecution, or she would not have screamed and called three times for help. It was not a brutal outrage,

not a deadly injury, which the young man was inflicting upon his prisoner, but it seemed to be hardly less disagreeable to her than if it had been more violent and pronounced.

For a lady in distress, Paul felt that he could not do less than render assistance, and he had come vigorously to the rescue of the maiden. He was full of chivalrous sentiment, and no peril could have deterred him from doing what was plainly his duty.

When he leaped from the buggy, and the ungallant Moscott no longer demanded his undivided attention, he bestowed a look upon the young lady. He raised his hat, and bowed as gracefully as the skill of his dancing master enabled him to do, to the object of his late interposition. The moment he fixed his gaze upon her, he started back in astonishment.

That made twice that he had been greatly astonished. The first time was when he recognized Claude Moscott, though it was not strange, seeing that the late guest at Sparly lived at Bloomhaven, that he should happen to meet him just in that place. The only strange thing about it was that he should meet him as the persecutor of injured innocence.

He was astonished the second time when he fixed his gaze upon the maiden he had delivered from persecution. He was surprised, as in the former instance at finding an acquaintance in her, for he had never set eyes on her before. And he was astonished to the degree that he was almost petrified. Without the shadow of a doubt in his own mind, she was the most beautiful being he had ever seen in his life; and it was her wonderful beauty which astonished him.

Paul had not been a recluse, though he had lived all his life in a lonely place. He had been in society in Fairview, and he had visited in New York and elsewhere with Mrs. Munjoy. He had seen hundreds of ordinary beauties, but not one that could compare with the maiden before him. To him she seemed to be more like the ideal of a poet or a painter than a common-place human being.

She was apparently about sixteen years old, and her form was not over stout or over

slender; but it was the ideal of a dreaming sculptor. Her face was flushed by the scene she had just passed through, which added to her beauty. There was something of both anger and terror in her expression, and her eyes flashed even while she seemed to be disposed to run away as fast as she could. As it was, she planted herself a couple of rods from the buggy, and waited the result of the interference of her deliverer.

She did not speak to Paul; she hardly looked at him, but kept her gaze fixed upon her persecutor. If the sculptor had wished to add another grace of the maiden, it would have been innocence, virgin purity, before which none but a brute could fail to bow down in reverence.

If Claude Moscott had been fascinated by the beauty of the young lady, no one could have wondered, or even blamed him. If he had so far forgotten the dignity of manhood as to be over-presuming in his attentions, no one who saw her innocent face could have lacked the courage to rebuke him.

The defeated driver of the spirited horse was filled with wrath. As soon as he could recover himself a little, and wipe away the stream of blood that flowed from his nose, he threw the rein in his hand upon the back of the horse and leaped to the ground. This movement excited the terror of the maiden, and she began to retreat from the spot.

"Don't be alarmed, miss; you shall not be harmed," said Paul, in the gentlest tones he could command, for the very look of the maiden inspired him with gentleness.

"What do you mean, Paul Munjoy, by interfering with my affairs?" demanded Claude, rushing up to the deliverer as though he intended to annihilate him on the instant.

"I only interfered in the affairs of this young lady, who seemed to need my assistance," replied Paul, in a calm and self-possessed tone and manner. "I confess that I am surprised to see one who claims to be a gentleman, as you do, guilty of rudeness to a young lady, as I have seen with my own eyes, or I could not have believed it."

"None of your impudence to me!" ex-

claimed Claude, glancing at the maiden, as if he was uncertain what he should do to carry his point in the midst of the present difficulties.

"I shall protect the young lady whatever happens," added Paul.

"You will keep your finger out of my pie!" said Claude, making a sudden spring at Paul, for he could not help realizing that he must dispose of him, before he attempted to recover possession of the young lady.

The movement was so sudden that he succeeded in clutching Paul by the collar of his shirt, and held him by the throat. Then he attempted to throw him down; but Paul was not inclined to submit to this discipline, and he struck out vigorously at the sides of his antagonist's head.

Claude pressed more closely upon him in his effort to throw him, and in a moment more they were hugged together in a close embrace. The maiden screamed, and the horse danced more than before, as if he desired to take part in the encounter. It was a terrible struggle, but in a moment more both of the combatants went down, but Claude was on the under side.

For a minute more they wrestled with each other on the grass where they had fallen. Paul found it necessary to resort to other expedients than mere pulling and twisting his opponent, and he began to use his fists, raining blows upon Claude wherever he could hit him. He of the upper side of the contest had taken lessons in the gloves of Gascon, who had been in the British army.

As soon as it was clear to him that Claude was weakening, Paul, seizing the wrists of his antagonist, one in each hand, succeeded in disengaging their hold upon his collar, and shook him off, rising in front of his enfeebled adversary, he waited for the next move. He had no idea of running away, as he might have done, for he believed it was absolutely necessary to finish the affair on the spot.

But Claude was too much exhausted to get up at once, and lay panting on the ground. Paul was too chivalrous to follow up the







A STAGE FRIGHT.

THE SPARROWS OF LONDON.

The English Sparrow is not a popular character in this country, but in his own land many people regard him with affection. His boldness, impudence and familiarity in the crowded streets of London have made him almost a pet bird with the citizens of the British metropolis.

In the winter, one of the most interesting sights in London is that of the sparrows, which collect in hundreds on a few trees which still linger in the heart of the city. When the short afternoon draws to its close, and the light of day begins to fade from the cloudy sky, hundreds of sparrows are to be seen taking up their quarters for the night on the leafless branches of the trees which stand in the Dean's yard and in the secluded court where the Canons have their residence.

The sparrows of St. Paul's, although not so famous as the pigeons of St. Mark's, at Venice, are nevertheless well deserving of the attention and interest which they excite in the city. "Here in streaming London's central rook" these mice of the air congregate all the year round, building their nests in the springtime in the innumerable nooks and crannies which abound in the great cathedral.

Of late a lurid rumor has in some way or other obtained credence, much to the scandal of all good men, to the effect that the authorities of St. Paul's, instead of encouraging the feathered denizens of the pile which is entrusted to their care, have been endeavoring to extirpate them. So widely spread and so firmly believed had this calumny become that one excellent Unitarian minister felt moved to write, with indignant sarcasm, that if the story were true there was very little use in preaching the love of God inside the cathedral, while they were showing so little of it outside.

As a matter of fact, nothing has been done, nothing whatever that can afford the slightest foundation for this mischievous report. The clergy are almost as proud of their feathered congregation outside as they are of the unfeathered bipeds who congregate within; and they have quite recently been compelled to enlist the secular arm of the law, in the shape of a vigilant policeman, to suppress the irrepressible urchins who have for some time past made surreptitious war upon the unfortunate sparrows.

These birds, rendered tame by long security, have fallen an easy prey to the merciless school-boy, who has converted St. Paul's churchyard into a happy hunting ground. This monster went forth to war provided with three weapons of destruction. He had a long-distance catapult, with which he could bring down a sparrow on the topmost branches of the trees, and a smaller one, constructed out of a forked stick and piece of elastic. But the most fiendish method of destroying the unfortunate birds was that of concealing a small hook in a crumb of bread, to the end of which is attached a fine string. The unwary sparrow swallows the bait, the hook sticks in his bill, and the poor bird is landed after the fashion of a trout. These evil devices of the small boy have, however, been summarily suppressed, so that any one who goes hunting sparrows in St. Paul's churchyard will find himself in the grasp of a policeman.

GERONIMO WAS ASTONISHED.

When Geronimo and his Apache braves were out on their last raid, they caught and killed a good many settlers, but one escaped death in a peculiar

way. Most men would rather have genuine teeth eyes and legs, than artificial ones, but for once the removable members proved their owner's salvation.

While the Apaches were raiding the ranches in the foothills of New Mexico, says the *Chicago Herald*, they captured a white man who had false teeth, a glass eye and a cork leg. The unfortunate fellow was dragged into the hills where the Indians were encamped, and strapped to a tree to die. Just before dusk, Geronimo happened to pass the prisoner, who had succeeded in releasing one of his arms from the leather strap which bound him to the tree.

"Ugh!" granted the big Apache chief, punching the white man with the muzzle of his Winchester. The prisoner thrust his fingers into his mouth, removed his teeth, and shook them in the face of the Apache. This done, he replaced the plates as quickly as he had removed them, and, blinking out his glass eye, began polishing it on his knee. Geronimo had seen a good many things in his life, but the sight of a man removing his teeth and eyes at will was enough to make the savage's hair stand on end. Without waiting to strip the prisoner of his clothes, as was their custom, the Apaches released the nervy fellow, and, putting him astride a horse, fairly begged him to leave the camp. The settler needed no second invitation. Seizing the animal by the mane, he rode a few yards out into the opening, when, to the horror of the savages who had been watching the fight, he pulled off his cork leg and waded it about his head. It is said on good authority that this is the first instance on record where the superstition of an Apache got the better of his knife.

SOLITUDE AND PERSEVERANCE.

A GERMAN paper, called the *Daily Review*, tells the following interesting story of Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, whose skill amazed and delighted Europe and America:

While he was staying in Paris in 1840, he returned home late one evening from a concert, and, as the night was cold, he ordered his man to make a fire in his room. The latter dragged toward the fireplace a huge box on which the words "Firewood" was painted in large letters. In answer to Ole Bull's astonished inquiry, the servant told him that the box had been delivered that day at noon by his master's orders, as he thought, and to look upon it, the box was found to contain twenty-two violins and the following letter:

Great Master! The undersigned, being members of various amateur philharmonic societies, hereby declare that they will henceforth cease to perform on the accompanying instruments. The same wood from which Ole Bull can draw life, love, reason and melody is only to be regarded as fuel for the flames in the hands of the undersigned, who therefore request the maestro to make an auto-da-fé of the enclosures, and to look upon the ascending smoke as incense offered to his genius by penitent dabblers in the noble art.

This curious epistle bore the signatures of twenty-two young men. Three days afterward, Ole Bull gave a dinner, to which he invited all the members of the valuable "firewood." Each guest had lying before him on the table one of the violins referred to, and by its perseverance—a piece of reasonable advice to the faint-hearted dilettante, and a symbolic indication of the means by which the virtuous himself had attained to fame.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

**NEW** Sample Book of beautiful cards, 14 Games, 52 tricks in magic, 48 Album verses. All for 25c. stamps. **FRANK CARD CO., Boston 48, Osa.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**CHAPPED HANDS CURED** by CORBE COMPLEXION SOAP. Ask your druggist or send 5c for sample to A. H. COBB, Mfr., 33 Rattery March Street, Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**RHEUMATISM CURED** in 3 Days by "Row's" Internal Rheumatic Cure. Sent prepaid for 50c. Send for Premium List and get particulars. **ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**A BIG OFFER.** To introduce them, we will GIVE AWAY 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. If you want one, send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. **THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Day Street, N. Y.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

Ladies! Attention!!

**TEA SETS**, &c., given away to ladies who act as agents for us. Send for Premium List and get particulars. **ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**WE WANT YOU!** A live energetic man profitable employment to represent our goods in every county. Salary \$10 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales. Goods Good quality. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. **STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**25 Lovely Covered Name Scrap Picture CARDS**, elegant designs only 10 cts, 6 Packs 50 cts, others charge 25cts per doz. **EUROPEAN CARD CO., Sample Free. Birmingham, Ct.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**Autograph Albums** A nice one FREE TO ALL who send 10 cents for our Book of Sample Writing Cards and Agents terms. **HOLLEY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.** This book contains the largest collection ever printed of CHOICE QUOTATIONS OF POETRY AND PROSE, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. 128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. **J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**724 BROADWAY, N. Y.** Largest stock of stamps and coins in the world. Stamp Catalogue (170 Illustrations) 25c. Illustrations, Catalogues 25c. Philatelist Stamp Album, 400 Illustrations, boards, 25c.; cloth, 40c. International Postage Stamp Album from \$1.50 to \$20. Active agents wanted in every school. Approval sheets sent to responsible parties. Circulars and packets free. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**WOODS' LADIES' BLACKING** PRESERVES AND SOFTENS THE LEATHER, FOR IT CONTAINS NO SHELLETS, ACIDS, HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION. Bottle contains double quantity. Use no other. **GEO. H. WOOD & CO., Manufacturers, Boston** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**KIDDER'S GESTIVIL** For Indigestion and Dyspepsia. A POTENT REMEDY FOR Indigestion, Acute and Chronic Dyspepsia, and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases. Over 8000 Favorable Opinions upon Digestin, as a Remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion. For 20 years we have manufactured the Digestive Ferments expressly for medicinal use, and for the past year DIGESTIVIL has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestin bottle. Its great Digestive Power, created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacturing, is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements, we would respectfully refer to the Wholesale and Retail Druggists of the country, and Physicians generally. Sold by Druggists, or **Price \$1.00. WM. F. KIDDER & CO., 83 John Street, New York.** In replying to this advertisement mention THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.



"Careful, Lion! If 'ou beak mama's EDENIA bottle mama will never forgive 'ou, NEVER!"

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME EDENIA. LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE in your vicinity, send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers, 101 N. Y. LADD & COFFIN, 84 Barclay Street, New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**ICE AND ROLLER SKATES.** **BARNEY & BERRY** SPRINGFIELD MASS. CATALOGUE FREE. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**AGENTS WANTED** Everywhere **ARNOLD AUTOMATIC STEAM COOKER** \$7.50 to \$140 per month easily made. This is a rare chance. Apply at once. **WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**MAGIC LANTERNS** And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject. **TEASER LANTERN CO., 100 N. W. Cor. 1st & 2nd Sts., New York.** Also Agents for Home Amusement Magic Catalogue, free. **MCALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**BEAUTY'S BIRTHDAY.** A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any lady whose mother will send us the names of two or more other ladies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Diamond Brooch Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information. **Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**OPIMUM MORPHINE HABIT** CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN, NO SUFFERING. Last sleep or interference with business. **REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.

**JUDSON'S "Indestructible" Marking INK** BLACK BALL brand Price 25cts. No Preparation. No Heat. Absolutely INDELEIBLE. Cannot be washed out or rubbed off. It has once dried. A Fletcher's green with each bottle for holding the clothing together for your workkeeper for 4h, or will best post paid on receipt of price from **Ans. Headquarters.** **DANL. JUDSON & SON, LD., LONDON, A. F. Freeman, 46 Murray St., N. Y.** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argyo.