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"YOUNG RANDOLPH HANDED BAY INTO THE CARRIAGE, WITH JUST ENOUGH EMBARRASSMENT IN HIS MANNER TO INTEREST HER."

CHAPTER I.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE GREAT CITY.

"Give me the best morning paper you have, please."

"The Tribune costs the most, if that is the one you want."

"The price will be no objection, providing the paper contains what I wish to find; I am looking for employment."

"I knew it—just in from the country, too" said the newsboy, comically. "Well, what you want is the *Herald* or *World*. They are just loaded with wants."
"Thank you, you may give me both."
"Both! Whew, you must be well fixed!" replied the young metropolitan, handing over the papers, as he regarded his new customer curiously.
"What does that mean?" asked the latter, seriously.

"What does that mean?" asked the latter, seriously.
"You don't know what well fixed means? You must have come from way back! Why it means—it means that you're solid, that you've the stuff, don't you see?"
"I'm solid enough for a boy of my age, if that is the idea." replied the lad from the country, rather sharply, as a tinge of color rose to his cheeks.
"Shucks! That ain't the idea at all," said the street boy, in a tone that seemed apologetic. "What I mean is that you're a kind of boodle alderman—you're rich. Do you see now?"

boodle alderman—you're rich. Bo you're now?"

"Oh! That's it? Well, you see, I didn't know what you meant. I never heard those terms up in Vermont. No; I'm not rich, but on the contrary have so little money that I must commence work at once."

"And that is why you bought two papers, so you can take in the whole business. You've got a big head, Vermont, any way, and would do stunnin' on mornin' papers."

"Thank you. Do you mean at selling them?"

You wouldn't give 'em

"Thank you. Do you them?"
"Yes, of course. You wouldn't give 'em away, would yer?"
"Well, no, not much."
"That sounds more like it. Perhaps I'll give you a job, if you can't find anything else."

"Well, no, not much."
"That sounds more like it. Perhaps I'll give you a job, if you can't find anything else."
"Thank you, I may be very glad to get a chance to sell papers even."
"Tain't a bad business, anyhow. Me and plenty of kids make lots of money at it. But I s'pose you're hungry, hain't yer? If you be. I'll take yer round to a boss place, and it won't cost much, neither, for a big fill up."
"No, thank you, I got breakfast as soon as I got off the boat."
"And I s'pose they laid yer out on the price? Where was the place?"
"The restaurant was in Greenwich Street, and the size of it just opened my eyes. I thought I had seen some big eating houses in Boston, but they are like a potatoe-hill to a mountain, in comparison to this one."
"Gehew, you sling the words though, don't yon? Was it Smith & McNell's?"
"Yes, that is the name."
"Well, you're just right it's big—it's the biggest in the world."
"I thought so when I saw it, but I do not know much about the world, or New York, either."
"No." said the newsboy, with a peculiarly droll expression about the eyes and mouth; and then instantly, as if to soften the effect of his sarcasm, he continued:
"But how many people do you guess they feed at that place in a day?"
"I don't know. I couldn't give any kind of an estimate. Do you know?"
"Yes, I do, for I saw it in the paper one day."
"Perhaps they feed seven or eight hundred a day."

day."
Perhaps they feed seven or eight hundred a

"That aim't no kind of a guess. They feed any from the control of the control of

some one that wanted to collect a bill," continued Bob, dryly, "and I'd be out. Don't you see how it's done? I'd just tell my clerks to say 'Mr. Hunter is not in;' so, you see, you would get left. Why business men do it every day!"

would get left. Why business men do it every day!"

"My name is Herbert Randolph," replied the other, laughing heartily at his comical friend—I say friend, for he already felt convinced that he had found one in Bob Hunter.
"Herbert Randolph! that's a tony name—some old fellow I read about in school was called Randolph; most likely he was some of your relations."

The day was too cold for him to remain out in the park and read; so Herbert, acting on the advice of Bob Hunter, hurried to the great granite post office, and there, in the rotunda, ran his eye over the "want columns" in his two papers.

A vast number of advertisements appeared in each journal, but the following one especially attracted his attention.

WANTED, a bright, smart American boy of about sixteen years of age; must have good education, good character, and be willing to work. Salary small, but faithful services will be rewarded with advancement. GOLDWIN & SCRUBB,

Bankers and Brokers, Wall Street.

"I think I can fill those requirements,"

GOLDWIN & SCRUBB,
Bankers and Brokers, Wall Street.

"I think I can fill those requirements," said Herbert, hastily, to himself, as he folded the papers into his pocket, and passed quickly from the building. "Can you tell me, sir, where Wall Street is?" asked he, of a gentleman who had just crossed Broadway towards the post office.

"It is about half a dozen blocks below here. Do you see that tall spire?" said he, pointing down Broadway.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is the spire of Trinity Church, which is at the head of Wall Street. Follow down Broadway till you come to that church, then turn to your left, and you will be on Wall Street."

Herbert thanked his informant politely, and hurried off towards the office of Goldwin & Scrubb.

CHAPTER II.

AT GOLDWIN AND SCRUBB'S.

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When there is and old a come there hoping to secure the advertised position.

This crowd of young Americans comprised various grades of boys. Some were stupid, others intelligent; a few were quiet and orderly, but the majority were boisterous and rough. Squabbling was active, and taunts, and jeers were so numerous, that a strange boy from a quiet country home would have hardly dared to join this motley crowd, unless he was possessed of rare courage and determination.

Herbert Randolph paused for a moment when he had passed through the outer door, and beheld the spectacle before him. He wondered if he had made a mistake and entered the wrong place; but before he had time to settle this question in his own mind, one of the boys before him, who was taller and more uneivil than the majority about him, shouted, derisively:

"Here's a new candidate—right from the barnyard too—grip and all with him!"

All turned their attention at once to the object of their leader's ridicule, and joined him in such remarks as "potato-bug," "country," "corn-fed," "greeny," boots," and all the time they howled and jeered at the boy from the farm most unmercifully.

"You think you'll carry off this position, maybe," said the leader, sarcastically. "You'd better go home and raise cabbage or punkins—oh, I say, did you bring a load of punkins in your grip there?"

Again the crowd exploded with laughter, and as many mean things as could be thought of were said. Herbert made no reply, but instead of turning back and running away from such a crowd, as most boys would have done, he stepped forward boldly, and took his place in the line with others to await the arrival of the firm.

His face was flushed, and he showed plainly his indignation at the insolent remarks made to him. Nevertheless, their attitude stimulated his determination to such a degree, that he was now the last boy in the world to be driven away by the insults and bullying of those about him.

T'is act of deliance was so bold, and his manne

his character, a character as solid as the granite hills of his State, was of infinitely more value to him than was all the freedom of city manner to the New York lad.

These two boys were no ordinary youths. Each of them possessed a positive and determined character. The one was bold as the other, and in intellect and the commanding qualities of their minds they were giants among boys.

The others felt this now in the case of both, as they had but a few moments before felt it regarding the one. They realized their own inferiority.

The jeering and bullying ceased, and all was quiet, save the slam of the door, as new applicants now and then dropped in and joined the line. The silence became painful as the two leaders eved each other. Herbert knew better than to make the first move. He waited the action of his rival, ready to defend his position.

The strange and sudden quiet of all the boys, who had but a few moments before been so noisy and insulting, gave him renewed courage. He saw, to his great relief, that he had but one mind to contend with—but one enemy to overcome. In this one's face, however, was pictured a degree of bitterness that he had never seen before in all his life.

The evil designs in the face of the city boy, momentarily became more noticeable. Why had he so suddenly stopped his derisive remarks? and why should he show his evident hatred towards our hero? Is it possible that he dare not attack him, and that he is afraid to continue the bulying further? That he feels that Herbert is his equal, and perhaps more than a match for him, seems evident; and yet he will not acknowledge himself inferior to any one, much less to this country lad.

Ah! a thought leaps into his mind that still further contracts his brow. "No he shall not

seemed to study deeply upon some processeemed to study deeply upon some processeeme.

I say his manner indicated this; and whether it meant revenge upon our hero in return for his bold deflance, or that he purposed defeating him in his effort to secure the situation with Goldwin & Scrubb, will be revealed in the remarkable events that followed speedily after that morning's contest.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONTEST BETWEEN HERBERT AND FELIX.

RESENTLY the inner doors of the banking house were thrown open, and a gentleman of perhaps a little more than middle age stepped lightly into the corridor, where the boys awaited his arrival. He had a kindly face, and a sharp but pleusant

ridor, where the boys awaited his arrival. He had a kindly face, and a sharp but pleasant blue eye.

All seemed to know intuitively that he was Richard Goldwin, the senior member of the firm, and consequently each one made a dashing, but somewhat comical effort to appear to good advantage.

"Good morning, boys," said the banker, pleasantly, "I am glad to see so many of you here, and I wish we were able to give each one of you a position.

"I see, however, that many of you are too young for our purpose; therefore, it would be useless to waste your time and mine by further examination."

In a little time the contest had narrowed down to but two, and they were Herbert Randolph, and the boy who had so ineffectually attempted to drive him away.

"What is your name?" asked the banker of the city lad.

"My name is Felix Mortimer."

"Felix Mortimer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mortimer, Mortimer," repeated Mr. Goldwin, thoughtfully. "The name sounds familiar, but I can't place it. Do you live in New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"In what part of the city?"

"In Eleventh Street, sir—on the East Side."

"They wouldn't give in to the strikers, I believe?"

"No: and the result was that they had to let a lot of us go."

"It was an unfortunate affair. But I suppose you got a recommendation from Wormley & Jallup?"

"Yes, sir," said Felix, with all the assurance of one who was telling the truth; "there it is—signed by Mr. Jallup himself."

The letter was highly complimentary to Felix Mortimer.

"No one could ask for a better recommendation than this "said the banken locking re-

The letter was highly complimentary to Felix Mortimer.

"No one could ask for a better recommendation than this," said the banker, looking as if he thought he had found a prize in the boy before him.

Had he suspected that this very recommendation was forged, he would have been angry. Now, however, he felt quite the reverse; and more as a matter of courtesy than otherwise, decided to give Herbert a hearing, for he had practically settled upon young Mortimer for the position in his banking-house.

Felix saw this, and could hardly restrain his happiness, as he saw pictured on the young Vermonter's face a marked degree of discomfiture.

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"Well, you may be seated," said Mr. Goldwin: "I wish to see what this young man has to say for himself before engaging you."

"So you came from Vermont, right from the farm?" said the banker to Herbert, after a few minutes' conversation with him.

"Yes, sir," returned young Randolph.

"And I suppose you expect to make your fortune in this city?"

"I have not got so far along as that yet, sir. I hope, however, that I shall do well here."

"You look like a plucky lad, and those red cheeks of yours are worth a fortune. I remember well when mine were as full of rich young blood as yours are now. I was a country lad myself."

"Then your career shows that a boy from the country may make a success."

"Yes, that is very true. Many of our most successful men came from the farm; but I assure you, my boy, that success is not an easy thing to pick up in a big city. The chances are a hundred to one against any boy who comes here from the country. If, however, he does not succumb to temptation, and has sufficient pluck and perseverance, he can do well in this city."

"I am quite ready to take that hundredth chance," said Herbert, in an off-hand manner that pleased the banker.

"Well, I admire your courage, young man but now to return to business. Suppose I were to give you a situation, how could you live on three dollars a week? You say you have no means, and must earn your own living. We cannot pay a larger salary, at first."

"I am sure I can manage that all right, sir; one can do what he must do."

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"I am sure I can manage that all right, sir: one can do what he must do."

"That is true; your ideas are sound there, surely. What is your age?"

"I am nearly seventeen, sir."

"You are so strongly built, perhaps you could get a place where more money could be paid for your services; some place where heavy work is to be done."

"I am not afraid of hard work, for I have always been accustomed to it; but I would much rather have a chance where there are good prospects ahead."

"You are right there again. What is your education?" asked the banker, now becoming interested in the young Vermonter.

"I passed through our district school, and went for several terms to the Green Mountain Academy. I have taught three terms of school."

"Three terms! You certainly must have

"I passed through our district school, and went for several terms to the Green Mountain Academy. I have taught three terms of school."

"Three terms! You certainly must have commenced young."

"Yes; I was not very old. I got my first school when I was fifteen."

"Do you write a good hand? Please come to this desk, and show me what you can do."

Herbert compiled readily with the request and was most happy to do so, for he had spent many, many hours in practicing penmanship, and now wrote a beautiful hand.

Richard Goldwin was surprised when he took up the sleest of paper and ran his eye over the well-formed letters.

"Mr. Mortimer, will you please show me what you can do with the pen?" said the banker.

Felix rose to his feet, and the color rose to his face. He wasn't very powerful with the pen, and he knew it; but another matter disconcerted him. He feared, and well he might, that his writing would resemble, only too closely, that in the recommendation which he had shown to Mr. Goldwin. But he was equal to the emergency, and, to make the disguise perfect, he gave to his writing the left hand or backhand stroke. This was done at the expense of his penmanship, which, however, would not have been considered absolutely bad, had it not been compared with the gracefully and perfectly cut letters of Herbert Randolph.

The banker looked at both critically for a moment, and then, after a pause, said:

"Mr. Mortimer, I would like to speak with you alone."

The latter followed the banker to an inner office.

"I would like your address," said Mr. Goldwin, "for I may want you yet."

you alone."
The latter followed the banker to an inner office.
"I would like your address." said Mr. Goldwin. "for I may want you yet."
The color left Felix Mortimer's face,
"I see you are disappointed, and I knew you would be," continued the senior member of the banking-house. "I may, however, still be able to do something for you. I have decided to give the young man in the other office a trial. The beauty of his penmanthip led me to decide in his favor.
"In other respects, I should think you two are about equal, and, as a matter of fact, before talking with him, I had practically decided to give the position to you.
"He seems to be a bright young man; beshould he prove unsatisfactory in any wI will at once put yo in his place. I the fore would like your address, so that I my send for you if I find I lesire your service. These remarks gave Felix Mortimer renewed courage. They at once suggested to him an idea, quite in keeping with the cunning of his nature.

"I will triumph yet," said he to himself;
"and I will make that countryman wish he had not crossed my path."

"By the way," said the banker, " if you can do so as well as not, you had better drop in within a day or two. I can doubtless tell by that time whether this country boy will meet our requirements or not."

"Thank you, sir," said Feltx, politely, as he passed through the office door into the corridor; while inwardly he cursed his luck, and vowed to be revenged upon the boy who had never done him an injury.

"No, he won't meet your requirements," said Felix to himself, most emphatically. "I will look after that myself. I'll ilx him, without much trouble, and will have the position with this old banker within a week. He isn't very sharp, any way. I played the recommendations on him all right, though I wrote em both myself."

CHAPTER IV.

PLOTTING AGAINST HERBERT.

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Goldwin & Scrubb's banking-house to the Bowery, and from there he soon found his way to a side street, which contained many old buildings of unattractive appearance. The neighborhood was a disreputable one. Squalor was on every hand, and many individuals of unsavory reputations made this locality their headquarters. One of these was Christopher Gunwagner, a repulsive specimen of humanity, who had been in business as a "fence" here for several years. To this fence Felix directed his steps, "Good morning, Mr. Gunwagner," said young Mortimer, briskly.

The former eyed him sharply for a moment. "What do you want now?" growled the fence by way of reply. "Why don't you bring me something, as you ought to?"

Felix cut him short, and at once proceeded to business. "I came," said he, "to get you to help me and thereby help yourself. I've got a chance to get into a bank—"

"Into a bank" interrupted Gunwagner, now interested.
"Yes."

now interested.
"Yes."
"Where?"
"On Wall Street, in Goldwin & Scrubb's

"On Wall Street, in Goldwin & Scrubb's banking-house."
"If you don't take it, you're a fool. Goldwin & Scrubb's, hey?" he went on; "we can make it pay us; yes, yes, we are in luck." And he rubbed his thin hands together greedily.
"I expect to take it as soon as I can get it," said Felix; and then he explained the competitive examination between himself and the young Vermonter, as related in the foregoing chapter.
"So you want to get him out of the way, eh?"

eh?"
"You have struck it plumb this time. That's just what I want, and propose to do."
"And you expect me to help you?"
"Certainly, I do. To whom else should I go?"

just what I want, and propose to do,"

"And you expect me to help you?"

"Certainly, I do. To whom else should I go?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I haven't quite got the plan yet, and want your advice. You see if I can get him out of the way for a few days, so he won't show up, why old Goldwin will take me in his place. If I can once get in there, and remain till I get the run of things, we can have it fat. We won't need to snatch silver spoons any more."

Gunwagner's face grew more and more avaricious. The plan looked well to him, and he felt it would be a great thing to have Mortimer in a rich banking-house. The possibilities of bold pilferings from the heaps of gold were most tempting to him, and he was now quite ready to commit himself to any feasible scheme to carry out Mortimer's evil design.

The two confederates discussed the matter for some time, and at length they agreed upon a plan of action, which boded ill for our hero. When the young Vermonter left the banking-house at the close of the first day's labor, two figures stood on the opposite side of the street, though a little nearer Broadway.

As Herbert opened the outer door, preparatory to passing out, he took a position that brought his eyes directly upon these two figures, one of whom, uneasily, but perhaps quite naturally, placed a hand on the shoulder of his companion, while with the other he pointed directly at Herbert. Then, as if realizing that possibly he had been detected in this act, he nervously pointed to something on the top of the building, and all the while talked rapidly.

This was sufficient to arrest our hero's attention. He watched the two figures sharply for a few minntes, standing upon the steps of the banking house with his valise in his hand.

Under his direct gaze they appeared somewhat news and finally moved off in the direction of Broadway, however, the two young fellows who had pointed at him stopped and peered into a show window, thus bringing their backs full upon Herbert as he passed them.

He knew so little of cit

men as these?"

The boy was right in asking himself this question. The wonder he felt was natural, for a finer body of men can rarely be found than the business men of New York. And now he joined the stream that flowed northward. The massive buildings, tall and stately, on either side of Broadway, captured his admiration, and he gazed upon them with open mouthed amazement.

Evening Post building, and now paused in front of the Herald office to read the "headings" on the bulletin board.

After being thus engaged for a few moments, he turned suddenly around, and, to his surprise, saw the two young fellows who had attracted his attention on Wall Street.

One of them had a look about him that seemed familiar, and yet he could not tell where he had seen him. His figure, his eyes, and the shape of his face were not unlike Felix Mortimer; and yet he looked older than the latter by two or three years, for he wore a small moustache and tiny side whiskers.

Seeing these same fellows the second time

for he wore a small moustache and tiny side whiskers.

Seeing these same fellows the second time, and noticing that they were apparently watching him, made Herbert feel a trifle uneasy. But he was not easily worried or frightened. At first, however, he thought he would speak to Bob Hunter about the matter; but after further consideration he decided to let it pass without notice.

The newsboy was "in" when Herbert arrived at his place of business, and very glad he seemed to see his new friend again.

"I was afraid you'd get sick of the city before this time, and steer staight for Vermont," said Bob, in his off-hand, comical manner.

"Why did you think that?"

"Well, most of the country boys think they can pick up money on the streets in New York; but when they get here, and begin to hunt for it, they tumble rather spry — I mean they find they've been took in, and that a fellow has got to work harder, yes, I'd say so, ten times harder, here'n he does on a farm. There he can just sleep and laze round in the sun, and go in swimmin', and all the time the stuff is just growin' and whoopin' her right along, like as if I was boss of a dozen boys, and they was all sellin' papers and I was makin' a profit on 'em all, and wasn't doin' nothin' myself. So when these fellers find out they've got to knuckle down and shine shoes, why they just light out kinder lively, and make up their minds that New York ain't much of a town no how."

"And so you thought I would 'light out' too,' laughed Herbert.

"Well, I didn't know. I told you I Mked your looks, but I hain't much faith in nobody till I know what kind or stuff a feller is made of. But if he's got any sand in him, then I'll bet on his winning right here in New York an'd he won't have to go back home for his bread. But I say, did you strike a job?"

"Yes," replied Herbert; and then he explained in full to Bob his experience in getting the position at Goldwin & Scrubb's.

oach nome for his bread. But I say, did you strike a job?"
"Yes," replied Herbert; and then he explained in full to Bob his experience in getting the position at Goldwin & Scrubb's.
"It might be a good idea to look out for that feller that seemed to get down on you so. He probably knows you are a stranger in the city, and—"
"Do you think there is any danger?" interrupted Herbert.
"No, I can't say as there is; but he might think, if he could get you out of the way, he would get the place with the bankers. You said he was disappointed?"
"Yes, he showed his disappointment."

"Yes, he showed his disappointment very much."
"Well, nothing may come of it. You keep your
eye on me, and I'll steer you through all right, I
reckon."

reckon."

Herbert was upon the point of telling Bob his suspicions about the two fellows that seemed to be shadowing him, and then it occurred to him that he might magnify the matter, and work himself into a state of uneasiness, when it would be better to give it no thought whatever. Therefore he said nothing to the newsboy about them.

As soon as Bob could get away from his business, he and Herbert proceeded up Chatham Street to an eating house known as the "Boss Tweed Restaurant"—a restaurant the cheapness of which recommended it, five cents being the established price for a meal.

Bob had been sleeping at the Newsboys' Ladge.

for a meal.

Bob had been sleeping at the Newsboys' Lodge, but during the day, with a view to inviting Herbert to join him in hiring a room, he had hunted up one that could be had for one dollar per week.

Herbert was only too glad of the chance to get a room at so little expense; and moreover he liked the idea of having Bob Hunter for a room-mate. He thought there would be something fascinating about living with a newsboy, and learning this phase of life in a great city—especially when the newsboy was so droll as Bob Hunter had shown himself to be. The room was accordingly taken, and the two boys settled down in it contented and happy.

CHAPTER V.

A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

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HE next day Herbert did not find things moving quite smoothly at the banking-house. Mr. Goldwin, to be sure, was as affable and pleasant as ever, but a dark shadow had entered the office—a shadow in the shape of a manin other words, T. Scrubb, Esq., the junior partner of the firm; and he was, Herbert thought, a very scrubby man, in appearance as well as in name, the had a mean look about him, and the narrowness and littleness of his nature showed plainly in his face.

It was plain to Herbert, from his manner towards him, that he was put out because Mr. Goldwin had employed him. In fact he overheard a conversation between the two partners, wherein Scrubb said he had proposed to give the position to his nephew.

"The position is very satisfactorily filled now by young Randolph," said Richard Goldwin; "filled to my satisfaction, at least," he added, meaningly. Scrubb shrugged his shoulders expressively, and in a bad temper passed into the outer office.

It was plain to Herbert that there was trouble ahead for him if he should remain there.

"But." he said, with characteristic firmness, "I shall remain here and make the most of my opportunity. This is a rare chance to get a start, and Mr. Goldwin is friendly to me."

A ray of sunshine burst joyously into the bank late in the afternoon, that threw a bright, cheerful glow over the cloud-burdened office.

Ray Goldwin, the light-hearted, merry daughter of the senior partner, with her sunny face and winning manners, was like a clear June morning. What a welcome change was this to young Randolph, when he had for hours been breathing the leaden atmosphere produced by the ever cloudy presence of Scrubb, whose nature was like a bleak November bilizzard.

Little acts go far, many times, to make one happy or maite nivershile. It so happened that one harpy or maite nivershile.

annosphere produced by the ever cloudy presence of Scrubb, whose nature was like a bleak November Stone buildings with gigantic pillars and massive walls; buildings ten or a dozen stories high, and might, spires raising their tops afar up in mid air—all these added to the country lad's wonder and astonishment.

He passed by the Western Union building, the

whole arrangement of the work was artistic and in the best of taste.

''Oh, papa, who did this beautiful writing for you?'' said Ray, enthusiastically.

"Our new clerk, Mr. Randolph," responded her father, nodding his head in the direction of Herbert

bert.

The latter felt his cheeks grow rosy at this compliment, and he saw a deeper frown than ever darken Scrubb's face.

"Mr. Randolph," said the senior partner, "will you kindly help me take these parcels out to my carriage?"

carriage?".
"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," replied Herbert,

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure," replied Herbert, politely.

Ray Goldwin looked at him with surprise; and his handsome face and fine form attracted even more than a passing glance from her.

"I want to run up to the corner of Broadway," said Mr. Goldwin, when they had reached the door.

"John, you may call for me," he continued, addressing the coachman; "I will be ready by the time you get there."

Young Randolph handed Ray into the carriage, with just enough embarrassment in his manner to interest her.

Then he placed the parcels in the carriage, receiving meanwhile a smile and a look that fully rewarded him. Raising his hat, he turned away, and as the coachman drove off he made a hasty retreat for the bank, from which the sunshine now seemed to have departed.

for the bank, from which the sunshine now seemed to have departed.

After business hours he joined Bob Hunter, as on the previous day. When they had completed their five-cent dinner at the Boss Tweed restaurant, they strolled leisurely up the Bowery.

"Can you manage to pass away an hour or so alone to-night?" said the newsboy.

"Certainly, if you have an engagement," replied Herbert.

alone to-night?" said the newsboy.

"Certainly, if you have an engagement," replied Herbert.

"I go to an evening school; but if you'll be lonesome alone, why, I'll stay with you till you learn a thing or two about the city."

"Oh, I shall be all right," said our hero, contidently. "Don't think of remaining away from school on my account. I can enjoy looking at the sights here in the Bowery for a while; then I will go to the room, and read till you come."

"All right. I'll do as you say; but now you look out, Vermont, and don't get lost."

Bob seemed to have a fondness for calling his friend by this name, and the latter indulged him in this peculiarity without objection.

After a while, young Randolph drifted up to one of the Bowery dime museums, and stood there for sometime reading the announcements, looking at the pictures, and watching the crowd that ebbed and flowed up and down that thoroughfare.

Presently a young fellow of about his own age, who had for some time been standing near him, made a casual remark about a comical-looking person who had just passed by.

Our hero looked up, and seeing that the remark had been addressed to him, he replied promptly. A conversation between him and the stranger followed. Herein Herbert showed the trustfulness characteristic of a country boy. He knew he was honest himself, and did not once suspect that the agreeable young man was playing the confidence game upon him.

CHAPTER VI.

BOB HUNTER THOROUGHLY AROUSED.

HEN Bob Hunter returned from the evening school to his room, he expected to find young Randolph there.

"He promised to be here," said Bob to himself; "I hope nothing has happened to him."
The newsboy's manner showed some alarm. He felt anxious about his friend.

"Something has gone wrong, I believe, or he would surely come," continued Bob, after waiting for a full half hour; "but I can't imagine what has steered him on to the wrong track."
Another half hour went by, and Herbert did not put in an appearance.

Another half hour went by, and Herbert did not put in an appearance.
"I might's well stay here, I s'pose, as to go'n' prowl round this town huntin' for Vermont," said Bob, thoughtfully. "But I guess I'll see if I can strike his trail. Any way I'll feel better, 'cause I'll know I've done something. It's no use to let a feller like him be run into these dens, if the game can be stopped."

know I've done something. It's no use to let a feller like him be run into these dens, if the game can
be stopped."

An hour's fruitless search, in and about the Bowery, failed to reveal Herbert's whereabouts to the
anxious searcher. He was unable to find any one
who remembered to have seen him.

After giving up all hope of learning what he
wished to find out, Bob hurried back to his room,
with a feeling of anxiety quite new to him.

He had taken a great liking to our hero, and now
felt thoroughly alarmed, fearing that foul play had
been brought to bear upon him.

The next morning he was up bright and early,
looking sharply after his paper business, but he
was not the Bob Hunter of the past. From the
drollest and funniest boy in the trade he had suddenly become the most serious and thoughtful.

"What's hit you this mornin', Bob?" said Tom
Flannery, a companion newsboy.

"Why do you ask that?" returned Bob.

"Why, you look like you'd been eatin' green
apples."

"Well, I hain't had none. But, Tom. somethin's

"Why, you look like you a seek sapples."
"Well, I hain't had none. But, Tom, somethin's wrong. You're 'bout right, for I don't feel much like myself, no how. I didn't get no sleep hardly at all, and I've worried myself thim—just see here,' and he pulled the waistband of his trousers out till there was nearly enough unoccupied space in the body of them to put in another boy of his size. He couldn't resist the opportunity for a joke, this comical lad, not even now.

He couldn't resist the opportunity for a joke, this comical lad, not even now.

The trousers had been given to him by one of his customers, a man of good size. Bob had simply shortened up the legs, so naturally there was quite a quantity of superfluous cloth about his slim body. "Gewhittaker!" exclaimed Tom. "I should think you have fell off! but, say, Bob, what's gone bad? What's done it?" continued Tom, disposed to be serious.

What's done it?" continued 10m, disposed a serious.

"Well, you know the boy I told you about, what's chummin' with me?"

"Yes, the one I saw with you last night, I s'pose?"

"Yes, the same one. Well, he is lost."

"Lost!" repeated Tom, incredulously.

"Yes;" and Bob acquainted him with the facts of Herbert's disappearance. "Now, what do you think of it?" he asked.

"Looks bad," said young Flannery, gravely.
"So it does to me."

"Foul play," suggested Tom.

"That's what I think."

"Perhaps he has got tired of New York and has lit out."

"You not much. Vormont sin't no such how."

lit out."
"No, not much. Vermout ain't no such boy."
"Well, you know him best. Did he have any grip or anything?"
"Yes, he had a good suit and lots of other truck."
"And they're in the room now?"
"Yes"

"Yes."
"Yon're in luck, Bob. I'd like a chum as would slope and leave me a good suit."
"Well, I wouldn't. No more would you, Tom Flannery," said Bob, slightly indignant.
"I didn't mean nothin'," said Tom, apologizing for the offense which he saw he had given. "Of course, I wouldn't want nobody to slope and leave his truck with me."
"That's all right then, Tom," said Bob, forgivingly. "But now, what do you s'pose has become of him?"
"Well, it looks like he didn't go of his own free

Well, it looks like he didn't go of his own free

"Well, it looks has ne ne data to go and will, when he left everything behind him."
"Of course it does, and I know he didn't."
Bob related the story of Herbert's experiences at the bank, on the morning when he secured the position."

the bank, on the morning when he seemed sition.

"I don't like that duffer—what d'ye call him?"

"Felix Mortimer," repeated Bob. "I'm sure that's the name Herbert give me."

"Well, Pil gamble that he's put up the job."

"I think so myself. You see he knew Randolph wasn't no city chap."

"That's so, and he knew he'd have the drop on him. But I don't just see, after all, how he could get away with him."

get away with him."
"Well, he might have run him into some den or

other."
"And drugged him?"
"Well, perhaps so. There are piles of ways them fellers have of doin' such jobs."
"I know they're kinder slick about it sometimes. But say, Bob," continued Tom, earnestly, "what do you propose to do about it? He may be a prisoner."

do you propose to do about it? He may be a prisoner."

"So he may, and probably is, if he is alive."

"Why, Bob, they wouldn't kill him, would they?"

"No, I don't s'pose so, not if they didn't have to."

"Why would they have to do that?" asked Tom, with his eyes bulging out with excitement.

"Well, sometimes folks has to do so—them hard tickets will do, most anything. You see, if they start in to make way with a feller, and they are 'fraid he'll blow on 'em, and they can't make no other arrangement, why then they just fix him so he won't never blow on nobody."

"Bob, it's awful, ain't it?" said Tom, with a shudder.

"Yes, it is. There are a pile of tough gangs in this city that don't care what they do to a feller."

"What do you s'pose they've done with your chum?" asked young Flannery, returning to the subject.

"Well, that's just what I wan't to know." said Bob, seriously. "I am going to try to find out, too. There are tough dens in them cross streets running out of the Bowery."

"They won't do worse nor keep him a prisoner, will they, Bob?"

"Probably they won't, not 'less they think he will blow on 'em. You see they've got to look out for themselves."

"That's so, Bob, but why couldn't they send him off somewhere so it couldn't have a co

blow on 'em'. You see they've got to look out for themselves."

"That's so, Bob, but why couldn't they send him off somewhere so he couldn't blow on 'em?"

"But they might do that too."

"But they would get him so far away he couldn't get back to New York never, I s'pose?"

"Yes, that's the idea. They might run him off to sea, and put him on an island, or somethin' like that. I can't say just what they might do, if they have their own way. But the idea is this, Tom Flannery, we must stop 'em,' said Bob, emphatically, "you and me. We've got to find out where he is, and rescue him."

"That's the boss idea, Bob,' replied Tom, with

That's the boss idea, Bob," replied Tom, with emphas

But I don't see just how we're goin' to do it, do you

Well, no, I can't see the whole game, not now.

"Well, no, I can't see the whole game, not now. But we must commence, and when we get a few points, we can slide ahead faster."

"I wouldn't know how to commence."

"Well, Ido; I thought that all out last night, and I'm only waiting till ten o'clock. Then I'll steer for the bank where Herbert worked."

"Bob, you beat all the boys I know of, "said Tom, eying him with admiration. "None of 'em would ever think of doin' the things you do, and they couldn't do 'em if they did, that's all. And now you're goin' to do the detective act!"

Tom stopped short here with a ierk, as if he had got to the end of his rope, and took a long breath. To "do the detective act" seemed to him the greatest possible triumph for a boy like himself. He looked upon his companion, therefore, with wonder and admiration.

Bob's plans for penetrating the mystery had, indeed, been carefully formed. He fearlessly undertook an enterprise from which most boys would have shrunk. This keen, bright street lad, however, was not of the shrinking kind. He did not turn away from encountering dangers, even the dangers of some dreadful den in which he feared our hero was now a prisoner.

During the forenoon he visited the banking-house of Goldwin & Scrubb, and there found Felix Mortimer, already installed in Herbert's place.

This discovery confirmed his worst fears and intensified his alarm for the safety of his friend.

This discovery confirmed his worst fears an tensified his alarm for the safety of his friend.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Ar-gosy. He can get you any number you may want.

SOME STARTLING COMPARISONS

A FLEA is said to be able to leap three hundred times its own length, from which statement we might reason that were a horse provided with the same proportion of strength to his weight, he would clear the Rocky Mountains at a single leap, while a whale could astonish Jack Tar by throwing himself into the air to a height of six hundred miles.

"RIGHT SIDE UP WITH CARE."

"RIGHT SIDE UP WITH CARE."

ANOTHER child has recently been added to the number of those who have been sent from Europe to this country by express, so to speak. His name ii Anton Hault, he is six years old, and he was shipped from Holland to his parents in New York, with a tag around his neck containing his name and "full directions for forwarding," in three languages.

THE SHIP COMES HOME.

BY C. CATHCART DAY.

OH! shattered bark, with bending mast, How welcome at your home at last; For lo! the port you left demands The cargo meant for distant lands, And all your comfort and your cheer Dear kindred souls now wait for here.

AN ODD DELIVERANCE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

H, why does not Arthur come? He has slipped off one of those dreadful rocks and been swept over the falls, I know he has," and Mrs. Ingalls, covering her face with her hands, sank down on a wet chair at the corner of the piazza utterly regardless of the beating in upon her of the

drenching storm.

The piazza was that of the Spraybrook Falls Hotel, and under it at that moment was a that moment was a sturdy boy of fif-teen, gathering an armful of kind-lings. In spite of the patter of the rain-drops, he had heard Mrs. In-galls' exclamation, which had set agowhich had set ago-ing in his busy brain the follow-ing ideas: "That must be the mother of the young swell I saw in the swell I saw in the parlors last night, when I was clos-ing up. With that high collar of his and those fine clothes, I can just believe him to be one of those high-toned city fellows one of those high-toned city fellows I've read about, who look down on everybody who has to work with his hands, especially poor country boys. Dare say he would not take any more notice of me—a chap that's bound out, even if I do go to school winters—than if I was one of these chips. Still, I can't hear that poor lady go on that way. Guess
I'll go up and ask
her if I can do
anything to help
her when I get
through this job."
So baying cor-

So, having carried in the wood and put on his

"Yes, maam, I will, and without another word Joe darted off.

"Well, but this is a regular wild-goose chase, after all," he muttered, when he came to the brink of the river, which foamed and dashed and tore on its way down the incline more madly than ever.

"Ten chances to one the yonng swell is safe back at the hotel at this very minute, or even if he is here, how am I ever to find out where—ouch, what a blinding flash! but if it didn't show me a chap over on Middle Island my name isn't Joe Dorn. But how in the world did he get there, I wonder? Can it be possible he knows about that old log just under the water, and was brave enough to get his feet wet crawling over it? Anyway, I'll soon find out; I can't be much damper than I am already."

So saying, dauntless Joe Dorn sped along the heart of the river until he sewe to

certain point which he appeared to recognize by instinct. Then, without an instant's hesitation, he turned to the left and fearlessly stepped, apparently into the deep and swollen stream, but really upon an old tree-trunk, which had drifted down with a freshet the previous spring, and become wedged across the channel separating Mid-dle Island from the mainland.

dle Island from the mainland.

In spite of the pelting rain and the rushing waters, he was soon across. But what was that movement behind him?

"The log!" cried Joe, in sudden terror. It was gone. The unusual pressure of the rapids, swelled by the heavy rainfall, had caused the already rotting wood of this sunken bridge to crumble swiftly, and Joe's weight had snapped the fibers that still held it in place. Two seconds after he

"Didn't you come over here on that old tree that lies just under the water?" ex-claimed Joe, pointing to the spot where the natural bridge had been, but was, alas! no

"No, indeed," answered Arthur. "I didn't know there was such a thing. Wish I sprang from that rock yonder. I've got quite a record for long jumps in our school athletic club at home, you know, and as I wanted very much to get over to this island, and didn't see any other way, I just took a run and sprang across. It isn't so far, and I knew I could do it. Then isn't so far, and I knew I could do it. Then I got so interested in looking for a stone my uncle Frank wants, that I didn't netice the storm coming, so before I knew it down came the rain and made the rocks so slippery I didn't dare to jump back. But come

"I'm getting pretty hungry, for a fact, but 'what can't be cured, must be endured,' you know."

At that instant a piercing lightning flash

At that instant a piercing inguithing hash famed across the heavens, followed instantly by a deafening peal of thunder.

Instinctively the boys put out their hands and clung to one another, for both realized that a shaft from the skies must have struck somewhere perilously near them. them.

And so it proved, for the next instant, with a mighty rush, the great tree that had stood on the bank at the point from which Arthur had taken his leap, came crashing down so close to the boys that some of the light twigs struck them as it fell.

But instead of being stunned by their

narrow escape, Joe rushed forward, dragging Arthur

after him.

"The light-ning's saved us,"
he cried, excited-ly, beginning to scramble over the fallen wasnesses.

scramble over the fallen monarch.
Young Ingalls was quick to catch his idea, and in a trice both boys were carefully working their way across the chasm by means of this by means of this new natural bridge provided for them by a thunderbolt.
Twenty minutes

later they were back at the hotel getting into dry clothes. From that day, Arthur had no more devoted admirer than Joe, nor Joe a firmer friend than Ar-

THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE HIM.

THE papers tell so many hard stories about millionaires, and they are popularly supposed to be men of

popularly supposed to be men of such harsh, stern natures, made so by the envy and cupidity of their less fortunate fellow mortals, that it is a real pleasure to come across the following, related by a friend to a writer in the New York Star:

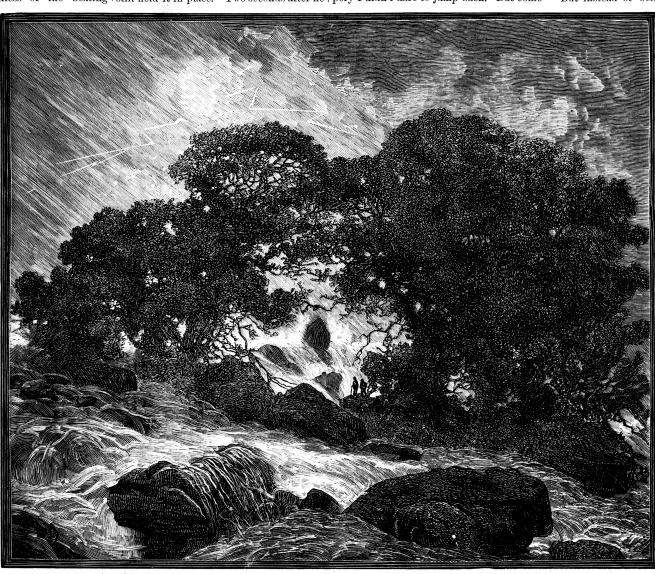
"I was crossing over to Ward's Island on my first visit to New York a short time since, and I got into conversation with a mutton-chop side whiskers, and was handsomely dressed in a black Prince Albert coat. He was very affable, and pointed out things in the politest way. Half an hour later I saw him in the little white chapel, where a service was being held for the lunatics, and where some of them were being confirmed. He was singing, and during the prayer which followed he knelt down on the dusty floor and prayed with the rest. He was so earnest, so unassuming and so fine looking, that I asked who he was.

"That is Cornelius Vanderbilt,' said my information of the start of

who he was. "'That is Cornelius Vanderbilt,' said my in-

"That is Cornellus vanueront, sate by informant.
"Well, I got a new idea of that Vanderbilt. I understand that he not only is a member of innumerable organizations, but that he personally supervises about half a dozen. One of the staff at St. Luke's Hospital told me of a little picnic that he gave some of the patients.
"It was a hot day,' said he, 'and when we got out in the country, Cornelius had brought out a big heavy bag, which he himself was carrying.

was carrying. What is that?' I asked. "'What is that?' I asked.
"Oh, some magazines, books and papers. I thought they might get tired, and want something to read.' Now, few men would have been that thoughtful, and fewer still, with his wealth, would have carried that bag. He is a good man."



ARTHUR AND JOE HELD PRISONERS ON MIDDLE ISLAND

and put on his coat, Joe Dorn seized his cap, and, making a bolt out into the rain, circled around to the piazza steps. He ran up them just in time to catch the attention of Mrs. Ingalls before she reentered the house.

"Oh, have you seen my boy?" she cried, turning towards him. "He went away this afternoon directly after dinner, down to the falls, to try and find a certain kind of stone his uncle Frank wanted him to get for his collection. And now this storm has come up and he hasn't got back! Do you suppose he could have slipped into the rapids? and won't you please see if you can find him for me?"

"Yes, ma'am, I will," and without another word Joe darted off.

"Well, but this is a regular wild-goose after all" he muttared when he catched a shore, it was dancing off in a mocking, fantastic whirl and plunge down towards the falls, leaving Joe Dorn a prisoner on Middle Island!

For an instant he stood quite still, looking after it, scarcely able to realize the fact that the short space of five minutes had made such a difference in his situation. At the commencement of this period he had been merely an uncomfortably wet boy, doing an errand to oblige one of the lady boarders at the hotel. At the close of it here he was, stranded upon a bit of land in the midst of the rapids, during a terrific thunderstorm, and with night already at hand.

Just then a light touch on Joe's shoulder made him start. In the shock occasioned by the loss of the log he had quite forgot.

made him start. In the shock occasioned by the loss of the log, he had quite forgot-ten the presence of another person on the island.

He turned quickly and saw beside him the boy whom he had observed in the hotel parlor the previous evening.

tel parlor the previous evening.

"Oh, I was coming after you!" he exclaimed, quickly recovering his self-posession. He was about to add: "Your mother's terribly worried about you," but refrained, and asked instead: "Did you come over on the old log? and why didn't you go back the same way when it began to rain?"

"What old log?" was the rejoinder of crawing over it? Anyway, 11 soon and out; I can't be much damper than I am already."

So saying, dauntless Joe Dorn sped along the bank of the river until he came to a imagine how he had got there.

on, show me that log. I was afraid I'd have to stay here all night. You're from the hotel, aren't you? I think I've seen you

hotel, aren't you? I think I've seen you there. Did my mother send you to look for me?"

"Yes, but—but the log's gone!" and Joe hurriedly explained the catastrophe.

Already his ideas concerning the character of the city boy had undergone a decided change, and now, as the other stood there calmly in the storm, from which the two were only nartially sheltered by the two were only partially sheltered by the big tree that grew on the island, Joe's re-spect and admiration for him grew aston-ishingly fast. He neither cried out despair-ingly nor beat his breast in terror, nor did ingly nor beat his breast in terror, nor did any other of the things Joe had fancied delicately-bred city boys would have done when brought face to face with such a predicament as the present one. In point of fact, Arthur seemed to be more composed and collected than was Joe himself.
"Well, all we can do," he said, when the latter had finished; "is to snuggle as close to the trunk of this tree as we can till the storm is over, wait till the rocks dry, then I'll spring across and run back to the hotel to get a rope, or a board, or something for

I'll spring across and run back to the hotel to get a rope, or a board, or something for you to come ashore on."

"Why, I thought I was going to help you," Joe could not help exclaiming; "and here you are fixing things to get me out of the scrape. I never practised jumping, and so I don't believe I'd like to try it, wet or dry. But it looks to me as if it was going to keep on storming all night."

"We'll have to stick it out, then, that's places you can actually see the fire escape."



ter's own situation was suen that it would not do for him to follow the path much longer.

One Winnebago had just galloped past, and it was certain that others were near. Bowlby, therefore, decided that he would leave the faint trail into which he had dropped, and not enter the main path until some distance beyond the elevation, where the Shawanoe had kept watch for the coming of Black Bear. By that time he would be warranted in believing that he was safely through the hostile lines, though he did not know how far he could go in his crippled condition.

As yet he knew little about the others. Had he remained where he was, and awaited their coming, all might have been well.

Despite the danger of such a course, the hunter made his way back to the trail, and followed it a short distance. The walking was so much easier than it had been among the trees and undergrowth that he ventured further than was prudent; but he turned off again among the trunks, and kept resolutely onward until near the base of the brief rest. As was his

inveigled him within reach of his clubbed gun, he would have made one terrible blow, and then given up; but every painted face was a strange one.

"I don't see any chance of doing anything," was the trapper's conclusion; "they're bound to make me prisoner, and I can't help myself, so I'll knock under."

He flung his broken weapon to the earth, calmly reached out for his crutch, and slipped it in place under his shoulder, and addressing the six warriors gathered in front of him, said:

tance further it left the trail again, and the imprints of the moccasins made clear the rest of the story.

Deerfoot had no time to run after the captors. He knew that they were taking the hunter toward the clearing, where no doubt the main body of the Winnebagoes were gathered; that was all he knew for a time.

The tidings brought back to Linden, Hardin and the boys, compelled them to decide without delay what was the next proper step to take, for it would not do to stay in the path where they had halted. Although Deerfoot had seen no Winnebagoes, he knew that it was impossible to lead the horses over the hill without detection by them.

"We must make a longer detour," Linden was quick to say, when the Shawanoe stated his views.

"My brother is right; Deerfoot will lead the way."

Without another word he turned off at a



Mr. Linden took the foot of Fred in his hand, and assisted him upon the back of his own animal, Hardin doing the same favor for Terry. It was no time for sentiment; every minute was precious, and there was no excuse for delay.

"Good by!" called out Fred, waving his hand to the three; and then striking his heels against the ribs of his horse, the latter bounded forward at a gallop.

"Good luck to yees!" said Terry, imitating his companion. "If ye git into any throuble, and want help, sind Deerfut to Greville, and I'm at your sarvice."

Those left behind returned the salute, and the next minute the boys vanished from sight around a curve in the trail, compelled, much against their will, to face northward at the very time when it seemed to them their services were most needed where they were.

Events had moved fast during the preceding hours, but it was high noon when Fred and Terry struck their horses into a swift gallop, which they kept up for a full hour. Then Fred drew his animal down to a walk, and half turning, so as to face his friend behind him, said:

"I've been thinking, Terry, that there is no need for such a hurry. When those Winnebagoes find the animals came away on a run they won't try to follow us."

"They may judge that beside oursilves we have the three we left behind us on the horses wid us, and, be that token, they will belave the bastes are so loaded down that they can overtake us."

"They will know better than that," was the sensible conclusion of Fred; "for they will not have to make a very close study of the ground to find out the fact. Besides, I have a suspicion that it won't be long before the red men learn that father and Mr. Hardin and Deerfoot are nearer to them than is pleasant,"

"Thim's me own sintiments, and I was only saking to draw, thim from ye. There

men learn that father and Mr. Hardin and Deerfoot are nearer to them than is pleasant."

"Thim's me own sintiments, and I was only saking to draw thim from ye. There ain't any Injins that'll follow us, and so we may take things aisy."

Both being agreed on that point, the horses were allowed to walk. In due time the riders reached the edge of a broad, shallow creek. Riding their steeds into the water, they allowed them to drink their fill, after which they waded across, and ascended the bank on the other side. The trail was still so clear and distinct that the animals advanced without trouble, though their riders now and then were obliged to duck their heads to avoid the limbs growing over the path.

Every mile passed added to their security, but they could not forget that they were not free from all danger by any means. While every probability pointed to the Winnebagoes being many miles in the rear, with no thought of pursuing them, it might be that some of them were between the boys and Greville.

In such an event, a meeting was inevitable.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Argon. He can get you any number you may want.

A TRAVELING TOWN.

LIVING in a land noted for its frame or wooden houses, it is not to be wondered at that the American citizen thinks but little of now and then putting his abode on rollers and transporting it to another part of the town; but it strikes one as rather extraordinary for a

transporting it to another part of the town; but it strikes one as rather extraordinary for a whole town to change its location. Yet, from the story of a Nebraska real estate dealer, going by the name of "Town Lot Brady," it would appear that nothing is impossible to our "free and glorious West."

"I had my pile invested in the town of Arbordale," began Mr. Brady, "and it was about the finest layout for a city that I ever saw; but when the railroad came along the managers put their tracks right through the town, and announced that they would have a station four miles west of it. You see they had bought a farm down there, and they were going to have a town of their own. When I heard of that I called on the gentlemen and remonstrated. I told them that Arbordale was the metropolis of that section, and that any attempt to ignore it would bring ruin to its citizens, particularly me; but they only laughed, and wanted to know about how much we would pay to have the station located there. I was rather green then—in fact, I hadn't had so much experience as I have had since—and I told them we wouldn't give them a cent; we'd see their old road thrown into bankruptcy first. I threatened them with the loss of all the business of Arbordale, and asked them if they knew what a risk they were running in ignoring the best town in that section. But they only laughed, and said that they were sorry that they could not make some arrangement with me. It was a rule of modern railroading to put the stations about so far apart, and as Arbordale was not in the right place for a railroad town, it would have to stand the consequences.

"Well, sir, do you believe it, that road hadn't been running two weeks before Arhor-

mit the stations about so far apart, and as Arbordale was not in the right place for a railroad town, it would have to stand the consequences.

"Well, sir, do you believe it, that road hadn't been running two weeks before Arbordale began to move. Everything was on wheels. The hotel went first, and then the saloons and concert halls skipped. Pretty soon the schoolhouse went, and then the private houses, to be followed last of all by the church. The last time I was down there not a building remained that could be moved, and the only thing that was left to indicate the existence of the place was a lot of holes in the ground. My corner lots were all there, you bet, but as they are not worth more than so an acre, I thought I would not bother with them. Now, that trick has been played on me several times. That isn't the only town that has moved right away from me under the influence of the railroaders. They are probably the dandy town site men. I used to think that I was some in that line, but not now. And the worst of it is that ordinarily you can't reason with them at all. They know that they have got the call on you, and they work the thing for all it is worth."

THE GREEN PINE TREE.

BY D. M. CECIL.

The nightingale upon the bough Sits in the summer singing; When winter comes is hush'd, I trow, And far away is winging.

The fountain flows, and flowing shows A changeful portrait ever; It ebbs away when heaven glows, And floods in winter weather.

But thou, O faithful pine tree green! Thy foliage fadeth never; Green in the summer heat, and seen As green in snowy weather.

[This story commenced in No. 205.]



United States Scout.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RYDER PROVES HIS FRIENDSHIP.

"HINGS in and about our house do not look much as they did before the war. Every carpet mother had was long ago cut up into blankets, and sent to the conscripts in Vicksburg, together with everything in the shape of bed clothing that she could spare; our stock has been killed off; the horses and mules confiscated by the rebels; and I am expecting to hear every day that those guerrillas have killed the few cows that we have hidden in the cane. They would have done it before this time if they had not stood in fear of the consequences."

So spoke Luke Bennett, as he and Ned Marsh trudged across the old cotton field toward the home of the young refugee. Some might have said that they were foolhardy in thus exposing themselves to capture at the hands of Kaziah Bowles and his men for it was a clear, starlight night; and if there had been any concealed enemies about the house they were approaching, the boys would have been discovered before they were half way across the fields, and preparations made for their reception. But they took their chances on that, and, besides, they carried nine shots in their weapons, and were prepared to make a stubborn fight.

"If you had happened down here before the North and South got to pulling hair, I could have mounted you on as fine a filly a you ever saw," continued Luke, and his companion was sure that he could detect a tremor in his tones. "She was of the old Denmark stock, came from Kentucky, and cost the snug sum of two thousand dollars, being what is called a "gaited" nag. The horse that used to take my older brother on his gallops about the country cost twice as much."

"Where are they now?" inquired Ned.

"Dead, I hope, for I should be sorry to think that those two cavalry officers who stole them had been enjoying rides on them all this while. The one who took my brother's horse rode him up in front of the porch, with the remark: "Well, Gus Bennett, if you won't do duty for the Confederacy, you may bet your last dollar that your

he is my brother. But he is tied up hard and fast in Vicksburg, and if he isn't shot or hanged for helping Proctor, or killed in battle, he will be captured when Grant takes the city."

"That's the best thing that could happen to him," replied Ned, "and you ought to pray for it every hour in the day."

"But suppose 'unconditional surrender' should ship the whole business off to Camp Douglas, or Johnson's Island? We would stand no chance at all of seeing our friends."

"But he won't do it. Your father and brother will have to be paroled, because the rebs haven't prisoners enough to give in exchange. I happen to know that there is a Confederate commissioner in Vicksburg, who is authorized to attend to all such business. What I am afraid of is, that Pemberton will hurry his men into camp in order to keep them together until they are exchanged. If he lets them go home, he will never see the most of them again."

"You're right there," said Luke, earnestly. "To quote from old Sam: 'One time fool is no fool; but two three times fool is big fool.' If our friends once succeed in getting out from under the eye of their officers they will never shoulder a musket again. Now, here we are," continued Luke, halting for a moment at the foot of the steps to whisper a word of caution to the young officer. "If mother should learn that Colonel St. Clair has made an attack upon our hide-out with a party of soldiers at his back, it would trouble her exceedingly; so be careful and not give her a hint of it. The Johnnies will go back when they find that they can't make anything by loafing about in the swamp, and then we will tell her all about it. Come on."

So saying, Luke mounted the steps, and ushered his companion into the presence of his mother and the faithful old "mair.my."

The latter, true to the instincts of her race, at once sprang to her feet, and began calling down Heaven's choicest blessings upon the her does not her head upon his broad shoulder, and cried silently. Ned Marsh turned away to hide his own tears, and told h

of men as Captain Bowles could bring against them?

"We are not going to be attacked by them, or by anybody else," said Luke, confidently.

"Make your mind easy on that score. Open communication with Amos as soon as you can—I don't suppose that he will have the face to show himself to you after what he has done—and tell him to keep a close watch over those boats, and send you word the minute they are completed and ready for sailing. Give Ryder to understand very distinctly that we put no faith whatever in his words; he must do something if he wants to have us believe that he is sincere. When the boats are done, send us information by Tramp, and—and—"

"And what?" said his mother, inquiringly.

"Luke, what reekless thing are you going to do now?"

"Nothing reckless at all, I assure you.

Luke, what reckless thing are you going to do now?"

"Nothing reckless at all, I assure you. We'll play a Yankee trick on Mr. Bowles and his valiant followers. Now, mother, don't you worry. We are well aware that Ike Bishop knows where our hide-out is, and if he ever succeeds in piloting that gang of ruffans down there, he will have his trouble for his pains, for we won't be there. That's a pretty big swamp, and it would be an easy matter for us to slip out and hunt up another hiding place."

"Not if they surprised you," said Mrs. Bennett.

matter for us to say with a start for the surprised you," said Mrs. Bennett.

"But they can't surprise us. That's one of the mysteries connected with our hide-out, and some day, when I have plenty of time, I will tell you all about it. Great Scott! What's that?"

Just then hasty footsteps sounded on the porch, a hand was laid upon the latch, the door swung quickly but noiselessly open, and a pale, scared face, the face of Amos Ryder, the ex-captain of the guerrilla band, was thrust into the room. In an instant it was covered by the boy's double barrel.

"You scoundre!!" hissed Luke, between his elenched teeth. "Have you the cheek to show yourself among white folks? It's well for you that Joe Ramsay isn't here, for he has sworn to shoot you on sight."

"I looked fur it," said the man, in a scarcely adible whisper. "an'! I reckon if anybody's got a call to be shot, it's me; but, Mr. Luke, I come here this time as a friend—deed I do. Git outen here, quick. If you stay in this house a second longer, you will be gobbled up an' tooken over to Vicksburg, sure. I jes' seen a hul passel of men comin' up the road from t'wards the swamp, an' Kurn St. Clair is with 'em, 'cause I done heared his voice. Git outen Fere, quick!"

Luke Bennett started as if he had been shot, and, throwing his arm about his mother's waist, snatched one hasty parting kiss from her lips.

"What is it, Luke?" she exclaimed. "What

was the calico to come from as long as Vicksburg remained in the hands of the Confederates? Suddenly the sorrowing mother and son seemed to remember that they were not along.

Mr. Marsh." said Mrs. Bennett. The property of the confederates? Suddenly the sorrowing mother and son seemed to remember that they were not along.

Mr. Marsh." said Mrs. Bennett. The property of the confederates of the confederates of the confederates and the confederation of the confederation. The longer I stay here, for more clearly do I see the full significance of what Luke once said to me: It costs something to be loyal down here. I really wish I could say a conforting word to you, but I can't. I never heard of such a case before, but your friends will certainly have to stand a court martial for helping our spy."

But I shall see you every few days."

"But they may some day find out where we

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HIDING IN THE CANE.

(1) O, it ain't a dog, nuther," said the voice. "It's something else." Then the man to whom the voice belonged threw himself prone upon the ground, to bring the rapidly moving figures between himself and the lighter background of the sky. He held this position scarcely a moment, and jumped to his feet with an exclamation of astonishment.

"It's men," he shouted. "Dog-gone my buttons! It's men. Halt, thar! Whoever you be, halt."

"Now for it, Duckfoot," said Luke, in a thrilling whisper. "I hope you are good at running, for nothing but leg-bail will save us. Keep close behind me, and I will lead you to a place where a regiment of men couldn't it's so saying Luke straightened up and took

"Tuke what reskless thing are you going to do now?"

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"And what reskless thing are you going to what the going are where a regiment of men couldn't it is going to the last of the

more of these swamp foxes home on a visit, they have had plenty of time in which to make their escape. And you say you don't want me to destroy the houses of the Union peo-ple?"

ple?"
"By no means," answered the colonel, hastily; "and neither must you permit your men to offer the slightest indignity to Mrs. Bennett and the rest. If you do, Luke will come out of the swamp and burn my house."
"Then there seems to be nothing left for me but to go back to the city as empty-handed as I came—no Yankee dispatch bearer, no recruits and no money. The expedition hasn't amounted to as much as I thought it would, and I am sorry I was ordered out on it."

would, and I am sorry I was ordered out on it."
"You haven't anything to regret compared to what I have," was the colonel's answer.
"If Luke Bennett finds out that I was with this party, I shall see trouble. I am afraid of him."

"You have good reason to be," Luke whispered to Ned. "He thought to make a big strike by capturing us and our money, and having made a miserable failure of it, he is afraid of the consequences. I bet you that he will lose no time in making his way back to the army."

There was more conversation carried on by the parties outside, but as they were moving away from the cane the boys could not hear what they said. When the marmur of their voices had died away in the distance, the fugitives moved cautiously from their place of concealment and stopped to reconnoider. By the light of the moon, which was now rising above the tree-tops, they were enabled to see that their late pursuers had joined their companions in the road, and that the entire body was moving toward the swamp, probably with the intention of embarking for Vicksburg—all except a solitary figure, which was making long strides across the old cottonfield.

That's Colonel St. Clair," said Luke, in savage tones. "What is there to hinder me from bushwhacking him on his way home? It would serve him just right; but I dread the look my mother would give me when she found it out. These rufflans don't know how often our women folks have stood between them and death. Well, if he will go back to the army now, I shall be satisfied; but I shall not give him another warning."

Luke expected to see some of Captain Bowles's guerrillas in the road, believing, as he did, that the sound of firearms had brought them out in a body, equipped and ready for battle; but his mother afterwards wrote him that it had had just the opposite effect upon them. When they heard the shooting, these valiant men made all haste to seize their guns and barricade their doors. They expected to be punished for the way in which they had treated those defenseless women (they knew in their hearts that they deserved it), and they were filled with alarm, believing that Luke and his friends were beginning the work of killing off their company. There was not a man among them who would have opened his doo

we have a dozen fellows since we left here last night."

"There, now!" exclaimed Tom, while the others could only look their surprise.

"It was Colonel St. Clair and his men," continued Luke, without waiting to be questioned. "Having failed to capture us in our hide-out, they thought they would slip up to the settlement and gobble any of us who might happen to be home on a visit. They came pretty near taking us in. And who do you suppose warned us of our danger? Our old friend Captain Ryder; and he couldn't have been more frightened if he had stood in our shoes."

The boys were really amazed now, and Frank Barron declared that he began to believe that the guerrilla was in earnest when he promised to befriend Luke at every opportunity.

"Perhaps he was; but he didn't make that

runity.

"Perhaps he was; but he didn't make that promise out of any liking for me," said the latter. "He wants revenge upon the men he once commanded, and this is the way he takes to get it."

"But I don't see how he is going to earry water on both shoulders," observed Tom Pike. "He will spill some of it, sure. If Bowles and his men find out that he is playing them false, his life will not be worth a moment's purchase."

false, his life will not be worm a moment purchase."
"That's his lookout," said Joe, savagely.
Luke and his companion reached camp just in time for breakfast and while they were disposing of their cornbread and bacon, they

entertained their friends with a thrilling account of their recent adventure.

"The conversation we overheard while we were hiding in the cane leads me to believe that the rebels have gone back to Vicksburg," said Luke, at length. "If they have, we can return to our hide-out to-morrow."

"Of course we shall find it a pile of ashes, and of course, too, those signal bells of mine will never do duty for us again," Sidney Jones remarked.

"What better camp do you want than this?" said Ned, looking around. "It is well supplied with wood and good water, and it is higher and dryer than the hide-out. Why don't you stay here?"

"There is one very good reason for it," replied Joe. "Our friends in Vicksburg know where our hide-out is, but they don't know where this camp is. If by any hoeus-pocus one of them should succeed in making his escape from the city and reaching the swamp, we want to be on hand to help him; don't you see?"

"I didn't think of that. You may think' it

escape from the cry and reaching the see?"

"I didn't think of that. You may think' it strange that I should say so, but I was glad to learn that so large a body of men could come over from Vicksburg during the day time, for it proves to my satisfaction that our gunboats have left the river," said Ned. "A small body might have slipped over unobserved, but a whole company could hardly have done it. The safe retreat of our boats is going to make it all the harder for me to deliver this," he continued, exhibiting the weighted envelope, which he could not have guarded more carefully if it had been filled with thousand dollar greenbacks.

"Why, if your boats are safe, that dispatch can't be of any value to General Sherman," said Luke.

"I don't know whether it is or not," answered the young officer. "My orders are to deliver it."

And he did deliver it, but not until it had been in his possession nearly six weeks.

(To be continued.)

Ask vow newsdealer for The Golden As-

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Ar-gosy. He can get you any number you may want.

HOW DOGS ARE TRAINED.

Some of our readers may find themselves in the possession of what may be called an unworked gold mine in the shape of a very bright pet dog, who they are confident would be able to perform many tricks, if only they knew how to teach him some. Such will be

knew how to teach him some. Such will be interested in the following simple directions: The training should be begun, if possible, when the dog is a puppy, and about four months old, and the lessons should always be given in a quiet place with no one present but the teacher. In the training of your dog you must endeavor to make him bend to your will by kindness, at the same time being firm and decided in all that you do. Use the whip sparingly, and never use it in anger.

To teach him to lead, place a string of about six or eight feet in length around his neck. The dog will endeavor to release himself, and you must stand still uutil he has ceased his struggles. This will teach him that he cannot get away, and then you can teach him to come to you. Stand off the length of the string and say: "Come," or "Come here," using the same word or words every time, so as not to confuse him. When calling him at the same time pull on the string gently. He will soon comprehend the meaning and obey whenever the words are used.

When giving the lesson always pet and agress the dog whenever he does as you wish

time pull on the string gently. He will soon comprehend the meaning and obey whenever the words are used.

When giving the lesson always pet and caress the dog whenever he does as you wish. It is also advisable to teach him at this time by some word or gesture, which will indicate that his study hour is over.

To teach him to go or stop, place yourself in or near some place where you know he desires to go, and say: "Go," urging him on by calling. When he has gone a part of the distance call: "Stop," at the same time pulling on the string and repeating the command. With patience and kindness you will very soon make him fully understand and be obedient. The time required in training varies according to the sagacity of the dog, usually being from one to two weeks. Never let the lesson occupy more than half an hour, and when through have some choice morsel to give him. Whilst making him fear you by sternness, teach him to attach himself to you by kindness.

To teach him to "charge" or "lie down,"

noes, teach him to attach himself to you by kindness.

To teach him to "charge" or "lie down," put your hand on his back and command him to "charge," at the same time placing him in position with his head between his forepaws. A few lessons will soon make him understand.

AN OUTSIDE VIEW.

Those of our readers who find it difficult to realize that the earth, which appears to be so flat and motionless beneath their feet, is really "round like an orange," and constantly revolving, will be interested in the following

If it were possible to rise above the atmos phere which surrounds the earth, we should see nothing but an intense and sharply defined see nothing but an intense and sharply defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no diffusion of light without an atmosphere or some similar medium for it to act upon: but if the air around us extended to a height of 700 miles, the rays of the sun could not penetrate it, and we would be left in darkness, At the depth of 700 feet in the ocean, the light ceases altogether, one half of the light being absorbed in passing through seven feet of the purest water.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.
A cook book says that "a duck ought not to stand long after being roasted." The poor, tired thing ought to be permitted to lie down.



CORRESPONDENCE.

F. B. F., Utica, N. Y. The story named was not published in the Argosy.

DECLINED with thanks: "The Scandalmonger," nd "Aurelia's New Year's Day."

E. B., New York City. The average height of a thirteen year old boy is 4 feet 9 inches. C. D. C., Union Mills, Ind. We cannot admit anything of that description to this column.

Thos, K., Chicago, Ill. Read reply to second uestion of "A Lover of the Argosy," in this issue. B. B., New York City. The construction of electric telephones is strictly protected by the patents of the several companies.

of the several companies.

W. S. B., Atlanta Ga. There is no premium on the coin you mention. Exchange notices should be made as brief as possible.

CHAS. X. The cent of 1857, in good condition, is quoted at 5 cents on the purchasing list of the Scott Stamp and Coin Co. of New York.

A Subscriber, Troy, N. Y. As regards the appearance of "Luke Bennett's Hide-out" in book form we cannot as yet give any information.

CONSTANT READER, New York City. The advertising rates of the Argosy are 75 cents per agate line on the outside page, and 60 cents inside.

Young Publisher, La Rue, O. We should think you could best obtain paper for printing purposes by applying at the office of your county paper.

GEO. H. G., Avoca, Ia. The Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 721 Broadway, and Lyman H. Low, 853 Broadway, New York, are the best known coin dealers.

C. M. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. Vols, III and IV of the Argosy cost \$3 each, expressage to be paid by re-ceiver. We have only a few of vols, I and II left.

LACKEY BROTHERS, Fancy Hill, Va. You might find a market for your bracket designs by address-ing Pratt & Co., Fulton and Gold Streets, New York.

W. G. S., Troy, N. Y. The stories comprising the "Ragged Dick" series were published several years ago in book form, before the Argosy was started.

R.W. D., Gloversville, N. Y. We should think that a cement made by mixing flour with the white of egg and stirring it to the consistency of a paste would answer your purpose.

would answer your purpose.

Louis M., Fort McDermitt, Nev. As a bound volume of the Argosy weighs more than four pounds it cannot be sent by mail. The expressage would be much less than you suppose.

Walter F., Consho. The Pennsylvania Railroad sells tickets and runs trains over its own or leased roads as far west as Chicago, and thence to San Francisco over any of three routes of the Pacific system.

ARGOSY READER, Idaho. The only book on masquerading of which we know is one you can ob-tain from Dick & Fitzgerald, 18 Ann Street, New York, for \$1.25, bound in cloth, no paper edition being issued.

being issued.

J. M. B., Phillipsburgh, N. J. Samuel Ayers, 37
Peck Slip, or John T. Smith, 159 South Street, New
York, could probably furnish you with the information you desire. The last named firm wakes a
specialty of metallic life boats.

A STEADY READER, Brocklyn, N. Y. If you will make the request of the Audubon Society, care of Forest and Stream, Park Row, New York, they will send you the bird defender's pledge, after signing which, you will receive a certificate of membership.

which, you will receive a certificate of membership.

Toboggan, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Hoodman Blind is, we believe, an old name for the game of blindman's buff. Sbakespeare makes use of the term in "Hamlet." 2. A fort, as a general thing, consists of but one building, while a fortress may comprise several enclosures. 3. Yes, under certain restrictions, which prohibit dancing, for example, children are allowed to act in theaters.

are allowed to act in theaters.

A Lover of the Argosy. 1. Yes, the author named is a contributor to the Argosy. 2. Why not consult some friendly operator as to the construction of a small galvanic battery? He could doubtless explain the process more clearly than we could in this column. We may, at some future time, publish an article on the subject. 3. Shakespeare died in 1616, on his birthday, the 23d of April. 4. The art of building a steam engine, even a small one, is much too complicated to be explained within the limits of this department.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to sub-scribers and weekly purchasers of The Golden Argosy, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable articles; nor exchanges which are practically advertisements, or which offer worthless articles, such as old numbers of papers, or valueless curiosities.

offer worthless articles, such as old numbers of papers, or valueless curiosities.

John H. Carney, 23 West 132d Street, New York City. A book by Detogevsky for a xylophone.

Joe A. Levy, New Milford, Ct. Coins for the same. All letters and postal cards answered.

F. Curdy, 54 Odell Street, Albany, N. Y. Vols, IV and VI of Golden Days, complete and in good condition, for an electric battery,

Bert Beidler, 634 Mauch Chunk Street, South Easton, Pa. Two books and vol. VII of Golden Days complete for vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

F. T. Ballard, Lock Box 2085, Ocean Grove, N. J. A telegraph key, sounder and battery, valued at \$8, for a printing-press and one font of type.

Percy A. Smith, 108 Main Street, Norfolk, Va. Vol. IV of The GOLDEN ARGOSY, for any other volume of the same paper, or vol. I Golden Days.

F. Phillips, 31 North Forsyth Street, Atlanta, Ga. Four volumes "History English People," new and valued at \$5, for a pair of all clamp, nickel-plated skates, to fit a no. 5 shoe. Letters answered.

Howard Dr. ke, Morevia, N. Y. A pair of clamp ice skates, also a collection of U. S. and foreign stamps, for any volume of Golden Days, or any volume of The GOLDEN ARGOSY, prior to vol. IV.

Chas. E. Strobel, Box 595, Massillon, O. Five forcign stamps or 3 stamps and ten tin tobacco tags for every no. of Golden Days, previous to no. 52, vol. VI. John M. Baker, Philipsburg, Pa. Vol VII Golden Days, unboun for an Indian scout telescope, a Soudan scout elescope, or any other of equal value. Bernard V. Actuire, 205 East Seventeenth Street, New York Ci. A stamp album and 385 stamps, no two alike, f. any volume of The Golden Mays, in good condition, a hand bracket sa. and two books by Optic and Verne, for best offer of type.

Jerome B. Honks, 173 East Seventy-ninth Street, New York City. Vol. III of The Golden Argosy, bound and in perfect condition, for vol. II, bound, of The Golden Nargosy.

Hunter Klingensmith, Greensburgh, Pa. An accordion with twelve keys, in good condition, and threen copies of Our Youth, for a good bracket saw. All letters answered.

W. E. Flournoy, 1045 Myytle Avenue, Baltimore, Md. 45 nos. vol. VII of Golden Days and 190 different tin tags for any vol. of The Golden Days and 190 different tin tags for any vol. of The Golden Days and 190 different tin tags for any vol. of The Golden Days and 190 different Golden Argosy, Vol. I and first 26 nos. vol. II of The Hearthstone, all in good condition, for vols. I and II of The Golden Days complete, for any two volumes of The Golden Days complete, for any two volumes of The Golden Days complete, for any two volumes of The Golden Days complete, for any two volumes of The Golden Days, for a guitar or banjo in good order. No postal cards answered.

J. H. Jones, Jr., Station B., Jersey City, N. J. Vol. III of The Golden Days, for a guitar or banjo in good order. No postal cards answered.

J. H. Jones, Jr., Herndon, Burke Co., Ga. A large size Scott stamp album with 350 stamps, some very aract, the whole valued at \$7, for the best offer of a watch. All letters answered.

W. M. Ledbetter, Box 101, Fayette, Mo. Vol. VII of Golden Days and a pair of no. 9, all clamp, steel with blued tops, ice skates, for best offer of books by Castlemon, Alger o

Monthly, all in good offer of a pair of climbing irons. All letters an swered.

Joseph J. Till, 74 Conselvea St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A pair of skates (English rockers) to a no. 6 or 7 shoe, for a pair of Acme or club skates to fit a no. 5 or six shoe. Brooklyn and New York City offers

or six side. Brooklyn and New York City oners preferred.

H. C. Kenyon, 333 Fleasant Street, Pawtucket, R. I. Vol. VI of Golden Days, or vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, in fine condition, unbound and with no numbers missing, for vol. II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY complete.

I. Vol. VI of Golden Days, or vol. IV of The GOLDEN ARGOSY, in fine condition, unbound and with no numbers missing, for vol. II of The GOLDEN ARGOSY complete.

Bert Irving, New Castle, Henry Co., Ind. Vol. III and about thirty-five nos. of Vol. IV, Golden Argosy, some foreign stamps, and three novels (lot valued at \$5), for a self-inking printing-press and complete outfit, of equal value.

H. Lee, Jr., S. C. College, Columbia, S. C. A phial of the Charleston earthquake sand (genuine), for every ten rare foreign stamps; also thirty-three back numbers of The Golden Argosy, for best offer of foreign stamps, all different.

M. S. Gregory, Newark, O. 375 all different tin tobacco tags, from no. 45 vol. III to vol. V of The Golden Days for vol. I of The Golden Argosy and the same of Golden Days, or for offers.

B. Bennett, 1482 First Avenue, New York City, A pair of skates, 229 stamps in album, a box of fine water colors. a small microscope and some minerals for any two volumes of The Golden Argosy or a Morse Learner's Telegraphic Outfit.

F. P. Sparks, Port Jervis, N. Y. Four good books, "Bound to Win." "Honor Bright," "Twenty Crusoes" and "One Cent Capital," Indian arrowheads and pottery, also seven nos. Golden Days, for vol. IV of The Golden Argosy unbound.

G. A. Valentine, St. Mary's, Pa. A 42 inch star bi-cycle, a type writer, a pair of all clamp ice skates, 3 volumes each of The Golden Argosy, Golden Days and Young People, and 100 bound books, for the best offer of house all instruments or curiosities.

H. V. Campbelle, 1553 East Main Street, Richmond, Va. A Shattinger's harp celeste, cost \$7.50, for vols. III and IV of The Golden Argosy, or the same of Golden Days, or the best offer of books by Optic, Castlemon, and other popular authors.

Herman Kennedy, P. O. Box 200, Carrollton, Mo. Youll's Companion from Aug. 20, 1885, to Dec. 3, 1886, for vol I and first 20 numbers of vol. II of The Golden Magony, or the best offer of books by Chill and first 20 numbers of vol. II of The Golden Magony, for any volume of

matter.

Manning Connett, Brookside, N. J. Vol. V Golden
Days, for any volume of The Golden Argosy, or
"The Yankee Middy" and "The Young Lieutenant, "by Optic. "Ambergris Island," "The Young
Pioneer," and "Dayton's Raugers," for any volume
of The Golden Argosy

ant," by Optic. "Ambergris Island," "The Young Pioneer," and "Dayton's Raugers," for any volume of The Golden Argosy.

Frank Wardwell, 17 Chestnut Street, Portland, Me. 1990 assorted stamps, many rare, 150 postmarks, a collection of Internal Revenue stamps, some games, puzzles, and a few books, for vols. I and If of The Golden Argosy or a large magic lantern in good condition, with at least twelve slides.

F. A. Seaver, Forty-ninth Street and First Avenue, South Brooklyn, N. Y. 125 foreign and domestic stamps for a V nickel without the word "cents." Fifty stamps for a United States Department stamp not in his collection. 140 stamps for a State, Justice or Executive United States Department stamp. Write before sending.

Wm. Bunning, 7Murray Street, New York City. A telephone, a printing-press (chase 3 by 4), with two fonts of script type, a catcher's mask and gloves, six choice books, a striking watch and a year's subscription to Amateur Tidings (the lot valued at \$20), for a self-inking press (chase 5 by 8), with outfit. All letters answered.



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

All communications for the Argosy should be ad-

All communications for the Argosy should be addressed to the publisher.

Subscriptions to the Argosy can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

The Argosy is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance, and all payment of arrearages is made, as required by law.

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

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

men for the same.

The Courts have decided that all subscribers to newspers are held responsible until arrearages are paid and leir papers are ordered to be discontinued.

In ordering back numbers enclose 6 cents for each copy.

No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps company it for that purpose.

HANNE A MINISPER STANK A MINISPER

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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be M. P. Handy, editor of the "Philadel-phia News."

DUTIES BEFORE EVERY ONE.

PROPERTY, the true and familiar saying runs, has its duties as well as its rights. The rich man, who imagines that wealth is his solely for his own gratification and amusement, will surely, sooner or later, find out his mistake. He will discover that he is not the absolute owner of the money which he cannot take with him when he passes from this world to the next. He is, to a certain extent, merely a trustee, and is responsible to the community for the use he makes of his possessions.

Ability, too, has its duties as well as its rights. Have the Argosy's readers ever reflected that every talent they possess brings with it its own responsibility? Misused genius leads inevitably to punishment no less terrible than misused wealth.

And there is no one who can evade this responsibility. All have their gifts and have their duties.

PRINCE BISMARCK wishes the German people to maintain a large standing army. The German people evidently do not agree to this. At the last census. the population of Germany was forty-five millions, two hundred and thirty-four thousand, and sixty-one. Bismarck was only counted as one, but his contest against the other 45,234,060 is not so unequal as may be supposed, and will be watched with considerable interest.

MEANWHILE the American standing army, while quite large enough for our needs, is about one-eighteenth the size of those maintained by France and Germany, and is exceeded in numbers by that of Greece, and other fourth-rate powers. While the chief question before some of the European governments is the raising of revenue to purchase cannons and rifles, our most pressing problem seems to be the disposing of our large and increasing surplus.

The Atlantic ocean is a great institution for this country. It is the right thing in the right place.

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

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

In few ways is the tendency of the present day more strikingly evidenced than by the progress of unprogressive parts of the world. Modern improvements are pushing their way, even in quarters where they might have been the least expected.

From Palestine, the land once flowing with milk and honey, but for ages given up to desolation and ophthalmia-stricken Arabs, some surprising facts are reported.

Jerusalem, it is said, is ahead of New York, in one respect-it has a good street-cleaning service; and real estate speculation in the Holy City is said to be very brisk. Beyrout has gas and water companies, while street cars are shortly to be introduced into Bethlehem and Nazareth. Nablous, the Shechem of Bible history, has great soap-works, and the country districts are going into orange-growing and stock-raising on a large scale.

The sentimental traveler in Europe

shocked to see Alpine summits crowned with big hotels, reached by cog-wheel railroads, same brave face.

and to find noisy screw-steamers plying along the canals of the once queenly Venice. But such innovations in the Holy Land seem absolutely sacrilegious, and may make us reflect that the irresistible march of progress, which brings so many blessings with it, is not quite an unmixed benefit.

A Personal Note from the Publisher.

To my Readers:

In this number of The Golden Argosy I commence a serial story by muself, entitled "The Boy Broker; or, Among the Kings of Wall Street."

When my last story ended, I promised you another serial starts.

In this number of The Golden Argosy I commence a serial story by myself, entitled "The Boy Broker; or, Among the Kings of Wall Street."

When my last story ended, I promised you another serial from my own pen, before many months. I have, therefore, written "The Boy Broker," simply to keep my word with you. My time has been so closely occupied this fall and winter with the enlargement of the Argosy, and its business management, that I have been forced to write this story in the evenings, after a full day's work at my office, and I have done it simply that my promise might be met.

Now I want to ask a favor of, you—a personal favor from you individually. I shall publish a large sample edition of this number—an edition of over two million copies. I would like to have you put some of the samples into the hands of your friends, who do not now take the Argosy—into the hands of those who would be most likely to become interested in it. This being my own story, I hope to make a large gain on it, and trust you will be willing to aid me as herein suggested.

I do not know your name and address and therefore could not forward these papers to you, neither would. I presume to do so if it were possible, without first being assured of your readiness to do me the favor I ask.

If you will send me your name and address on a postal card, saying how many sample copies you can use to advantage, I will forward them to you by first mail, free of charge.

I take pleasure in telling you that The Golden Argosy has so far made an unparalleled gain in circulation since it was enlarged to sixteen pages. The most flattering reports reach me from all parts of the country.

Without doubt The Golden Argosy is today the finest paper of its class in the worid. Nothing in Europe or America equals it, except the ten cent illustrated newspapers, and even these journals are in many respects inferior to the Argosy, with its rich golden freight of intellectual treasure, is now outsailing all competitors. With every stitch of canvas thrown to the bree

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

The story comes from Pittsburgh of a young lady who dreamed, some weeks ago, that she saw herself lying in a coffin. The vision strongly impressed the unfortunate girl, who fell into a terrible state of depression, and died shortly afterwards.

This is one of those dreams which bring their own fulfillment. Had not the victim yielded her superstitious fears, she would very probably have been alive to-day. A little courage will triumph over any number of omens of this kind.

New readers who would like to have The Golden Argosy complete from the commencement of the present volume, which began with No. 209, can get the necessary back numbers from their newsdealer.

Ask your newsdealer for them.

FACING MISFORTUNES.

Happiness depends more upon ourselves than upon our circumstances. Some people always have a grievance, and wear perpetual gloom upon their faces; while others are contented amid far less agreeable surroundings, and can draw comfort even from their mis-

Samuel Hearne, who was the first white man to penetrate the frozen wilds of arctic America, and reach the northern ocean, told the story of his journey nearly a hundred years ago. He relates that a few days after starting he met a party of Indians, who annexed a great deal of his property; but this mishap did not destroy his cheerfulness, for his only comment is this: "The weight of our baggage being so much lightened, our next day's journey was much pleasanter."

No quality is more admirable, and more appreciated by those around us, than such cheerfulness as this. Among all the famous characters of Dickens's novels, there are few greater favorites than Mark Tapley, whose prominent quality was his equanimity among his numerous misfortunes.

We trust that all our readers meet their calamities, whether big or little, with the MURAT HALSTEAD.

Editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. In the career of Murat Halstead, which we briefly sketch this week for our readers, we add one more to the many illustrations already presented in The Golden Argosy of the way in which poor American boys rise by their own efforts to a prosperous and success ful manhood.

He was born in the fertile valley of the Miami, in south-western Ohio, on the 2d of September, 1829. His parents, Griffin and Clarissa Halstead, were in very moderate circumstances, and the State of Ohio was not then the prosperous and wealthy community it now is. Western life fifty years ago was not without its hardships, and Murat Halstead's boyhood was not one of ease or luxury. His summers were devoted to farm work, and it the Presidency in 1856. He has never sought

was only in winter that he had time to attend school.

Many great Americans have obtained their education in this way, and Murat Halstead was not prevented from equipping himself for the battle of life with a good store of information. When nineteen years of age, he was teaching school. Then he attended Farmer's College, at College Hill, near Cincinnati, and graduated there with the class of 1851. Mr. Halstead

then went to the metropolis

time. He chose journalism as his profession, and toiled hard for success. Unlike most of our leading editors, who have risen to their present position from the composing room, he had no practical knowledge of printing; but he wrote stories and articles for various newspapers published in Cincinnati, whether he could get pay for them or not.

His first regular situation was with the *Enquirer*, where he was employed as a reporter, at a salary of eight dollars a week. Then he was, for a time, news editor of the Columbian. In 1853 he accepted a position offered to him by the proprietor of the Commercial, and on the 8th of March he commenced his long connection with that journal.

In May, 1854, he was able to purchase a one sixteenth interest in the Commercial, which, though an old-established paper, had not then acquired any wide circulation or influence. From this point, however, the journal's progress was marvelously rapid, as is shown by the fact that in four years Mr. Halstead's profits on his interest were sufficient to pay for its purchase.

In 1866, on the death of the late M. D. Potter, Mr. Halstead became chief proprietor of the Commercial, and assumed full control of its management. Four years ago it was consolidated with the Cincinnati Gazette, a powerful combination which largely increased Mr. Halstead's sphere of influence. The new paper, the Commercial Gazette, is the leading Republican journal of the West, and one of the best equipped and most widely known in the country.

Its position is in great measure due to the

commanding abilities of Mr. Halstead, and the enormous amount of work which he personally bestows upon it. Until a few years ago, he read, every night, every line of proof for the next day's issue, and he has frequently written the whole of the editorial columns himself. He still comes to the office at two in the afternoon, and stays there till about six o'clock; at nine he returns, and works into the small hours of the morning. He may truly be said to understand the value of labor.

Mr. Halstead has traveled a good deal, but has not been idle while abroad. During the last war between France and Germany he was on the scene of hostilities, and sent home some brilliant correspondence to the columns of his journal. Iceland is another corner of the globe which he has visited and described.

He was married on the 2d of March, 1857, to

Miss Mary Banks. They have had twelve children, of whom ten-seven sons and three daughters-now survive. The eldest living son, Marshal Halstead, graduated at Princeton in the class of 1886, and is now doing good work as the New York correspondent of his father's paper.

There was a law among the ancient Athenians that the citizen who stood aloof from the political disputes of the day should be judged worthy of death. No one, however, could accuse Mr. Halstead of such indifference; his position in the political field is well known, and he is decidedly, in modern par-lance, an "offensive partisan." His connection with the Republican party dates from its very earliest days, as he took an active part in advocating the election of John C. Fremont to

> any office, and has steadily declined to accept those that have been offered to him. To his employes, Mr. Halstead has always been considerate, and to his family he is very affectionate; he wishes well to all mankind, As an illustration of his gruff but genuine philanthropy, we may give the following incident:

One day a man entered his office and asked for a position on the Commercial. Mr. Halstead told him that unfortunately it was impossi-

ble to grant his "Then," said the man, "I shall throw myself into the river from the Suspension Bridge." Mr. Halstead told him that the bridge was a poor place for a would-be suicide to select, as he was almost certain to be picked up before he drowned. The man then went away, and is still alive.

In a letter written nearly twenty years ago to Mr. George W. Childs, Mr. Halstead compares himself to the well-known Philadelphia editor. "I find," he wrote, "that you were born in the same year with myself; that you are described as of sanguine temperament, ruddy complexion, fresh and decidedly healthful appearance. All that, I believe, I may claim for myself. In your portrait I observe that there is a scarcity of the capillary adornment of the cranium, which I can offset by prematurely gray whiskers." Twenty years have passed, but the hand of time, as will be seen from the portrait in these col-umns, has rested lightly upon Mr. Halstead, and has not impaired the firm and pleasant expression of his countenance.

With an innate journalistic faculty, developed by long years of hard work and wide observation, Mr. Halstead is undoubtedly one of the foremost figures in the American journalism of to-day. R. H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

HOPE is the mainspring of happiness; resolution is the secret of success.

Labor rids us of three great evils; irksomeness, vice and poverty.—Voltaire.

THE first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.

THE generous never enjoy their possessions much as when others are made partakers of th

THERE is no possibility of too much culture. The more striving there is after perfection the more nearly is that state secured.

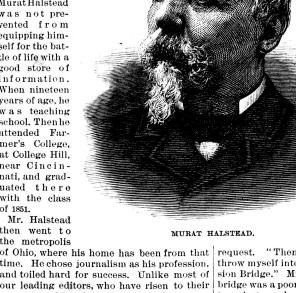
LET no knowledge satisfy but that which lifts above the world, which weans from the world, which makes the world a footstool.—Spurgeon.

Does any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayest never inflict it on another spirit.—Margaret Fuller.

THERE are treasures laid up in the heart, treasures of charity, piety, temperance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death when he leaves this world.

GAIN a little knowledge every day; one fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact—only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

NARROW-MINDED people have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision. "The snail," say the Hindoos, "sees nothing but his own shell, and thinks it the grandest place in the universe."





MISS MARSHALL'S PURSE, AND WITH IT HER DIAMOND RING, HAD MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.



By MARY A. DENISON,

Author of "The Guardian's Trust," "Barbara's Triumphs," "The Daughter of the Regi-ment," "The Frenchman's Ward," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

NAN IS LEFT ALONE.

T might have been an hour that the girl sat there, it might have been longer. She took no note of time. Naturally she was indignant, repulsed so rudely—and mortified as well, for the words still rang in her

indignant, repulsed so rudely—and mortified as well, for the words still rang in her ears:

"Your uncle forged a note! My papa read it in the paper this morning; and he has got to go to prison!"

To be sure, it was Minnie Parsons who said it—no other girl would, it seemed to Nan; but Minnie, though they cailed her half-witted and revengeful, was no fool.

By whomsoever spoken, however, they were cruel words, and the indignant protests of her other companions did not soften her anguish. Nan felt crushed to the very earth.

Presently she raised her head. Her eyes fell on a little silver-gilt clock, a masterpiece of beautiful workmanship. It was at that moment striking the hour of twelve, when Nan and her aunt usually took lunch together; but no token had been given that it was ready. Nan drew a long, dismal sigh, then stole down stairs again.

"Isn't there lunch?" she asked of Mary Cassoway, the table girl, who was on her way to the kitchen.

"No orders, miss," said the girl, who seemed anxious to get out of her way. "There's bread and butter and cold tongue; shall I put you out some?"

"No—I didn't want anything. Where is my aunt?"

"No-I didn't want anything. Where is my aunt?"

"Out—been out ever since ten o'clock—took the earriage, and hasn't come back yet."
"Well, isn't there a paper to be had? I've lunted high and low."
"I guess—the papers were all took," said Man, for the carriage, and the best of lunted high and low."
"We'd got three down stairs; but do you suppose I'd let her have 'em, poor thing!"
"Has Affrey gone out, too? I can't find her," said Nan, petulantly, and then ran back to her room to cry, like the child she was.
It had been a pleasant home for Nan. Nothing, whichever way she turned, but luxury and been aty. The world had gone well with Harvey Kingston, so everybody said. What yellant to gold? In and out of the old bank he had gone since he had entered its doors first, a curly-headed, handsome boy, to sweep the floors and kindle the fires. Every change had been an advance for him, and now he stood in next to the highest position.

Some said he had married a fortune, but it was not so. His wife's only fortune was her lovely face and figure. True, a wealthy old pretted head the standard was a state of the lock of the lock. So little Nan's eyes had been trained to beautiful objects, delicate bijouterie, and fine belongings, both as to house and person, since her father's death. Nan was an orphan. The treasures of her loving nature had never been traily developed—she was only one of Mrs. Kingston; minersed in the cares and proved wholesome to Nan. Mrs. Kingston; minersed in the care and time it can be a stailed, and the provide for the lonely child.

Nan's father, Phillip Burnham, had left her, with her mother, in comfortable circumstances—they were far from rich—some seven years before the period in which my story opens. Then in a few months came new that her mother, in comfortable circumstances—they were far from rich—some seven years before the period in which my story opens. Then in a few months came had a lating.

Nan's father, Phillip Burnham, had left her, with her mother, in comfortable circumstances—they were far from rich—some seven years before the period in

body else in the paper, of the same name, perhaps, and she is so silly! I won't mind it, but just go back to school as if nothing had happened. And I don't believe there has—I won't believe."

Nan did go to school; but, seeing in the altered, pitying faces of the girls about her, that something had happened, she hurried home at the close of the afternoon session, more grieved than indignant.

Yes, something had surely happened.

Two strange carriages stood at the door, Two strange men, with hard faces and stony demeanor, stood in the handsome hall. The very bronzes seemed to look down at her sorrowfully—the pictured faces took on an added severity, and home did not seem like the same place. There was a smell of hartshorn and vinegar in the air. The servants rushed upstairs with clouded face and bewildered manner, and then rushed down again.

Then the doctor's carriage came dashing up at the portal, and the tall, fashionable physician—Doctor Lindsay—brushed past Nan without taking any notice of her—he had never done that before—and almost ran up the broad staircase.

Nan glauced about her, frightened and cold. The words of the school-girl companion still rang in her ears.

"Your uncle forged a note, and has got to go to prison!"

Never before had Nan's cheeks felt the hot blush of shame.

"It means he has been living on other people's money," she said to herself; "stolen it, perhaps, from the bank. Oh, poor uncle Kingston! can it be possible? They have taken him to prison, perhaps, and aunt Lu will surely die, just as mother did—and oh! What will become of poor me?"

Her strength seemed to leave her. She stood just inside the lovely reception room, furnished in blue and gold, where she had seen so many gatherings, trembling all over like a leaf in a swift current of air.

"Oh, what shall I do—where shall I go? and where is Affrey?"

The dear old black face! how she longed for it! She went up to Affrey's room, but the shining eyes, the sweet voice and smile, were not there.

"I might as well be patient; I'll sit down and wait awhile."
So she sat down in Affrey's comfortable patchwork-covered armchair, taking in, unconsciously, all the little details of the place. Affrey's room was a picture gallery, and full of sunshine. Christmas cards, pretty chromos and ornaments were made to do duty in the arrangements, and all unconsciously, Affrey was an artist, and had displayed them all with loving and painstaking care.

How clean and white were the bed and its hangings! No dust or soil anywhere, and as to the windows, they shone like diamonds.

Poor Nan! she tried to interest herself in a book, but could not. There was the coveted newspaper on the bed—she shuddered at sight of it. She dared not go to her aunt—she longed to know the worst, and yet shrank from the knowledge. If Affrey would only come in! Hark! that was surely her step, light but firm. Nan looked up, expectant.

"De Lord's blessin', honey! how comes ye yare?" cried Affrey, entering.

"Oh, Affrey! I couldn't seem to go anywhere else," said Nan, with a great sob. Then lifting her clasped hands, and letting them fall again, she buried her face in them, and burst into passionate tears.

"Well, now, honey; don't, don't!" said Affrey, patting Nan, and trying in every affectionate way to show her sympathy. "What has you heard, chile? Tell you old aunty, and don't break your heart that a-way, deary."

"Oh, Affrey, what shall I do? It's all true—I see it in your face. They told me at school this morning, but I couldn't believe it."

"More shame for 'em, lammie, they might a let ye hear it to home—that's bad enuff," said Affrey, dropping her chin upon her ample bosom. "I did sort o' hope and pray ye mightn't hear nothing about it—but there, the Lord's will be done—that's all we can say—though sure's you's born, it don't seem's if 'twas His will, does it? Well, well, it can't be ondone. Dat's de wust on de dibble's work—it can't be ondid, once it's done. But thar! we don't any of us know what we'd do, ef de eberlastin' army lef go of us

ful muss."
The woman shook ber turbaned head, dole-

broke de bank, dead. Anyhow, dar's an awful muss."

The woman shook ber turbaned head, dolefully.

"I's seed a steddy change in de master dis longest time, when, p'raps, nobody else didn't. But tain't for me to talk. Ef I knows things as ain't quite right on neither side—if I's seen extravagance goin' hand in hand with ruin, an' him trying to give her every wish of her heart—best hold my ole tongue, Miss' Lu can't stand it long. De good Lord on'y knows what'll come nex."

"Oh, Affrey, what is the matter with aunt Lu?" cried Nan, in terror. "Is she going to die? Oh, Affrey, it can't be so awful as that!"

"Hush, chile, nobody knows but de dear Lord, what's gwine to happen in this 'stracted house," said Affrey.

The dear Lord only did know.

In less than a week, Eulallie Kingston was dead, Harvey Kingston in prison, on a charge of forgery, and Nan stopping temporarily with a neighbor who pitied her, but who could only afford her shelter for a few weeks.

Every ornament in the house—the house itself—every stick of furniture was pitilessly sold to satisfy creditors, and Affrey and little Nan were turned upon the cold world, friendless and penniless.

Only Nan wore a ring next to her heart, the value of which she did not fully know. Her aunt had left it as a legacy from her dead mother—her wedding ring—with the caution that she was never to part with it, unless in a case of absolute destitution, when she was to dispose of it according to her aunt's directions.

"Oh, Affrey, if we could only keep together!" said Nan, with piteous intonation.

come into the store of a morning, she looks

come into the store of a morning, she looks so tired!"

"Good patience! there's that splendid barouche again!" said Lettle, starring hard at the door. "Isn't she beautiful!" she added, with an admiring smile, as a lovely woman left the carriage, whose doors were opened by an obsequious footman in dark green livery. "Dresses in such perfect taste, too—that suit was certainly imported—and see, she is looking round for Mr. Clift. Well, upon my word! if she hasn't singled out little Nan! My! how the gir! blushes—well, for my part, I'm glad I'm dark; the color don't show so quick."

Every girl behind the lace and ribbon counter envied Nan. Miss Nina Marshall was known as the daughter of old General Marshall, a millionaire, and when she came to Clift Brothers', generally bought a large amount of goods in the way of lace, ribbons, gloves and hosiery, to say nothing of silks and velvets. Last year, before she went to Europe, Helen Brooks, a saucy, dimpled brunette with long, dark eyes, well opened, and pleasing manners, had the pleasure of waiting upon her, and great was her indignation to be passed by for that "simple-faced Nan," as she called her.

"Just put my muff over on the counter" said Miss Marshall, with a bright little nod.

with long, tark eyes, wen opened, and pleasing manners, had the pleasure of waiting upon her, and great was her indignation to be passed by for that "simple-faced Nan," as she called her.

"Just put my muff over on the counter," said Miss Marshall, with a bright little nod; "there's something in it I shouldn't care to lose;" and Nan took the costly thing, laying it earefully behind a box, and partly covering it with some lace goods.

"You're sure it's safe, there, till I go to the cloak room?" said Miss Marshall, as she saw the packages carefully tied up and put aside, to be sent out to the carriage.

"Yes, indeed," said Man; "I shall stay here. No one can touch it, or even see it," she added, smiling brightly.

In the cloak room Miss Marshall saw Mr. Clift, the senior partner.

"Have you been here long?" he asked.

"Long enough to spend fifty dollars in trifles," she said, laughing. "By the way, it was a new girl waited on me—it seems as if I must have met her somewhere."

"You probably have," said the senior partner. "She is the niece of Harvey Kingston."

The lovely face clouded.

"Oh, what a pity!" she said. "Yes, now I recollect I met her in the carriage once or twice, riding with Mrs. Kingston. Unfortunate child! Had she no friends or relatives to help her at home?"

"It seems not," said Mr. Clift.

"What a pretty face! not so intelligent as winning—and yet there is mind enough. And what a burden to bear! I suppose everybody here knows it. Such a delicate little body, too! It must be as hard for her to come to this as it would for me, Well, I suppose I must look at some cloaks, as winter is close at hand. You needn't come, as I have my favorites among your clerks and saleswomen, you know," and, laughing, she hurried over to where great masses of rich robes and cloaks were piled in luxurious confusion.

Meantime, Nan took the opportunity of eating her simple lunch, only bread and butter, but she ate it with great content. Her brief encounter with so sweet' a lady had revived old memories, and the store, an

went in her carriage to an airing or shop-

went in her carriage to an airing or shopping.

"He always goes with her clear to the carriage, I say that's ominous," murmured Miss Lettie, aside, to one of the other girls. "Did you ever see him so attentive to anybody else? I never did. There's Hetty Lenshaw, almost as rich, and, some say, handsomerand Miss Willis, and Miss Longman, and lots of carriage people. He never sees them even to the door. And I have heard it whispered that they two were engaged."

"Nothing but gossip—just miserable gossip," said Mrs. Lane; "and if you girls don't keep at work, you'll be gossiping next. There's plenty to do, so keep your tongues still."

There's plenty to do, so keep your tongues still."

It was nearly an hour afterward, when the splendid barouche, with the tall footman and the same young lady, drove up to the door, creating not a little commotion.

Nan was upstairs—Nan was sent for. She came down, looking flushed and excited, for she had just been dealing with a fretful and difficult customer.

"Child—was my muff touched when I was gone upstairs?" asked Miss Marshall, her cheeks quite white and her face anxious.

"No, indeed," said Nan; and she glanced over to the counter, where she had put it.

"There was a purse inside. I find it is gone," said the young lady.

"Oh, dear me!" cried Nan, a horror in her eyes.

eyes.
"Yes; but the purse had no money in it."

"Yes; but the purse had no money in it."
Nan drew a long breath.
"But a very valuable diamond ring."
Nan clutched at her dress, the blood flew to her face, she let her hands fall, and turned pale again. The action was peculiar; many of the girls who had gathered round noticed it, and, more than they all, the woman who had lost the ring.
"What is it?" asked Mr. Clift, coming forward."

ward. "A ring lost! a diamond!" went from lip to

"What is it?" asked Mr. Clift, coming forward.
"A ring lost! a diamond!" went from lip to lip.
"Show me just where it was," said the senior partner, when he had heard the story.
Nan went over by the counter, so white and wan, so unsteadily, that everybody looked at her.
"It was just here, in—" and her fingers trembled as she designated the place.
Two or three of the male clerks were set to work, and the counter and floor were thoroughly searched.
"Are you sure you had it?" asked Mr. Clift.
"Oh, quite positive; that is why I gave it to the girl to put away. It was here in this little pocket, and I am afraid—I—I hope it was not taken out."
"It wasn't touched," said Nan, eagerly; "I mean the muff. I was right here all the time; no one came near; did I leave, Mrs. Lane? You were 'round; you saw me."
"No, I don't think you did," said the head saleswoman, but she watched Nan's face curiously. What did she see there that troubled her? An eagerness, and, at the same time, an indecision of manner, that made her tremble for Nan. Not that she thought her guilty; she almost knew that she could not be, even in thought, guilty of any indiscretion, let alone theft. But there was in Nan's face a terror, a fright, a something she had never seen before, and for which she had no name. All the faces about her were singularly free from anxiety, but poor Nan! she looked like one conscience-stricken, and why should she?
"What shall I do? It was Tom's gift, and Tom is dead," said Miss Marshall, in an unsteady voice.
"Tom was her brother," whispered one of the girls to another: "he died when she was

an explicit of the pitted her, but who could not afford her shelter for a few weeks.

If "every site of furniture was pittiess; sold to satisfy creditors, and Affrey and little should be satisfy creditors, and the satisfy creditors, and the satisfy creditors, and Affrey and little should be satisfy creditors, and affrey should be satisfy creditors, and affrey should be satisfy creditors, and affer should be satisfy creditors, and affer should be satisfied by the satisfy creditors, and affer should be satisfied by the satisfy creditors, and affer should be satisfied by the satisfy creditors, and affer should be satisfied by the satisfy and affect should be satisfied by the satisfy and affect should be satisfied by the satisfy and affect should be satisfied by the satisfy and the satisfied by the

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Ar-gosy, He can get you any number you may want.

THE BIRTH OF SONG.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When the storm of wild emotion Strikes the ocean Of the poet's soul, erelong From each cave and rocky fastness, In its vastness, Floats some fragment of a song.

* * * * *
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, uo more depart.

This story commenced in No. 209.1

MAKING MAN of RIMBELLE By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN ADIRONDACK EXCURSION.

LIPPER had heard enough to satisfy him that his father was the cashier who stood convicted before the world of robbing, the treasury of Pinkingham of seventy thousand dollars. But there was only twenty thousand in the package buried under the shop. What had become of the other fifty thousand?

seventy thousand dollars. But there was only twenty thousand in the package buried under the shop. What had become of the other fifty thousand?

Had his father concealed it in some other place near the cabin? On the contrary, he stated that the money was not stolen by him. If it had been, he would not have buried it under the cabin. Now he felt the want of the statement for his guidance; but he had not lost all hope of finding it when the water was low. His mother must have taken the tin box from the trunk, and it had been swept away with the other things in her room.

Mr. Gaybroon did not like to talk about the robbery. He seemed to be sensitive about it, though he appeared to be just as unwilling to allow it to be discussed in his absence. He might have left the room, but he did not.

"Clipper, we have drawn hard on your services since we came here," said Tom Little, when they met after the "show." "But now we want to employ you as a guide. I have engaged a couple of Rushtons for our party, and to-morrow we will start on that trip through the lakes and rivers.

"I think I have drawn harder on you than yen have on me," replied the hunter. "Your love of fair play saved me from abuse when I was in the hands of the enemy. I shall be glad to do anything I can for you."

"But we shall pay you for your services. Perry and his father will go with us. We came up here to make this trip, and we don't like to leave without making it," added Tom. "We will arrange the details when we get to Camp Buckram."

"I think I will go with you," said Fordy, who stood by when Tom announced his intentions. "We planned the trip before we came up here, and I ought to be with you."

"I don't care anything about Clipper any more than I do about any other puppy," replied Tom, good-naturedly. "I am afraid you and Clipper would not agree."

"I don't care anything about Clipper any more than I do about any other puppy," replied Fordy, contemptuously. "He is going as your guide and servant, and I shall not medle with him if he waits upon me pr

as your guide and servant, and I shall not meddle with him if he waits upon me properly."

"We want harmony in our party: and, on the whole, I don't think you had better go with us, Fordy."

"I don't object to hisgoing," added Clipper.

"The rest of us object, if you don't," said Tom. "We don't like to have a fellow with us who has no respect for the rights of others. We have seen enough of Fordy this evening."

"But I think I can go, if I want to," said Fordy. "You don't own the rivers and lakes up here."

Mr. Gaybroon came into the hall, where the party were at this moment, with his valise in his hand. As his son had but one of his late associates in the camp with him, he had decided to take up his quarters at the shanty instead of the hotel.

Clipper spent the night at the camp on Flash River, but early in the morning he started for the castle on the hill in order to obtain his tent, camp stove, and other supplies, which are furnished by the guide when he is required to do so. Life went with him.

The hunter found everything as he had left it the day before, including the cautionary sign on the front door of the shop. Obtaining the articles they needed, they carried them down to the river and started for Camp Buckram.

"There are the shantyites, Clipper," said

"There are the shantyites, Clipper," said Life, when the hunter had pulled a short distance down the river. "They are fishing. I didn't suppose there were any trout in this river."

didn't suppose there were any trout in this river."

"It used to be good fishing here; but lately not many have been eaught in Smoker River, or in this part of it," replied Clipper.

"I think they are not having any luck, for Fordy has taken the oars," added Life. "He is running the boat into the bushes."

"They are looking for something there," said Clipper, and he thought how many things from the cabin had been washed away by the freshet.

from the cabin had been wasned away by the freshet.

Fordy went to the bow, and Life saw him pick up something on the shore that looked like a small box, painted green. He threw it into the bow of the boat, and went to his oars again. Bringing the boat about, he pulled towards the middle of the stream, and reached it just as the Lucy came abreast of him.

"Where are you going, Fordy?" demanded Mr. Gaybroon, who sat in the stern of the eraft. "You will run into that boat!"

"That is what I want to do," replied Fordy,"

"I did not, though I looked it over very carefully. The next morning Mr. Gaybroon told me it was not convenient for them to have me at the camp any longer. He said I must go home by the stage that day. I told

as he glanced behind him, and he pulled with all his naight. "Here is Life, and you can get him now!"

"But you will drown us all!" protested the timid father.

Clipper, by a dexterous movement of his oars, threw the Lucy around, so that the collision was avoided. Rowing around the stern of the boat, he gave no further attention to the shantyites. Fordy was mad because he had failed to hit the Lucy and smash the boat of his enemy. As Clipper passed the stern of Fordy's boat, he saw what had been picked up on the shore.

He recognized the article at once, but did not consider it of any importance. It was a small box which had stood on a shelf in his mother's room, and had contained her combs and a few such things. Though he would have been glad to recover any article that had belonged to his mother, it would not be worth the battle that would have to be fought to obtain it. Besides, the party at the camp were waiting for him, and he could not stay to parley with Fordy and his father.

"Do you know what that was they found on the shore, Clipper?" asked Life, as he looked at the other boat.

"The rower described the box, and said it was of no consequence.

"Was there anything in it?" added Life.

"They will find a comb or two, but nothing of any value."

When Clipper and Life reached Flash River they found everything in readiness for the start. They went off cheering and happy. We have not space to follow them on the trip, pleasant as it would be to; do so. At night they camped and pitched the two tents. Will and Clipper did the cooking.

The hunter shot a deer in the afternoon, and they had venison and trout for supper, and the same for breakfast next morning. They were so fond of the fare that they made but little use of the provisions they carried with them.

On the journey they occasionally had to lug the boats and the load they contained over

and the same for breakfast next morning. They were so fond of the fare that they made but little use of the provisions they carried with them.

On the journey they occasionally had to lug the boats and the load they contained over the "carries" from a few rods to two or three miles. But this was quite as good fun as any other part of the trip. They shifted about from one boat to another; and on St. Regis Lake Clipper found himself alone in his own boat with Mr. Bunse. He had been looking for this opportunity since the expedition started, and he lost no time in improving it.

"I was interested in hearing what was said about that robbery the other night at the hotel," said he. "If the cashier got off with seventy thousand dollars he made a big haul."

"Perhaps he did," replied Mr. Bunse. "The matter always looked strange to me. I know that the vault was not opened during the night."

"Of course it was opened, or the money could not have been taken out," said Clipper, intensely interested.

"Mr. Benedict went to breakfast at seven o'clock, and I stayed in the office till he returned. I did not leave it again till Mr. Gaybroon came at eight o'clock. I know, therefore, that the vault was not opened from five o'clock on the afternoon of one day until after the cashier had gone the next morning."

"How do you explain the robbery, Mr. Bunse?"

"I don't explain it," replied the ex-jainitor, shrugging his shoulders. "I say I don't un-

the cashier had gone the heat morning.

"How do you explain the robbery, Mr. Bunse?"

"I don't explain it," replied the ex-janitor, shrugging his shoulders. "I say I don't understand it. If I could get at certain facts, perhaps I could see through it."

"Don't you believe the cashier took the money?" said Clipper.

"Everybody believed he did. I have my own ideas about the matter, but I keep them to myself," answered Mr. Bunse, evasively.

Though Clipper tried hard several times during the trip, he could get nothing more out of the hotel keeper. At the end of the week they returned to the camp at Smoker Lake. Stilt had come home, and all the party were very much surprised to find Buck Ward domiciled at his cabin.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE VISIT TO THE SHANTY.

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THE VISIT TO THE SHANTY.

"HAT'S the matter, Buck! Have you and Fordy quarreled?" asked Tom Little, as they met on the shore, after the party had landed.

"Not exactly Fordy and I, but his father and I," replied Buck. "I don't quite understand it. On the very day you started, Mr. Gaybroon seemed to be desirous of getting rid of me."

"Did you have any row with him?"

"No row at all. I did not offend either Fordy or his father in any way, so far as I know."

"You were up the river fishing on the day we went away. Fordy tried to smash my boat, you know," added Clipper.

"I know he did. Just before that Fordy picked up a box on the shore. I don't think they opened it, or thought of it till we got back to camp. I saw Fordy open it and take out a tin case."

"A tin case!" repeated Clipper, aghast at the intelligence. "What was in it?"

"That's more than I know. Mr. Gaybroon took it and carried it to the shanty. I never saw it after that. I asked Fordy what was in it, and he told me it was full of candy."

"Candy!" exclaimed Clipper.

"Of course I did not believe it was candy. After dinner Mr. Gaybroon told me to stay at the shanty, and he and Fordy went up the lake. They did not get back till after dark."

"Do you know where they went?" asked Clipper, intensely excited by what Buck had said.

"They went towards Smoker River, but the siland prevented me from seeing whether

Clipper, intensely excited 2, said.

"They went towards Smoker River, but the island prevented me from seeing whether they went up the stream. Fordy and his father came back that night, covered with mud, as though they had been digging in wet ground."

him I wouldn't go, but I would leave the camp if they didn't want me there. Then he got mad, and insisted that I should go home. I took my valise and came over here. I slept in the shed that night, and Stilt came home the next day, and told me I might stay at the cabin till you came back. That's the whole of it."

cabin till you came back. That's the whore of it."

Of course Clipper understood perfectly well that Fordy had found the tin box containing his father's statement. His mother must have put the important document in her comb box when she took it from the trunk. There was a spring catch on the box, and it had remained closed while the rushing water carried it down to the place where he had seen Fordy pick it up and toss it into his boat.

It was a terrible disaster that the tin case should fall into the hands of the very man against whom he was to defend the reputation of his dead father. Though Mr. Bunse did not say so, Clipper thought he suspected the treasurer himself of committing the robbery.

bery.

"You could not make out what Fordy and his father were doing up the river, Buck?" asked Clipper.

"I could guess; but I don't know anything

asked Clipper.

"I could guess; but I don't know anything about it."

"What do you guess?"

"That they had found in some way that money was buried up there in the woods, and they did not want to give me a share of it, because I needed it more than they did. I don't believe they would have treated me as they did for anything but money in this world," answered Buck, bitterly.

"Didn't you try to find out what they were doing?" asked Tom.

"I walked over there one day, and followed the river up to your shanty, Clipper; but I couldn't even find them."

"How did Mr. Gaybroon act when you saw him?" inquired Clipper.

"Well, he didn't act as though he had found a gold mine, or knew where there was money buried. He was in an awful shake all the time. He wasn't happy, whatever he had found; and seemed to be about as scared all the time as he was when he thought you was trying to shoot him."

Stilt had given the party a warm welcome, and as it was almost dinner time, he prepared the meal for them. Clipper was too nervous to have an appetite. The disaster that had overtaken him in the loss of the statement was all he could think about. Perhaps Mr. Gaybroon had destroyed the valuable document by this time. He and Fordy had been digging; and it was not difficult to see what they had been digging for.

But the statement could contain no information as to the present location of the twenty thousand dollars in bills. It was possible, but hardly probable, that Mr. Gaybroon had neglected to dig under the shop. Yet if they had found the money, they would have left the locality at once; and Buck said they were still at the shanty on Peach Bay. He had seen them come down from the other side of the lake, just before the arrival of the party. This fact made it probable that they had not found the money.

Clipper tried to determine what he should do. It was a very hard question. He wanted

at the shanty on Peach Bay. He had seen them come down from the other side of the lake, just before the arrival of the party. This fact made it probable that they had not found the money.

Clipper tried to determine what he should do. It was a very hard question. He wanted the statement more than the money; and he trembled when he thought it had been destroyed. As the paper must have contained minute instructions for finding the hidden chest containing the package of bills, it was reasonable to suppose the statement had been saved until the treasure was discovered.

While Clipper was worrying over the matter, as he had never worried about anything before, he saw a boat coming around the point into the river. A second look assured him that it contained Mr. Gaybroon and lisson. Perhaps it had occurred to them at the eleventh hour that Buck might do mischief among his associates. But Clipper had decided all at once what to do.

"Mr. Bunse, will you come with me?" said he, in a low tone, to the hotel keeper.

"Certainly I will, Clipper. What shall I do for you?" replied he, following the hunter down to his boat.

"You will be my friend, I know. Mr. Bunse," continued the poor boy. "It is a long story, and I can't tell it in a minute. It is time to act now."

"What in the world has got into you, Clipper?" demanded his companion, alarmed at his agitated and excited manner.

"I want you to go over to the camp of the shantyites with me. We will land a little way up the river and walk across. On the way I will tell you all about it."

Mr. Bunse assented, and took his place in the boat. Clipper pulled with all his might around a bend before his movement was seen from Fordy's boat. Landing on the other side of the stream, they took the boat out of the water, and started in the direction of the shanty. The hunter went at a rapid walk.

"You are acting very strangely, Clipper," said the hotel keeper.

"You will not think so when I tell you what it means. I am the son of the cashier who is charged with robbing the treasury of

hands of the man whose crime it probably exposes?"

"I am sure he hasn't found the money yet, for he would not have stayed here an hour after he had obtained it."

"Surely not; I think you are right, my dear boy," replied the hotel keeper. "But Gaybroon must have destroyed this statement before this time."

"I don't think he would burn the statement until he found the money," persisted Clipper. "He will want to read the instructions over and over again."

By this time they had reached the shanty. The door was not locked and they went in. In one of the bunks Mr. Bunse found the extreasurer's valise. It was locked. The hotel keeper felt it over for any hard substance like the tin case.

"I believe the tin box is in the valise, Clipper." continued Mr. Bunse, as he took his knife from his pocket.

Without any hesitation, he cut through the leather, and thrust his hand into the inside. After fumbling to the bottom of the valise, he drew out the tin case.

(To be continued.)

**Ask yow newsdealer for The Golden Ar-

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Ar-gosy. He can get you any number you may want.

\$100 FOR A THREE CENT STAMP.

IF any of our readers should happen to be residents of a city that runs short of postage stamps, and takes to issuing some on its own account, they will know what to do after reading the following from the Boston Traveler:

account, they will know what to do after reading the following from the Boston Traveler:

In 1846, while awaiting supplies from the department at Washington, the postmasters of certain cities were authorized to issue stamps temporarily. Among others so issuing was the postmaster of Brattleboro. Eight hundred stamps were printed, and of these one-half were burned.

Collectors have been in search of some of these stamps, and it was consdered a hopelest matter to procure one of them. One collector, however, who was shrewder than the rest, instituted a search for the engraver, whom he found residing in Springfield, and he had still remaining seven of the precious squares, which he disposed of to the collector for seventy-five cents each, besides furnishing indubitable proof of the genuineness of the issue, the very existence of which was dealer offered \$1 apiece for six of the seven. This was refused by the original purchaser, who demanded five times that sum, and before the money reached him, although it was sent with promptitude, he had an offer of \$10 apiece. Being an honest man, he stuck to his first offer, and parted with six for \$30. The most precious of the lot, which bore the engraver's name, he retained possession of, and this is the one he has now sold for \$100.

A FIELD FOR INVENTIVE MINDS.

"Why, how simple that is! If I had only

"Why, how simple that is! If I had only known such a thing was needed. I might have thought of it myself."

To those persons who have thus exclaimed on beholding some newly patented laborsaving contrivance, we commend a careful perusal of the subjoined, being the statement of an English scientific journal of some inventions which are badly needed:

Macaroni machinery, good red-lead pencils, type-writers that will work on account books and record books, indelible stamp-canceling ink, a practical ear-starter, a good railway-car ventilator, better horse-shoes, locomotive headlights, an instrument for measuring the velocity of wind currents, apparatus for measuring the depth of the sea without sounding by line, piano-lid hinge which shall be flush on the outside, good fluid India ink for draughtsmen, a good metallic railway tie, an effective cut-off for locomotives, a method of alloying copper and iron, and a molding material for iron and brass casting capable of giving a mold that can be used over and over again. over again.

MISTOOK APOSTLES FOR EAGLES.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, the English poet and critic, is not fond of America. Our practical and unromantic directness did not suit the cultured taste of the

the directness did not suit the cultured taste of the philosopher, and he was a little inclined to find fault when he visited this country.

While he was in Chicago, says the Mail of that city, he was shown over a large book store by a member of the firm. He passed along without making any comment until he came to a pile of English prayer-books, each book being ornamented with four little circles, two on the front cover and two on the back. With each circle was a picture of one of the apostles, and to denote their saintly character each head was ornamented with a pair of wings.

wings.

Arnold took one of them up, examined it carefully, and then raising his eyes heavenward exclaimed:

"Oh, the conceit of these Americans! They even put their eagles on their prayer-books!"

WEATHER SIGNALS.

Perhaps some of our readers may have won-dered at the meaning of those mysterious little flags which the signal service men hoist over their stations, to announce to the world in general what kind of weather they may expect to enjoy or en-dure during the next twenty-four hours or so. The following is a list of the revised code of signals.

trenst.

"I found the trunk, but the tin box was not in it. I have searched a great deal for it. You heard what Buck Ward said. The tin box must have been in the green box where my mother kept her combs. It was carried down the river and lodged in the bushes, where Mr. Gaybroon and Fordy found it."

"What a calamity that it should fall into the

STRENGTH COMES FROM LABOR.

WE, nature's toiling children, may possess
Through labor, strength—from pain and weariness
We learn the lesson that will make us strong,
That will have power our later lives to bless—
The world will listen to the stirring song,
Born of a soul replete with earnestness!

[This story commenced in No. 208.]

OB-BURTON; or The Young Ranchman

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MYSTERIOUS PASSENGER IS DISCOVERED.

OB BURTON started on his trip down the river quite unaware that he carried a passenger; Clip's peculiar nervous-ness attracted his attention, and he wonness attracted his attention, and he won-dered at it, but finally was led to attribute it to the whisky of which he credited Clip with having drank a considerable amount. We know that he was mistaken in this, but those who practice deception are apt to be misjudged, and have no right to complain.

misjudged, and have no right to complain.

One more discovery puzzled Bob. Clip happened to have a hole in the pocket in which he carried the money given him by the mysterious passenger. At first it was not large enough to imperil the safety of the coin; but Clip thrust his hand so often into the pocket, to see if the money was safe, that he had unconsciously enlarged the opening. As a result of this, as he was walking the deck, a two dollar and a half gold piece, obtained in change, slipped out, and fell upon the deck. Bob happened to be close at hand, and instantly espied the coin.

Clip walked on without noticing his loss. Bob stooped and picked up the coin.

"A gold piece!" he thought, in amazement. "Where can Clip possibly have got it?"

He had not missed any of his own money. Indeed he knew that none of it was in gold.
Certainly the case looked very mysterious.
"Clip," he said.

"What, Massa Bob?" returned Clip,

"Is this gold piece yours?"
Clip started, and, if he had been white, would have turned pale.

"I reckon it is, Massa Bob," he answered, with hesitation.

"Where did it come from?"
"From my pocket," he answered.
"But how did it come into your pocket,"

Clip?"
"I put it there."

"Look here, Clip," said Bob, sternly. You are evading the question."
"What's dat, Massa Bob?"

"What's dat, Massa Bob?"
"You are trying to get rid of telling me
the truth. Did you steal this money?"
"No, I didn't," answered Clip, indignantly. "I nebber steal."
"I am glad to hear it. Then, if you
didn't steal it, how did you get it?"
Clip scratched his kinky hair. He was

"I done found it," he answered, at

length. "Where did you find it?" "In de-de street."

"When and where?"

"Dis mornin', when I was comin' from

"DIS mornin', when I was comin' from breakfast."

"If you found it, there would be no objection to your keeping it," he said, "provided you could not find the original owner."

"Can't find him now, nohow" said Clim

Can't find him now, nohow," said Clip, briskly.

Come here a minute."

Clip approached, not understanding Bob's reason for calling him.

Bob suddenly thrust his hand into Clip's

Bob suddenly thrust his hand into Clip's pocket, and drew out two silver dollars, and a quarter, the remains of the five dollar gold piece, Clip having spent a quarter.

"What's all this?" he asked, in amazement.

"Did you find this money, too?"

"Yes, Massa Bob," answered Clip, faintly.

"Clip, I am convinced you are lying."

"No I'm not."

"No I'm not."
"Do you mean to tell me you found all these coins on the sidewalk?"
"Yes, Massa Bob."
"That is not very likely. Clip, I don't want to suspect you of dishonesty, but it looks very much as if you had been stealing."

ing."
"No I haven't, Massa Bob," asserted Clip,

stoutly.
"Do you still tell me that you found all this money?

Clip began to find himself involved in the intricacies of his lie, and his courage

No, Massa Bob. Don't you get mad with me, and I'll tell you the trufe.
"Tell it, then."

"A gemman gave it to me."

"A gentleman gave you this money. What did he give it to you for?"
"He—he wanted to go down de ribber,"

"He—he wanted to go do....
stammered Clip.
"Wanted to go down the river? Suppose he did," said Bob, not yet understanding, "why should he give you money?"
"He wanted me to let him go as a passenger on de boat."
"Ha!" said Bob, a sudden light breaking in upon him. "And you agreed to take

"Ye-es, Massa Bob." "Where is he now?"

It was not Clip that answered this ques-on. There was heard a noise from the cortion. ner as of some one moving about, and from his sheltered place of refuge, the mysterious passenger stepped forth. He coolly took out his silk handkerchief and dusted his coat and vest.
"Really," he said, "I can't say much for

your accommodations for passengers. Have you got such a thing as a clothes brush on board this craft?"

Bob stared at him in amazement, and could not find a word to say for the space

"Who are you, sir?" he asked at length.
"Who am I? Well, you may call me
John Smith for want of a better name."

"When did you come on board?"
"At the last landing. I made a bargain with that dark-complexioned young man"—with a grin at Clip—"who for the sum of five dollars agreed to convey me to St. Louis. It wasn't a very high price, if I had decent

accommodations ' "Why didn't you tell me this, Clip?" demanded Bob.

"I—de gemman didn't want me to," stammered Clip.
"Quite right," corroborated the stranger. "I told Clip he needn't mention our little arrangement, as he thought you might object to it. I don't blame him for telling you at last, for you forced him to do so. I suppose you are the captain."

"I am all the captain there is," answered

Bob. "I am delighted to make your acquaint-ance, really. I assure you I am glad to get out of that dusty hole, and presume you will now allow me the freedom of the deck."

The stranger was so cool and self-possessed—cheeky, perhaps it might be called—that Bob eyed him in wonder.
"Why did you select my boat in preference to a regular passenger steamer?" he

asked.
"A little whim of mine!" answered the "A little whim of mine!" answered the other, airily. "The truth is, I am a newspaper reporter, and I thought such a trip as I am making would furnish the materials for a taking article. I mean to call it 'In the Steerage; or, A Boat Ride on the Missouri.' Good idea, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, it might be," said Bob, dryly; "but I think the owner of the boat ought to have been consulted."

"Accept my apologies, Captain Bob,"

Accept my apologies, Captain Bob," the passenger, with a smile. "If there said the passenger, with a smile. "If there was a saloon near, I would invite you to take

a drink with me, but—"
"Never mind. I don't drink. Here,

"Never mind. I don't drink. Here, Clip!"
"Well, Massa Bob."
"You did wrong to take this man's money, and you must return it."
At these last words Clip's countenance

fell. Bob counted the money and handed it

to the stranger.
"There are twenty-five cents missing," he said. "I will make that up from my own pocket."
"Let the boy keep the money. I don't want it back."
"I evaport allow him to keep it."

"I cannot allow him to keep it."
Clip's face, which had brightened at the stranger's words, fell again.

"What is your objection?" asked the passenger.

"I may as well be frank with you. I understand your reason for embarking on my boat in preference to waiting for a river steamer. You were in a hurry to leave the

"That's what I said."

"Shall I mention the reason?"

"If you like."

Because you had been implicated in robbing a store—perhaps several. This is stolen money."

"I deny it. I may have been suspected. In fact, I don't mind admitting that I was, him?" asked Mr. Granger, quickly.

and that I thought it my best policy to get away. The good people were likely to give me a great deal of trouble. Thanks to you

"Not to me."

"Not to me."
"To Clip, then, I managed to elude their vigilance. It makes me laugh to think of their disappointment."
Bob did not appear to look upon it as a

joke, however.
"Of course, I shall not allow you to remain on the boat," he said.

"I'll give you twenty-five—thirty dol-lars," said the stranger, earnestly.
"I decline. It would be making me your accomplice. I would be receiving stolen money."
"What do you propose, then?"

"I will steer the boat as near the shore

"Yery well," he said. "We must be eight or ten miles away from my accusers.

I think I can manage for myself now."

In ten minutes the stranger stepped jauntily ashore, and, lifting his hat, bade Bob a cheerful good by.

CHAPTER XXVIII. SAM FINDS A RELATION.

SAM FINDS A RELATION.

S my readers may feel interested in the subsequent adventures of the mysterious passenger, I may state that his extraordinary coolness did not save him. A description of his appearance had been sent to the neighboring towns, and only a few hours after he had left the ferry heat he was arrested, and taken heat to boat he was arrested, and taken back to the scene of his theft. A trial was held immediately, and before the end of the week he found himself an inmate of the county jail.

On the day succeeding his departure, Bob brought the boat to anchor at a place we will call Sheldon.

There was no restaurant, and Sam took supper at the Sheldon Hotel.
Clip had been sent on shore first, and the boys felt in no hurry to return. They accordingly sat down on a settee upon the veranda which ran along the front of the ho-

As they sat there, unknown to themselves they attracted the attention of a middle-aged man with sandy hair and complexion, whose glances, however, seemed to be espe-cially directed towards Sam.

Finally, he approached the boys, and commenced a conversation.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "you are strangers here, I imagine?"
"Yes, sir," replied Bob.
"Are you traveling through the country?"

"We have a boat on the river, sir; but we generally tie up at night, and start fresh

in the morning."

"How far do you intend going?"

"To St. Louis.

"Pardon my curiosity, but it is not common for two boys of your age to undertake such an enterprise alone. Are you in charge of the boat?"

"He is," said Sam, indicating Bob. "And you, I suppose, are a relative of

his?"
"No, sir; I help him."

"Have you come from a distance?"
"Decidedly," thought Bob, "this gentle-

man is very curious. Still there seemed to be no reason for concealment, and accordingly he mentioned the name of the village in which Sam and

himself made their home. himself made their home.

Their new acquaintance appeared to take extraordinary interest in this intelligence.

"Is there a man named Wolverton who lives in your town?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Bob, in surprise;
"Aaron Wolverton."

"Exactly. This young man," indicating Sam, "has the Wolverton look."

Now it was Sam's turn to be surprised.

Now it was Sam's turn to be surprised.
"I am Sam Wolverton," he said. "

you know my uncle?"
"I not only know him, but I knew your father, if you are the son of John Wolver-

"That was my father's name. "Then I am a relative. My name is Robert Granger, and I am a cousin of your

mother."

"My mother's maiden name was Granger," said Sam, becoming very much interested. "Do you live here, sir?"

"Yes; I have lived in Sheldon for the last ten years. I came from Ohio originally. It was there that your father met my service."

Tenny and morning here. Do you cousin Fanny, and married here. Do you live with your uncle Aaron?"
"I have been living with him," answered

Sam looked inquiringly at Bob. hardly knew whether it would be advisable for him to take this stranger, relation

for him to take this stranger, relation though he were, into his confidence.

Bob answered his unspoken inquiry.

"Tell him all, Sam," he said.

"I have left my uncle Aaron," said Sam.

"without his consent. I hid on board Bob's boat, and got away."

"You have run away, then?"

"Yes, sir; you may blame me for doing so, but you would not if you knew how meanly uncle Aaron has treated me!"

so, but you would not if you knew how meanly uncle Aaron has treated me!"
"I know Aaron Wolverton, and I am far from admiring him," said Robert Granger.
"But in what way has he ill-treated you?"
"He made me work very hard, and would not always give me enough to eat.
He keeps a very plain table."
"But why should he make you work hard?"

hard?

"He said I ought to earn my living."

"Did he say that?"
"Yes, whenever I complained. He asked
me what would have become of me if he

me what would have become of me if he had not given me a home."

"The old hypocrite! And what has he done with your property?"

"My property!" repeated Sam, hardly believing his ears.

"Yes. Of course you know that you have property, and that your uncle Aaron is your guardian?"

"I never knew that I had a cent of money, sir. Uncle always said that my father died very poor."

"Your father, to my knowledge, left property to the amount of five thousand dollars."

"That is all news to me, Mr. Granger."
"And to me," added Bob. "I heard Mr. Wolverton tell my father the same story, that John Wolverton died without a cent, and that he had taken in Sam out of chariter."

ity."
"He seems to have taken him in, em-

phatically."
"In what did the property consist?" asked Bob.

asked Bob.

"In a house, situated in St. Louis—a small house in the outskirts of the city—and some shares of bank stock."

"He thought Sam would never find out anything of it."

"I should not, if I had not met you, Mr.

I should not, if I had not met you, Mr. Granger."
"Old Aaron Wolverton is a long-headed

man; but even long-headed men sometimes over-reach themselves, and I think he has "But what can I do, sir? I am only a boy, and if I should say anything about the matter to uncle Aaron, he would deny it,

and perhaps treat me the worse."
"There is one thing Aaron Wolverton is "There is one thing Aaron Wolverton is afraid of, and that is the law. He doesn't care for the honesty or dishonesty of a transaction, but he doesn't mean to let the law trip him up. That is the hold we shall have upon him."

"I believe you there," said Bob. "He has already tried to swindle my mother, and he is scheming now to get possession of our ranch. It is partly on that account that I started on this trip down the river."

"Do you carry freight, then?"
"Yes, sir; I carry a thousand bushels of

"Yes, sir; I carry a thousand bushels of wheat—rather more, in fact—intending to sell them in St. Louis."

"Couldn't you have sent them?"
"Yes, sir; but by taking the wheat to market myself, I shall save the heavy expense of freight, and commission for selling."
"You seem to be a smart boy," said

Robert Granger, eying Bob with interest. "I hope you are right," Bob answered, with a laugh.

"My young cousin accompanies you to help, I suppose?"
"He came on board at the last moment,

having determined to run away from Aaron

Wolverton."
"I wish you could spare him. I should like to take him home to talk over family matters with myself and my lawyer, and matters with myself and my lawyer, and we would concert some way of forcing Aaron Wolverton to give up his property. I have some children of my own, who would be glad to make his acquaintance."

"Would you like to accept Mr. Granger's invitation, Sam?" asked Bob.

"But I am afreid you will need me

But I am afraid you will need me,

Bob."
"No; I have Clip. I think it will be well for you to stay. I will call on my way So it was arranged that Sam should leave the boat and stay over. Bob returned to

the boat alone.

The next day proved to be an eventful

(To be continued.)

ALL SHALL BE WELL.

SIGH not that years unanswering pass away, And life seems all a mockery and a wrong: The morning and the evening swiftly blend; Soon as the sorrow and the silence end, A thousand years shall be as yesterday!

[This story commenced in No. 215.]

ALWAYS IN MUCK

By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XII.

SOMETHING MORE THAN AN ARGUMENT.

vengeance the young gentleman had threatened.

Captain Portbrook was as cool as one of the cucumbers which had grown in his fine garden the year before. He had been accustomed to trying positions in which it was not safe to lose his head, and from this kind of experience he had learned to control himself at all times.

But Pauline trembled like a leaf, and she had darken her place close to her father, as though she bedieved he was the only person in the world who could protect her. Paul did not intrude himself upon her, but he was not far off, and he was hardly less cool than her father. Self-possession seemed to come to him by nature.

"This young villain

Even your son cannot deny this," answered Captain Portbrook, with mildness and dignity.

"I had to deliver a letter, and I told her I would carry her home in a few minutes," interposed Claude, who possibly thought the argument was going against him.

"I wanted to get out of the buggy when we came to the road that leads down to the cottage, and he would not let me do so," said Pauline, who had recovered from her first terror when she saw that a fight did not begin at once. "Then he held me, and I screamed, for I thought my father might hear me."

"You screamed for that vagabond who came home with you," snapped Claude, beginning to boil with anger when he thought of the affair.

"I did not even see him till he took hold of the horse's head," replied Pauline warmly.

"That is the whole story, and the truth of the matter. I think nothing more need be said about it," continued Captain Portbrook.

"I think something more will be said, and something done about it," said Mrs. Moscott, stepping to the front, as though she was disgusted with the inaction of her husband and son. "Do you think I will allow my son to be beaten and mauled as he has been by that young secondrel?" And she made a pass as though she intended to do what her husband had failed so far to do.

"In dealing with a young scoundrel like your son, madam, he had to adopt vigorous measures, it appears," added Captain Portbrook, stepping in front of Paul to shield him from the wrath of the virago, if it should be necessary.

The retired shipmaster was a stalwart man, and was still in his prime. Any villain who

necessary.

The retired shipmaster was a stalwart man, and was still in his prime. Any villain who had met him in a lonely place with foul intent would have decided that he was not a safe man to attack.

"Do you compare my son with that rascal who assaulted him?" asked the irate lady. "He would suffer from the comparison if I did," added Captain Portbrook, with a smile, which was like the sting of a hornet to the female Moscott.

which was like the sting of a hornet to the female Moscott.

"You are impudent, sir!"

"I think you are somewhat excited, Mrs. Moscott," continued the old sailor, taking a conciliatory tone. "If you will look at the facts, you will take a different view of this disagreeable subject. Claude got Pauline into his buggy by a trick."

"It is false, sir!" hissed the female serpent.

"I think he will not deny it, though he may not have told you all the facts. He sent another person to the house where Pauline was, for he knew very well that she would not get into any vehicle with him to ride to Bloomhaven. The substitute lied to her at the instigation of your son; she was deceived and tricked into taking her seat in the buggy."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Let Claude deny it if he dares," suggested the captain sternly.

"I sent a young man after her, for I was not quite ready to start," muttered Claude.

"And your son had no business to strike him first. But Claude got out of his carriage and attacked Paul, and it appears that he got the worst of it, as he deserved. That is the whole of it, madam," said the captain, with another light bow.

"That isn't the whole of it: that young rascal shall be punished for what he has done. Lynch, if you don't take hold of him, I will do it myeelf! "hissed the lady, appealing to her husband.

Stung by this reproach, Mr. Moscott made a plunge at Paul, and Pauline uttered a wild scream. But Captain Portbrook had stood in front of a mutinous crew on the deck of his ship, and he was not in the slightest degree intimidated. He stepped in front of the angry man, and raised his arm with the dignity of a senator.

"Mr. Moscott, I shall defend Paul Munjoy to the last, and I know that I am able to do it. Before you resort to violence, I trust you will consider the consequences. If you put a finger on the young man I will pitch you out of the window as I would an unruly cur. If you feel that you or your son has been wronged, the only proper resort for you is the courts."

afraid they will kill you."
"Don't be at all alarmed, my dear child. I have no more fear of them than I should have of three little children. If they can once get over their fury, they will not attempt anything more," replied the father, caressing the frightened girl. "I will go out at the back door."
"I will go with you, sir," interposed Paul.
"I am no more afraid

sir," interposed Paul.

"I am no more afraid

of them than you are."

"I shall be glad to have you, for I may want
your eyes, though not your arm. I see you
have pluck enough for anything. Lock the
door after us, Pauline, and stay with Milly in
the dining-room."

Milly was the black girl who did all the work
of the house, and was entirely devoted to the
father and daughter, with whom she had
lived since the birth of the latter. She had
been in the kitchen, and had not heard a
sound of the controversy and encounter in
the front of the house.

Paul was directed to pass around the house
by the back way to the garden, upon which
opened the window through which Mr. Moscott had made his involuntary exit. He went
himself by the road that led to the stable.
The visitor found the window, for the night
was not very dark. It was evident that Mr.
Moscott had been injured by his fall, for the
window was several feet above the ground.

He was groaning, though he had succeeded
in raising himself from the grass upon which
he had fallen. He had just begun to hobble
towards the front of the house. Paul stepped
up to him, for he could hear nothing of the
sufferer's wife and son.

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked Paul.



THE STALWART CA TAIN SEIZED MR. MOSCOTT, AND PITCHED HIM CLEAN no trouble," added the captain.

"She tried to jump out, and I was afraid she would get hurt," pleaded Paul.

"Why didn't you stop and permit her to get out, as she could have done without any help from you?" demanded the captain.

"I wanted to have her go with me till I delivered a letter, and then I would have carried her home," answered Claude in a dogged tone. OUT OF THE OPEN WINDOW.

'Punish that boy, or I will!" added Mr.

"Punish that poy, or 1 win: added M. Moscott.

He attempted to seize Paul again. At the same moment the stout captain grasped him by his coat collar and cloth of his trousers, and in the twinkling of an eye he had pitched him clean out of the large, open window.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE.

APTAIN PORTBROOK, without waiting to ascertain the fate of his vanquished assailant, closed and fastened the window through which he had hurled the Moscott, who was a smaller man than himself. Mrs. Moscott and her son were so much astonished by the vigorous action of the captain that they did not attempt to follow up the attack the lady had insisted upon.

The master of the cottage and of the situation was calm as though he had only thrown an old newspaper out the window. Pauline had retreated to a point near the door of the dining-room, and Paul stood between her and any possible harm. Claude evidently had no stomach to follow up the attack.

As soon as the lady recovered from her bewilderment at the sudden action of the cap-

"Don't you call my son a scoundrel. Captain Portbrook!" said she in her highest key.
"I borrowed the term from you, madam," replied the captain, with a slight bow to her."

"He had no business to strike my son," growled the Moscott woman.

ried ner nome, answertener, one tone.

"In other words, you compelled her to go with you, and she resisted. Fortunately, Paul Munjoy was at hand, and I am very grateful to him for the service he rendered my denother."

could not go back till evening."

You allowed Pauline to think it was Bromley's team that went to the house after her. Pass over all this, young man: if you had allowed her to get out of the buggy when your reached the bay road, there would have been no trouble," added the captain.

"I am hurt," replied Mr. Moscott; and it was clear that all his wrath had evaporated under the sharp discipline of his late partner. 'I am afraid my leg is broken."

"I think not, sir; if it were, you could not stand upon it. Let me assist you?" added Paul.

stand upon it. Let me assist you?" added Paul.

The injured man readily gave his arm to Paul, and perhaps did not know he was the enemy for whom he had come. The victim seemed to be more injured in his shoulders than in his legs, for he complained of them as soon as he began to walk. But he had no great difficulty in reaching the front of the house. At this point Paul heard the voices of Mrs. Moscott and Claude, and he had some doubts in regard to opening himself to an attack from them. But the captain was close at hand, and he continued his good offices till he reached the front door.

"This is bad business for me," said Moscott, calling to his wife. "My leg is broken and my shoulders are out of joint?

"Is that the young villain who is holding you up?" demanded the irate lady, who had not yet lost her venom.

"Don't touch him, or you will kill me!" groaned the sufferer.

"I will tear him to pieces," retorted the

groaned the sufferer.
"I will tear him to pieces," retorted the

"I will tear min to prove woman.
"If you touch him, madam, you will compel me to interfere again," interposed Captain Portbrook, coming upon the scene at this moment. "You had better attend to your Band."
Don't touch him, Susanne!" added Mr. scott, with a groan. "I am suffering, and

"Don't touch him, Susanne!" added Mr. Moscott, with a groan. "I am suffering, and I want help."
Paul saw that a carriage was standing at the front gate, and he conducted his charge to it without minding the talk of the woman. Captain Portbrook came to his assistance, and Mr. Moscott was helped into the vehicle, which was a carryall of four seats. Lither because she had had enough of it, or because she heeded the appeal of her husband, the lady did not interfere, and the captain and Paul behaved like friends rather than foes. Claude helped his mother to a seat by the side of his father, and then took the front one himself as driver.
"I hope you are not much hurt, Mr. Moscott," said Captain Portbrook, at the door of the vehicle.
"No thanks to you if I am not," growled the sufferer, "You did your best to kill me."
"I don't allow any one to attack me or my guests in my own house," replied the captain. I am sorry you and your wife resorted to violence under my roof,"
"It is not your roof!" snarled the lady, "and you owe us a hundred thousand dolars, which you will pay, or all you have shall be taken."
Captain Portbrook made no reply. Perhaps

lars, which you will pay, or all you have shall be taken."

Captain Portbrook made no reply. Perhaps Claude had had enough for that evening, and he drove off. The captain rang the bell at the front door as soon as the vehicle had gone. The door was opened by Milly, with Pauline close behind her. They went into the parlor, and for half an hour they discussed the exciting events of the evening.

"I suppose he will prosecute you, and perhaps me, after what has happened." suggested Paul.

"No, he will not; for any fourth-rate lawyer can tell him that he and his son were the aggressors."

Pauline looked as though she was relieved by this opinion of her father, for she dreaded a court.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ANTECEDENTS OF THE MOSCOTTS.

OMETHING had been said before about a prosecution of Paul for the punishment he had given Claude by the side of the road. Pauline had been afraid she should be called into court as a witness; but the captain was confident there would be nothing of the kind. The Moscotts, had no case, and must suffer infinitely more from an exposure than any other person.

"But there will, doubtless, be another case in the courts, though Pauline will not be a witness," added Captain Portbrook; and it was evident that he was not as confident in regard to this one.

"I was sorry to hear the threat Mrs. Moscott made," said Paul. "I can hardly believe she is the sister of poor Mrs. Munjoy; she is such an entirely different person."

"Her husband is a scoundrel and a villain, as I ought to know better than any other person in the world, for he and I were partners in business for over ten years," continued the captain. "He is as hard up for money as I am, though, but that is no consolation to me. I think he has not sued me yet for the reason that he is short of money. When I heard of the death of Mrs. Munjoy. I concluded that her fortune, or whatever part of it came to the Moscotts, would enable him to begin his suit."

"I am sorry that any of my mother's money should be used for such a purpose; and perhaps it will not be," added Paul, as he thought again of the sardine box in the rocks.

"I know something about the affairs of the Moscotts, which I learned before we had the

it, but there was something wonderfully attractive about the beautiful maiden which he could not yet understand.

Doubtless both she and her father had a strong influence upon Paul to induce him to make them his confidants at this early stage of their acquaintance. The fact that they had already come into collision with the Moscotts had a powerful effect upon his mind, for whatever else they might do, they would never betray him to his worst, and, in fact, only enemies,

ever else they might do, they would never betray him to his worst, and, in fact, only enemies.

It was not without reflection, serious and energetic, that he told his entire story to Captain Portbrook and his daughter. He omitted nothing that he could recall, not even the details of the finding of the sardine box. He gave all the particulars of the fall of the kiosk, and asked if it was possible that Claude had been sent to Sparhyte to destroy him.

Claude had been sent to Sparhyte to desured him.

"I cannot think that Claude is villain enough to do such a deed. To me he is more like a simpleton than a villain, though he inherits not a little of his father's cunning and rascality," replied Captain Portbrook. "But I have no doubt he found the tin case containing the will, and tried to destroy it in the fire. Your first business is to obtain possession of that."

"I understand that perfectly; and I intend to leave as soon as I can, for the idea did not come to me till Claude spoke of it, and then I saw it at once."

"Inderstand that perfectly; and I intend to leave as soon as I can, for the idea did not come to me till Claude spoke of it, and then I saw it at once."

"You must leave Bloomhaven by the first coach in the morning. I would go with you if I could afford to spare the money," added the captain. "It is important that you should know something more about the Moscotts. Before I begin, I must say that I am astonished that Mrs. Munjoy should conceal her will in such a place."

"She did so because her husband had done so before." Paul explained.

"That is the very reason why she should not have done so. Moscott told me himself, at the time of Colonel Munjoy's death, that his will had been found in a hole in a rock. He laughed when he added that the colonel's wife did everything exactly as he did it, and he was sure she would put her will in the same place."

"My poor mother was devoted to the memory of the colonel: but she must have forgotten that she told her sister where the will had been found. Her memory was far from being good, and she often forgot the most important matters."

"If Claude had let the tin box alone, for I don't believe his father would have trusted him to do such a delicate job as the destrution of the will, the case might have gone against you. Very likely the meddling of Claude in the matter will make you the victor in the will case, though I have no doubt Mrs. Moscott will contest the document."

"I tremble when I think that I had the tin case in my hands, and that I threw it away as something worthless in the rocks. Claude was certainly a simpleton, or he would not have made the fire in the woods. I have no doubt he believed the fire would destroy its contents, if not the box itself, before any one could reach it. If the wood had not been wet from the recent rains he would have certainly succeeded," said Paul, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Did Mrs. Munjoy ever tell you the history of her family, Paul?" asked the captain.

"She never told me anything about the matter, except that she ship. About this time, or justified, and his two daughters were both married, one to Moscott and the other to Colonel

sing. Adon this two daughters were both married, one to Moscott and the other to Colonel Munjoy.

"The brother of Amos was twelve or fifteen years younger, and had made half a million in mining stocks in California. He married a remarkably handsome young woman who had gone to the Pacific for her health. They had one child, a boy of one year old. Paul brought his fortune to New York and invested it in real estate and bonds. He traveled a great deal with his young wife and a French nurse. He could not attend to his property, and he called in his brother to take charge of it. It was said that he did this as much assist Amos as for any other reason.

"But Part's wife falled in health again, and he took her to Europe. She did his the sath of France, and Paul went to lacis with his child and the nurse. He stayed there several months. One day a friend recognized his dead body in the morgue. His rem ins had been taken from the Seine, and dere were no marks of violence upon him. The inquiry showed that he had died of deart disease. How his body came in the river no one could explain.

"The nurse took possession of the body, with the help of his friends, and it was embalmed. She wrote to Paul's brother, and he crossed the ocean at once. The remains were sent home, and now repose in Greenwood. Amos took possession of the effects of his brother, and the nurse—I am sorry I have forgotten her name—was directed to bring the child to New York as soon as the weather was more favorable, for these last events took place in the winter.

"The nurse started for New York in a French steamer in April. She wrote to Amos before she left that the child was very sickly, and she feared that it would not live long. It did not live to reach its destination; it died, and was buried at sea. Of course Amos was the next heir, and he inherited all his brother's property.

"Within five years, I think it was, Amos died with heart disease himself, and the prop-

should be used for such a purpose; and perhaps it will not be." added Paul, as he has it will not be." added Paul, as he has it will not be." added Paul, as he has it will not be." added Paul, as he has it will not be. "It know something about the affairs of the Mosotts, which I learned before we had the rupture in our business. It was said that her adopted son would be her principal, if not her sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her fortung or the part of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her fortung or the part of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her fortung or the part of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her fortung or the part of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her fortung or the part of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her fortung or the part of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her for heart of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her for heart of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her for heart of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her for heart of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her for heart of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her for heart of the sole heir. They were extremely bitter against her when she told them that her for heart of her when she told them that her for heart of her when she told them that her for heart of her when she told them that her for heart of her when she told them that her for heart of her with the help of his friends, and it was called the attention of the ceupants whispers, called the attention of the ruptions. The heavy seats immediately behind may be sole

time I was a partner of Moscott, in a small way, I had two hundred thousand dollars, which I made in China and Africa. I wanted occupation, and for this rosson had good becompation, and for this rosson had good become the control of the



ON THE EAST-BOUND TRAIN.

OHAPTER XXXIII.

ON THE EAST-BOUND TRAIN.

OM GREY SON began his eastward journey with a heart full of pleasing anticipations and hopeful expectancy. He found the section allotted him by his sleeper ticket in the Pullman car of the long train, which, on the morning following the events of the previous chapter, was being made up in the great depot.

Having seated himself next the wide plateglass window, he disposed his traveling bag at his feet, and began watching the different passengers as they entered the luxurious car, which was to be their abiding place for the following few days.

There were millionaires and their wives, wealthy ranchers and actors, a lecturer or two, and the invariable newly married couple on their marriage tour; but these had only a passing legree of interest for Tom.

His own seatmate proved to be a smiling olive-hued young Japanese nobleman, making a tour of the States, under the guardianship of his tutor, a grave looking Oxford graduate, who sat opposite.

A moment later, a tall and splendidly proportioned man, dressed in the extreme of fashion, took his seat directly in front of Tom. He was evidently some well-known personage, to judge by the glances cast at him by two or three of the occupants, who in mysterious whispers, called the attention of those near them to the newcomer.

"Do you know the gentleman that has just entered, Mr. Oakman?" Tom heard the graduate inquire of his neighbor, who was a celebrated Brooklyn dlyine.

"That, sir," replied Mr. Oakman, smilingly, "is Mr.—"

But the escaping steam from an engine made such a noise that Tom lost the name.

him, though it was quite evident that her curiosity was somewhat aroused on the subject.

She talked quite freely of her professional tour; but like Tom himself, she told nothing of her personal history.

The days, like the cars, rolled on, and the passengers began to disperse.

At Chicago, the young Japanese noble and his tutor said good by. At New York, Mr. Oakman, the genial divine, tripped lightly from the car platform, to be received literally with open arms by an enthusiastic parishioner.

Madam Norman and Monsieur Pierre took their departure at New Haven, where they were billed for a concert.

"We may never see each other again," said the singer, bending her dark and still lustrous eyes on Tom's good-looking face, as he rose respectfully for the final farewell, "but I shall not forget your great kindness and courtesy. Would that I had such a son to be the stay of my own declining years—adieu." And with a kindly smile, the singer, accompanied by M. Pierre, took her departure, little dreaming where, and under what circumstances she and Tom Greyson were to meet again.

There were only strangers, Tom thought, in the car in which he had taken his seat at Springfield.

Now Tom was sitting well forward, when he caught an occasional glimpse of the occupants of the two seats immediately behind him, in the narrow strip of mirror before him.

-askin' of him questions ever sence I come board, but can't git a word out of him. It's dretful misfortin' for sech a nice lookin' oung feller as he is."

a dretful mistortin for seen a fine fookin young feller as he is."
Was it fancy, or did the merest shadowy semblance of a smile flash over the well-dressed passenger's features at this juncture?

CHAPTER XXXIV. THE TWO TOMS MEET AGAIN.

THE TWO TOMS MEET AGAIN.

HE long railway journey was now nearly at an end. The day drew to its close, and as the lengthening shadows began to fall across the Berkshire hills, the long train entered the outskirts of the Hub. Amid a clangor of engine bells, it slowed down and stopped in the Fitchburg station, as the brakeman flung open the door, and announced in a stentorian voice, "Boston!"

slowed down and stopped in the Fitchburg station, as the brakeman flung open the door, and announced in a stentorian voice, "Boston!"

Scarcely waiting to swallow a hasty meal at the lunch counter. Tom obtained the necessary directions, and proceeded at once to Mapletown—a few minutes' ride by rail from Boston.

At the station he was directed to the street and number given him by Colonel North.

Making his way hurriedly through the main thoroughfare, Tom quickly found himself in Clifton Avenue, at the corner of which stood an unpretending two-story house, known, so the station agent said, as "the Greyson place."

Tom's heart thumped furiously against his ribs, as, having pulled the bell, he stood waiting for some one to answer it. The door was suddenly opened by a tall gray-haired woman, with a severe aspect, and a very red nose, and his hopes fell. This was never the mother of his dreams!

"Does Mrs. Thomas Greyson live here?" he asked, in faltering accents.

"Land of c'mpassion—no," snapped the woman, raising the handlamp she was holding for a better view of the speaker; "there's no sech person in this neighborhood, that I know of."

"Ask if she was a kind of stage singer?" called a masculine voice from the open door of an adjoining room; "for 'pears to me the name's kinder familiar."

"I think she was," returned Tom, hesitatingly.

"Same woman I'm thinkin' of, then," responded the voice. "I remember now about

name's kinder familiar."

"I think she was," returned Tom, hesitatingly.

"Same woman I'm thinkin' of, then," responded the voice, "I remember now about it: the lawyer that had the mor'gage on her place here foreclosed, and she went off somewhere, and died in some kind of a 'sylum out West, some four or five years ago."

"Thank you—good night." said Tom, faintly, and, swallowing a great sob, he hurried back to the station, where he took the first train to Boston, feeling lonely and sick at heart.

The next morning he sat near one of the long windows of the reading-room at Parker's, in the depths of dejection and disappointment.

Only one effort more remained to be made, and this more as a matter of duty than from any expected results.

"I don't care so much about the money, now that I have no one to share it with me, and I shall have enough and to spare if I go back to grandpa; but I should like to know something about Mr. Sherard and Miss Dolly," he told himself. And sittling at the writing-desk, Tom drew up the following notice:

"If this notice should reach the eyes of Mr.

"If this notice should reach the eyes of Mr. Hartley Sherard or his daughter, Dolores, who left Arizona at some time during the present year, will they communicate at once with the undersigned? Address:

T. G., Room 309, Parker House, Boston."

Tom had little hope that this would aid

Tom had little hope that this would aid him.

His principal mission had utterly failed, and all that remained to do was to return to San Francisco and his grandfather. Writing briefly to this effect to Captain Greyson, Tom posted the letter, and took his advertisement to the Globe office.

Three or four days passed without incident. Indeed, Tom had fully decided that henceforth his life was destined to move on in the ordinary groove of every day mortals.

His only acquaintances were good-looking Mr. Herrick, and his genial associate, Mr. Shea, at the periodical counter, with whom he chatted occasionally, as he bought his papers from day to day. These gentlemental always courteous and well-informed on all points of interest, seemed to know by sight all the "notables" who were in the hab. to frequenting the room whether guests or habitues.

"See that young chap with the diamond

anthe hotates who were in the hat. Of requenting the room whether guests or habitues.

"See that young chap with the diamond solitaire and swell velvet smoking coat, coming this way?" observed Mr. Shea, one morning, in a confidential undertone, as Tom leaned idly against the news stand. "They say he's a daisy for spending the dollars," continued the pleasant-faced speaker, as Tom, with a great start of surprise, recognized in the individual thus designated no other than the young deaf mute of the railroad train. "His name is Caton, from New Orleans, with a big pile of money. He booked here last night, engaged the best single room in the new Annex, and—"

Here Mr. Stea stopped abruptly, as the gilt-edged youth, who did not notice Tom, stepped to the counter.
"Morning papers, please," he said, and Tom drew a long breath.
"I knew I wasn't mistaken. His voice gives him away," he muttered in considerable bewilderment.

Young Caton took his papers to a seat near

him away, ne muttered ...
wilderment.
Young Caton took his papers to a seat near
the window, and after a moment's hesitation
Tom followed, and dropped into the nearest

chair.

"Have you got back your hearing as well as your voice. Tom?" he dryly asked; and the other duplicated Tom's previous start of surprise, while he changed color visibly as he encountered Tom's gaze.

"Confound", Dean, or Greyson, whichever I'm to call ou," he exclaimed, irritably, "pray whe is your object in dogging me round in this manner?"

"I hardly know what you mean," was Tom s quiet reply, "unless you refer to our meeting on the train, when I was uncertain whether it was you or not. And as for the rest," ne continued, "I've been stopping here for the past four or five days, and as you only arginal to the continued of the past four or five days, and as you only arginal to the continued or the state of the state o

It was you or not. And as for the rest." he continued, "I've been stopping here for the past four or five days, and as you only arrived last night, you can hardly accuse me of dogging you."

There was something in Tom's voice and manner which carried the evidence of his truthfulness, even to his hearer, who, being both untruthful and deceitful himself, was accustomed to regard the world in general as similarly afflicted.

Caton, as I shall have to call him, looked curiously at Tom for a moment, and then his countenance cleared.

"All right, old chap," he said, resuming his usual easy address. "I'm glad to see you, though I don't mind saying, that I'd nearly as soon have met the old man Greyson himself as you on the train coming East. That's why I bluffed you as I did." And the speaker chuckled gleefully at the recollection of his ruse.

"But why?" wonderingly asked Tom

chuckled gleefully at the recollection of his ruse.

"But why?" wonderingly asked Tom.

"Well," was the half laughing reply, "a fellow hates tremendously to run across anybody who might call his past crookedness to mind—that was one reason."

Tom only started at this very unexpected admission, and wondered what on earth was coming.

"Then you hadn't heard of my streak of luck, eh, Tom?" he said, with a sharp glance at his companion, "or that I'd cut the whole concern—North and all the rest of it?"

"I haven't heard a word about you personally since I said good by to you in Holcomb," was the quiet reply, "though I have thought about you more than once, and wondered how you enjoyed the 'free wild life of the plains' which you were anticipating."

"Ah," said the other, slowly. "Look here, Tom, I'm not fool enough to try to pull the wool over your eyes, especially when I know that you heard old man Greyson's story, eh?"

Here he paused interrogatively, while Tom

Tom, I'm not fool enough to try to pull the wool over your eyes, especially when I know that you heard old man Greyson's story, eh?"

Here he paused interrogatively, while Tom nodded. Looking a trifle discontented, the colonel's Tom continued:

"Very well, I don't deny that I've been a bad lot, a very bad lot, but what could be expected of a foundling, brought up without any good influences to keep him straight, and all the while under the thumb of a man like North? But we won't speak of that. To make a long story short, after I left you I joined a party of prospectors, bound for the Great Northwestern Divide. We made the richest find of the season: and when I came back to Frisco I sold out my interest to capitalists, who bought the territory, staked it out, and formed the Grand Consolidated—"

"N. M. & A. A. Mining Company, with Signor Gomez, alias Colonel North, for president," interrupted Tom.

"So you know all about it," said Caton, with an uneasy glance at his companion.

"I know nothing whatever about the company or its workings, excepting that the colonel is its president, and the fact that Major Smith—if such is his real name—is in some way connected with it," carelessly replied Tom. Then he briefly explained his recognition of the colonel, at which Caton drew a sigh of evident relief.

"Smith is—was—secretary of the company," he said, rather awkwardly; "but to go on with my story. The colonel, of course, hung on for me to stay by, but I had made up my mind that if I ever was going to turn round and cut the concern, that was the time. So I kept my own counsel—and my money, which was close to ten thousand dollars, and slipped off without letting any one know where I was going—and here I am, Mr. Tom Caton, of New Orleans, very much at your service. I came East because I wanted to see something of the country, and I'm glad I did, for I've fallen in with some nice people, and I'm getting interested in a pretty girl, whose father has no end of money. She and here father have given me an invitation to go yach umph.
Who this young lady was, we will explain

CHAPTER XXXV. TOM MAKES AN ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

TOM MAKES AN EXEMY.

OU haven't told me yet, what brought you to Boston," suddenly exclaimed Caton, eying Tom, curiously.

Without going into lengthy detail,
Tom briefly spoke of his errand and the sad disappointment he had met. Young Caton expressed no particular surprise; and only a few polite regrets.

"Then I suppose you go back to San Francisco at once," he said, inquiringly.

Tom hesitated.

"I was fortunate enough to be of some service to a gentleman and his daughter who belonged originally in New York, while I was in Arizona." he finally explained, with a little awkwardness, "and, as I would like to see them again, for certain private reasons, I shall stay two or three days longer, hoping to get an answer to this advertisement.

And Tom extended a copy of the Globe, indicating the notice with his finger.

"A lady in your case, too," laughed Caton.
Then he stopped abruptly, as, with the journal held in such a way that it hid his face, he glanced at the designated paragraph.

"If that is all that keeps you here," he said at length, speaking in a curiously constrained voice, "you can start to-morrow; for you'll never hear from that advertisement."

"What do you mean?" wonderingly asked Tom.

"Simply this," replied Caton, dropping the paper and speaking with easy assurance.

"What do you mean?" wonderingly asked Tom.
"Simply this," replied Caton, dropping the paper and speaking with easy assurance.
"I remember very well that some time last spring this same Mr. Hartley Sherard, and pretty Dolly, his daughter, were in Frisco and called on old man Greyson. Mr. Sherard said he had made a small fortune in Arizona—he did not explain how—and had decided to buy a coffee plantation in some part of South America, We went down to see them off the

day they sailed, and that was the last known of them, as the steamer was never heard from, and is supposed to have gone down with all as board."

day they sailed, and that was the last known of them, as the steamer was never heard from, and is supposed to have gone down with all on board."

Now if Mr. Caton had stopped here, things might have taken a very different turn. It is true that he had known, by mere accident, that Mr. Sherard and his daughter had called on Captain Greyson, with whom the former had been slightly acquainted, and Caton had caught a glimpse of Dolly as she passed out of the house; this was the extent of his acquaintance.

But one of his weaknesses was a fondness for boasting of his success with the fair sex, and he went on, while Tom was almost stunned by the unexpected news, which he had no earthly reason for doubting.

"Dolly and I had got well acquainted while she was there, and the truth is, I rather flatter myself I made a very strong simpression upon her susceptible heart!"

Tom's color rose, and with it the Greyson temper at these boastful words, and the insolent look which accompanied them.

"You!" he scornfully ejaculated, forgetful of self-restraint and courtesy alike. And he had no need to add aloud his meaning, "you, the impostor, liar, and thief!" for Caton read it all too plainly in his voice and manner.

All the inherent and acquired evil in the young man's nature seemed for one brief moment to be shadowed on his features, and he retorted hotly.

The propriety of the hotel reading-room had once or twice, in days when political interest ran high, been disturbed by loud and angry voices in heated discussion, but never by any more significant demonstration.

Then followed a general uprising, as a handsomely dressed young man sprang to his feet, with the imprint of four muscular flugers across his pale and rage-distorted face.

Uttering a fierce imprecation, he made a spring at Tom; but the heavy-weight head porter, whose muscle had been greatly augmented by wrestling with drummers' sample cases and Saratoga trunks, promptly bore down upon him.

"Aisy, now, misther," he remarked, in persuasively Hibernian accents, as, pin

And so did I. I heartily apologize for such

"And so did I. I heartily apologize for such a show of temper," impulsively exclaimed Tom. As he spoke he extended his hand, but Caton cast one look of supreme hatred at his late companion, and hastily left the room. Greatly ashamed at the ebullition of temper which, as he was painfully aware, had made him the focus of a number of pairs of eyes, Tom dropped into his chair again.

"I fancy you've made a dangerous enemy, young man," said the smooth, even voice of a plainly dressed, middle-aged gentleman, with rather inexpressive, smooth-shaven features, who was sitting in the chair vacated by Caton.

Caton.
"He is an acquaintance of yours?" inquiringly continued the speaker, with seeming carelessness, as Tom only nodded in reply.
"I have met him before," answered Tom, distantly.

ingly continued the speaker, with seeming carelessness, as Tom only nodded in reply.

"I have met him before," answered Tom, distantly.

"Um," was the dubious response. Then, drawing from a side pocket some business cards, he handed one to Tom. "It is always well to be prepared for emergencies," he said, gravely, "and this company which I represent, the Risk and Accident Insurance Company, provide against loss to your family by shooting."

"But I have no family, Mr.—er—Blake," returned Tom, glancing at the name at the bottom of the card, and laughing, in spite of himself, at the speaker's business-like tone; "and, besides, I don't apprehend any such result, though Tom is—"
Here he pulled himself up short, rather wondering at the quick, sharp glance vouch-safed him from a pair of dull gray eyes, which, in their normal state, seemed as expressionless as a boy's marble.

Unlike most insurance men, Mr. Blake did not pursue his favorite topic, but drifted off into generalities. Little by little, yet seemingly without intent, he tried to lead the talk back to the incident of a few moments previous; but Tom, seeing his drift, was very guarded in his replies.

Finally Mr. Blake took his departure, and Tom took up a paper which had been left in one of the chairs, and began to glance over it, though the image of Caton seemed scampering up and down the columns.

Suddenly his eye caught the head-line of one of the abbreviated dispatches, dated San Francisco, and he uttered a low whistle of astonishment.

(To be continued.)

Francisco, and tonishment.
(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for The Golden Argosy. He can get you any number you may want.

WHAT REFORMED HIM.

To the long list of prominent men who have died during the past two years has just been added the name of John Roach, the famous ship-builder. Among the stories and anecdotes the press has given us concerning his life and habits, we find the following, which has been told several times before, but will bear telling again:

fore, but will bear telling again:

There was a man who was with him up to the very last, and who was, when the concern closed down, getting a salary of more than \$3,000 a year. Some years ago this man's drunkenness was a constant source of trouble to Mr. Roach, who tried vainly by reasoning with him to reform him. Finally the young man came himself and asked to be discharged, saying he was convinced of his own worthlessness.

"If you go it will be by no discharge of mine, Henry," Mr. Roach said, "but you may sign this and resign if you like."

Mr. Roach wrote out a form of resignation which recited that the undersigned had worked for Mr. Roach for many years, and had always beer well treated, and resigned because he was a worth least drawley and

well treated, and resigned because he was a worthless, drunken sot.

"Copy that off and sign it, Henry," he said.
The young man copied it word for word, and was about to put his name to it, when Mr. Roach laid his hand on Henry's arm and stopped him. Taking the paper from him, he put it into an envelope, which he addressed to himself, John Roach, and duly stamped.

"Carry that with you, Henry," Mr. Roach said, "and the next time you go to take a driuk, take the paper out, sign it, and mail it to me."

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

Those boys and girls who are in the habit of being late at breakfast, will find food for thought in the subjoined hints on early rising:

The proper time to rise is when sleep ends. Dozing should not be allowed. True sleep is the aggre-

ing should not be allowed. True sleep is the aggregate of sleeps, or is a state consisting in the sleeping or rest of all the several parts of the organism. Sometimes one and at another time another part of the body, as a whole, may be the least fatigued, and so the first to awake; or the most exhausted, and therefore the most difficult to arouse.

The secret of good sleep is, so to work and weary the several parts of the organism as to give them a proportionately equal need of rest at the same moment. And to wake early, and feel ready to rise, a fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured; and the wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of unconsciousness, or weary senses, or an exhausted muscular system, to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when he has been aroused.

After a few days of self-discipline, the man who resolves not to doze, that is, not to allow some sleepy part of his body to keep him in bed after his brain has once awakened, will find himself, without knowing why, an early riser.

knowing why, an early riser.

A Sudden Change of Weather

Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price 25 cents per box.—Adv.

THOUSANDS ARE BORN with a tendency to consumr tion. Such persons, if they value life, must not permit a Cough or Cold to become a fixture in the lungs and chest. The best known remedy for either is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute.-Adv.

A Great Offer.

A Great Offer.

No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards dally. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.—Adv.



In the category of luxuries there si none among the number at once so harmless, inexpensive and gratifying to the senses as a perfectly prepared perfume. COLGATE & CO.'S CASHMERE BOUQUET PERFUME for the Handkerchief satisfies the most exacting and fastidious.

LOOK! 50 hidden name cards for 75c. Chrome cards, 10c. SHERBING & LEWIS. Douagiac, Mich. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

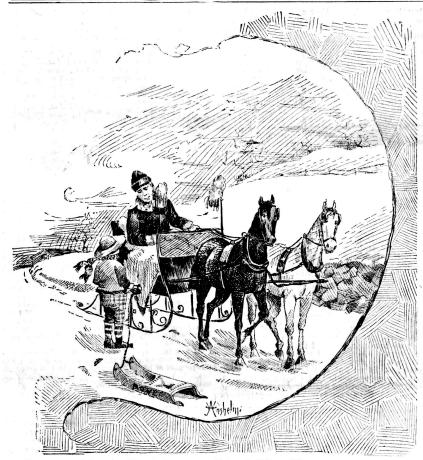
REVIEW CURE any case of Catarh or Bronchitis, no matter how desperate. The

Treatment's local as well as constitutional. Can only be got at Troy, O. We desire to treat those who have TRIED other remedies WITHOUT SUCCESS.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CURE FITS!

ffice. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 188 Pearl St., New You In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy



Stranger—"Can you tell me the way to Concord, Johnny?"
Johnny (surprised)—"Why, how did you know my name?"
Stranger—"Oh, I guessed it!"
Johnny—"Well, as you are so good at guessing, suppose you guess the way to Concord!

SOMETHING ABOUT SIBERIAN EXILES.

Wнo, when he hears of Siberia, does not at once associate the place with prison houses and criminals? How Russia sends every year her 10,000 odd offenders there and what she does with them after they arrive, is told in these extracts from a recent article on the

does with them after they arrive, is told in these extracts from a recent article on the subject:

In former times the prisoners were compelled to walk to their destinations, and the journey from St. Petersburg to the regions beyond Lake Baikal, a distance of nearly four thousand miles, occupied two years, and sometimes more, and many of the exiles died on the road from fatigue and privations. It was found more economical to transport the offenders in wagons or sleighs, or by rail and steamboat when possible, than to require them to walk, and for the last twenty years or more five-sixths of the exiles have been carried in this way.

At points varying from ten to twenty miles apart along the great road through Siberia, there are houses for the lodgment of prisoners at night; they afford a shelter from the weather, but very little else, as they are almost always badly ventilated and very dirty; and occupants sleep on the bare floor or benches, without any other covering than the clothes they wear. Sometimes in summer the officer in charge of a convoy of prisoners will permit them to sleep out of doors at night instead of entering the filthy stations, but in such a case he requires the personal promise of every exile in the convoy that he will make no attempt to escape, and he further makes the whole party responsible for individual conduct. Under such circumstances if one of the prisoners should violate his parole and run away, no further favors would be shown to the rest, and they would be put on low rations of food, and otherwise punished. It is needless to say that they take good care that the promise is kept. This privilege is accorded only to the convoys of political offenders; the criminal classes are not considered worthy of such confidence in their honor.

Prison life in Siberia is of many varieties, according to the offenses of different indi-

privilege is accorded only to the convoys of political offenders; the criminal classes are not considered worthy of such confidence in their honor.

Prison life in Siberia is of many varieties, according to the offenses of different individuals and the sentences which have been decreed in their cases. The lowest sentence is to simple banishment for three years, and the highest to hard labor for life. The simple exile without imprisonment is appointed to live in a certain town, district, or province, and must report to the police at stated intervals. He may engage in certain specified occupations, or rather in any occupation which is not on a prohibited list; for example, he may teach music or painting, but may not teach languages, as they afford the opportunity for propagating revolutionary ideas. The name of "prisoner" or "exile" is never applied to the banished individuals; in the language of the people they are called "unfortunates" and in official documents they are termed "involuntary emigrants."

Of those sentenced to forced labor, some are ordered to become colonists; they are furnished with the tools and materials for building a house on a plot of ground allotted to them, and for three years can receive rations from the nearest government station, but when the three years have expired they are expected to support themselves. If they were sent to the southern and western fersure assigned to the northern regions, where the support of life from tilling the soil, or

from hunting or fishing, is a matter of great difficulty.

Irom nutung or fishing, is a matter of great difficulty.

Those who are kept in prison and sentenced to hard labor are employed in mines, mills, foundries, or on the public roads: many of them wear chains which extend from a girdle around the waist to each ankle, and effectually preclude the possibility of running away. Their life is a hard one, as their food is coarse and often limited in quantity; it is bad enough under kind-hearted overseers and superintendents, and terrible where the masters are cruel, which happens altogether too often. In the time of the first Alexander and the Emperor Nicholas the treatment of the prisoners in Siberia was more severe than at present, but even to-day there is great opportunity for amelioration.

A CYCLIST CIRCLES THE SPHERE.

It is pretty safe to assume that all our boy readers have heard of Thomas Stevens, the Outing man. who, for the past two years and eight months, has

who, for the past two years and eight months, has been circling the world as a bicyclist. He started from San Francisco on April 22, 1884, and heroically forced a passage across the monntains, valleys, and prairies of the far West; then sped more quickly along the roads of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts. He reached Boston on the 4th of August, having traveled 3,700 miles.

He remained in New York during the winter, then took steamer for Liverpool, where he mounted his wheel again for a spin across England, crossed the English Channel to Dieppe, whence he started on his long spin through Europe and Asia. November found him at Teheran, Persia, where he rested over a second winter, then started for China and Japan. It was during this stage of his travels that he met with various adventures at the hands of the Russians, who objected to his passing through what they claimed as their territory, and was hooted at by Chinamen, who took him for Satan on wheels. However, he was given a Chinese military escort and reached Shanghai in safety.

at by Chinamen, who took him for Satan on wheels. However, he was given a Chinese military escort and reached Shanghai in safety.

He was very pleasantly received in Japan, and finished his journey, so far as wheeling was concerned, at Yokohama on December 17. Here he took steamer for San Francisco, arriving in the latter city January 7, having ridden some 16,000 miles on his bicycle.

Mr. Stevens halls from the small town of Turney, Missouri, and his bicycle is an ordinary road machine.

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, 12 tricks in magic, 436 Album verses. All for STAR CARD CO., Station 15, Ohio. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

C HAPPED HANDS CURED by COBBE COMPLEXION SOAP. Ask your Druggist or send 6c. for sample to A H GYAR Management

In replying to this adv. mention Golden A

OW TO BUILD HOUSES.

nouses of all sizes, from two rooms up, sent, postpa apon receipt of **25 Cents**. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

RHEUMATISM CURED in by ernal Rheumatic Cure. Sent prepaid and Ague Cure, Greatest Discovery of all. 40 years experience. Address PROF. HARLOW, Winsted, Conn.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden A

Ladies! Attention!!

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

PE WANT YOU! alive energetic man profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary §75 per month and expenses, or a ge commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple, ery one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SYLVEDY ADE CO. DOSTON, MASS.

plying to this adv. mention Golden A



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

Autograph Albums Anice one FREE TO ALL who send 16 cents for our Book of Sample Visiting Cards and Agents terms. HOLLEY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Print Your Own Cards
PRESS \$3. Larger presses for circulars, etc., \$8 to \$100. Type-setting, etc., easy by printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue Press, Type Cards, etc., to factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



PRESERVES AND SOFTENS THE LEATHER, CONTAINS NO SHELLAC OR ACID.

AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION. Bottle contains double quantity. Use no other.

GEO. H. WOOD & CO.. Manufacturers. Boston In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A HANDSOME WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.



THE LUBURG MANF'G CO., 145 N. 8th St., PHILA., PA. In replying to this adv. mention The Golden Argosy

50 Foreign Stamps free to every collector, send your address. A. E. ASHFIELD, Box 233, Rye, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Recipes for 100 different kinds of ink sent for 10 two cent P. O. stamps. STANDARD INK CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expense paid. Outfit worth \$5 and particular (ree. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Manne In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy

25 ELEGANT Send us CARDS FREE name and address. Card Works, Birmingham, Conn.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, being the experience of an actual sufferer, peing the experience of an actual sufferer, by J MCALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector from to any address.

eplying to this adv. mention Golden Ar

Enclose five 2-ct. stamps to help pay postage and cost of Brooklyn Jewelry Mfg. Co., 56 Court St., Brooklyn, 1 In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argo

THE NEATEST AND HANDIEST THING OUT IS OUR NEW PATENT VISE, NEEDED BY EVERYBODY FOR 1000 USES ONE-INCH JAWS, STEEL SCREW & LEVER TO INTRODUCE IT WILL SEND ONE POST-PAID FOR 30 CTS ** HAYDEN & BARNES, SYRACUSE, N. Y. ** In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CONSUMPTION.



SHORTHAND.

SLOCUM'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL has that the standard of the standar

WM. H. SLOCUM, 51 Chapin Block, Buffalo, N

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the ing all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement.

J. H. ROUSH. 37 Boyleston. Ind.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

