GOLDEN ARGOSY

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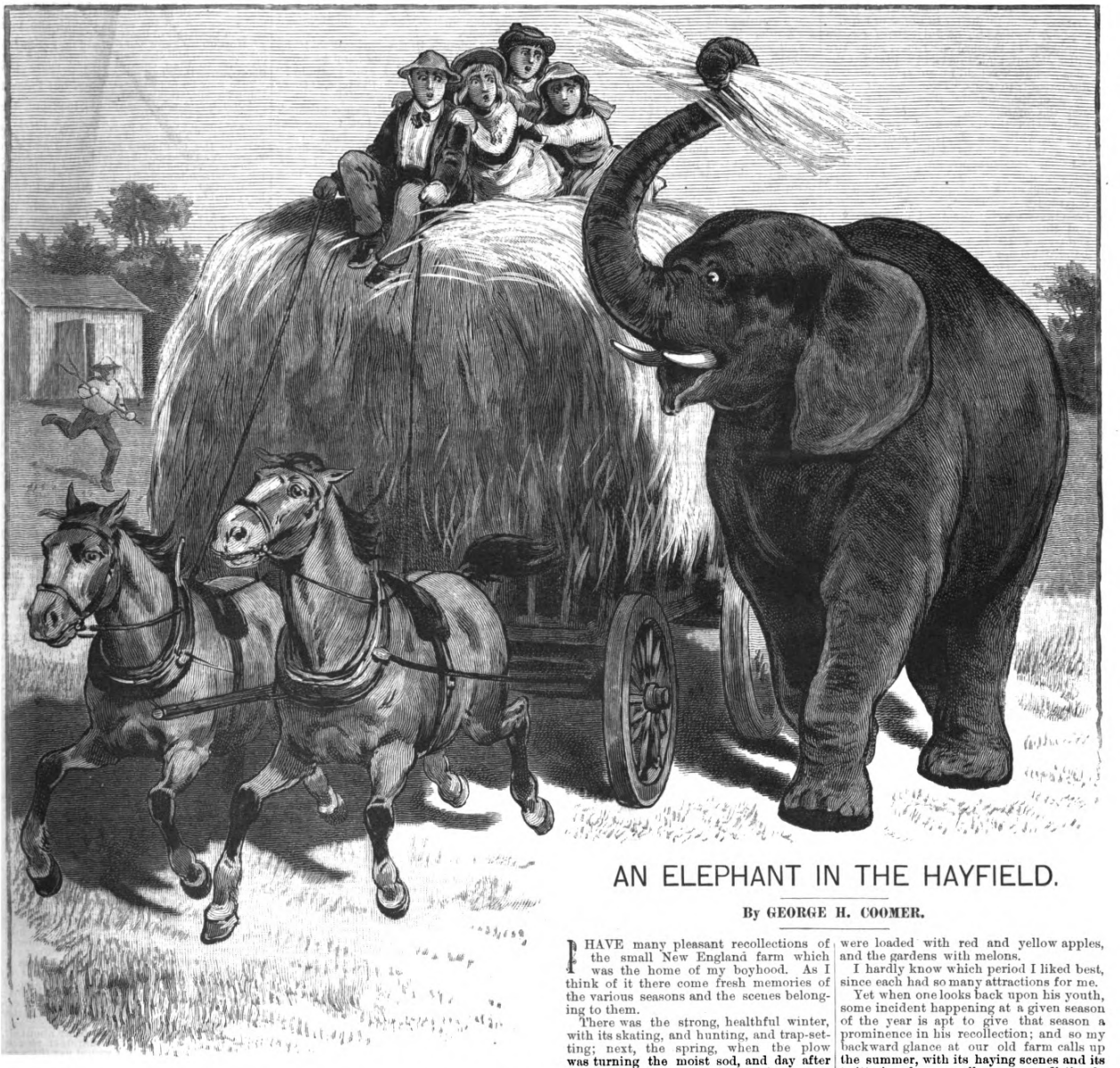

THE ELEPHANT WAS ACTUALLY ALONGSIDE OF THE WAGON, AND THE LIGHT HAY WAS SENT FLYING AT EVERY SWING OF THAT LONG TRUNK, WHILE HIS MAD SQUEALS SEEMED TO PIERCE US THROUGH AND THROUGH.

AN ELEPHANT IN THE HAYFIELD.

By GEORGE H. COOMER.

I HAVE many pleasant recollections of the small New England farm which was the home of my boyhood. As I think of it there come fresh memories of the various seasons and the scenes belonging to them.

There was the strong, healthful winter, with its skating, and hunting, and trap-setting; next, the spring, when the plow was turning the moist sod, and day after day the violets grew brighter in the pasture lands; then the glowing summer, with its acres of waving corn and grass; and finally the fruitful autumn, when the orchards were loaded with red and yellow apples, and the gardens with melons.

I hardly know which period I liked best, since each had so many attractions for me.

Yet when one looks back upon his youth, some incident happening at a given season of the year is apt to give that season a prominence in his recollection; and so my backward glance at our old farm calls up the summer, with its haying scenes and its twittering barn swallows, more distinctly than any other picture, because it was then that an event occurred which left with me an impression that is still vivid as I write.

It took place when I was sixteen years old. I had two sisters, one fourteen and the other twelve, both very lively and fond of out-door life.

That summer, a cousin of ours, named Mabel Manton, whose home was in a distant State, came, in company with her mother, to make us a visit of some weeks. She was a pretty girl, with dark gray eyes, and remarkably long auburn hair, which was permitted to flow loosely over her shoulders, and reached considerably below her waist.

She came in the end of June, and I had many delightful rambles with her about the woods and hills, finding for her all the romantic nooks, and teaching her to angle for trout in a neighboring stream.

During the haying days, whenever a shower was coming up, and the distant thunder began to break in threatening peals, while the huge, black clouds showed tower upon tower in the western sky, nothing pleased her better than to come tripping into the field in her broad-brimmed hat, to assist us in securing the long windrows before the shower should come rattling down, driving us all to shelter in house or barn.

About the middle of July, there came a menagerie to the nearest village, some two miles distant, and Mabel and I attended the show, which was held in an enormous tent decorated with flags. There were the red cross of England, the tricolor of France, and the orange and scarlet of Spain, together with the ensigns of various other nations, while the stars and stripes waved the most conspicuous of them all.

I took great pleasure in pointing out to my young companion the different animals, and watching the interest with which she regarded them. On such occasions we see for others much more than for ourselves; and there would be little satisfaction in sightseeing if this were not the case. Perhaps Mabel saw for me, as well as I for her.

Standing before the two stately lions and the sleek, yellow lioness, we felt ourselves transported to the dark forests of Angola or the Congo. The powerful striped tigers recalled the jungles by the Brahmapootra, and the spotted jaguars told of the deep wilds of the Orinoco. Then there were two beautiful leopards, which we admired more than anything else.

Some of the creatures walked rapidly to and fro, with an appearance of impatience which excited Mabel's sympathy, but the greater number cared only to stretch themselves in sleep; and there were savage snarls and deep growls among them whenever the keeper stirred up their recumbent forms with his small whip.

The most prominent figure of the menagerie, however, was a big elephant, named Cicero, that in all his mammoth glory stood ten feet high under the wide-spread tent. His huge bulk inspired us with a kind of awe, and the more so as we heard it rumored among the spectators that he bore an evil reputation, having more than once indulged in some mad freak which made him an object of terror for the time.

Mabel drew back from him very quickly, as she saw him flap his immense ears and toss his trunk aloft with a vicious squeal, at some requisition of his keeper with which it did not suit him to comply.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if that chain around his foot is strong enough to hold him! Suppose he were to break away, wouldn't it be dreadful?"

We thought the keeper himself a little apprehensive of danger, for he seemed to be well upon his guard. Once, indeed, he attempted to perform the feat of getting upon Cicero's tusks, but a shrill scream and a defiant shaking of the big head caused him to relinquish the idea.

"Cicero is in bad humor to-day," he remarked. "Sometimes he is as gentle as a kitten, but he has his cross days like the rest of us."

The huge creature made such a noise that the lions and tigers roared in answer, so that for a minute or two the uproar was really startling. How big the two male lions looked, as they stood up and gave vent to those heavy sounds!

Some of the ladies present appeared much alarmed, but the incident was only an ordinary one in a menagerie, and soon all was as quiet as before. It was evident, however, that the elephant was regarded with doubtful eyes, and we saw that every one gave him what a sailor would have called a "wide berth."

The last act was the feeding of the animals. The elephant, of course, had his hay, but the big cats in the cages were supplied with huge pieces of beef, which they held under their paws and devoured eagerly with low growls.

Next day, all the young people of the neighborhood had enough to talk of, for it seemed to them almost as if they had visited Africa and India. The small children played "menagerie," and became lions or elephants at will.

It was near the end of the haying season, and the last of our hay was to be hauled in that forenoon. It lay in snug heaps occupying a corner of a ten-acre lot, and would make two loads.

To me, from the sense of relief I felt in the thought that the tedious work was so near its close, the occasion made a kind of jubilee.

"Come," said father, as he sprang into the heavy two-horse wagon, "we will now see the end of this matter very soon!" And with the hired man and myself by his side, he drove briskly down the long lane which led to the field.

My task was to lay the load, the hired man pitching the hay up to me, while father gathered the scatterings with his rake.

Soon the first load was in the barn, and we were about returning for the remaining heaps, when cousin Mabel and my sisters came running out to us, calling coaxingly for a ride. They were taken in, and away we all went together in the jolting wagon, father as merry as the rest.

The girls wished to remain on the wagon during the loading, to help me "tread down the hay," as they said; and as this was to be the last load of the season, father consented to gratify them. For my own part, much as they would be in my way, I was pleased with the arrangement, because Mabel was so very pretty.

I must say, however, that there was a great deal of unnecessary screaming and shouting and tumbling about before the last forkful was trodden down in its place. I have since thought that a pretty girl is hardly at her best when tottering around upon a load of hay.

We were now to ride on the load up to the barn.

Our team had nearly reached the barway of the meadow, when Mabel uttered a cry of real alarm, and glancing ahead I saw a huge living object rushing past some thick trees in the lane towards the very place where we were to go out of the lot. For a moment I was so confounded by the prodigious apparition as to be almost incapable of thought.

"'Tis the elephant! 'tis the elephant!" cried Mabel. "He will kill us! Oh, what shall we do?"

She had scarcely uttered the words when the enormous animal came lumbering through the barway at a full run, making directly for the team.

The horses wheeled around, nearly upsetting the load, and plunged away with us at a frightful gallop. But rapid as was their flight with the heavily burdened wagon, the rush of the elephant was still more swift. His trunk was high aloft, and his huge legs were swung with astonishing velocity.

Before the meadow was half crossed, that long trunk was at its work, and we saw a large flake of hay from the hinder part of the load go whirling into the air. Another and another followed it, and the head of our enormous pursuer began to lap past the rear of the wagon in his endeavor to reach the horses.

He had been so close upon us at the start that we were almost within reach of his trunk before the team got under full speed, and this advantage he did not lose for a moment.

The girls clung frantically both to me and to each other, screaming at the top of their voices. The load swayed from side to side, and its high, springy mass fairly bounded beneath us as the wheels struck the small irregularities of the field, threatening to throw us off under those terrible feet.

Our predicament was frightful. The elephant was actually alongside of the wagon, and the light hay was sent flying at every swing of that long trunk, while his mad squeals seemed to pierce us through and through.

One confused glance that I threw behind showed father running after us, careless of his own safety and hoping only to divert the brute's attention. The hired man was going briskly up a buttonwood that grew by the meadow wall.

Reaching the opposite side of the lot, the horses made a sharp turn, bringing one of the forward wheels directly under the wagon. Old Cicero's trunk was by this time almost touching their flanks. The load gave a mighty bound, and then suddenly over it went, wagon and all! It seemed to me that the hay, the wagon, the elephant and ourselves were all mixed together.

For a few moments we were completely buried by a portion of the load; then, shaking off the mass of redtop, herdsgrass and timothy, we looked out like so many frightened rabbits, to see the horses, with their broken and flying harness, rushing off with astonishing speed towards the lower portion of the meadow, with their gigantic enemy in full pursuit. He had apparently lost a little ground when the load upset, but he was doing his best to regain it.

Over a low wall at the bottom of the lot went the team, and into a sunken pasture where even in summer there were always places of soft mud. Indeed I knew that they must have leaped over close to a large, deep spring-hole, where I had sometimes shot wild ducks.

The elephant plunged right over the wall after them, though some few yards aside from their path; and then instantly he sank so low that we could but just see his back above the gap he had made in the stone fence.

A prodigious trumpeting followed, the huge creature screaming out as if in the most abject terror.

Father ran up to us inexpressibly rejoiced at our escape.

"The elephant's in the spring-hole!" he cried. "I know he must be—and he won't be able to get out of it, I hope! Hallo!" he added, looking towards the lane, "there come the men after him now!"

Cicero's wild trumpetings continued. The girls fled homeward, but father and myself accompanied the showmen to the spring. The hired man, having come down from the buttonwood, also ventured near, seeing that there were other trees which would afford refuge in case of need.

For several hours the men worked to get the brute out, digging away the bank with spades till he was liberated.

Then a more humble and submissive creature than poor Cicero could not have been found. He had just filled the great hole about the spring, having been wedged tightly into it, but fortunately he came out with very little injury.

The men said that a mad fit had come over him, and he had escaped from the caravan at a town eight miles off.

Probably no one ever witnessed a more startling adventure in a New England meadow; and I have never since looked upon a load of hay without associating it with the thought of that frightful chase by one of the hugest of earth's quadrupeds.

WHERE SHIPS FOUNDER IN SAND.

THE great reading public often wonders how stories are made, where the authors obtain their ideas for plot, local coloring, characters, and so forth. This same public has been repeatedly assured that many of these tales are founded upon incidents in real life, that "truth is stranger than fiction," etc., and herewith we present a description of a spot on the coast of Kent, England, close to the Straits of Dover and the mouth of the English Channel, which has done duty times without number as the scene of action for thrilling narratives of adventure.

It is called the Goodwin Sands, being named after the famous Saxon baron Godwin, although one would think that the first syllable of the name would have been changed long since, for it partakes of the nature of the dreaded quicksand. It is this fact, as well as the tremendous sea that beats upon it in heavy weather, that makes it so terribly fatal to vessels that get stranded on it. At low tide a portion of the sand is dry and hard and firm, and can be walked on for a distance of about four or five miles; but as the water again flows over any part of it that part becomes, as the sailors say, "all alive," soft and quick, and ready to suck in anything that lodges upon it.

Suppose a vessel to run on with the falling tide where the sand shelves or is steep; the water leaves the bow and the sand there gets hard; the water still flows under the stern, and the sand there remains soft a longer time; down the stern sinks lower and lower; the vessel soon breaks her back or works herself deeper and deeper by the stern; as the water rises she fills and works and still sinks deeper in the sand every roll she gives, until at high tide she is perhaps completely buried or only her topmasts are seen above water.

Other vessels, if the sea is heavy, begin to beat heavily and soon break up. Lifted up on the swell of a huge wave, as it breaks and flies away in surf and foam, the vessel thumps down with all its weight upon the sands, the timbers give and strain, the seams open; she soon ceases, as she fills with water, to rise upon the wave; great gaps are torn from the bulwarks; the decks burst open with the air seeking to escape from the hold, and as the sea rushes over the vessel each roll she gives wrenches her more and more; the masts fall over the side; her cargo floats and washes away, and speedily, even in a few hours, she is in a torn and shattered condition, completely wrecked and destroyed.

The broken hull is full of water, and lurches heavily two and fro with each wave, rolls and slightly lifts and works, until it has made a deep bed in the sands in which it is completely buried—so that many vessels have run upon the sands in the early night, and scarcely a vestige of them been seen in the morning.

SUNSHINE.

BY W. E. RANGER.

WITHIN a bed of violets,
Fair in freshness and beauty each one,
I felt a soft and touching warmth
That is given to flowers by the sun.

The heart of man is brightened and warmed
By the heavenly rays from above,
And into his life comes a holy peace
With the sunshine of God's love.

—*From the "Swiss Cross."*

[*This story commenced in No.* 221.]

NATURE'S YOUNG NOBLEMEN

By BROOKS McCORMICK.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PROCESSION TO THE PLANTATION.

SPINK held the bridle rein of the animal on which Mabel had been placed, but she had before ridden a mule at the plantation, and was not at all afraid. She wanted to hold the reins herself, and be independent of her companions; but Morris told her that one of the mules had run away in the woods, and it might be the one on which she was mounted. This satisfied her, and she gave up the point, though she had been in the habit of having her own way.

"How do we know but Sigfield may come to his strength, and clear out before any one can be sent to take care of him?" suggested Spink, after they had gone a few rods.

"He may be able to get away, but I don't think he will," replied Morris.

"One of us might stay and look out for him," added the waif.

"That won't do, any way," answered Morris decidedly. "Then one of us would have to return to the plantation with Mabel and two prisoners in charge. I should rather let Sigfield go than risk the safety of the little girl for a single minute. But hold on!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Spink, as he reined in his mule.

"I meant to see what Sigfield had in his pockets in the way of letters and papers, and I forgot about it."

"It will not take us five minutes to go back," added Spink, as he turned his own and Mabel's mule, being in the rear of the procession.

Morris, who was leading the mule on which the wounded brigand had been secured, turned his mules, and compelled the tall man on foot to turn back by making signs to him, and flourishing his revolver.

When they reached the scene of the fight, Spink dismounted, and held all the mules, while Morris went to the place where Sigfield lay. He was still there, but Morris thought he had changed his position somewhat. His eyes were still closed, and he appeared to be insensible, though he was not dead, for the observer could feel the movements of his heart.

He lost no time in attending to the task which had brought him back. He searched the breast pocket of his coat first, for he was most likely to carry papers there. To his astonishment and amazement, it was entirely empty. He examined all the other pockets with the same result, so far as letters and papers were concerned. He did not even find a pocket-book, and Sigfield appeared to have no money, with the exception of a small amount in silver coins.

Morris was greatly disappointed, for he had been confident that he should find some document about him to assist him in his mission, which he had come to regard as the great work of his life. But it was probable that Sigfield had some stopping-place not many miles distant from the scene of his operations, and had left his money and papers there.

Under the influence of his disappointment he rose suddenly from his search, and looked into the face of the fallen man. He thought he detected a movement of the eyes, as though they had just been closed. He was startled, and took his revolver from his pocket. But the wretch did not move, and his appearance had not changed in the slightest degree.

Morris examined the form very carefully, and even looked at the wound where he had put his handkerchief. The bleeding had been checked, but the handkerchief was saturated with blood. That movement of the eyes puzzled him, but he concluded it must have been a twitching of the nerves; at least, that it was involuntary. To make sure he rolled the body over, and even kicked it, but there was no sign of life about it. He was tempted to fire his pistol at the fallen wretch; but he instantly rejected the idea, and wondered that it should have come into his head.

Having satisfied himself that Sigfield was still insensible, though with still a grain of doubt, he returned to the road, and mounted his mule. The boys came about again, and the order of the procession was resumed. Morris informed his friend of the failure of his mission, and explained the doubts which had disturbed him.

"I can take care of this party very well, if you stay and keep watch of the blackguard," said Spink, who had a wonderful confidence in himself. "These gorillas, or whatever you call them, are cowards, and most of them is wounded. My revolver will keep them as quiet as a birch in a country schoolroom. I could handle a dozen of them; and if the four had not pitched into me when I was not expecting trouble, I should have given a better account of myself."

"It is no use to say anything about it, Spink; I will not run the slightest risk of losing Mabel again, and I would not if I were sure Sigfield would get away," replied Morris, firmly.

"I don't think there would be any risk; but just as you say, my boy, and I obey orders, whatever happens," added Spink.

"For aught we know there may be two or three more of these gentry about here who

have a finger in Sigfield's pie," said Morris. "We can't be too careful; Mabel's father and mother have trusted her to us, and we ought not to run the slightest risk."

"I didn't take her into that woods," added Spink, laughing.

"I had no more idea of brigands than if I had been at Glenbush," pleaded Morris.

"Of course you hadn't, and I should have done just as you did; but I don't believe either of us will take her in there again," replied Spink, afraid he had said something that wounded Morris's feelings, and being one of nature's young noblemen he never injured the feelings of another when it could be avoided, though he was no milksop, as he had fully proved by his skill and courage in the forest.

"All right, Spink; we have both done the best we knew how to do, and I don't know how we could have done any better. It was lucky thing for Mabel and me, and an unlucky one for Sigfield, that they captured you just as they did, for I could not have done anything against the whole of them."

"You did first rate, Morris, and I am not sure that you would not have been enough for the whole of them, though I am glad I had a lick at them, and it was my shot that brought down Sigfield, though it is a pity that the ball had not gone through his heart or his brains."

"We have made a good beginning, and I don't think I shall be afraid to stand up before a revolver another time," added Morris.

"Then you will get shot. The best part of your operations to-day was in getting behind that log, for that did us more good than half a dozen men. You were prudent, but if I had followed you when you ran after Mabel, as the two gorillas carried her off, we should have lost the battle."

"I don't see it in that light."

"Don't you? Of course Sigfield would have followed us, and got behind the log. Then he could easily have shot you, for you are the game he is after; and he would have finished me if I had bothered him, as I certainly should. But it was just as lucky that you left when you did as it was that I remained."

"On the whole, I think you are right," replied Morris, as they came out into the highway.

There was no one in sight on the road, though Morris feared that Mr. Farnburn and his wife might be alarmed at their long absence. The procession turned into the highway, and the boys resumed the discussion of the events of the afternoon, for just then they were of more interest than anything else.

Morris had some fears that he might be blamed for taking Mabel into the woods, and while Sigfield was on his track, he did not regard himself as a proper protector of the life and hope of the millionaire. He was glad that he should never again take the slightest risk when in charge of her. He could not imagine how it was that the villain had turned up in the woods of the island of Cuba. The fellow seemed to be in league with the Evil One.

It was nearly sunset when the procession turned into the roadway that led up to the planter's mansion. The principal occupants of the house, including the Farnburns, were seated on the veranda, where they could see the procession when it turned into the driveway. All of them rose to their feet, and gazed with astonishment at the party approaching.

At this point the tall brigand halted, and turning to Spink, began to talk to him in Spanish very earnestly. Of course Spink could not understand a word he said, but he pointed his pistol at the fellow; and this was enough to induce him to cut short his unintelligible discourse, and resume the march in the direction pointed out to him. He seemed to object to going into the house.

The party on the veranda were not content to remain where they were in the presence of the unsolved enigma as to the meaning of the procession. First the planter started off at a run, closely followed by Mr. Farnburn. Then came from another part of the premises two white men, the superintendent and the engineer of the plantation, and finally all the ladies joined them.

"What under the heavens have you been about, Spink?" commanded the magnate, as soon as he came within hailing distance of the head of the procession. "Where did you get all those mules?"

"We picked them up in the woods yonder," replied Spink, struggling to keep cool. "But I think Morris had better tell you about it, for he is more of a lawyer than I am."

"The men caught Morris and me and carried us off into the woods!" almost screamed Mabel, as soon as she saw her father.

"Carried you off!" exclaimed the magnate, with something like horror in his expression.

"That's so, Mr. Farnburn; and we have had a big circus in the woods over there," added Spink.

By this time Mrs. Farnburn came to the place where the procession had halted, and so heard what Mabel said. She sprang upon the child with her eyes full of tears. Spink dismounted, and took her from the back of the mule. Both her father and mother hugged and kissed her; the child had been in danger, and that was enough for them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PEDRO, THE GUIDE IN RIO JANEIRO.

MR. FARNBURN took his daughter in his arms, and rushed to the mansion with her, followed by the half-distracted mother, who failed to realize that the danger was all over. They continued to hug and kiss her, without troubling themselves in regard to the details of the affair in the forest.

The planter was excited, and wanted the details at once. Morris told what had happened in as few words as possible, leaving the smaller matters till the magnate and his wife were added to his audience. The planter was evidently as much astonished as grieved over the adventure.

"We have not heard of a brigand in this vicinity for over ten years, and I should have said it was as safe to go into that woods as it is to go into my garden," said he, warmly, as he led the way to the house.

"I did not think there was any danger in going a little way into the forest; if I had, I should not have gone," replied Morris.

"If you had asked me before you went, I should have said that you would have been as safe as in my house. These two men are the brigands, are they?" inquired the planter, looking at them. "It is a wonder that you were able to beat them off and then make prisoners of them."

"There are two more of them in the woods," added Morris.

"Did you fight them?"

"Yes, sir, though not all at the same time. One of the two men we left behind is wounded, and the other is dead," continued Morris. "I think we ought to return at once and secure the living man, for he is the most dangerous one of the lot."

"Very well; you shall have all the men required, and I will go with you myself, and take the superintendent and engineer with us," said the planter, as they halted at the door of the house.

The owner of the plantation made a tremendous stir, and two more white men soon joined the party. The negroes brought out half a dozen mules as ordered, and the preparations for the departure were soon completed.

"But some of us should stay to look out for these prisoners," said Morris, when he found that all of them were disposed to go to the woods.

"What is the trouble, Morris?" asked Mr. Farnburn, who had not heard even the meager particulars of the affair which had been given.

"We left two of the brigands in the woods; one of them is dead, the other is wounded badly, and that he was unconscious; and this last one is Sigfield," replied Morris.

"Sigfield!" exclaimed the magnate, springing to his feet. "How came he here?"

"That is more than I know, but I am sure that he managed this affair, and employed the brigands to do his dirty work."

"I will go with you," said Mr. Farnburn, with energy.

The tall brigand and his wounded companion were shut up in a slave-jail, built of stone. The two boys, the magnate and the planter, and two of the white employes, mounted the mules, and started at once for the forest. On their arrival at the scene of the battle, Morris hastened to the spot where he had left Sigfield. To his surprise and chagrin, the villain was not there. Mr. Farnburn soon joined him, and was quite as much disconcerted as the hero of the fight.

On the way to the woods, Morris had described to the magnate the entire affair from the time they left the house in Rio, down to the hands of the miscreants. The gentleman was fully informed in regard to every movement that had been made. He praised the boys very liberally for their conduct of the matter, and extolled their bravery and devotion to the child. He considered it a miracle that his daughter had not been carried off and Morris shot, as the latter outrage was plainly the object of Sigfield.

Spink saved the day for you when he faced Sigfield. Instead of following you as you ran to look out for Mabel; but you did perfectly right, Morris; and if either of you had taken a different course, the day might have been lost," said Mr. Farnburn. "I am under heavier obligations to both of you than I shall ever be able to discharge."

"No obligations at all, sir, so far as I am concerned, and I feel bad because it was on my account that Mabel was drawn into this danger," replied Morris. "If Sigfield is going to follow me all over the world, I ought to leave you so that your family may not be injured by him."

"This affair proves that you are more dreaded in England than I supposed; but you shall not leave me, and I will take all the chances. As the villain has escaped us this time, we will be on the lookout for him in the future, wherever we happen to be. I believe Sigfield will kill you if he can, before he is done with you."

"If he does do any injury to your family, I shall not complain. I believe the rascal pretended to be insensible when he knew what was going on around him all the time."

"Very likely; he knew that you had killed one man, and might kill another."

Morris had not quite killed Sigfield had opened his eyes, and that he was conscious all the time. He had been wounded in the face, and then in the right side; but neither of these injuries could have rendered him insensible. Sigfield was gone when the party got late. He was almost sorry that he had not remained with the fallen man, as Spink advised. He was sure the villain had got up and hidden his papers when he heard them returning.

The planter would not trouble himself about the dead bandit, and the party started on their return. On the way the magnate declared that Sigfield must have taken the steamer for Havana very soon after the selling of the Bonitessa he had found the party in that city and followed them to Cardenas. As to the brigands, a score of them could be had in almost any part of the island.

On their return to the plantation, a messenger was sent for officers, and when they came the two brigands were handed over to them. The Farnburns stayed another week at the plantation; but before their departure the scoundrels were sentenced to a severe punishment. Though they were cowards, they refused to explain their relations with their employer. Some traces of Sigfield were found in Cardenas, but all that could be learned of him was that he had kept his room a few days at the hotel, and then taken the train for Havana.

The police got track of him in that city, but it was shown that he had taken a steamer for St. Thomas. The incidents of the abduction and the fight in the forest were reviewed many times during the following week, but without throwing any new light on them.

After a stay of two weeks at the plantation, the Farnburns returned to Cardenas, and the Mabel sailed for Rio Janeiro. She stopped a few days at several ports on her way, but the weather was so hot that the voyagers were in a hurry to get into a higher latitude. The steamer arrived at Rio in the morning, and in the evening Morris and Spink asked permission to go ashore, and attend a band concert in one of the public squares. As the boys had proved that they were able to take care of themselves, and had no bad habits, the captain readily granted the request. They left the steamer in a shore boat, and Morris engaged a young fellow who spoke English to act as their guide. They enjoyed the music of the band, and as the concert was over at an early hour, they were not in a hurry to return to the steamer.

While they were listening to the music, Morris noticed that Pedro, their guide, was talking with a man behind them. It was not strange that he should find a friend in such a public place, and they thought nothing of it at the time. It meant more to them at a later hour in the evening.

Pedro was exceedingly pleasant and agreeable. The boys were interested in him, and asked a great many questions as to how he lived, who his parents were, and other matters of interest to them. Then he took them, at their request, to a place where ice cream was served, and did all the talking for them. He ate ice cream with a relish and was full of fun.

The boys had found him at the landing-place where he solicited them for employment as a guide, and they thought they were fortunate in finding so good a fellow, and Morris intended to recommend him as a guide to Mr. Farnburn.

Just after dark, when the boys were ready to return to the steamer, Pedro conducted them to the quay, and hired the boat for them. As they could not speak the language, they paid for it in advance. In five minutes they were alongside a small vessel. Morris thought the boatman had made a mistake, and he pointed out the direction of the Mabel. He shook his head, and made signs which he thought the man ought to understand.

While he was trying to make himself understood, two men dropped down from the side of the vessel, and each of them passed his arm around the neck of one of the boys. The boatman rose from his seat on the thwart, and assisted them. So closely were they hugged by their captors that they could make no resistance, and they were thrown on the deck of the vessel as though they had been bags of grain.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PRISONERS IN THE HOLD.

THE vessel upon whose deck Morris and Spink had been pitched as if they were bales of merchandise was not more than a quarter of a mile from the Mabel, and was that much nearer the shore than the steamer. As the boat had been moving in the direction of the Mabel at the moment she ran alongside the small vessel, the passengers had suspected nothing.

Hardly had they been tumbled on the deck before two men there laid hands upon them. Spink had his pistol and his revolver, for both of the boys had determined not to leave the steamer without their weapons. But before he could get it out of his pocket, he was hugged by one of the men, and not even permitted to get on his feet. Morris was served in the same manner, and the men acted with a celerity that would have been creditable to them in a better cause.

The man in the boat leaped on the deck, and proceeded to assist his confederates in their work, which consisted in binding the arms and legs of the prisoners. As soon as this task was finished, the victims were thrown into the hold of the vessel, and the hatches put on over them. The place was as dark as Egypt, but the boys found that they had dropped on a heap of straw, or something of that kind.

"How are you, Morris?" said Spink, lightly, as though he was not at all alarmed at the situation, and even regarded it as a rather unhealthy joke, though he could not laugh, he could refrain from crying.

"Pretty comfortable, I thank you," returned Morris, trying to shake off the despondency which had suddenly overwhelmed him when he found he was a prisoner again.

"Well, we are, as usual, under whether we are comfortable or not," added Spink, as lightly as before. "Of course Sigfield took a steamer at St. Thomas for Rio."

"Probably he did, for no subject of Dom Pedro could have any ill will against us," replied Morris, trying to take a cheerful view of the situation.

"You got very much attached to that boy Pedro; but I suppose he was not the Emperor of Brazil. He was very polite and very accommodating; but on the whole it looks as though he had some connection with our dear friend, Mr. Miles Sigfield."

"I should say that he was doing Sigfield's dirty work for him, though he may have been himself affected."

"After all what? After handing us over to the boatman who brought us to this vessel? Suggest that idea to a dead mule, and he would kick your brains out, my dear fellow.

"These boatmen are looking out for a job, and solicit every person that comes near the water. Pedro might have taken the first boat he found, for there were not many of them after dark."

"He might; but you may bet the next half dime I hope to have against a bad-smelling lobster, that he called for the boat that Sigfield told him to take, and that was the one we came off in."

"That is the most probable thing, I grant. We staid ten days at various ports on the way from Cuba, and Sigfield may have been in Rio a week, and had time to fix everything to suit himself."

"But how did he know that we should come ashore this evening?" asked Spink.

"He did not know it; all he had to do was to keep watch of us, and arrange his trap to fit the circumstances. I have the idea that he knows just where the Mabel is going, and at what ports she will stop in the whole cruise. He was on board of her long enough to hear everything that was said."

"Well, it don't make much difference how he found out so many things, or how he got to Rio as soon or sooner than we did, here we are, in a tight place," added Spink, "and we had better deal with the present rather than the past. Here we are, and how are we to get out of the scrape?"

"That's more than I know at this stage of the proceedings. This is the third or fourth time that Sigfield has failed to accomplish his purpose, and I don't believe he means to play a losing game again."

"Of course not, if he can help it; but we are not going to sit still and suck our fingers while he is playing his game. We are losing time, Morris, and it is best for us to be doing something," said Spink, with sudden energy.

"What can we do? We are shut up in the hold of this vessel, with our hands and feet tied together," replied Morris, in a desponding tone. "We can't move a hair."

"Yes, we can; don't give up, Morris."

"I don't give up, but it looks as though we should have to wait till something turns up."

"Not a bit of it! We don't belong to the Micawber tribe. I don't know how it happened, but the villains did not take my revolver away from me. Perhaps they did not know that I had such a plaything."

"They did not take mine either; and it was a great oversight on their part, and perhaps Sigfield forgot to tell them to do so, which would be a strange neglect after he had been hit in the face and the side by these same revolvers."

"Never mind how it happened; the pistols are like half a pair of scissors as long as we have no hands to use them," added Spink, rather impatiently. "Now let us hitch around on this bed until we get our hands together. Back to back; that's the idea; and then I will try to untie your hands."

"All right; I will do the best I can," replied Morris, recovering his pluck and energy when he found there was something to do.

Without saying another word, they proceeded to do the "hitching," which was not an easy matter in the straw or dried weeds in the bottom of the hold. They worked hard, and after they had shoved a considerable portion of the litter away from under them, they succeeded in getting their bodies back to back. Spink felt about till he got his hands on the cord that bound his bedfellow, and then he went to work in earnest; but his wrists were so tightly tied that he could hardly use his hands at all.

While he was thus engaged, there was a commotion on the deck of the vessel. Spink suspended operations, and both of them listened, in order to ascertain if they could, what was going on. Morris hoped that the police had discovered the trick, and had come to their assistance. But in a little while they were satisfied that it was nothing of this kind.

"They are getting under way," said Spink; "I can hear the rattle of the sails."

"Then they are going to carry us off," added Morris, appalled at the idea.

"Perhaps they are only changing the anchorage of the vessel," suggested Spink, as he renewed his labors on the cord. "Let them go it; they can't make any long voyage in such a tub as this."

"We can't help ourselves, and they will go it, whether we are willing or not," added Morris, resigning himself to his fate.

"I don't know what sort of a knot the blackguards have put here, and I am not making much headway with it. But the one on my wrists is tighter than this one."

"Rest yourself a while, and try again by and by," said Morris. "Now the vessel begins to keel over, and we are well under way. I wonder where we are going?"

"You will have to put that question to Sigfield."

They lay quietly for some time, for Spink's hands ached with the strain he had put upon them to loosen the knot. The little vessel began to pitch and roll, and it was evident that they were going out of the bay. Spink was about to renew his labors on the knot, when the hatches were raised, and two men appeared at the opening, one of them with a lantern in his hand.

Both of them descended to the hold by the notched stanchion. They talked Portuguese together, but the prisoners did not understand a word of the conversation. They wondered what the men were going to do, and Morris looked to see if either of them had a long knife in his hand. Sigfield had not captured them for nothing, and both of them believed that he meant to get rid of the one who was in the way of his employer.

No knife could be seen, and if they were armed, they kept their weapons out of sight. While the man with the lantern held it so that the other could see, the latter bent over Morris, and, greatly to his surprise, removed the cords from his wrists and ankles. Then he rendered the same service to Spink.

(To be continued.)

A JUBILEE RACE.

THIS being the year of the celebration of Queen Victoria's fifty years' reign, various events of interest are to take place therein.

Prisoners have been pardoned in India, special commemorative stamps issued, and the 14th of June has been settled upon as the starting day for a jubilee yacht race around the British Isles. It is expected that from sixty to seventy yachts will compete, with the Mayflower and probably some others from America among them, and possibly also the Aline, belonging to the Prince of Wales, who has consented to act as starter.

The prize for the winner will be $5000, and there will also be other prizes, while each yacht that sails over the entire course will receive a gold medal.

THE COMING BASEBALL SEASON.

BY AN OLD PRINCETON PLAYER.

THOUGH it is still early, lovers of baseball have begun to look forward with eagerness to the reopening of the season, and to watch with interest the symptoms of activity among the players, the changes of positions, changes of rules, and other necessary preparations before the actual work begins.

Nearly all the professional baseball players have by this time begun to practice for the coming season, and the sharp cracks caused by the heavy hitters trying to knock

AN EXCITING GAME IN THE UPTOWN DISTRICT.

the cover off the ball will soon be heard throughout the country.

A picture recently appeared in one of our great dailies illustrating the triumphant entry of a noted professional into Boston. Seated in a scorer's chair on a car drawn by delighted citizens, robed in his baseball suit, and with the mask and chest protector —symbols of his office—borne aloft before him, the "great and only Kelly" placidly smoked a gigantic cigar.

The cartoon was a broad caricature, but was not so far astray, for Boston is proud of her acquisition, and he holds to-day the largest salary ever drawn by a professional baseballist. Of this he must make the best while he may, for a baseballist's triumphs like an actor's, although glorious while they last, are short-lived. New men rapidly spring up, old men fall stale, and it is rare that we meet a veteran like Joe Start, of the Providence team, who has played through two generations. Measured in years, this does not extend so far back, but many changes make time seem long.

The most essential changes in baseball have been made in the last twelve years, and it was but fourteen years or so ago that the writer can remember seeing the catcher of the Hartford team stand up behind the bat for the third strike, bare-faced and bare-handed, receive a foul tip on the forehead which sent him reeling back several feet, rise from the ground with a red and white welt on his face, and after applying water to it resume his place and continue the game.

The catcher's position, though very arduous still, seems luxurious to what it was then. This was before curve pitching was in use, and pitchers trusted to speed for effect, or what they called a "square twist," which we suspect was neither more nor less than a slight curve. We can not conceive to-day how a man could experiment with twists as much as they did without hitting on a curve now and then.

As to history, while an extended and detailed sketch would no doubt prove tedious, there are a few facts which are of interest to all.

Baseball had its origin in the English game of "rounders," but was played in America in the various forms of "town ball" (chiefly in Philadelphia), "the New England game," and "the New York game." In 1845 the Knickerbocker Club of New York was organized, and baseball became for the first time a regular club game. We should open our eyes could we see it as it was then generally played.

As an instance of its peculiarities, we would mention that it was customary to put a man out by pelting him with the ball (usually made of rubber). Each man hit scored an "ace," and the majority of "aces" made won the game. Just think of a short-stop, by a well directed throw, bringing down a runner "on the wing" to first base!

The injuries sustained soon brought about an alteration. The game assumed more resemblance to its present shape in 1857, when the National Association of Baseball was organized, and from that time it was played under a regular code of rules.

The pitcher had been allowed to deliver the ball as he chose, and as often as he chose, until the batter hit it. The tediousness of this soon became apparent, and the number of balls and strokes was limited.

The civil war, of course, threw the game out for a few years, but in 1864 it sprang up anew. From that time we may date professional ball playing, and in 1869 the first complete professional ball club, the Cincinnati Red Stockings, coursed the country with almost entire success. This led to other similar organizations, and in March, 1871, in Collier's saloon, Broadway and Thirteenth Street, New York, the first Professional Association met, and rules were revised and adopted by all teams alike.

But the greatest advance was in 1876, when the National League was formed; from that time alterations and improvements were made yearly, until to-day it has little in common with its original form.

Gradually at first, and more rapidly of late years, the game has taken hold of the fancy of the public, so that it seems to share with politics the main interest of the nation.

And were we to ask the average small boy which he would rather be—a judge of the Supreme Court, or captain of the New York Baseball Team, he would not leave us long in doubt. We have known the boy who was proud for a week because Roger Connor had ordered him off the fence, while he who knew an acquaintance of Johnny Ward was a hero indeed.

A hasty glance over the last ten years shows that the aim of every alteration has been to eliminate all old fogy notions, everything, in fact, which tends to retard the progress and interest of the game, so that now it is one constant round of excitement.

The great change, of course, was in the discovery of curve pitching some dozen years ago. The first professional curve pitchers were Matthews and Cummings; the first amateur, J. M. Mann, of Princeton College, class of '76, though some claim that Harwood, of New Haven, pitched curves as long ago as 1865. As time rolled on it became evident that too much power was placed in the pitcher's hands, and the rules were changed to check it. He was limited to eight balls, then to seven, and lastly to six.

Even this, however, has been decided to be too much, and this year will see some important steps towards a more open game.

To explain: hereafter the pitcher is to be allowed only five balls, while the batter has four strikes. The pitcher must also keep both feet on the ground while delivering the ball, thus very much limiting his freedom of motion. We can see that this is virtually taking advantage from the pitcher and giving it to the batter, which will secure heavier hitting, and hence more outfield work. The importance of this cannot be overestimated, for of late years a clever pitcher, backed by a good catcher, has had it very much his own way, and a poor nine has often beaten a better one by having a strong battery. This is not only unfair, but there is little interest to a spectator in a game in which the battery does all the work.

The game will now be thrown open more to the other players, and we may confidently expect more interesting contests and prettier playing, while it will lessen the terrible strain which has broken so many pitchers down. Hitherto an almost superhuman endurance has been required to pitch a long season through.

A well-known New York professional, who has just returned from New Orleans, and has seen the working of the new rules in games played in the South this spring, gives the following as his impressions:

"The pitching was not as speedy as it has been for the past few seasons. A pitcher's success under the new rules will depend solely upon his head work and control of the ball. The batting will naturally be much heavier, which consequently prolongs the game, and the position of a catcher will naturally be a very trying one, as he is apt to be under the bat through most of the game. I think the new rules will be a success."

The struggle for the championship pennant among the eight clubs belonging to the National League, is likely to be keener than ever this year. It seems scarcely likely at this time that the Chicago nine will again secure the coveted trophy. The fight, according to more than one good judge, will probably be between Detroit and New York, with the chances of winning in favor of the Western city.

The question has often been asked, what is the best figure for a baseballist? This can only be answered in the most general way. If we say a muscular build of some style or other is best, we are compelled to face a long line of scrawny, uncouth-looking men whose baseball abiliities are farfamed. It is safe, however, to say that different positions on a nine require somewhat different figures.

The average baseballist is undersized and light of limb. The heavy, large muscles which answer to so good a purpose in football are at a discount here, for speed and accuracy are the main requisites.

The battery should be proportioned to one another; a heavy catcher for a heavy pitcher. The first baseman should be tall, and we might say *capable of extension*, if possible. The outfielder should also be tall and light-limbed, but, as we said, we can only generalize, for after all the only requisite for a player is that he can play ball—a thing easily said but not so easily done, an accomplishment not so often acquired as inborn.

It means many things. He must be quick, cool-headed, and plucky; must have good judgment, and, of all things, must have a knack of gripping a ball with either hand and in any position. Add to this that he must be able to throw swiftly and accurately both long and short distances, and we have a fair list of requirements.

In conclusion what can be said of the future of baseball? Though altered much of late years, it has not been, like some games, a fungus growth, too fast to live; and we can safely prophecy a long and prosperous life. In fact, since professionalism has stamped it

AT THE POST OF DANGER—CATCHER AND UMPIRE.

as a legitimate occupation for obtaining a living, there is as little chance of its decline and fall as of the stage or mercantile pursuits.

As we looked at the caricature referred to above, we could not help thinking that Kelly would soon have to part company with the cigar he cherishes, or he must be a particularly privileged individual. Smoking unfits one for hard, rigorous service, and to the ball player is usually "forbidden fruit." This has its exceptions among professionals; but in college, abstinence from smoking is one of the chief requirements of a member of the "'Varsity Team."

"A baseball player," the captain of the New York team recently remarked, "never ought to be seen in a barroom during the season. He ought to keep regular hours also, go to bed early and get plenty of sleep, and be up by breakfast time. This staying up until two in the morning and then sleeping till noon is all foolishness, and it ought to be prohibited."

The same authority gives the following recommendations on the subject of training for baseball:

"Gymnasium apparatus and gymnastic exercise are going out of favor among ball players for several reasons, and very few of them now attempt to keep in condition through the winter. When you hear of a player going into a gymnasium that usually means he goes in there, tries some feat and lames himself, and then drops in two or three times a week to look on.

"It is not a good thing for a player to fool with the apparatus. He does not want to develop big bunches of muscle. What he needs is agility, suppleness, quickness of eye, hand and foot. If he goes into a gymnasium he exercises muscles that he does not use in the field, and he either develops them at the expense of his useful muscles, or he puts too much strain upon them, thinking himself as strong in one part as

"GOT THERE!"

another, and breaks a cord or otherwise injures himself. A great many players have been permanently injured in that way. The parallel bars broke some small sinew in my shoulder and spoiled me for pitching, and I can feel the pain now when I raise my arm in a certain way.

"If a man would take light exercise only and work sensibly, the gymnasium would be all right, but there are too many temptations in the apparatus to trials of strength. A man wants to put up a heavier dumbbell than another, or excel him in the rings, and the chances are that he will hurt himself or get muscle bound. Because players are apt to be foolish about the use of apparatus, managers now discourage gymnasium work as a rule.

"A baseball player should begin to exercise with very light Indian clubs. Let him hang up a twenty-five pound sand bag so that it can be raised to the height of the shoulder or lowered to the level of the knee, set it swinging and strike it with a bat. That brings into play the muscles that he uses in batting a ball and keeps them from getting soft. If he has access to a track he should jog around it every day or two to stretch his legs and improve his wind. A brisk walk in the morning will do him good. Sparring is a first rate exercise for baseball players, but few of them seem to take much to it. It is good because it requires agility more than strength, develops lung power, and makes a man quick of eye.

"Heavy dumbbells, bars, rings, ladders, and all that kind of apparatus should be left severely alone. A baseball player never needs to go up a rope hand over hand or to suspend his weight from his extended arms, and anything that tends to over-develop the muscles of the shoulders and chest will interfere with the free action of the arms and prove hurtful. The pulley weights are excellent for working any set of muscles. For batting practice a man can stand with his side to the wall, grasp the handle with both hands over the shoulder, and bring the arms forward, just as he would in swinging a bat. As in everything else, the weights should be small, so that no heavy strain may be put upon any muscle or cord. Elasticity, not hardness or bigness of muscle, is what a man should try to develop.

"If I were training a nine, I would call the men together about two weeks before the opening of the season, and put them to work in a handball court, watching them very closely. Handball is the best form of exercise they could have."

THE POET'S THOUGHT.

BY W. WILSEY MARTIN.

As shines a white stone through a mountain stream,
Whose waters pour melodiously along;
So, through the stream and river of his song,
Clear in its depths, the poet's thought should gleam.

[*This story commenced in No 226.*]

The Last War Trail.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "The Camp in the Mountains," "Log Cabin Series," "Young Pioneer Series," "Great River Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I SURRENDER!"

WITH that instinct which at times seems to be a part of the nature of the Indian, the Winnebagoes saw that the cabin of Linden afforded them the best chance of taking some of the prisoners of whom they were in quest. After delivering a scattering volley, they too skurried for any and everything that could serve them as a screen, and began returning the fire that was poured upon them from every quarter.

Had this intrepid band comprised all whom the pioneers were obliged to look after, you may be sure that they would have cut them off to a man. But as is often the case in civilized warfare, the allies of the assailants did their best to create a diversion in their favor. Not only did they try, but they succeeded to a galling degree.

The Winnebagoes on the edge of the clearing fired as fast as they could reload and aim, some of them in their eagerness exposing themselves more than is the custom of their race. Their firing was so constant that the other settlers found it out of their power to give any attention to the red men who had entered the northern or upper part of the settlement.

It was a singular fact that during these exciting minutes not a single defender availed himself of the shelter of the blockhouse. That which was meant as an impregnable defense against assaults of this character became, from the force of circumstances, utterly useless.

Suddenly smoke was seen rising from a cabin near the southern extremity of the settlement. By some means unknown to the pioneers, the assailants had managed to use the torch.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Hardin; "McClarskey's house is on fire, and there are half a dozen women and children in it!"

"Quick!" called Bowlby, to those who were making such a brave defense against the band of Winnebagoes; "we must put out the flames or they'll be burned alive!"

This thrilling appeal was heard above the din and turmoil, and there was a dash for the endangered building.

Linden, Griffiths and the rest must hold their own until the urgent peril was overcome.

Some eight or ten lusty pioneers bounded at the top of their speed between the cabins and down the single street, if it may be called such, until they reached the building from which the blue smoke was rising.

The mischief had been done by a single warrior, whose exploit approached the marvelous. Lighting a torch on the margin of the wood, he had run directly across the intervening space, circling the brand above his head, and heedless of more than one shot that met him. Unharmed, he hastily gathered up such sticks, twigs, and combustible material as were within reach, piled them at the corner of the building, and set them in a blaze.

As if he never knew the meaning of danger, he calmly watched the progress of the flames which soon took hold of the dried and seasoned logs. He was quickly surveying his frightful work when he discovered the pioneers rushing down upon him. Then he leaped away, and ran at the top of his speed for the woods.

Man after man brought his gun to his shoulder and discharged it after the flying fugitive; but when he bounded among the trees he was without a scratch. Thus it is that an inexplicable good fortune sometimes helps a man through a labyrinth of danger, in which a dozen others are sure to fail.

It was the work of but a few minutes to dash out the blaze which, despite the smoke it gave forth, amounted to comparatively little. It looked hardly possible that the astonishing attempt would be repeated.

If any further proof of the bravery of the Winnebagoes was needed, it was given while the party of settlers rushed toward the other portion of the settlement to put out the burning house of McClarskey.

Before the whites could run the short distance, the surviving warriors, nine in number, bounded from their partial shelter and charged at the top of their speed toward the building, whose inmates they seemed determined to bring to terms.

While wonderful good fortune had attended many of the efforts of the whites, it now ran the other way. The house of George Linden, like a few others in Greville, had a front and back door. The former was secured by such a massive wooden bolt that it may be said to have been as strong as the walls themselves, but the rear entrance had nothing more than the ordinary latch which was so common on the frontier.

During the few minutes at command, the defenders did what they could to remedy this weakness. Chairs and benches were piled against the door, but, after all, these could not amount to much in the event of the Winnebagoes making a break for that point.

And that is precisely what they did. Whether it was fate, guessing, or knowledge cannot be said, but so it was that three of the warriors sped with might and main over the short distance, as though they were trying to leap across some broad chasm.

When within six or eight feet, each in turn

THE WINNEBAGOES LEAD THE MOURNFUL BAND OF PRISONERS THROUGH THE FOREST.

leaped from the ground, turning half way round in the air, so that his back struck the door with the utmost momentum that could be given. They followed one another so closely that the thumps were as rapid as the discharge of a magazine rifle.

The second Indian who bounded against the door felt it yielding, and he said something to his follower which caused him to brace himself against mishap. The forceful impact of the last scattered everything behind the door, which flew wide open.

Another display of skill and daring on the part of the warriors took place at this moment. Had the three leaders, as they may be called, been unsupported, nothing could have saved them, but the way was no more than opened when the whole nine swarmed through, so close together that it may be said they trod on one another's heels.

Within the cabin were George Linden, his wife and daughter, Molly Bourne, a neighbor's daughter, who was a little younger than Edith Linden, and Hank Grubbens. The last was a young man of such indolent habits that he was considered the ne'er-do-well of the settlement. While he was not believed to be vicious, yet he was held in small consideration. He was without any relatives in Greville, and spent most of his time in hunting, following wild bees to their hiding-places, fishing and lounging around among the neighbors.

I must say here that although George Linden seemed unaware of the fact, it was evident to many others that Grubbens had turned an affectionate eye upon sweet Edith, who could not believe that the fellow had such impudence.

The mother and the two girls knew how to fight as bravely as did the two men, who fired from the windows as rapidly as they could reload their guns. They were accustomed to the use of the rifle, but unfortunately there was but a single one among the three, so that they could not do much to defend the cabin.

But for the help of the other pioneers, who were firing from every colgne of vantage, the little garrison could not have held out against the first charge of the Winnebagoes. The moment their friends left to put out the fire, this garrison, as you have learned, was helpless.

The first shock showed George Linden that nothing could keep the Indians out. All three of the guns were empty when the impact of the second savage opened the door far enough for those within to see the crouching figure as it was driven against it. The third, having received the hint, as I have told, did not allow himself to be carried off his feet as he followed the yielding structure into the apartment.

An instant before this crisis Linden called to his wife, daughter and Molly Bourne to group themselves behind him and Hank.

"We will die fighting," he said, as calmly as if talking about a trip with Bowlby and Harblow which was aimed at him by Linden. Despite his agility he succeeded only in partly doing so. Had it fallen fairly it would have killed him; as it was, it sent him spinning against the opposite wall of the room, with his ideas so muddled that for several minutes he was of no account.

This particular party of Winnebagoes must have been engaged in similar business long enough to acquire a certain skill, for none could have handled the infuriated Linden more effectively. Before he could draw his arms back to deliver a second blow with his rifle, one of the warriors grasped the stock. You can readily see how great is the advantage of one thus holding a gun over him who grasps it by the muzzle. With little exertion, but by a dexterous flirt, he fairly snapped the weapon from the hands of the owner, who was made defenseless before he could strike another blow.

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" called Grubbens, from the other side of the room; "what's the use of trying to fight when there ain't no show? Knock under, Linden, and save your scalp!"

The valiant speaker had a couple of warriors near him, and the fact could not be disputed that no violence had been offered him. In his front were the rest of the Winnebagoes, all fully armed and unquestionable masters of the situation. Some held their knives aloft, others their tomahawks, while two or three were continually calling out in their stumbling English:

"S'render! s'render! won't hurt! s'render!"

"Where are Bowlby and the rest?" wailed the despairing Linden; "why don't they come to our help?"

"They've got their hands full," called Grubbens in mortal fear lest his friend's stubbornness should bring vengeance upon all. "I tell you there ain't no show; if you don't give in, mighty quick, you'll be tomahawked."

It might well be said that the pioneer was foolish to hesitate to call out his submission since his only weapon had been wrenched from his grasp; but that which restrained the words, and which caused him to back against the side of the room, and assume the posture of a pugilist awaiting assault, was the hope that every moment would bring half a dozen of his friends through the open door.

Why they failed to appear was more than he could understand, since only a few minutes before they had done their best to aid in the defense from the outside.

An unexpected truth, however, became apparent within a few seconds after the disarming of Linden; the Winnebagoes, as I have intimated, preferred to take prisoners rather than to kill their enemies. They did not offer to harm Grubbens, nor did they make an assault upon him, though they could have slain him in a twinkling.

At the moment when Linden braced himself against the side of the room so that no one could get behind him, the three females cowered in the nearest corner. They may have thought it strange that their protector should suddenly have deserted them in that manner, but he knew he could do nothing in the way of their protection, and his hope was to prolong the contest, if such it may be called, until his friends should arrive.

But matters could not remain thus long, for brave as were the Winnebagoes, they would not allow him to stand at bay when it was so easy to bring him to terms.

One of the warriors stepped up in front of the three females cowering in the corner, and raised his tomahawk. Holding it poised over his head, he looked toward the father and asked:

"S'render?"

The gesture and words were too eloquent to be misconstrued. Without a second's hesitation, George Linden dropped his hands and called out:

"I surrender!"

CHAPTER IX.

"YOU SHOULD SMILE THROUGH YOUR TEARS."

WITH the same astonishing coolness which this band of Winnebagoes had shown from the first, they now started off with their prize.

Never was there a more docile prisoner than Hank Grubbens. When one of the captors ordered him by a gesture to place himself in front of the door, he obeyed with so much enthusiasm that he came near knocking a warrior from his feet. Next Mrs. Linden and the two younger ladies were led out beside him, and then Linden himself brought up the rear.

The females were dazed by the rush of events, and they obeyed with a meekness which caused the heart of Linden to ache for them.

None could know better than did the Winnebagoes that every second was precious. They understood why the whites had left the vicinity with such abruptness, and they had no doubt that they would soon be back again.

The outside was no sooner reached than the

"There ain't no use in fightin', Linden," he said, "'cause they're too many for us, so let's stop afore we've killed half of 'em, and make the rest so mad that our scalps are gone sure."

Throwing his rifle on the floor, he called out:

"I surrender!"

Only by the strongest effort did the wrathful pioneer restrain himself from braining the poltroon at his side.

The Indian who made the demand for a surrender attempted to dodge the terrific

dusky "director of ceremonies" pointed to the wood, and said to the captives:

"Go—go fast!"

The brief walk to the door placed Grubbens at his head.

"Of course," he hastened to say; "shall I run?"

"Run—run—go fast!"

The fellow instantly broke into a pace which not only took him directly toward the enemy's lines, but carried him in advance of the other prisoners, who, under the guard of the rest, began a rapid walk in the direction of the wood.

They were hardly clear of the house when Bowlby and his friends, having extinguished the flames, came running back. The hostiles seeing them, instantly placed the four captives so as to expose them to any shots that might be fired by their friends. This was done by putting Linden and the two ladies side by side, while the Indians walked in front of them.

You will see that in order to reach a red man the bullet would have to pass dangerously close to one of the captives. Fearing that the attempt might be made by his impetuous friend, Linden turned his head, and while still walking waved his hand as a protest against such interference.

He was not a minute too soon, for Bowlby already had his rifle at his shoulder, when the warning gesture caused him to lower it again.

"What's the matter with George?" he asked, in a wondering way, turning toward Hardin, who was at his elbow, and in the act of sending a shot after the party; "I had my varmint picked out, and there wouldn't have been any mistake about droppin' him, though the bullet would have to pass within an inch of his darter's head."

"I could bring down that other fellow," added Hardin, "and George knows we would not hurt any of his people, but it must be that he don't want us to excite the particular Indians out there."

"That's it," said Bowlby, stepping back, so as to gain the corner of the building as he realized that somebody was taking a fly at him from the woods; "if the varmints thought there was a likelihood of losin' the folks they would tomahawk 'em, just as they have done many a time afore——By gracious! I can't stand *that!*"

By this time three-fourths of the distance between the settlement and woods was crossed, so that it may be said the captives were beyond all possibility of rescue. The firing that had been so brisk for some time almost ceased, the lull being caused by the general interest which every one took in the captives, who were carried off by such a small band, under the very eyes of those who would seem ought to have saved them, but who, through the strange perversity of fate, were robbed of all power to do so.

At the moment the Winnebagoes felt absolutely sure of their prize in carrying off the prisoners, one of the daring band deliberately stepped from in front of them, and, with a temerity that was amazing, made an insulting gesture at Bowlby and his companions, who had held their fire in obedience to the protest of Linden.

The insult cost the miscreant dear. At sight of it, Bowlby uttered the exclamation I have recorded, and with surprising quickness aimed and fired at his insulter.

Enough be it to say that it was the last time that particular Winnebago ever indulged in anything of that sort.

The next minute the captors and captives disappeared among the trees, and the success of the intrepid band of warriors was complete.

This exploit—for it certainly was one of the most marked ever achieved by a party of American Indians—was the crisis of the last attack ever made on the village of Greville. From the security of the wood the assailants kept up a dropping fire on the settlers, but the shots were sent rather in the hope of deterring any project which might be entertained of rescue than with the expectation of inflicting any harm upon the defenders.

The latter were too vigilant to be caught off their guard, and they were equally prompt in discharging their guns without waiting for a chance to make their aim effective. It perhaps was not remarkable, under the circumstances, that the last shot fired did any execution was that of James Bowlby.

The assailants, having ended their dreadful work, prepared to withdraw from the vicinity. While they had gained only a partial success, they had paid dearly for it, as full a dozen of their best warriors had been laid low, and among them was Black Bear, the most famous chief they had had for a generation. Ten-fold the triumph achieved would not have paid them for his loss.

The sad result to the settlers was one that caused the Winnebago raid to be referred to with a shudder for many long years afterwards. Six men, two boys and two women had been stretched in death while fighting bravely, and an entire family (excepting the absent son) with two others, had been carried away prisoners.

All this was sorrowful enough, but the raid resulted in another series of events, terminating in a tragedy which in many respects was sadder still. We are now on the threshold of those events about which I shall make haste to tell you.

The Winnebagoes carried off their dead and wounded, as is the custom of the people when it is in their power to do so; but, as if to show their contempt for the whites, they halted among the precipitous hills which were the scene of the opening events of this story.

Within two hundred yards of the very spot where Fred Linden and Terry Clark crouched behind the boulder and saw the pursuing Winnebagoes pass unsuspectingly by, they stopped, built a large campfire, and prepared to stay as long as they chose, just as they would have done had they known that not a white man was within a hundred miles.

What a commentary on the cruelty of mankind were the incidents that followed this encampment!

It was fortunate that among the wounded settlers there was none who was seriously hurt. Barring accident, all were sure to recover, but the dead! They were gone, and many a heart was bowed with grief.

It was at such times that the good Moravian missionary and his wife where like ministering angels. They had done their utmost to beat back the fierce marauders, and it cannot be denied that they did it well. They knew every man, woman, and child in the settlement, and they were so acquainted with their surroundings, their habits, and their peculiarities, that their words were not only tender and sweet, but they were uttered with a tact which rendered them comforting as those of no other person could have been.

Having made sure that none of their enemies was near to molest, the bodies were prepared for burial. In the little plot of ground, a short distance to the south of the settlement, they were placed away in the narrow graves, amid the sobs and moans of their surviving friends.

"Why this blow has been permitted to fall upon our fair village," said the preacher, at the conclusion of the sad rites, "is not for any of us to try to say, but that He doeth all things well is as true as that the sun is shining at this moment in yonder sky. God's ways are mysterious, and beyond the power of man to understand. That blow is a terrible one, and were it in my power to dry those tears I would not do so. There is a time to weep as well as to laugh, and hard would be that heart that was not impressed by these sorrowful doings.

"We had been spared so long that I, like the rest, had begun to believe that all danger from the rage of the red men had passed. That we were mistaken has been proven at a fearful cost. We cannot be taken thus again at disadvantage, though I am sure that this one will have struck their last blow against our homes.

"But, my dear friends, we do not mourn as do those without hope. My heart is suffused with a sweet, peaceful joy when I reflect that each one of the men, women and boys whom we have laid away to sleep, until awakened by the trump at the morning of resurrection, has gone forth fully prepared. I have knelt in prayer with every one; I have heard their joyful testimony; I know that they are with Him who is love, and He will hold them safe in His blessed arms for evermore.

"What comfort can there be like that? You should smile through your tears and you should be able to say with me: 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be His Holy Name.'"

CHAPTER X.

"WE SHALL SOON KNOW THE TRUTH."

SIMILAR in some respects, and yet widely different, were the ceremonies going on among the rocky hills scarce a mile away.

The distance to the Winnebago villages was so great that it was decided, since there were no horses at command, that none of those that had fallen should be carried thither. With the help of the numerous hatchets in the hands of the remaining warriors, a large excavation was made in the rear ground, and the bodies of the hostiles were buried. They were not stretched on their backs, as is the custom among civilized people, but all were placed in a sitting posture, with their faces turned toward the east.

With each one were buried his rifle, knife and tomahawk (excepting where they had been lost and could not be recovered). Had the red men been the owners of dogs, as is often the case, the canines would have had to bear their fellow-quadrupeds company, so it was fortunate for those quadrupeds that they happened just then to be somewhere else.

Black Bear, the chieftain, was honored with a separate grave, where he sat bolt upright, ready to greet the morning sun. He was put away with the most tenderness, and a large boulder was rolled in place over the grave so as to prevent the remains from being disturbed by wild animals.

There being no inanimate bodies left above ground, the survivors expressed their lamentations by a series of howls, groans, moans, and cries whose dolefulness was beyond imagination. For more than an hour they kept up a monotonous dance, during which the dismal sounds never slackened. They sprinkled dirt on their heads, struck their breasts savagely, and some of the most ardent thrust skewers of wood into their flesh. The scene was weird and impressive.

And yet why need there have been mourning in the camps, and naturally Winnebagoes, and among the cabins of the pioneers?

The only reason was that which causes nearly all the sorrow and suffering in the world—the sinfulness of man himself.

The five remained silent spectators until the remains of Black Bear were covered, the stone rolled over the grave, and the loudest part of the doleful lamentations ended.

"They are almost through," remarked Edith; "I wonder what will come next."

"Why, they'll start on the tramp to the northeast—that is toward their hunting grounds and lodges."

"And I suppose we shall have to go with them."

"There can't be much doubt of that," replied the father, as he smiled grimly at the simplicity of his child; "do you imagine they would go to the trouble and danger of taking us prisoners for the sake of turning us loose again?"

"I do wonder," added Edith, directing her words to her father, "what is to become of us?"

"Indeed! who can tell?" asked her mother.

"Alas, I cannot," said the parent, "except to say that one of two fates is in store for us; they intend to hold us prisoners for an indefinite time, or they will put us to death."

"Suppose they offer us for ransom?"

"I have been thinking of that, but I believe it unlikely."

"You know that Mr. Bowlby and Terry Clark were given in exchange for their chief some years ago."

"Yes, but the situation is very different from what it was then. That same chief who served such a good purpose has just been put under ground, and will never be of further use. We had something to offer which the Winnebagoes valued more highly than a score of white men and boys. Besides," added Mr. Linden, as if to clinch the matter, "Deerfoot, the Shawanoe, had charge of that business."

"I wonder where he is now," said Edith, looking around, as if she expected to see him sitting on one of the rocks and acting the part of spectator.

"No doubt he is miles away in his own home, with his wife and little boy."

"Have you ever seen them?" asked Molly, whose friendship for the young warrior was as deep as that of every one in the village.

"Yes; Bowlby, Hardin and I ran against his cabin one day last fall, just before we went on our hunting expedition to the Ozarks. His wife belongs to some tribe east of the Mississippi, I think, and is just as pretty as he, while the little fellow who calls Deerfoot father is a picture."

"Now I have previously referred to the long, mysterious journeys which Deerfoot made to the west of the Father of Waters, and about which he was always reluctant to speak. The fact was, as you already know, that he was wooing a dusky maiden, whose love for him became as great as his own affection for her. She gave him her heart and they were made one by the Moravian missionary, Mr. Griffiths, who spent many an hour in their humble cabin. She, like her noble and handsome husband, worshiped the Great Spirit of the Christians, and the sight of these two devoted followers of God was one of the most touching upon which the venerable missionary had ever looked.

However, I cannot stop any longer to tell you about Deerfoot and his family, for there are a number of other persons in whom it is to be presumed you feel some interest.

It was a partial relief to the wife and young ladies to listen to Mr. Linden's account of what he had found in the cabin of Deerfoot, which he had located in such a secluded spot that it was almost impossible to find; for the Shawanoe knew that there were members of his own race, and even of his own tribe, who were eager to seize any chance to strike him a mortal blow, and none could be more mortal than if aimed at his wife and little boy.

"I don't suppose," added the father, "that there is any use in trying to guess what the Winnebagoes intend doing with us, but I suspect that they will take us to their lodges, which are a long way to the northeast."

"And then?" asked Edith.

"I dare venture no more."

He spoke so lightly that he concealed the awful fear in both Edith's and the man, whose experience with the Indians was more extended than that of most of his friends, believed that a shocking fate awaited all.

The main cause of this belief was the punishment which the assailants had received. Almost a score of their men had fallen, including their great war chief, Black Bear. One of the leading traits of the American Indian is the thirst for revenge, and it was not to be expected that the chance to wreak it upon these captives would be allowed to pass. The fact that some consideration was shown them just then could be no guarantee of the future.

"At any rate," said Mr. Linden, with a sigh, "we shall soon know the truth."

The knowledge of the intentions of their captors was indeed much closer than even he suspected, for it was but a few minutes away.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A RUBBER STAMP.

First of all some ordinary type is necessary, which, being procured in the shape of the letters forming the name, or whatever else it may be desired to retain for duplicating, should be set up in order, oiled, and have a guard of about one inch in height placed around it. Upon this, plaster-of-Paris, mixed to the proper consistency, is poured and allowed to set.

The rubber should be vulcanized and may be procured in long strips three inches wide and an eighth of an inch thick. A piece should be cut from this the size of the desired stamp; then remove the plaster cast from the type and place both the rubber and the cast in a press furnished with a screw. Heat enough should be applied in order to thoroughly soften the rubber, after which a strong pressure should be applied by means of the screw. Allow the pressure to continue a sufficient length of time for the rubber to receive an accurate impression of the cast, and grow cold. Then the two should be taken out and the rubber trimmed down neatly and cemented to a handle, ready for stamping.

THE BOUNDLESS SEA.

BY DR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

I LOVE this ocean picture's pale reserve;
No tints unnatural of purpling grain,
Azure, or opal mar the rough gray main,
The sweep, the swing, the long froth-churning curve,
The shoreward working and confused swerve
Of yellowing water—white blooms wear such stain,
All dashed and beaten with the April rain.

[*This story commenced in No.* 215].

ALWAYS IN LUCK

By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XLII.

THE STEAMER THAT CAME INTO THE BAY.

IN the twinkling of an eye the skipper of the Fawn was hauled to the deck of the schooner. The captain ordered one of his men to cast off the painter of the sloop the instant he had his passenger on board. The vessel forged ahead, her jib filled, and she went off on her course before the pirate crew had had time to look at their victim. The skipper rushed to the helm to pay off the vessel before she broached to, and his companions had not seen their passenger before.

Paul found himself alone in the Fawn, with the schooner speeding away from her. But the wind was not violent. He knew nothing about a boat, but he tried her in various ways till he found one in which she would sail. A little common sense helped him out, and he was soon standing towards the entrance to the bay.

What Paul Munjoy had done on board of the Fawn was not the result of any plan he had arranged while shut up in the cuddy. All he had promised himself to do was to get the upper hand of this skipper. He knew he was not as a lion, and he had once before measured forces with Claude, and he was reasonably confident that he could overwhelm him if the pistol were out of the way, and his arms were free.

Though not as tall as Claude, he was quite as heavy, and had always been accustomed to athletic sports, and had spent most of his life out of doors in the mountain air of Sparhyte and its vicinity. The battle had been sharp and short, as he had supposed it would be. A person who can use his fists well while with another clutching his throat, and stopping his breath in a great measure

If the river pirates noticed the brief struggle at all, they did not consider it an affair of importance, for they left the whole matter to them on board of their vessel, and the captain had already received the money for the job he was to do. Besides, they had to look out for the schooner, which was not inclined to lie to, perhaps because she was not properly manned.

The villainous captain of the schooner had called upon Claude to "pass him up quick," with something else that Paul did not comprehend, not being a sailor. This demand suggested to the sharp-witted boy the best the plan that he adopted. He saw that if no prisoner were handed over to the nautical miscreants, some questions might be asked, and there was danger that the good work he had done might be undone.

On the spur of the instant he had dragged Claude, still nearly insensible from the choking he had received, and handed him over to the pirates. The captain was nervous about the movements of his vessel, and he did not stop to examine his victim. He assisted the dragging him to the deck, and then threw him down, leaving him while he attended to more pressing duties, for his prisoner seemed to be unconscious.

The vessel filled away, as she had begun to do before Claude was taken on board of her. She stood directly out to sea, with the wind on her quarter. The skipper of the Fawn lay where the captain had dropped him. If he realized what had just been done, he had neither the strength nor the wind to do anything, not even to make a protest against the treatment he was receiving.

Paul had fully recovered his breath in a few moments, though the want of a full supply of that needful element of comfortable existence had not prevented him from doing the best he could to start the sloop for the bay. The wind was west, and his course was north. It was a very easy problem in sailing a boat that he was called upon to solve. The jib and mainsail of the Fawn had been taken in, and there was nothing to do but induce the craft to go ahead.

As the schooner went clear of her, the sails had flapped, and Paul worked the tiller till he got the bang of it. The sails filled on the port tack, and he soon learned from instinct and common sense all that it was necessary to know to keep the boat on this tack. The sheet remained as it had been, though the boom had slid over on the traveler. Paul felt quite at home at the tiller in a few minutes, and he steered the Fawn for the entrance of the bay, without regard to anything, and fortunately the wind came from a direction which called for no change in the sails. Claude had fixed things for sailing on the opposite tack, and the arrangement answered equally well for the present course.

In less than half an hour the Fawn came to the entrance of the bay, and then he felt that he was out of the reach of any possible danger. Before this he had realized what his peril would be if Claude came to himself and explained the situation to the captain of the schooner. Not a single minute had passed without his looking behind to see if the schooner had not come about, and started in pursuit of him. If she did so now, he could steer the Fawn ashore, and run away long before the pirate could overtake him.

In this state of security he looked at his

watch, and found it was a quarter of nine. He had supposed it was later. The family rose early on those long summer mornings, and they had taken breakfast at seven. It was not half an hour later when Moses had called for him. But it was nearly the time at which he was to leave with Captain Portbrook for Jamaica to attend the trial.

His guardian must have missed him before this, and Paul could very easily believe that he was beginning to be uneasy about him. As the Fawn approached the cottage, he could see a horse and buggy standing before the door. A little later he saw the captain on the beach looking about, evidently in search of him. But he was still too far off to hail him, and though the shipmaster could not help seeing the sloop, he would not suspect that his ward was on board of her, still less that he was actually sailing her.

Through the opening from the sea Paul could still see the schooner, and she did not appear to have come about. Paul did not believe the villains, who had got their money for the abduction, would be willing to correct the mistake which had been made. At any rate the vessel was still headed out to sea. But there was another craft now in sight which attracted the new skipper's attention. She was a small steamer, very trim in her appearance, and she had pointed her sharp bow towards the piers at Bloomhaven as soon as she was inside the bar.

The Fawn did not go fast enough for Paul when he saw his guardian looking for him in the vicinity of the cottage. But he knew of no way to hasten her speed, and he had to wait till he came within hailing distance. He had not to wait long, and the first shout he gave attracted the attention of the captain.

Pauline had a small keel boat with which she amused herself on the smooth waters of the bay. Captain Portbrook brought this craft from its house, and a few minutes later he was pulling out towards the Fawn, for he had recognized the voice of his ward at once. He rowed with a vigorous arm, and the little canoe was soon alongside of the sloop.

"You did not tell me you were going to sail this morning, Paul," said the captain, as he came alongside the Fawn.

"I did not think of doing so myself," replied Paul, repressing the exciting thoughts which were rushing to his brain.

"This is Claude Moscott's yacht; how came you in it? I did not know that you could sail a boat," continued the captain.

"I don't pretend to be a skipper, but I have got so far with the Fawn, and I don't think I want anything more of her," added Paul. "I have been in a tight place since this morning."

"In a tight place!" exclaimed the captain. "Milly said one of Mrs. Munjoy's men came to see you, and that you went away with him in Claude's buggy."

"That is quite true, and nothing but a fight has saved me from I don't know what fate. But I am always in luck, and I got out of this scrape as I have out of all the others before."

"What in the world has happened to you?" demanded the captain, not a little alarmed at the statement of his ward.

As he spoke Captain Portbrook got on board of the sloop, and threw her head up into the wind. He seated himself at the tiller, and Paul told him without delay all that had occurred. The guardian was shocked. In spite of his fears, he had never imagined anything so outrageous as had happened that morning.

"You can just see the schooner now," said Paul, pointing through the entrance to the bay.

"It is fortunate you turned the tables upon Claude this time, and I must say you conducted your operation in a very clever manner. You have been robbed of your money, but that is of little consequence," added the captain.

"Do you know what that steamer is, Captain Portbrook?" asked Paul, as he pointed to her, headed towards the other side of the bay.

"It looks like a police-boat, and very likely it is one. Probably she is looking for some of those river pirates; one of them may have committed a robbery, and made for a port," replied the captain. "But we must inform the officers on board of her what has just happened, and they will soon overhaul that schooner in this breeze."

Captain Portbrook fastened his boat at the stern, and then filled away the Fawn.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AN INVESTMENT IN DIAMONDS.

BEFORE the wind the Fawn made good speed, and she was soon within hail of the steamer. As the captain had supposed from her appearance, she was in the police service. She promptly stopped her screw when the captain hailed her, and the sloop was brought alongside of her. Paul repeated the story, to which the officer in charge gave earnest attention.

"Do you know the name of this schooner?" he asked, as soon as Paul had finished his narrative.

"I do not; I did not see her name upon her anywhere, and I was too busy to think of looking particularly for it," replied Paul, as he described the men he had seen on her deck.

"I have no doubt it is the vessel we are looking for," said the captain, who identified one of the men from the description. "But it was Claude Moscott who robbed you of your pocket-book, was it?"

"Yes, sir; and he used my money to pay Moses and the captain of the schooner. You will no doubt find the pocket-book upon him, and two of the fifty dollar bills upon the captain. The pocket-book was a brown morocco one, which I bought in France, and it has my name stamped in gilt letters on the inside of it."

"Perhaps you had better go with us, young man," suggested the officer in charge of the steamer.

"I am sorry to say I can't spare him; he is an important witness in a case which is coming on to-day at our county-seat; and it is time we were on our way to the court," interposed Captain Portbrook.

"Very well. I saw the schooner standing off to sea when we came into the bay, and I think we can find her," replied the officer. "But we want the fellow that came to your house this morning, and induced this young man to go with him. He is one of the conspirators."

"I have had to do was to get me to the sloop, and I don't believe he knew what was to be done with me," said Paul, who was inclined to do justice to the coachman. "He did not take a hand in robbing me of my money."

"Perhaps not; but he can think that over when he comes to answer for it," said the officer, as the captain went over the side, followed by his ward.

The steamer started her screw, and the captain of her said he should bring the schooner to Bloomhaven with him if he had captured her, and he wanted to see Paul as soon as he returned from court. Captain Portbrook took into the Fawn one of the officers whose duty it was to arrest Moses. The sloop soon landed the party at the cottage, and she was anchored in the deep water off the house.

An hour later the captain and his ward were at the court-house, though the horse that brought them was the only sufferer from the haste which had been made. But they were late, as it was, and one case had been disposed of before their arrival. That of Moscott was called next, for the captain's lawyer was an influential man.

The plaintiff was the principal witness on the part of his side, and the defendant's lawyer raked him terribly in the cross examination.

After dinner the defense called the captain, who told an entirely different story from the other. At the right time, the lawyer submitted the musty and crumpled note of agreement, which caused Mr. Moscott and his wife, for they were both there, to leap to their feet, as though they had been pierced with the javelin of wrath. Their lawyer laughed, and talked about fraud, but the two gentlemen who had witnessed the instrument, swore positively to their signatures on the document.

Then Paul Munjoy took the stand and told where he had found the papers; and the jury gave the case to Captain Portbrook before they had been out ten minutes. The court adjourned for the day at this point, and two more furious people than Lynch Moscott and his wife were never seen on Long Island, outside of the lunatic asylums. In the supposed absence of the note and agreement, they had been confident of success in the suit; and the result was the complete overthrow for them.

"Fraud like that does not succeed in the end, Portbrook," said Mr. Moscott, when they met at the hotel, as they were about to start for home. "That young rascal who has robbed me of my just inheritance is a cunning villain."

"Mr. Moscott, I don't think fraud of any kind will succeed in the end; and I am quite certain you will be satisfied of the fact before the sun goes down to-night," said Captain Portbrook, with dignity.

"You have put your property out of your hands to rob me of my just dues, Portbrook; but another court will reverse the decision of this one, and I shall find out what you have done with the money, I promise you."

"I shall be ready to meet you in any court," added the captain. "I don't know to what extent you inspire the operations of your son, or whether you know that he has been engaged to-day in an enterprise which will send him to the penitentiary."

"Claude? What do you mean? Are you seeking to ruin him as well as me?" demanded Mr. Moscott, startled in spite of the source from which this suggestion came.

"Perhaps you will find him in the hands of the police, and the evidence upon him will be sufficient to convict him," added Captain Portbrook.

"Is this a trick of that young rascal who robbed us?" demanded the lady, not a little excited by the idea that any disaster had overtaken her only son, her spoiled child.

"I should say it was a trick of Claude himself to effect his own ruin, for it was quite as stupid as any of his former operations."

"I know you are perfectly capable of telling the truth when the subject of your remarks is my son, but perhaps you will be willing to inform me what you mean by your dark hints," added the masculine Moscott.

"If I am not capable of telling the truth on this subject, it is hardly worth while for me to task your credulity with any statement whatever," replied the captain, as he seated himself in his vehicle.

"That's a heavy blow to them," said Paul, as his guardian drove off.

"It is just what comes to any one sooner or later who embarks in a career of villainy. I am content to lose the hundred thousand dollars which is gone, but I am not willing to sacrifice the same sum left to me, and leave my daughter a beggar, when my claim was based on a fraud which I could not prove before you found those papers, Paul. You say you are always in luck, and perhaps you are. I think I am fortunate in the end of this business, though things looked mighty black to me for the last two years."

"But Mr. Moscott intimates that this is not the end of the suit, and I suppose he will try to obtain a new trial," suggested Paul.

"He will attempt nothing of the kind. He has no ground to stand upon. He is beaten thoroughly and completely, and his lawyer knows, if he does not, that it is utterly useless for him to try to do anything more. It is no longer necessary for me to cover up my property, and you can return that iron box to me as soon as you please, Paul."

"Does that contain your property, captain? I have asked no questions before, and I have not even told you where I put the iron box," continued Paul, whose curiosity was excited.

"It contains one hundred thousand dollars in value, perhaps more," replied the captain.

"I don't see how it is possible to put so great a value in such a small compass."

"Before I was married, I spent more than a year in South Africa, engaged in buying diamonds at the diggings. I learned the business thoroughly. When I found it necessary to conceal my property to save my daughter's fortune, I bought diamonds with the money at a time when the depression in business made them cheap. They are in that iron box, for you were the only person in the world I dared to trust with them. Now, are they safe, and where are they?"

"They are more than a foot under water at the lowest tide, and I think they are safe. I will know before I go to bed to-night," replied Paul; and he explained about the coffer dam in which he had buried the box.

When they reached the head of the bay they saw the police steamer at the wharf in front of the town, and the captain drove over to ascertain the result of her mission at sea.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE WAGES OF INIQUITY PAID.

CAPTAIN PORTBROOK returned the horse and buggy he had hired to the stable, and he and Paul hastened to the wharf to ascertain the state of things on board of the police steamer. The officer in charge was on the pier, and when he saw the hero of the morning's adventure, he offered his hand, and was delighted to see him.

"I did not more than half believe your story when you told it to me this morning," he said; "but I found it was all correct to the very letter. We have arrested the whole gang, and the fellow that was going to New York by the train."

"You mean Moses?"

"Moses is the man, and he was the most astonished fellow in the party, though your young friend, Claude Moscott, is somewhat bewildered to find how soon he was brought up with a round turn. Come on board and see him."

The captain and Paul followed the chief officer to the deck of the steamer, where they found the three pirates, Claude, and Moses, with their wrists secured behind them with handcuffs. They were lying on the deck, with four policemen watching over their interests.

"I hope I didn't hurt you this morning, Claude," said Paul, before the prisoner had turned to look at him.

"Is that you, Paul?" asked the late skipper of the Fawn, as he cast a sickly glance at his visitor. "I have the marks of your fingernails on my throat, but I was not much hurt after I got my breath again."

"I am sorry to have you get into such a scrape, but I didn't feel exactly like being carried off below in the schooner. I did not have much confidence in these three men after what little I had seen of them."

"You were too sharp for me, Paul, and I have lost," replied Claude, with something like a groan, which correctly expressed his unhappy feelings. "I suppose you have been over to Jamaica to-day?"

"Yes; I have been there nearly all day, and the trial was finished before five o'clock this afternoon."

"Well, how did it go? I suppose it is no use to ask, for the captain had nothing to stand on," added Claude.

"On the contrary, he did have something to stand on. He stood on the note and agreement," answered Paul, who was almost amused at the confidence of the young villain.

"I never believed there was any note or agreement," said Claude, with a sickly smile; but all his efforts in this direction were of an invalid character."

"You did not believe it when you took them from the captain's little office yourself?" demanded Paul, rather sharply, and acting on his theory, rather than upon any evidence on his part beyond the finding of the papers in the safe of Claude.

Claude made no reply in words, but he looked at Paul as though he feared he knew the whole truth. Doubtless his curiosity was excited to know how the papers got into court, but he asked no more questions of any kind.

"The note and agreement were proved, and the jury gave the case to Captain Portbrook in less than ten minutes after they retired," added Paul.

"We may want you in New York to-morrow, Paul Munjoy," said the officer, in charge. "But we shall forward Claude Moscott and Moses to Jamaica as soon as the officer we have sent for comes for them. This crime was committed here."

The officer began to explain his arrangements when Claude's father and mother rushed on board of the boat. They were followed soon after by the constable who was to convey the prisoners to be tried in Queens County to the jail. The pirates were to be tried for robbing the cabin of a bark two nights before.

"Claude! O Claude!" almost screamed Mrs. Moscott, as she threw herself upon the reclining form of her son.

"No; he has not killed me, mother," replied the hopeful young man, as the hot tears of the over-indulgent parent washed his cheeks, and he attempted to shake her off.

"My poor boy! They have been trying to ruin you as well as your father and mother. They will send you to prison now!"

"We shall certainly do that, ma'am," said the officer. "But it strikes me that the young man has been trying to ruin himself."

"No; he has not! Claude has a good character, and he would not do anything wrong or wicked!" gasped Mrs. Moscott.

"That depends upon what you call wrong and wicked. I know something about such affairs as this, and I don't think I ever came across a young fellow who was much worse than this one. Perhaps you don't call it wrong or wicked to put a revolver at this young man's head, carry him off, and hand him over to river pirates to get rid of him, but I do," replied the officer, pointing to Paul as the victim. "But Paul carries too many guns for him, and was able to take care of himself."

"Here is the revolver I took from him in the scuffle," said Paul, taking it from his pocket where he had carried it all day.

"What have you been doing, Claude?" asked Mr. Moscott, with something like sternness in his expression, as he stepped in front of his wretched son.

"It's no use to stick it out, governor," replied Claude. "I have given up the fight, and I must take the consequences. I have done the best I could to put aunt Rowena's money in mother's treasury; I have failed every time. Paul has such a run of luck that it is no use to try to do anything with him."

"But don't give yourself away, my boy," interposed Mr. Moscott.

"No use; it is all up with me in this world," said Claude, who had handed himself over to despair.

The jail officer was in a hurry, as he had a long drive before him, and the night was coming on. He took Claude by the arm, while one of the officers of the boat, who was to accompany him, took charge of Moses.

"Do you know where they got that note and agreement?" asked Mr. Moscott of the unhappy young man, in a low voice, as he walked by his side to the shore.

"I don't know anything about it," replied Claude.

"Do you know what became of those papers? You told me they were no longer in existence, though I was afraid to ask you what had become of them."

"I acted on my own responsibility, although for mother's interest; but I never told you what was done with the papers. After I got them, I put them in the bottom of the tender for a moment while I shoved the boat off the sand. The wind was blowing hard, and I could not find them again. When I looked for them they were gone, and I supposed the wind had carried them out to sea. I searched for two hours for them, but I could not find them. That's the whole of it."

"But they were still in the boat, and that young rascal found them, and we are all ruined," added Mr. Moscott, bitterly. "I wish you had not meddled with my affairs."

Claude's mother talked with the constable, while her husband tried to ascertain from his prisoner in what manner his case had been lost. The lady wanted to have the officer release her son; but he only laughed at her, and was firm in the discharge of his duty. The prisoners were put into a covered wagon and were driven out of the town.

Both the father and mother were overwhelmed by the catastrophe which had overtaken Claude. They regarded it rather as a misfortune than crime. The sight of Paul filled them with wrath, as they went up the street behind him and the captain.

The latter and his ward walked home, where they received a warm welcome from Pauline and Mrs. Disbrook. At the supper table the result of the trial was given, and the daughter was as much delighted with the verdict as the father had been. But Moses who had remained at the cottage during the day had not heard a word in regard to the capture of Paul in the morning.

The nurse hugged her former charge, with tears in her eyes, when she learned of the fearful fate he had escaped, and Pauline could hardly repress her sobs. The Fawn had been at anchor all day in front of the cottage, but the captain had not stopped a moment to relate what happened when he came ashore in the forenoon.

The next day Paul and his guardian had to go to Jamaica again. The officer of the police steamer and some of his companions were there, and Moses and Claude were fully committed for trial on the examination.

As soon as these matters were disposed of, Captain Portbrook, with Paul and Mrs. Disbrook, paid a visit to Mr. Barr, whom they selected to attend to the inheritance of the minor. At first he laughed at the idea of bringing suit on such an issue. But days later he changed his mind, for he had obtained a copy of Paul Biggiesby's will. The description it contained of the person of the heir was so abundant and definite that the lawyer was willing to look into the case.

Mr. Barr insisted that the story had been borrowed from some romance, and he could find a dozen such in the cheap novels of the day. The physician who had made the examination of the child was sent for, and he was perfectly satisfied that Paul was the identical person described in the will.

The conservative lawyer had another opportunity to laugh when he was told about the Egyptian claims. But he was willing to test the matter, and he directed Paul's telegraph to have the funds to pay the claim sent to an agent in New York. This was done in due time, and the lawyer attached the amount on behalf of his client.

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE CLOCK.

THE famous timepiece in the cathedral at Strasburg, whither all visitors to the town invariably betake themselves a few minutes before noon, is quite cast into the shade by a marvelous structure which is said to have once belonged to a Hindoo prince, and of which the *Popular Science Monthly* gives the following description:

A large gong was hung on poles near the dial, and all about upon the ground lay a pile of artificial human heads, ribs, legs and arms. The whole number of bones in the pile was equal to the number of bones in twelve perfect bodies, but the pile appeared to have been thrown together in the greatest confusion. When the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out of the pile crawled first the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part coming to part with quick click; when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow. This done, he returned to the pile, and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and, marching to the gong, struck one after another his blow, making twelve in all; then returning, fell to pieces as before.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

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

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

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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be James Gordon Bennett, of the "New York Herald."

This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 209. Back numbers can be had.

A QUEER OCCUPATION.

WHEN some years ago a newspaper of this city started a bureau for the furnishing of young gentlemen guests to parties and receptions, it was thought that the acme of odd business concerns had been reached.

But it seems that New York can now boast of a young man who earns a livelihood in a still odder fashion.

He is a Westerner, who came to the metropolis some two months ago to obtain employment, but could not find an opening. He was about to give up the attempt and return home, when an idea was suggested to him by the absorbing interest taken by strangers in the wax figures of prominent men.

"Would they not be willing to pay something for the opportunity of beholding these same individuals in flesh and blood?" the young man asked himself, and forthwith began to frequent the hotel corridors where the notabilities, as well as the strangers, most do congregate.

He made the experiment of offering to point out the former to the latter, was rewarded for his trouble, and now has his printed business cards, and is talking of hiring assistants.

Before reading your GOLDEN ARGOSY, open the paper, put a stitch through the back, and cut the pages. This is the best way to keep the paper neat and tidy, easy to handle and convenient to read.

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

ALMOST every mail brings to this office one or two, sometimes more, first efforts of aspiring young authors. Very humble and distrustful of their own abilities are the writers, too, candidly requesting criticism and counsel. In almost every case the contribution proves to be unavailable, and "declined with thanks" is the sorrowful legend that greets the youthful writer's eye when the editorial verdict arrives.

But it has always been so, since popular literature became a power in the land. It *seems* "so easy to write, especially fiction." "Anybody can make up a story."

Aye, very true, but only the few can tell it so as to interest several thousand readers of varied tastes.

Aside from this fact, the market is overstocked with literary wares, even those of high grade and salable qualities, so where there is but a slim chance for the experienced author to obtain an opening for his story, article or poem, cheerless indeed are the prospects of the novice.

This being so, we should like to ask a question and offer a suggestion. Why do not more young people turn their attention to illustrative work? Surely there must be a great number of them who possess a taste and talent for drawing, and this is a field that is not only not overcrowded, but one in which the rewards are far greater than are those granted to ninety-nine in a hundred of the weavers of fancies into words.

Some of the artists employed on the great magazines and illustrated newspapers earn as much as eight and ten thousand dollars a year. Here is a royal opportunity, indeed, to which we call the attention of young and ambitious readers.

A RUSSIAN doctor, with the musical name of Chudnowski, has been experimenting with the digestion of a number of Russian soldiers. He finds, among other things, that a non-smoker can, on the average, digest a hearty meal in an hour less time than a smoker.

THE ARGOSY recently published an article which deplored the establishment of railroads up the Alps, and the introduction of street cars at Bethlehem and Nazareth. Alas, the sentiment that reverences the famous and the ancient is about to receive a still heavier blow. It is proposed to run a tunnel through Boston Common.

BEWARE OF THE WIRES.

DURING the gales of the spring equinoctial, the wind blew down three telegraph poles at Orange, New Jersey, and the wires fell in a tangled heap on the railroad track. A few moments afterward a through freight train came along, and the engine, although every effort was made to check its speed, plunged into the obstruction. Smoke stack, headlight, whistle, bell and all the ornamental work on the locomotive were twisted off in a trice, caught in the coils of some 40,000 feet of wire.

And as we read the account of the affair, we could not but reflect that the damage done by these combined coils of wire was very like that havoc wrought in character by evil habits, which, though at first sight they may appear slight and harmless, yet are capable of so twining themselves about their victim as to eventually make a complete moral wreck of his life.

THIRTEEN SPLENDID STORIES.

We have lately received so many letters inquiring whether back numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY *can be obtained, that we judge that most of our numerous new readers would prefer to have the present volume complete from No. 209, with which it opened. In that number "Making a Man of Himself" was commenced, and a synopsis given of the other serials then running, so that those who begin their series with No. 209 could read, practically complete, the following stories:*

MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF,
BOB BURTON,
LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE-OUT,
THAT TREASURE,
TOM TRACY.

The following stories have been commenced since:

THE CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS,
ALWAYS IN LUCK,
THE BOY BROKER,
LITTLE NAN,
NATURE'S YOUNG NOBLEMEN,
PIRATE ISLAND,
THE LAST WAR TRAIL
NED NEWTON.

Ask your newsdealer for these back numbers; he can order them from his News Company; or you can get them direct from this office, 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE,

Editor of the "Toledo Blade."

IN Mr. Locke, the owner and editor of the *Toledo Blade*, who is probably better known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," we have one more instance of a man who has risen by sheer merit and hard work from the type-setter's case to the highest ranks in journalism.

He is the son of Nathaniel Reed Locke, a veteran of the war of 1812, and a sturdy anti-slavery man, Republican and temperance man. David Ross Locke was born at the village of Vestal, in Broome County, New York, on the 20th of September, 1833.

He had only reached his eleventh year when he left school and went to work in a printing office, but of course he did not consider his education finished; indeed it was only just beginning.

The office he entered was that of the *Democrat*, of Cortland, NewYork; and here he learned the printing trade well and thoroughly. Then he started out into the world as a journeyman printer.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE.

He now traveled all over the Union, visiting almost every American city of any importance, and working as compositor, reporter, or editorial writer. This wandering life has some hardships, but it affords admirable opportunities for gaining experience and knowledge of the world.

Struck with the great resources of the Western country, and foreseeing the wonderful development in store for it, Mr. Locke early determined to found a great paper somewhere in that wide territory.

He was not yet twenty years of age when he began publishing on his own account. Leaving Pittsburgh, where he had been employed on the *Chronicle*, he went to Plymouth, in Richland County, Ohio, which was at that time reckoned a long way west; and there, in partnership with Mr. James G. Robinson, he issued the *Plymouth Advertiser*.

The new paper was indeed started under difficulties. The two young men had less than fifty dollars in cash between them; but energy and hard work served instead of capital. They procured a second-hand outfit; they were their own editors, reporters, printers, press men and business managers. They toiled sixteen hours a day for two years, and then sold the paper for a thousand dollars.

Even now they were scarcely capitalists, but they had made a good start, gained many friends, and were now ready to enter upon wider journalistic fields.

Mr. Locke located successively in several towns in Northern Ohio, and was connected with the *Mansfield Herald*, the *Bucyrus Journal*, the *Bellefontaine Republican*, and the *Findlay Jeffersonian*, all of which are still in existence, and owe to him their earliest success.

It was at Findlay that he hit upon the idea which has contributed most to his reputation and popularity—the famous series of letters signed "Petroleum V. Nasby."

The first of these appeared in March, 1861, and gave an exceedingly funny burlesque of the secession of the Southern States, narrating how Wingert's Corners, an insignificant village in Crawford County, had followed their example, and declared itself independent of the State of Ohio. Nasby, the supposed writer, an amusing, though of course exaggerated, specimen of the "corner grocery statesman," characteristically complains that the State "hez compelled us, yeer after yeer, to pay our share uv the taxes," while it refused to locate the State Capital at Wingert's Corners, and "never appinted any citizen uv the place to any offis wher theft wuz possible, thus wilfully keepin capital away from us."

Although Mr. Locke took up no arms in the civil war, and only fought from his editor's desk, yet he did much for the Union cause. The pen, says the proverb, is mightier than the sword, and satire is often more forcible than force. The Nasby letters took the popular fancy at once. Nothing quite like them had been written before, and the quaint back-handed way in which the author preached his political doctrines was very effective. They were read all over the country, and gave inspiration to speakers, editors, and politicians everywhere. It is said that Abraham Lincoln kept a copy of them in his desk; and a member of his cabinet went so far as to assert that the rebellion was crushed by three forces—the army, the navy, and the Nasby Letters.

Mr. Locke's connection with the *Toledo Blade* dates from October, 1865, when he undertook its management, at first on a salary, but afterwards acquiring an interest in the paper, and finally its complete control.

He is still at his post, working as hard as ever. He has written books and plays, and has made numerous lecturing tours, besides superintending the *Blade* and continuing the Nasby letters. He has embarked in business ventures too, and his large building enterprises have identified him with the rapid progress of Toledo.

He has wonderfully increased the moderate degree of success which the *Blade* previously enjoyed. To-day it has a prosperous daily edition, and a weekly, practically Mr. Locke's own creation, which in character and circulation stands among the foremost of its class in the country; and its new building at the corner of Superior and Jefferson Streets is spacious and finely equipped.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

HOW TO JUMP FENCES.

A STORY is told of Dr. Thomas Young, an English scientist who was well known fifty years ago, which describes his first attempt at clearing a fence on horseback.

Not being an experienced equestrian, the doctor fell off his horse. Without saying a word he remounted, and went at the fence again. He was again unseated, but escaped a fall by clinging to the horse's neck. Still he was not satisfied, and at a third trial he succeeded in clearing the fence in first-rate style.

"Do as I have done," said George Stephenson, the inventor of railroads, "persevere!" Every one has a good many fences to get over in the course of his life, and it is well not to tumble over them, but to arrive on the other side cool, collected, and ready for further progress. Perseverance will show how this can be done.

NATURE NEVER GROWS OLD.

WHILE yet one leaf swings high
Against an azure sky
In spring-time's ecstasy,
There breaths yet the sublime,
There beats yet living rhyme,
'Tis still the young world's prime.
Nature has high commands,
Bears gifts with lavish hands
To him who understands!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

HE that has no character is not a man; he is only a thing.

ADVICE is like castor oil; easy enough to give, but hard enough to take.

THE certain way to be cheated is to fancy oneself more cunning than others.

THROUGH the wide world he only is alone who lives not for another.—*Rogers.*

TRUTH, like timber, may be driven out of sight by the violence of the streams, but will soon float again on the top.

THE way of truth is like a great road. It is not difficult to know it. The evil is only that men will not seek it. Do you go home and search for it.

EMPLOYMENT, which Galen calls "Nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.

THE true Christian is like the sun, who pursues his noiseless track, and everywhere leaves the effect of his beams in a blessing upon the world around him.—*Luther.*

"WELL, IF EVER I SEE THE LIKE!" GASPED MRS. McCURDY, QUITE OVERCOME WITH AMAZEMENT.

NED NEWTON; or, The Fortunes of a New-York Bootblack

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

Author of "Tom Tracy," "Number 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE EMPTY WALLET.

TWO hours before, Mrs. McCurdy, stepping on tip-toe, left her own room, and going once more to her neighbor's, knocked gently at the door.

There was no answer.

"I guess she's asleep," said Mrs. McCurdy to herself. "If she is, I'm in luck."

She opened the door softly and looked in.

Mrs. Newton was lying on the lounge, and her gentle, regular breathing showed that she had dropped into slumber.

Mrs. McCurdy glanced at the sleeping woman with an air of satisfaction. She entered, and, though a heavy woman, she stepped as softly as a child would have done.

"I wish I knew where she kept the money," she murmured. "Mebbe it's in the bureau drawers. It won't do no harrum to look."

With the same soft step the portly washerwoman went to the bureau and pulled open the upper drawer. At first she discovered nothing, but drawing it out a little further she espied an old wallet.

Her eyes sparkled as she hastily clutched it, and, with fingers trembling with eagerness, opened it.

Yes, there was the money she so coveted. In one compartment were two quarters, and in the other four one dollar bills.

Should she take it all? She was tempted to do so; but a cunning suggestion led her to leave the quarters, and appropriate the balance.

"It'll look better," she muttered, though why it should look better she would have found it difficult to explain.

Mrs. McCurdy had no further desire to remain in the room. On the contrary she was anxious to get out of the way with her ill-gotten gains. So she closed the wallet hastily, and replaced it as near as she could guess in the place from which it had been taken, and then shut the drawer.

With a guilty look she glanced once more at the sleeping form on the lounge. It chanced at this moment that Mrs. Newton stirred in her sleep. Mrs. McCurdy turned pale, and scuddled out of the room as fast as she could, necessarily making more noise than when she entered.

"Who is there?" she heard, in a languid voice, as she got out of the door.

"Bedad, it's a lucky escape you had, Bridget McCurdy!" she said to herself, panting with excitement. "Shure you're in luck this time."

Mrs. Newton slowly turned, but saw no one.

"I must have been mistaken," she said to herself, wearily. "I thought I heard a noise."

Meanwhile Mrs. McCurdy returned to her room, and, taking the bank bills from her pocket, gloated over them.

"It's long since I saw so much money before," she said. "Many's the quart of whisky it'll buy, and I'm that wake that I nade it for my constitution. But I mustn't tell Madge, or she'll think she needn't bring me so much money, and I nade all I can get. What with the rent and the vittles it costs a sight to live, and it's hard I have to worruk for a wake, delicate woman. Now I'll go out, and get a thimbleful of whisky, for I'm feelin' gone at the stummik."

Mrs. McCurdy went down stairs, and, without the formality of putting on her bonnet, hurried across the street to a small saloon, where her favorite beverage was dispensed by a man named Mike Brady. She took a quart vessel with her.

"How are ye, Mrs. McCurdy?" asked Mike, a stout, red-faced man, who evidently patronized his own mixtures.

"Wake and delicate as usual, Mr. Brady."

"You don't look it, Mrs. McCurdy."

"That's where it is. I'm so stout like, I don't get no sympathy, but there's times when my Madge could knock me down wid a feather."

"I never saw you in any of those times," said Mike, with a quizzical glance at his robust visitor. "But what can I do for you today, ma'am?"

"I'd like a pint of whisky, Mr. Brady," said the widow, presenting the quart pot.

"Have you got the cash, Mrs. McCurdy?" asked Mike, a little doubtfully, for Mrs. McCurdy had more than once endeavored to buy on credit.

"Yes, sir, I've got the money."

To the surprise of the saloon-keeper, she presented a dollar bill, taking out at the same time the other three bills.

"Have you come into a fortune, Mrs. McCurdy?" asked Mr. Brady, in considerable surprise.

"No, Mr. Brady, I ain't that lucky."

"It wouldn't be lucky, for you'd drink yourself to death," thought the saloon-keeper, as he prepared to pour out the whisky.

Evidently Mrs. McCurdy felt called upon to account for the possession of so much money.

"A cousin of my dead and gone husband sent me the money," she said. "It was a debt he owed poor Patrick. Shure I never expected he would remember it."

"You are certainly fortunate, Mrs. McCurdy," said Brady. "There's few that gives a debt like that a second thought. And what was the man's name?"

"John McCurdy," answered the lady, with some hesitation.

"Does he live around here? If he does, just give him one of my cards. I'd like such a customer as that."

"No; he lives in Harlem," answered Mrs. McCurdy. "It was only by chance like I met him upon Grand Street this mornin'. 'Shure, Bridget McCurdy,' he said, 'it's long since I saw you, and that reminds me I was owin' your poor husband four dollars, which I've long been wantin' to pay you, but I couldn't find time to hunt you up.' 'I'll take it now,' said I, much pleased as you may suppose, and wid that he handed over to me four one dollar bills, which was very lucky for I didn't have a cint of money in the house."

"It was lucky, as you say, widder."

"So it was, for Madge brings in very little. She ain't got no enterprise, that gal. I expect she plays in the streets instead of sellin' matches. If I could catch her at it, I'd give her a lesson."

With these words Mrs. McCurdy left the saloon, taking a drink from the quart pot as she stepped into the street.

"She's a fine specimen," thought Mike Brady. "She thinks she's delicate. I hope I'll never be any more delicate than she is. But I can't say anything against her, for it's such as her that keeps my business goin'. What'll you have, sir?" this to a fresh customer.

We will return to Ned, whom we left just as he had made the startling discovery that the money which had been laid away for the rent was missing.

"Mother," he said, quickly, "have you used any of the money in the wallet?"

"No, Ned," answered Mrs. Newton, in surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"Because the bills are missing. Only the two quarters are left."

"Let me see!"

But investigation only showed that Ned was right.

"It must have been stolen, mother. Who has been in here?"

"No one but Mrs. McCurdy."

"She is the very woman to take it. Did you watch her?"

"Yes; she didn't take it in my presence. But now I remember she asked me if I could lend her some money. Of course I declined to do so."

"That explains it. She must have come in later. Did you fall asleep this afternoon?"

"Yes, Ned; she must have come in while I was sleeping on the lounge."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Madge entered. She was looking sad and troubled.

"Is anything the matter, Madge?" asked Ned.

"Yes; aunt is lying on the floor drunk, with a quart pot smelling of whisky beside her."

Ned and his mother exchanged glances. It was clear now where the money had gone.

CHAPTER VI.

DISCOVERING THE THIEF.

"DO you know if your aunt had any money, Madge?" asked Ned.

"I thought she hadn't, for she was complaining this morning that she hadn't a cent in the house."

"She must have had money to buy the whisky with."

"Yes, and she's got some more. I don't understand where it came from," said the little girl, perplexed.

"How do you know she has more money?"

"Because I saw some bank bills in her hand."

"I'll go down with you," said Ned. "I am sorry to say it, but the money was stolen from our room when mother was asleep. It will be a good chance to recover it while Mrs. McCurdy is under the influence of drink."

Madge was not shocked at this evidence of iniquity on the part of her aunt, for she had lost all respect for her, and knew that she was very unscrupulous.

"I'm sorry, Ned," she said. "You'd better come down. It's a shame for your mother to lose money."

Ned followed the little girl into her aunt's room. There lay Mrs. McCurdy, very red in the face, and breathing heavily. Her hands were stretched out beside her, and in one were clutched three bank bills, as Madge had said.

Ned kneeled down, and detached them from her hand with some difficulty. He put them in his vest pocket.

"Madge," said he, "you'd better come upstairs and take supper with us, Mrs. McCurdy won't be fit to be about for a good while. She's in a stupor and won't miss you."

The match girl's face lighted up with pleasure, for she knew the difference between Mrs. Newton's supper and the dry bread which was in general all she got from her aunt.

"Won't it be too much trouble, Ned?" she asked.

"No, Madge; you can help mother get supper, while I go over to the saloon and find out what money your aunt gave Mr. Brady in exchange for the whisky."

"Oh, yes, Ned," answered Madge, with alacrity. "I'll do all the work, and your mother can lie on the sofa."

Ned put on his hat, and went over to the saloon.

"What, Ned! Have you come for a drink?" asked Mike Brady in surprise.

"No, Mr. Brady, I never mean to be one of your customers."

"All right, Ned! I sell liquor, but I don't like to sell it to boys like you; I've got a boy of my own."

"Mrs. McCurdy was over here to-day, wasn't she?"

"What makes you ask?"

"Because she's lying on the floor in her room as drunk as a lord."

Mike Brady laughed.

"Yes, she was over here, and bought a pint of whisky. I shouldn't wonder if she drunk it all."

"What money did she offer you for it?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because we have had some money taken from our room—four one dollar bills."

"I remember now, she paid me a one dollar bill."

"That proves it."

"But, Ned, I can't give it to you back, I gave her the silver in change for it."

"I don't ask to have it returned, for I've got the other three dollars back again. I found them clutched in her hand."

"Then you're lucky."

"I've been lucky to-day, so I don't mind the missing dollar."

"Will you have her arrested?"

"No, I won't for Madge's sake; I wish she had a better home."

"That's for you, my boy. It's a poor home the little gal has."

"She works hard selling matches, and Mrs. McCurdy spends the money for drink. There's many a night Madge would go to bed supperless, but for us."

"God'll reward you, my boy. I don't like the drink meself, though I make my livin' sellin' it."

"Why don't you give up the business?"

"I won, In't know what else to do, and if I didn't sell somebody else would."

This was no excuse for being engaged in such a traffic, but Ned didn't argue the matter. Mike was better than most of his class, for he had more than once refused to sell to boys, and those who had already taken enough.

Ned remained to chat a while, for Mike had a son who sold papers, and the two boys were intimate. When he returned, the supper table was spread, and Madge was toasting bread at the stove, and steeping the tea. Ned surveyed the preparations with satisfaction.

"Can you cook steak, Madge?" he asked.

"I might," she answered doubtfully, "only aunt never buys any."

"She can't spare money from the drink, I suppose. Well, Madge, I've been lucky to-day, in spite of losing the dollar, and I'll go to the butcher's and buy some steak, and I'll cook it myself."

"I'll cook it, Ned," said his mother.

"Won't it be too much trouble, mother?"

"No," answered Mrs. Newton, with a smile, "I confess I should enjoy some steak myself, and I can probably cook it better than you. You'd better buy some potatoes too, and we will have a supper fit for a king."

"All right, mother! I'll be back in a jiffy. I don't mind saying that I'm as hungry as a bear, and Madge there hasn't had anything to eat since morning."

The supper was delayed half an hour, but all felt repaid when the appetizing odor of the steak—Ned had been extravagant enough to indulge in sirloin—pervaded the room. There are some who find the smell of cooking offensive, and I don't myself admire the odor of cabbage, but in the Newton's humble room no such objection was found.

"Ain't it—it—goluptious?" exclaimed Madge in ecstasy. "If I am ever rich, I'll have beefsteak and potatoes and toast every day. I suppose the President has it all the time."

"Probably he has other things besides, Madge," said Mrs. Newton, smiling. "When you are rich, you won't enjoy it so much."

Madge was sure she should always like it. Her palate had never been pampered by luxurious living, and she had never tasted roast turkey or chicken in the whole course of her life.

"Do you ever expect to be rich, Ned?" she asked,

"Yes," answered Ned, resolutely. "I've made up my mind to be rich some time."

"That's easier said than done, my son," interrupted his mother.

"But I mean to be rich all the same, mother. I don't know how I shall get there, but I'm sure it'll come—some time."

Madge did not speculate much about the matter. She was too busily engaged in enjoying the present. It was long since she had fared so well.

Meanwhile Mrs. McCurdy's stupor had partially passed off.

She turned over on her side, and her glance fell on the quart measure. She eagerly put it to her lips, but only a few drops remained.

"Shure and I must have drunk it all!" she said; "and it's aslape I've been."

She looked towards the window, and saw that it was getting dark.

"Where's Madge?" she muttered. "She ought to have been here before this time. I—I wish I had more whisky."

That reminded her of the money she had remaining. She looked hastily at the hand in which, as she remembered, she had clutched the bills; but there were none to be seen.

"Somebody must have robbed me," muttered the old woman indignantly. The thought had made her very angry. It was rather a curious circumstance that her own theft did not strike her in the same light as the theft from her.

"It must be Madge!" she exclaimed with sudden conviction. "She's been home, and robbed her poor aunt. Where is she, I wonder? I'll break her neck if I catch her."

Mrs. McCurdy staggered to her feet, and going out into the hall, was drawn by the appetizing odor of the hot supper to Mrs. Newton's door, which was slightly ajar. She went towards it, opened it wider, and with speechless indignation saw Madge sitting at the supper table, evidently enjoying herself highly.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE GILSEY HOUSE.

"WELL, if ever I see the like!" gasped Mrs. McCurdy, quite overcome with amazement. "What are you doin' here, you young reptyle?" she continued, shaking her finger at Madge.

Mrs. McCurdy's visit made a mild sensation. Madge gazed at her aunt in dumb amazement, holding her fork suspended midway between her mouth and her plate.

"How you are, faastin' and carousin', while your poor aunt—"

"Lay drunk on the floor!" said Ned, finishing out the sentence.

"Who says I'm drunk?" demanded Mrs. McCurdy, defiantly.

"I say so!" answered Ned, firmly. "When a woman of your age lies down on the floor with a quart measure of whisky beside her, it's easy to tell what's the matter with her."

"I only tuk the laste drop to stiddy me nerves," said the woman, in self-defense.

"You must have a great many nerves that need steadying, that's all I have to say. Mr. Brady says you bought a pint of whisky, and there was only a drop left in the measure."

"Did he say that now?"

"Yes he did."

"Thin somebody must have come in and drunk the most of it. I only tuk a small swaller. I believe it's Madge that served her poor aunt that same shrick!" and again the forefinger was pointed at the poor girl.

Ned laughed, and even Mrs. Newton smiled at this ridiculous charge, but Mrs. McCurdy grew angry.

"Come right home, you trollop," she cried. "Do you think I'll let you ate the fat of the land, while your poor aunt hasn't had a bite nor a sup the day?"

Madge, reluctantly enough, made a motion to rise.

"And you stole me money, too!" continued Bridget McCurdy. "You took advantage of my bein' aslape to rob me of my hard earnin's."

This was too much for Ned.

"Where did you get the money you spent for whisky?" he asked.

"Where did I get it?" repeated Mrs. McCurdy, showing momentary confusion. "Shure I earned it at the wash tub, though I wasn't able on account of my bein' delicate like."

"That is not true. You took it from a wallet in the upper drawer of my mother's bureau. It was money that we had laid aside for the rent."

"Hear to him now!" exclaimed the visitor, raising both hands in protestation. "He wants to say that Bridget McCurdy is a thafe!"

"That's just what I do say, Mrs. McCurdy. You took four one dollar bills. One of these you paid to Mr. Brady for whisky, and the other three I found clutched in your hand. I could call in the policeman, and hand you over to him for that."

"It's hard on an honest woman to be called a thafe, and he threatened wid the perlice!" moaned the widow, breaking into maudlin tears, "and my own niece goin' ag'inst me too."

"Let Madge alone, and I'll overlook your theft this time!" said Ned, "but if you illtreat her, I'll send at once for a policeman."

"I haven't had a bite to-day," said Mrs. McCurdy, dismally, "I'm so wake wid fastin' that I can't stand."

"Ned," said Mrs. Newton, whose sympathies were easily excited, though she knew the object to be unworthy, "you'd better cut a piece of meat for Mrs. McCurdy."

"As a reward of merit?" inquired Ned, with a smile. "Well, sit up here, Mrs. McCurdy," and we'll see if we can strengthen you so that you can stand."

The visitor needed no second invitation. She seated herself in the chair Ned placed for her, and purtook with a hearty zest of the food set before her. Her appetite being satisfied, she became unusually amiable, so that Ned and his mother ceased to feel any anxiety about her treatment of Madge.

When supper was over and Mrs. McCurdy had retired to her room, Madge said, with a deep sigh of gratification:

"I don't think I ever had such a good supper before."

"Your aunt might live as well if she chose to spend her money for food instead of whisky. She can earn more money than I."

"I wish she wouldn't drink," said Madge; "but she always has as long as I can remember."

"How long have you sold matches, Madge?"

"For three or four years."

"And how old are you now?"

"I think I am nine."

"You must have begun very early, then."

"Yes; and before that I sold papers. Aunt thought I could make more money selling matches."

When Madge had left the room, Ned inquired: "Have you any relatives, mother?"

"Why do you ask, Ned?"

"Because I blacked the boots of a boy named Simmons, this morning."

"How old was he?" inquired Mrs. Newton, with interest.

"About my age."

"Did you hear his name?"

"His father called him Eustace."

"Was his father with him, then?"

"Yes, mother."

"What was his appearance?"

Ned described Mr. Simmons as well as he could.

"He is my cousin, Ned," said Mrs. Newton, quietly.

"And the boy who put on such airs is related to me, then?"

"Yes, he is a second cousin."

Ned whistled.

"I wish I had known that," he said. "Just in fun I suggested that we were related, and he seemed very much disgusted."

"I suppose his father is a rich man. He had a small fortune, and the lady he married brought him more. He was always proud, and his wife also."

"The son seems to inherit a share from both. I don't like him much. He looks as if he owned half of New York."

"Yet at one time my prospects were better than his," said Mrs. Newton, thoughtfully.

"What changed them, mother?"

"My marriage to your father. My father and mother died when I was quite young, and I was adopted by my aunt Eunice, who is very wealthy. I was looked upon as likely to inherit all her money, but she disapproved of my marriage with your father."

"What was her objection?"

"She objected to my marrying an actor. She was a strict church member, and this prejudiced her. She required me to give up my engagement on pain of her displeasure."

"And you wouldn't? Mother, I like your spunk."

Mrs. Newton smiled.

"Still," she said, "it proved serious for me, as your aunt was implacable. She would have nothing to say to me after the wedding, and would not receive your father."

"I suppose you never seen her since? Is she still living?"

"Yes, I learned recently that she still lived; indeed I saw her one day in a cab in Brooklyn."

"Who will inherit her money, probably?"

"My cousin; the man you saw this morning."

"I am sorry for that. I wish it were somebody else. That boy will put on more airs than ever when he gets hold of her money."

Here the conversation closed.

The next day Ned was sent on an errand to the Gilsey House, at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway.

As he passed the door of the reading-room he chanced to look in. Seated in a chair at the writing table, engaged in reading a daily paper, was an elderly gentleman. On the chair behind him hung a valuable overcoat. A young man who had been sitting near had risen from his seat, and with cat-like steps approached the reader. His attention was directed to the coat, which evidently excited his cupidity. There was no other person in the reading-room, and he thought himself unobserved as he began cautiously to remove the coat from the back of the chair, preparatory to appropriating it. The old gentleman was so absorbed in his paper that he was not at all aware of what was going on.

"I will interfere with his little game," said Ned to himself, and he stood where, unobserved, he could see all that was going on.

(To be continued).

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

THE RISE OF AN ENGINEER.

CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS, who recently died in the Bahamas, was one of the many self-made men of whose wonderful rise from poverty and obscurity to fame and fortune the United States can well afford to feel proud. His father failed in business when the son was thirteen, and young James peddled apples in the streets of St. Louis. The estate he left at his death is valued at about $100,000.

He very early developed a love for machinery, and when only nine years old understood so well the description of a steam engine made by the engineer of an Ohio River steamboat that he was able to make a toy steam engine himself that worked very well. Without any help from others, he is said to have been able to take apart a patent lever watch and put it together again in good order before he was twelve years old.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

BY FLORA MCELWELL.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and by.
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap the wild oats to-morrow.

[This story commenced in No. 218.]

The Boy Broker:

Among the Kings of Wall Street

By FRANK A. MUNSEY,

Author of "Afloat in a Great City." "Under Fire," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SCRUBB AND SMARTWEED.

"DON'T be alarmed," said Scrubb to Peter Smartweed, when he had introduced himself; "I did not come here to harm you."

"You said Felix Mortimer sent you to me?" replied Smartweed, with less fear.

"Yes; I am trying to get him released from custody, but there is an important obstacle in our way."

"What is that?"

"That is the boy whom you lured into old Gunwagner's by false pretenses."

Young Smartweed trembled, and grew very pale.

"I don't understand you," said he, assuming innocence.

"No, I doubt if you would; but I understand you," said Scrubb, bluntly.

"Perhaps you have been misinformed," replied young Smartweed.

"Nonsense! I know the whole story from beginning to end, and am perfectly familiar with the part you played."

Smartweed made no reply.

"Now this boy must be got out of the way," continued Scrubb, coming to the point. "Once get him out of the way, and you and Felix Mortimer, and Gunwagner, the fence, will be safer than you are at present."

"Oh, is that what you want?" replied Peter Smartweed, suddenly becoming hopeful.

"Yes, that is the object of my call, and I know you will feel an interest in doing whatever you can to get him out of the way."

"Of course I will."

"That's right, that's right," said Scrubb, rubbing his hands together. "And by the way, I must compliment you on the way you played the confidence game before."

"Do you really mean it?" asked young Smartweed, feeling flattered.

"Do I mean it? To be sure I do; you did a clever trick—a very clever trick, Mr. Smartweed."

"I am glad you think so, and I may say that it did work well, I think so myself."

"Yes, you have a right to think so. But now tell me, Mr. Smartweed, do you think you could manage this fellow as well again?"

"Randolph, you mean, of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, you see I have not thought about it, and—and you see—well, it takes a little time to work up a plan."

"I dare say it does—so careful a scheme as you work up."

"Thank you, Mr. Scrubb, for the compliment. You see I always like to make a sure go of what I undertake."

"You are right there—undoubtedly right, Mr. Smartweed. But now tell me, how soon do you think you will hit upon a scheme?"

"Is there any hurry?"

"Yes—in fact, a much greater hurry than you realize."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean simply that you are liable to be arrested at any time, unless Randolph is put out of the way so that he cannot appear against you."

Smartweed lost his color again at hearing this remark.

"Have you seen Gunwagner?" asked he, nervously, after a few minutes' thought.

"No," replied Scrubb; "I think you should see him."

"Very well, I will do so."

"You had better see him to-night, for every minute counts."

"Sure; rely on me for doing all I can."

"Then I shall expect great results from you," said Scrubb, again flattering the vain youth.

Later in the evening Peter Smartweed called upon Christopher Gunwagner and told him of the conversation between himself and Scrubb.

"And he is a member of the firm of Goldwin & Scrubb!" exclaimed Gunwagner, hardly able to realize the truth of what young Smartweed had stated.

"Yes; and that's what seemed queer to me," replied the latter.

"Well, we will see what there is in it," said the old fence, after they had fully discussed the peculiar attitude of Mr. Goldwin's partner. "We can't be much worse off, any way."

"That's so," responded Smartweed, hopefully.

"Now what kind of a job can we put up?"

"Did Scrubb suggest anything?"

"No; only I judged from his conversation that he thought we might work the same racket over again."

"The confidence act you mean?"

"Yes."

"But that would not be so easily done."

"So I think myself."

"No, we can't work it that way. In the first place, he knows you, and that would work against us; and then again, he would not be easily caught twice by the same method."

"That is so," assented Smartweed, dreamily. "Can't you think up something new?"

"Well, an idea has occurred to me, but I don't know as it can be worked," said the fence, in a doubtful manner.

"What is it?" asked Peter Smartweed, with mingled curiosity and anxiety.

"Well it is something like the old scheme we had for getting this fellow out of the way."

"You mean to send him to sea?"

"Yes, that is the idea."

"Capital!" exclaimed Peter Smartweed. "But tell me, Mr. Gunwagner, how can it be done?"

"Ah, but there is the difficulty," replied the latter.

"Yes, so I should think. I don't see, though, how it could be done. Of course he would have to be captured and smuggled on board by some means."

"Well, no, not exactly. That plan wouldn't work."

"How can it be done, then?"

"I don't know yet. I want more time to think about it before saying any more."

"Very good," said young Smartweed. "But you know I have an appointment with Scrubb to-morrow morning."

"Yes, I remember."

"I ought to know what can be done before seeing him."

"Yes, that is so," replied the old fence. "You will hear from me in time. In fact, I think I will go with you to meet Scrubb. I want to see him myself."

"That is a good idea—come on," replied Smartweed, with enthusiasm.

After he had departed, Christopher Gunwagner put on his overcoat and started for the East River.

In a little while he was on board a villainous-looking craft—an old hulk of a brig.

The skipper greeted him familiarly, but with a coarseness of manner that would have been repulsive to one more sensitive than Christopher Gunwagner.

This did not disturb the latter, however, as he was not a man of great refinement.

The conference between the fence and skipper lasted for nearly half an hour, at the end of which time Gunwagner left the vessel, wearing a more hopeful look than had posed upon his ugly countenance since the night when Herbert Randolph and Bob Hunter delivered him over to the officers of the law.

In the morning he met Peter Smartweed sharp according to appointment, and the two proceeded at once to the place designated by Scrubb for a meeting.

"Mr. Scrubb, this is Mr. Gunwagner," said Peter Smartweed. "I thought perhaps you might like to see him."

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Gunwagner," replied Scrubb. "I hope you can help us to get Felix Mortimer free."

"You can depend upon me for doing all I can," replied Gunwagner.

"I believe so, from what Mr. Smartweed here has told me of you. I suppose he has told you our aim?"

"You refer to getting the Randolph boy out of the way, I suppose?"

"Yes, that is the first move. And, by the way, it strikes me that such a move would be of great benefit to you personally."

"How so?" asked Gunwagner.

"Why, if he were out of the way, he could not appear against you, so you must feel an equal interest with your friends in having him got out of New York."

All three agreed upon the point that Herbert Randolph ought to be spirited away, and then the question how this could best be effected was discussed.

"I can arrange to run him off to sea if you can manage to get him on board the vessel," said Gunwagner. And then he told of the arrangement he had made to this end.

The idea pleased Scrubb much, and at length he hit upon a plan for carrying out his part of the scheme—a plan that promised ruin to Herbert Randolph.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE SNARE IS SET FOR HERBERT.

"IF we can only get him out of the way today," said Gunwagner, as he and Smartweed walked up the street together, after the interview with T. Scrubb, "I shall be lucky."

"Why to-day?" asked his companion.

"Why, because the trial is set down for to-morrow."

"I thought it was not to come off till next week."

"Well, this is another one. I have been sued for false imprisonment."

"Whew! is that so? Then they are going for you on two charges?"

"The suit that comes on to-morrow is for one thousand dollars damages, too," said Gunwagner, dubiously.

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes I do, too, and I think that if he can be put out of the way to-day, I can win the case."

"His failure to appear against you would of course be a big point in your favor," said Peter Smartweed.

"So I think myself."

"Well, it all rests with that man Scrubb now."

"That is so. You have fixed up your part of the scheme in good shape."

"That's the way I look at it, for I tell you there will be no slip if Jim Snyder once gets the fellow in his grasp."

"Jim Snyder—that's the captain, I suppose?"

"Yes, and he's a good one, too."

"Good for the purpose, no doubt you mean?"

"Yes, I should say so," replied the fence, with an assuring gesture, as he left Smartweed, and turned in to a side street leading to his home.

Nothing of an extraordinary nature occurred at the bank during the forenoon. Scrubb was more agreeable than usual, and everything passed off smoothly.

Notwithstanding this desirable change in the junior partner, Herbert Randolph felt uneasy. In fact, Scrubb's softened manner quickened his suspicions.

Mr. Goldwin still remained at home, so Scrubb directed everything, as he had done for several days past.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon, he called Herbert up to him, and said:

"Here are some papers that I wish you to take to Captain Snyder for Mr. Goldwin. They are important, and he did not want them intrusted to a messenger boy."

Herbert took the package in his hand and read the address, which ran as follows:

CAPTAIN JAMES SNYDER,
On board the Brig Sharksfin,
Pier 44, East River.

"Shall I wait for an answer?" asked young Randolph, as he put on his coat.

"Oh yes, I forgot that," said Scrubb. "Captain Snyder will send back a letter by you, acknowledging the receipt of the papers. Be sure and see him personally, and do not deliver the package to any one but the captain."

"Suppose he is not there?"

"I think he will be, but should he be away, why, wait until he returns."

"Very well," replied Herbert, cheerfully; "I will see that your instructions are carried out;" and he left the bank, hurriedly.

"And the papers are from Mr. Goldwin," mused young Randolph, as he walked up South Street. "I have not seen any package come from him to-day."

Then the thought occurred to him that there might be some trick about his being sent on this errand, and he took the package from his pocket, and read the address over again.

"I don't like the idea of going on board that brig alone," said he to himself, after a little thought.

"Scrubb's purpose may be honest enough, and perhaps he told me the truth, but I am afraid of him, and do not propose to take any chances."

"I think I'll call on Bob Hunter, and talk with him about it. I wonder if he is in."

Yes, Bob was in, and Herbert confided his suspicions to him.

"Don't take no chances," said Bob; "you bet yer life there's some crooked business put up for you. Why, the idea that Mr. Goldwin would be sendin' any papers down there!"

"Well, I can understand how that might happen, but, as you say, it does not look very probable."

"Did he say anything to you about it last night?"

"No."

"Didn't say nothin' about papers no way?"

"No; no reference was made to them or to this Captain Snyder, but he advised me to be careful where I went."

"He thinks there's somethin' up, I guess."

"Well, he thinks I ought to be very careful and not expose myself to danger."

"That's what I think, too, Herbert," said Bob, thoughtfully. "Now, I'll tell you what 'tis, I'll jest go along with you."

"But it is nearly time for your paper trade," protested Herbert."

"That's all right, Herbert. I'll jest let that slide."

"No, I do not want you to do that; you cannot afford to lose your trade."

"No more can you afford to be took away to sea."

"But that is not probable."

"It ain't, ain't it?"

"No, not in the day time."

"Well, I guess no day time wouldn't make no difference with them fellers if they was after you. You see, Herbert, you don't know much about the ways of some er them gangs."

"But it seems to me I have had quite a lively experience with them since I came to New York."

"That's so, so you have, Herbert; but don't you remember what I told you about the talk old Gunwagner and Felix Mortimer had when they was planning to run you off to sea?"

"Yes, I remember that, of course."

"Well then, this looks a good deal like the same trick to me," said Bob, impressively.

"Well, what would you advise doing? If there is a prospect of being captured, I am sure I do not care to take too many chances."

"Nuther would I, Herbert," replied Bob, thoughtfully. "But see here, I'll tell you how we will fix it. I'll jest go along with you and take the papers on board myself."

"And get captured yourself?" said Herbert.

"Well then, that wouldn't do no hurt, fer you see you could make a row and get me released."

"What do you mean by making a row?"

"Why, call the cop—the perlice."

"Oh, I understand; but no, I would not want you to do that."

"Why not? It's the best scheme I know of."

"Yes, the best for me, but it might result in getting you into trouble."

"No, 'twouldn't nuther, Herbert. You see I know more about this town than what you do."

After further protestations on Herbert's part, Bob's plan was adopted, and the two boys started hurriedly for the brig.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BOB HUNTER IN IRONS.

"I WILL write down the name of the captain," said Herbert, when they had neared the vessel.

"That's right, fer we don't want no slip this time."

In a few moments Bob sprang lightly over the rail, and accosting a sailor, asked for the captain.

"He is down below," was the gruff reply.

"I have a paper for him," said Bob.

The sailor offered to take it down to the captain.

"No," said Bob. "I was requested to put it in his hands myself."

The sailor looked at the lad curiously, and started lazily to inform the captain of Bob's presence.

In a few moments he returned, and, calling to Bob, said the captain wanted him to come below with the paper.

"It looks kinder breezy," thought Bob, as he followed the sailor somewhat nervously; "I guess it's lucky I ain't Herbert Randolph."

He was shown into a cabin, and asked to take a seat and wait a few moments for the captain.

Presently the latter, a tall, coarse, almost brutal looking man, entered, and when he closed the door behind him, Bob detected a peculiar click to the catch that suggested a spring lock.

"That's a pretty good trick," thought young Hunter, hurriedly, "to come in after me, so he could lock me in so kinder sly."

Advancing somewhat timidly, Bob said:

"Are you Captain James Snyder?"

"Well, that's my name," replied the man, coarsely.

"Here is a package for you then—from Goldwin & Scrubb."

Bob noticed, when he passed the envelope to the captain, that his hand trembled slightly in spite of his effort to feel no uneasiness.

The man opened the envelope deliberately, and read the contents, which seemed to Bob to be nearly all blank paper.

"Is there any answer?" asked Bob, rising as if to go.

"No," growled Snyder, in a freezing tone, that sent Bob's temperature down like a Manitoba blizzard.

"Then I think I'll go," ventured Bob, doubtfully.

"I think you won't," returned Snyder, brutally.

His manner was threatening, and Bob began to feel as if he had made a mistake.

While he was free and breathing free air it seemed to him he would not mind being detained for a little while.

But he did not feel that way now. Snyder was not agreeable company to him.

"Why won't I?" answered Bob, so firmly that he was surprised at his own boldness.

"That's none of your business," replied Snyder.

"That's kinder funny, too, ain't it!" said Bob.

"None of your impudence here, sir," threatened Snyder.

"Well, I hain't givin' yer no impudence; but I want to know why I'm kept here, that's what I want to know."

"Oh, you do, do you?" mocked Snyder.

"Yes, I do, fer it's time fer my paper trade, and I want to get out to 'tend to it."

"What do you mean by paper trade?" inquired the captain, curiously.

"Why, I sells papers. Don't you know what a paper trade is?"

"I thought you came from the bank."

"Yes, that's jest what I s'posed you thought," said Bob, with a look of triumph.

"You s'posed I thought!" roared Snyder, angrily.

"Yes, that's what I said, and that's jest where you fooled yourself."

Snyder began to lose his temper.

"Explain what you mean," demanded he, at the same time making towards Bob in a most threatening manner.

"I should think you'd better let me alone," said young Hunter, now growing bolder. "We got on to your game—yours and them other fellers, and so I jest bro't this paper on Inside of Herbert Randolph."

This speech caused Snyder to explode with wrath, and he stormed like a madman.

"The thing is all fixed up," put in Bob, hoping by this statement to frighten the irate captain. "My friends will be on here after me if you don't let go, and I expected you'd keep me, and that's why I came."

Captain Snyder saw that he had been outwitted. He naturally felt very ugly and his bad temper manifested itself so forcibly that Bob wished he had taken a different tack, for now he found himself in irons and cast into a dingy hole in the fore peak.

"Well, this ain't no very soft snap," said he to himself, dubiously. "I guess Tom Flannery wouldn't think so, nuther.

"I wonder how soon I'll get out. If Herbert should slip up now—well, I won't think about that side of it, for of course he will do the thing up right."

When Herbert found that Bob did not appear as promptly as he should have done, he became uneasy and imagined the worst, but that he might make no mistake he waited till there no longer remained any doubt about his friend being unlawfully detained.

Then he went to a policeman, as had been agreed upon by Bob and himself, and stated the facts as I have related them. But to his horror the officer, a big gruff fellow, paid little attention to his appeals.

At length, however, Herbert pleaded so earnestly, that the policeman consented to go with him on board the boat and search for Bob, but his manner indicated that he felt little interest in doing so—in fact that he had no faith in young Randolph's story.

"Has a boy been on this vessel with a package for you?" asked the policeman, addressing Captain James Snyder.

The latter's hard, uncivil manner was much softened in the presence of the officer—so much so that Bob Hunter would have been a good deal surprised could he have seen him.

"A boy been here with a package for me!" exclaimed Snyder, with assumed surprise. "I have seen no boy."

"This young man claims that a friend of his came on board this vessel with a package for you from Goldwin & Scrubb, and that you are holding him a prisoner."

"I don't know Goldwin & Scrubb, and never had no dealings with them," answered Snyder, innocently. Then turning to Herbert, said: "You must be crazy, young man, or else you've made a big mistake this time."

"I have made no mistake, sir, neither am I crazy," said Herbert, firmly.

"Here is the name that I copied from the package before it was taken on board this boat."

"Captain James Snyder," read the officer. "That's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes; but I don't know anything about this matter, though. It's a trick, that's what it is," said he, with a show of indignation.

"Here, Jack, come here," he continued, calling to the fellow who had shown Bob down to him. "You hain't seen no boy on board this vessel to-day, have you?"

"No, sir," replied Jack, taking his cue from his master.

"There, you hear that, officer; you hear what this man says," said the captain, striking an attitude of importance. "Now what do you think of this boy's crazy talk?"

As previously stated, the policeman doubted Herbert's statement at first, and now felt satisfied that it was not worth while to exert himself any more about the matter. After a little further conversation he left the ship, followed, reluctantly, by Herbert Randolph, who, in sheer desperation, hardly knew what step to take next.

(To be continued.)

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have on file a great number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

DECLINED with thanks: "The Dragon," "Little Jack's Adventure," "The Other Way," "A Brave Girl," "Walter Vanden."

OAKES AMES, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to the Pension Department, at Washington, D. C.

F. M. T., Winterset, Ioa. 1. Yes. 2. Harry Cassemon's real name is Charles A. Fosdick.

CHAS. W. H., Shellyville, Ind. We hope to print a story by the writer named in the course of the next few months.

G. S. B., Baltimore, Md. It requires from six to seven days to engrave a picture such as appears on the front page of the ARGOSY.

THE ELITE. Yes, you must go to the main post-office in your city to obtain second-class rates, which permit you to send papers for a cent a pound.

F. A. F., Binghamton, N. Y. There are weekly papers published on Saturday in Syracuse Albany and Rochester; also one in the German language at Auburn.

CAPT. L., Philadelphia, Pa. You might utilize your evenings to address circulars or wrappers for some publishing house. Neat, swift and legible penmanship is required.

WILLIE W. M., Cleveland, Ohio. 1. The average height of boys of fourteen is 4 feet, 11 inches. 2. You write very well. 3. At present the ARGOSY appears in weekly form only.

DICKIE S., Laramie City, Wyo. Certainly, weekly purchasers of the ARGOSY are entitled to the use of the exchange column, provided their offers comply with the rules printed at its head.

J. H. D., Jr., Bergen, Ky. 1. There is no premium on the half dollar of 1829. 2. Consult our advertising columns. 3. Each person is allowed to have an exchange inserted once in about six months.

E. P. S., East Randolph N. Y. No, all the cuts on the last page are reproduced by photo-engraving process. The front page illustrations and the majority of the others in each number are engraved on wood.

H. I. L., Providence, R. I. The names of the stories constituting the "Great River Series," are "Down the Mississippi," "Up the Tapajos," and "Lost in the Wilds." 2. "The Hunters of the Ozark," is already out in book form.

GEO. M. G., Erie, Pa. 1. We cannot undertake to recommend business occupations for boys whose various tastes and abilities are unknown to us. 2. Eat plenty of good nourishing food. 3. We do not imagine that the fisheries question is likely to cause any serious trouble.

FRED, Grinnell, Ioa. 1. The outfit necessary for printing a paper half as large as the ARGOSY would cost at least $2000. 2 The white paper—of good quality—for an edition of 1000 could be purchased for about five or six dollars. 3. No, we are not at present in need of MSS.

IKE S., Montgomery, Ala. 1. We shall probably begin a new story by Frank H. Converse in no. 236. 2. "The Young Acrobat of the Great North American Circus," by Horatio Alger, Jr., will be our next new serial, to commence in no. 230. 3. We do not agree with you in your own opinion of your writing.

H. C. R., New York City. 1. Certainly, send to the address given in the advertisement. 2. Two applications of lye, followed by a rubbing with pumice stone, should remove an aniline dye stain from the skin. 3. You should be able to get the magic lantern lamp you want at almost any toy store. We cannot give dealers' addresses here.

BOB BURTON, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. It would cost about twenty dollars to print such a paper as you describe, exclusive of all expenses for paper, folding, manuscripts, etc. Get estimates from various printing firms. 2. No, story papers are not obliged to obtain a license. 3. Among the writers for the *Boys' World* were Frank H. Converse, James Otis, L. S. Goodwin, F. E. McKay, and the editor, Matthew White, Jr., most of whom are contributors to the ARGOSY. You can obtain a copy of the *World* by remitting its price—five cents—to this office, and stating which number you want.

HERBERT RANDOLPH, Hamilton, O. 1. We have never heard of such a thing as moon-blindness. 2. See the directions for making a rubber stamp given elsewhere in this number. 3. Artificial ivory is made by dissolving two pounds of pure rubber in thirty-two pounds of chloroform, which solution is saturated with a current of ammonia gas. When the rubber has become entirely bleached, the gas is shut off, and the mass put in a vessel with a stirrer, where it is washed with hot water until the effects of the ammonia have been completely removed. Meanwhile the temperature may be raised to 158 degrees, thus evaporating the chloroform. What remains forms a sort of froth, which, being pressed out, dried, and once more treated slightly with chloroform, finally becomes a consistent paste. This is mixed with a sufficient amount of phosphate of lime, finely pulverized, or with carbonate of zinc. When it assumes the appearance of moist flour, it may be pressed into hot molds, after leaving which it has become hard enough to be turned, planed, filed and bored.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

SURELY, nothing is better than money, you say.
And fondly you look at your gold:
Let me tell you, then, something that far will outweigh
Your wealth, though it may be untold.
Just a single bright smile to some one in distress;
A kind word to some ragged boy:
These will often go further than money to bless,
And fill a sad heart full of joy.

[*This story commenced in No.* 218.]

LITTLE NAN; or, The Story of Her Mother's Ring.

By MARY A. DENISON,

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

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. JONATHAN NALTERS.

"THE child feels that she is suspected, and the stigma has not been removed yet," said Mr. Clift, when news came to him that Nan had left the Home. "Her pride revolts at living on our bounty while her reputation for honesty is under a cloud. It is in her a keen sense of justice, as well as the feeling that in her instincts and truth, she has been outraged. I am sure I wish Miss Marshall's ring had been at the bottom of the sea before it had worked all this mischief."

"I thought you liked Miss Marshall very much," said his sister, having recourse as usual to her tablet.

"I like her, very much, as you say, but only as a friend," was the reply.

Mrs. Le Marks lifted her delicate eyebrows.

"No more! why society has been exercised for the past six months over the question of your engagement. A great many people think you are engaged."

"A great many people don't know what they are talking about. Miss Marshall would not thank them. But to change the subject; what does Affrey say, now?"

"She is very anxious, but is constantly declaring that God will care for her 'chile.' Sometimes she sees her in dreams, and always, she says, in great trouble, but it don't seem to shake her faith. Is Miss Marshall at home?"

"No; I understand she is in New York, visiting a cousin. She told me before she went that she believed she should find something that she was searching for."

"Perhaps in connection with the ring?"

"That is what I understood by what she said."

When he went away the senior partner met Affrey in the lower hall, and spoke to her.

"My chile's in deep oceans of trouble, I's feared," she said, "but she'll come out all right in de triumph of de Lord."

"I hope so, indeed," he said, and sighed.

"He t'inks a heap of dat ar little un," said Affrey, as the door closed on him. "I knows de signs, an' I's sure he t'inks a heap of my little gal, bless her sweet face."

Not many hours after that Miss Marshall stood before the counter of one of the finest establishments for the sale of jewelry in New York.

The clerks from the youngest to the oldest were alert on the instant. Visions of beauty such as hers they often saw, but there was something about Miss Marshall that stamped her as superior in wealth of intellect as well as loveliness of person.

"Can I see Mr. Jonathan Nalters?" she asked of the very stylish young man, whose hair was parted in a straight line exactly in the middle of an exceptionally long head, and whose mustache was waxed at both ends so stiffly that it stood out like spikes on either side of his upper lip.

"Do you mean old or young Jonathan, miss?" asked the clerk.

"I mean the senior partner, or he was the senior partner seventeen years ago," she made answer.

"Oh, he's out of business, now, miss; he's very rarely in the store. His son is at the head of the establishment, has been for the last ten years. Shall I call him?"

"If you please," was the answer.

"The clerk went to the door, swung it open, disappeared, came back in a moment followed by a fine-looking man, who would have seemed rather youthful, but for his bald head, which gave him a grave and almost venerable aspect.

"I called to see about a ring which was made here some seventeen years ago," Miss Marshall said.

The man smiled.

"That's a good while," he said, quietly, "still we have everything that has been sold the last thirty years on record. If you have the date, we can look it up."

"I have the date," she said, producing the card she had found at Nonoway. "I should like to have the ring identified if it is possible, as there is an interesting case of the rightful possession involved."

"We can probably do that for you, madam. My father was in the business then, and he is a strikingly methodical man.

"Henry," he added, addressing a short, thick-set person at the opposite counter, "bring me the books for the year 188–. Will you allow me to see the ring, madam?"

She handed it to him, and he examined it closely.

"We don't make many of that pattern, now; people like a lighter setting, and more showy; they can get them at less cost. It's a beautiful ring, far prettier in my judgment than the present style, though I suppose I am somewhat old fashioned too. This could not have cost less than two hundred and fifty dollars."

Just at that moment a tall, hale, hearty, handsome old gentleman, whose beard, eyebrows, and hair were as white as snow, but whose countenance was strikingly bright and youthful, entered the store, followed by his black servant.

"This is my father, miss, Mr. Jonathan Nalters, senior—this lady has come to see you, sir, about a ring made here seventeen years ago."

"She can't have seen much more than seventeen years herself," said the old gentleman, gallantly, as he bowed and went behind the counter.

"Ah, here is the book," said his son, "and I think I can give you the information you wish in a minute," he added, running his finger down the column.

"Yes, here it is. Name—Marshall. Thomas Marshall of ——."

"Marshall! Marshall!" exclaimed the old man. "Why, it must have been General Marshall's son, Tom. I remember him. Are you a relative of his, miss?"

"I am his sister," she made response.

"Why, I knew Tom, and the old general, his father, when he lived here in New York. His house joined mine, down town. Both are gone, now, to make room for improvements. And this is the ring young Tom bought! It's a grand, good ring, and come to think," he added, after a pause, "we duplicated that ring. Tom came in the day after he ordered it, with a young fellow, well, I guess he was all of ten years younger, and he was going to be married on the same day, and wanted a ring exactly like that; it had taken his fancy, you see. Tom paid the bill, would do it. The young fellow got married, I think, but poor Tom, well, his bride died the very day he was to be wed—sad case that! I remember it, perfectly. It broke Tom up, terribly. He never seemed the same fellow afterward, and died before he turned thirty-five. Well, well, this carries me back to old times. Look at the next entry, son. I'm sure my memory serves me right. It's rarely at fault, though I'm eighty-one years old."

John looked, and at what followed Miss Marshall turned pale.

"Yes—to Philip Burnham; the ring was to be precisely the same, gold, eighteen carat, diamond same weight and color, setting, size, everything.

"It all comes back to me," said his father. "I can see him now as he stood there and talked to the young fellow, bantering him in a sort of affectionate way, as if he were more like a son than a companion or friend, about getting married so young, and telling him that he had waited till he was thirty; and then he said to me in an aside, "'This boy saved my life.'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REAL THIEF.

MISS MARSHALL knew all about it now; she had found all she came to find, and more. She stood there as if struck into a statue. She could neither speak nor move. The extraordinary feature of the case was that there should have been two rings ordered precisely alike.

She had told herself again and again that it could not be possible. And that Nan, the little shop girl in Clift Brothers', should have the counterpart in her possession—and it was precisely that one which then lay sparkling upon the crimson velvet cushion on the counter.

But who was Nan? and how could she have come in possession of the ring? She had often heard her brother, ten years older than herself, tell the story of his having fallen overboard from a yacht, through some carelessness, and how this young fellow—or some young fellow, she was not certain he had mentioned the name—had sprung out, and, owing to his superior knowledge of swimming, succeeded in saving his life. And now, only suppose if this should be Philip Burnham's daughter, or some near relative, what had she done? Why, literally stolen this ring herself—stolen it from the very person of the girl.

She grew hot and cold by turns as she stood there. Once or twice the store went spinning round, and again she stood in that lonesome garret, while Nan, her great luminous eyes filled with tears, her whole attitude grief-stricken, cried:

"Take it; you need it so much more than I do! But let me tell you, it is *you* who are the thief!"

"Her mother's ring, too. Oh, I shall die if I go on thinking much longer," said Miss Marshall wildly, to herself. "I am exactly what she called me, and what I thought her, a thief!"

The smiles and gayety of the drawing-room were intrenched upon when Miss Marshall announced her intention of returning home that day, nay, that hour, if it were possible, and her friends pleaded for her to stay. They had made several parties for her amusement and she must go there and there—she could not leave them.

But when she told them it was almost a case of life and death, and, looking in her face, they saw signs of anxiety that could not be mistaken, they ceased to urge her, and let her take her way.

It was quite late when the carriage that conveyed her to the station stopped at her house, and her mother and Lotty were not prepared for her coming.

"Why, Eleanor, how pale you look! Have you been sick?" asked her mother.

"Yes, that is—I'm not very well just now; I thought I'd better come home;" and she sank into a chair, and began slowly drawing off her gloves.

"May be we've got some news that will comfort you," said Lotty, "though of course," she added, vaguely, "it makes it queer about the other one. I wrote you all about it last night, but to be sure you didn't get the letter. We've got *your ring*—the right one, you know."

"My ring! Lotty, tell me quick; who found it? Oh, that poor innocent child!"

"That's what papa said," answered Lotty. "He sent the carriage to be repaired, and in doing it up, the man, the coachmaker, said he found the ring between the linings, yesterday. Papa said he was an honest man, and gave him a handsome reward."

"Well, let us be thankful the wrong can be righted," said Mrs. Marshall. "It certainly is a very curious case."

Eleanor's head sank down, resting on her hands. She felt faint and distressed. Lotty helped off her bonnet. Her mother came forward with the smelling salts.

"Don't feel so badly, my dear, it can't be helped now, and you did it for the best."

"Oh, mother;" the tears were running down her cheeks, "she said true. I did steal her ring, poor child. Have they found her yet?"

"I think they found her, and lost her again," said Mrs. Marshall.

"Have they offered a reward? I will; five hundred dollars, if papa will let me," said Eleanor.

"Why, we've got the right ring, you know," said her sister.

"I wasn't thinking about the ring," said Miss Marshall, impatiently; "but that poor girl—lost—who knows but dead, driven to death by my cruel suspicion!"

"Mrs. Le Marks has been here, and so has Mr. Clift," said Lotty. "They both seemed so glad! Mr. Clift said he was going right over to the store to tell them all about it."

Early the next day Eleanor called on Mrs. Le Marks.

"What shall I do to make restitution?" she asked, after she had told her the whole story.

"It will be restitution sufficient to have the child back," wrote Mrs. Le Marks on her tablet, "and do not allow yourself to suffer so. I think we shall find her. Old Affrey is the happiest creature you ever saw, now that the innocence of her 'chile' is proved."

"I have offered a reward of five hundred dollars," said Eleanor. "Papa is quite willing, and as I am really the culprit in this matter, I feel that is the only restitution I can make. I have told Mr. Clift, and the advertisement appears in this morning's paper for the first time."

Every day or two Miss Marshall called on Mrs. Le Marks, so did Mrs. Lane, as often as she could find the time. The girls at the store were all rejoicing, waiting and hoping for news.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits that Affrey burst into the room, the tears streaming down her honest black face, her hands uplifted, as she cried:

"Dey's found my chile!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

JACKY'S DISCOVERY.

"I SAY, mammy, won't you give this poor girl a bed for the night?"

The voice was almost musical, the face was that of a coarsely clad, homely newsboy, and as he stood behind the person for whom he was pleading, he winked and carried on a curious pantomime which his mother though she did not comprehend.

"Certainly, Jack, if I kin fix it;" the woman answered, pulling at the string of her blue check apron; and there was a warmth of expression in her voice that went to the poor girl's heart at once, and made the grateful tears spring to her eyes.

"Take yer bunnit off, child—why, what a little young thing ye are! and your clothes is wet, it's a rainin' and sleetin', ain't it? Set down by the fire and git yerself warm. It's a cold night out, I warrant."

The fire roared in a cracked stove, but there was plenty of heat, and the room, though giving evidence of the poverty of its inmates, was neat and even comfortable.

Nan, for it was she, footsore, wet and weary, sat down on the chair that had been placed for her, and untied the thin ragged veil that in lieu of strings kept the broken bonnet in place. She drew a long sigh of relief as she held her chilled hands towards the genial heat of the stove. To her hungry sense, the panful of fried potatoes was as grateful as if it had been the richest of viands served at the most delectable meal.

"My sakes, what a pretty face you've got, child," said the woman, impulsively. "Where'n the world 'd ye pick her up, Jacky?"

"Down by the bridge," said the boy, "where I was sellin' the last of my papers. She said she hadn't no home to go to, so I brought her here. Now, come along, and let's count the money. There's over a dollar, I know, an' I guess we'll git the turkey for Christmas."

The mother and son went into a bedroom leading from the kitchen, a poor, bare place, but scrupulously clean, when the boy began dancing in a grotesque fashion, but silently, about the wooden floor.

A brilliant idea had come into his head.

"Say, mammy, don't you remember that advertisement?" he asked, as she stood looking in wonder at his antics. "I read it one morning, almost a month ago, and it described—well, it just exactly described this young woman."

"Well, yes, I do remember," said the mother, thoughtfully, smoothing her black locks from each side of a well-shaped forehead.

"Well, mammy, you read that ag'in, 'n' then look at this young lady; for she *is* a lady, though her make-up is sort o' trashy. The minnit I sot my two eyes on her, says I: 'That's the one, *you* bet!'"

"My, but you are a sharp one, Jacky!" said his mother, admiringly.

"Ain't I? Wasn't I born sharp? It sort o' come to me," said the boy. "Something said to me, 'Ketch'erquick! She's your game!' And I jest did ketch her on the wing. My crickee! five hundred dollars reward! A little cottage in the country, a little garden to the cottage, 'n' you 'n' me, pap 'n' the babies having a rousing good time gen'ly. Does that picture suit ye, in a five hundred dollar frame?"

"Well, I must say," said the woman, looking at him in a dazed fashion, "you've the recklessest imagination——" but her eyes had brightened at mention of the money. "She certingly has a look above the common ones as one sees along the streets, though she isn't a bit what I should call genteel. It's a sorrowful face she has, too, poor thing, as might have seen brighter 'n' better days; 'n' she seems kind 'o white and scared, like."

(*To be continued.*)

A TRUE HERO.

THIS is what a New Haven paper calls the man who can pass a crowd of boys engaged in making snowballs without turning his head to make sure that they have no design on him.

SUNLESS DAYS.

BY P. RYAN.

THEY come to ev'ry life—sad sunless days,
With not a light all o'er their clouded skies—
And thro' the dark we grope along our ways,
With hearts fear-filled and lips low breathing sighs.

[*This story commenced in No.* 224.]

PRAIRIE ISLAND

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

By HARRY COLLINGWOOD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WOUNDED HERO.

THE commotion subsided, and Dave appeared once more on the surface of the water, breathless and gasping. With a couple of strokes he reached May's side, and half a dozen more took him alongside the raft in time to deliver her into Captain Staunton's outstretched arms.

"Unhurt, sir, I believe, thank God!" Dave gasped, as he delivered up his charge, and then, when the little one had been raised out of the water and clasped with inarticulate thanksgiving to her father's breast, he added:

"Give us a hand, some of you fellows, will you? And heave handsomely, for I believe my leg's broken."

"Lay hold, boy;" and a dozen eager hands were outstretched to Dave's assistance—foremost among them being that of a great black-bearded fellow named Dickinson, who had formerly been boatswain's mate on board a man-o'-war, but who had deserted in order to escape the consequences of a sudden violent outburst of temper.

Dave grasped the proffered hand and was brought gently alongside the raft.

"Now then," exclaimed Dickinson, assuming the direction of affairs, "kneel down on the edge of the raft, one of you—you 'Frenchy,' you're pretty handy with your flippers—kneel down and pass your arm under his legs, as high up as you can. Say '*when*.' Are you ready? Then lift, gently now, and take care you don't strike him against the edge of the raft. So! That's well. Now, lift him inboard; that's your sort. Now, off jackets, some of us, and let's sling him; he'll ride easier that way. Are we hurting you, my lad?"

"Not much, thank'ee," answered Dave, cheerfully. "There," he added, as they once more reached the rocks, "that'll do, mates; lay me down here in the shade, and tell Mr. Evelin I'm hurt—presently, you know, after he's brought the little girl round."

In the meantime Lance, almost as much concerned as Captain Staunton, had hurried after the latter, and offered his assistance, which was thankfully accepted. But there was very little that needed doing. So prompt had been Dave in his movements that the poor child had never actually lost consciousness; and May was soon so far herself again as to be able to call up a rather wan smile, and, throwing her arms around her father's neck, to say—

"Don't be frightened any more, papa dear; May's better now."

Great seemed to be the satisfaction of the crowd of men who had clustered round the group as they heard this welcome assurance; and then in twos and threes they slunk away back to their work, seemingly more than half ashamed that they had been betrayed into the exhibition of so human a feeling as interest in a mere child's safety.

"If the little un's all right, mister, you'd better have a look at the chap that pulled her out. His leg's broke, I think," remarked Dickinson's gruff voice at this juncture.

"His leg broken? Good Heaven! I never dreamed of this," exclaimed Captain Staunton. "Poor fellow! Let us go at once and see what can be done for him, Evelin."

"You'll find him there, under that rock," remarked the ex-boatswain's mate in a tone of indifference, indicating Dave's resting-place by a careless jerk of the thumb over his left shoulder as he walked away.

Captain Staunton and Lance rose to their feet, and went toward the spot indicated. They had gone but a few paces when they were overtaken by Dickinson, who, with a half-sulky, half-defiant look on his face, said:

"I s'pose I can't be any use, can I? If I can, you know, you'd better say so, and I'll lend you a hand. I like pluck when I see it, and the way that boy jumped in on the shark was plucky enough for anything. If it hadn't been for him, skipper, that little gal of yourn'd have been a goner and no mistake."

"You are right, Dickinson, she would indeed. You *can* no doubt be of the greatest use to us. Well, David, what is this, my boy? Is it true that your leg is broken?"

"I am afraid it is, sir," answered Dave, who looked very pale, and was evidently suffering great pain. "But I don't care about that, so long as May is all right."

"She *is*, Dave, thanks to God and to your courage. But we will all thank you by and by more adequately than we can do now. Let us look at your leg, that is the first thing to be attended to."

"Will you allow me, Captain Staunton?" interposed Lance. "I have some knowledge of surgery, and I think my hand will be more steady than yours after the late excitement."

The skipper willingly gave place to Lance; and the latter, kneeling down by Dave's side, drew out a knife with which he slit up the left leg of the lad's trousers.

"A compound fracture, and a very bad one," pronounced Evelin. "Now, Dickinson, if you wish to be of use, find Kit, the carpenter, and bring him to me."

The man vanished with alacrity, and in another minute or two returned with Kit.

Lance explained what he wanted—a few splints of a certain length and shape, and a supply of good stout spun yarn.

"Do you think Ralli would give us a bandage or two and a little lint from one of his medicine chests?" asked Lance of Dickinson.

"If he won't I'll pound him to a jelly," was the reckless answer; and without waiting for further instructions the man ran down to the water, jumped into the dingy, and, casting off the painter, began to ply his oars with a strength and energy which sent the small boat darting across the bay with a foaming wave at her bows and a long swirling wake behind her.

In less than half an hour he was back again, with the medicine chest and all its contents, which he had brought away bodily without going through the formality of asking permission.

The splints were by this time ready; and then began the long, tedious, and painful operation of setting and dressing the limb, in the performance of which Dickinson rendered valuable and efficient service. The long agony proved almost too much for Dave; he went ghastly pale and the cold perspiration broke out in great beads all over his forehead.

The poor lad bore up without fainting until Lance had done all that was possible for him; and then Dickinson and three other men, lifting him upon a strip of tarpaulin lashed to a couple of oars, carried him down to one of the boats, and jumping in, with Lance and Captain Staunton—who could not be persuaded to trust May out of his arms—pushed off and rowed him down to the bottom of the bay.

About a couple of hundred yards from the rocks they passed the body of a great dead shark floating upon the surface of the water. The creature appeared to be nearly twenty feet long; and the blood was still slowly oozing from three or four stabs and a couple of long deep gashes near the throat. The mouth was open; and as the boat swept past its occupants had an opportunity to count no less than five rows of formidable teeth in its horrid jaws.

Dickinson, who pulled the stroke-oar, averred with an oath his belief that there was not another man on the island with pluck enough to "tackle" such a monster.

"By the by, David," said Captain Staunton, "you have not yet told us how you came to break your leg. Did you strike it against the timber when you jumped overboard, or how was it?"

"No, sir," said Dave, "It was this way. Just as I reached the end of the plank I caught sight of the brute rushing straight at May. I could see him distinctly against the clean sandy bottom, and he was not above six feet off. So I took a header right for him, whipping out my sheath-knife as I jumped; and luckily he turned upon me sharp enough to give little May a chance, but not sharp enough to prevent my driving my knife into him up to the hilt. Then I got hold of him somewhere—I think it was one of his fins—and dug and slashed at him until I was out of breath, when I was obliged to let go and come to the surface. The shark sheered off, seeming to have had enough of it, but in going he gave me a blow with his tail across the leg and I felt it snap like a pipe-stem."

"And, instead of making for the raft, you swam at once to May, thinking of her safety rather than of the pain you were suffering," said the skipper. "Dave, you are a hero, if ever there was one. There is no doubt that you have saved my child from certain death; and I shall never forget my obligations to you, though God alone knows whether I shall ever have an opportunity to repay them."

"I say, mister, I wish you wouldn't have quite so much to say about *God;* it makes a chap feel uncomfortable," growled Dickinson.

"Does it?" said Captain Staunton. "How is that? I thought none of you believed in the existence of such a Being. No man who really believed in the existence of a God of Justice would continue to live a life of sin and defiance."

"Wouldn't he?" fiercely retorted the boatswain's mate. "Supposin' he'd done what I've done, and lived the life I've lived, what would he do? Answer me that."

"Come up to our hut next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, and *I will* answer you."

"What! do you mean to say that you'll let me in, and them women folks there too?"

"Certainly we will," said Captain Staunton, heartily. "The ladies will not refuse, I am sure, to meet you."

"Then I'll come," exclaimed the man, and then, as the boat's keel grated on the beach, he and his mates sprang into the shallow water, and, lifting Dave in his impromptu stretcher carefully upon their shoulders, they proceeded with heedful steps to bear him toward the hut.

LOST IN THE GREAT CAVERN, LANCE AND BLANCHE FIND THEMSELVES ON THE EDGE OF A FEARFUL ABYSS.

In another ten minutes they had poor Dave safely in the house and comfortably bestowed in his berth.

The medicine chest had been brought back in the boat and was soon conveyed to the hut; and while Lance busied himself in mixing a cooling draught for his patient, Dale, to the intense astonishment of everybody, voluntarily undertook to prepare some strengthening broth for him. The man's extreme selfishness gave way, for the moment, to admiration of Dave's gallant deed—so immeasurably beyond anything of which he felt himself capable—and, genuinely ashamed of himself, for perhaps the first time in his life, he suddenly resolved to do what little in him lay to be useful.

When Lance came down stairs for a moment after administering the draught, he found Dickinson and his three companions still hanging about outside the door in an irresolute manner, as though undecided whether to go or stay.

He accordingly went out to them and, with an earnestness quite foreign to his usual manner, thanked them warmly, yet courteously, for their valuable assistance (Lance *never* forgot that he was a gentleman, and was therefore uniformly courteous to everybody), and then dismissed them, adding at the last moment a word or two of reminder to Dickinson as to his promise for the following Sunday, which he emphasized with a hearty shake of the hand.

The boatswain's mate walked away down to the boat silently and in a seemingly dazed condition, holding up his right hand before him, turning it over, and looking at it as though he had never seen it before. He never opened his lips until the boat was in mid-channel, when, resting on his oar for a moment, he said:

"Well, mates, if Ralli knew as I'd promised to go up to them folks' hut on Sunday, there'd be a row, you bet. You'll not let on about it, eh?"

"All right, matey, all right," good-humoredly answered one of the men, "we're not going to split on yer, old man; perhaps, if the truth was knowed, there's others besides yourself as don't feel pertickler comfortable about this here piratin' business—I won't mention no names—and anyhow you may trust *me* not to say a word, and there's my hand upon it."

"And mine," added another of the men.

The proffered hands were silently grasped with fervor, and then the oars were resumed and the boat sped on her way to the shipyard.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ALLY GAINED.

WHEN the three ladies entered Staunton Cottage they were greatly surprised to find Captain Staunton and Lance there, both busy scraping lint; and still more surprised to see Dale bending over a fire with his coat off, diligently stirring the contents of a small tin saucepan.

Captain Staunton bade them all sit down, and then he related the full details of May's adventure, with Dave's gallant rescue of her, and the unfortunate accident which accompanied it.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, and while they were all sitting down quietly to tea, the ladies produced their nuggets, passing them round for inspection, and relating the manner in which they had been found.

Lance's experience as a gold digger now served the party in good stead, for he had no sooner taken the dull yellow lumps into his hand than he pronounced them to be veritable nuggets of pure gold; and after extracting from the fair finders as accurate a description as they could give him of the locality in which the discovery had been made, he declared his belief that one or more "pockets" of gold existed in the same vicinity, and said he would take an early opportunity of personally inspecting the spot.

The somewhat exciting events of the day caused the party to sit up chatting rather late that evening, and about midnight they were startled by the sound of knocking at the door.

Captain Staunton opened it, and there stood Dickinson, who explained with some hesitation that, "Bein' as he couldn't sleep very well, he'd made so bold as to come up, seein' a light in the window. He'd like to know was a'ter her ducking, likewise the youngster as had got his leg hutt."

The skipper was able to give satisfactory answers to both inquiries, and Mrs. Staunton, hearing that some one was asking after May, came out herself and thanked the ex-boatswain's mate so sweetly for his interest in her child that the poor fellow went away more dazed than ever, but with a heart so light that he felt as if walking upon air; and during the short journey between the hut and his quarters he solemnly and silently registered sundry fearful vows as what he would do to any one who dared so much as to *think* any harm of the inhabitants of Staunton Cottage.

The third day following Bob's accident was Sunday.

This day was always observed as a holiday by the pirates; not, it need scarcely be said, in deference to the Fourth Commandment, but simply because the men insisted upon having one day of rest from work—a day on which the more sober and steady members of the band were wont to devote some little attention to the toilet and to the repairs of their clothing; while the remainder—by far the greater number—gave themselves up to unrestrained riot and drunkenness, a circumstance which, as may easily be understood, always caused a considerable amount of anxiety to the inmates of Staunton Cottage.

But however anxious they may have been—however fearful that, in their unbridled license, the pirates might at any moment break in upon the privacy of the cottage and attempt some outrage—divine service was invariably performed twice each Sunday in the lower apartment of the cottage.

The day in question was no exception to the rule; and when the party began to assemble for the morning service, they saw that Dickinson had posted himself at a little distance from, but within easy hail, of the door.

He was accordingly invited in; and when he made his appearance, with his hair freshly cut, his long bushy beard and mustache carefully trimmed, and his person decently arrayed in a nearly new suit of blue pilot-cloth, he looked not only every inch a sailor, but also a very fine specimen of manhood.

He entered with some show of diffidence, and seemed half inclined to beat a hasty retreat again, when Mrs. Staunton invited him to occupy a seat next her. However, he remained, conducting himself with the greatest propriety during the service, and evidently still having in remembrance the forms of the ceremonial.

When prayers were over Captain Staunton delivered, according to his usual custom, a short address, in which he strove earnestly to give a plain and comprehensive answer to the question which Dickinson had propounded to him in the boat.

It is not within the province of such a story as this to repeat what was said on this occasion; suffice it to say that the skipper so far succeeded in his object that, when the services were over, the strange guest went away a happier and a more hopeful man than he had been for years.

He presented himself again at the evening service, remaining, at Mrs. Staunton's invitation, to listen to the sacred music in which the party generally indulged for an hour, at the close of the day. Thenceforth he was a changed man.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOLD MINE.

On the following morning Lance announced that he proposed to make a visit to the "gold mine," as they laughingly called it. Blanche undertook to pilot him to the spot, and the two set off directly after breakfast.

When they arrived at the brink of the ravine, Lance took in the geological characteristics of the place at a glance. He recognized the rocks as containing outcrops of gold-bearing quartz, and the minute yellow specks therein as the precious metal itself, their visible presence being an indication of the extraordinary richness of the reef.

They accordingly began to walk slowly up the border of the stream, which descended the ravine by a series of miniature cataracts a foot or so in height, usually with small sandy-bottomed basins beyond.

One of these basins proved to be so small and so shallow that, standing on a projecting ledge of rock, Lance was able to make a tolerably thorough examination of its bed with the aid of a branch broken from a tree, and he had not been very long stirring up the sand with it when he observed, to his delight, fine nugge's, varying in size from a hen's egg to a six-pound shot.

"Just as I expected," he exclaimed. "Now, the spot from which this gold originally came is at the head of this ravine. These nuggets have all been brought down here by the water; and the higher we go the larger will the nuggets be, because, of course, the heaviest of them will have traveled the shortest distance."

They were now near the head of the ravine, which seemed to terminate in a sort of *cul-de-sac*, a huge reef of auriferous rock jutting out of the ground and forming an almost perpendicular wall across the end of the ravine.

On reaching the base of this wall, the tiny stream they had been following was found to have its source a yard or two from the face of the rock, bubbling up out of the ground in the midst of a little pool some three yards across.

It was near this spot, therefore, in all probability, that the precious metal would be found in richest abundance. Lance accordingly began to look around him for indications of the direction in which he ought to search.

About ten feet up the face of the rock-wall he saw what appeared to be a fissure in the stone; and, thinking it possible that an examination of this fissure might aid him, he managed to scramble up to it. When he reached the spot he found, however, instead of a mere fissure or crack in the rock, as he had imagined, a wide projecting shoulder of the reef which artfully masked a low narrow recess.

Penetrating into this recess, Lance found that, after he had proceeded two or three yards, the walls widened out, and the whole place had the appearance of being the entrance to a subterranean cavern.

Thinking that, if such were indeed the case, the discovery might prove of great value, as affording the party a perfectly secure place of refuge in case of necessity, he emerged once more, and, discovering from his more elevated standpoint an easy means of descent, hastened down to Blanche, and, informing her of his discovery, requested her to sit down and rest whilst he completed his explorations.

He then looked about him for something to serve the purpose of a torch, and at length found a fragment of dry wood, which on being ignited promised to burn steadily enough for his purpose.

Armed with this he was about to reascend the face of the rock, when Blanche begged that she might be allowed to accompany him, as she was sure she would feel lonely sitting out there by herself. Lance accordingly gave her his hand, and without any very great difficulty managed to get her safely up on the narrow platform in front of the opening.

Relighting his torch, which he had extinguished after satisfying himself that it would burn properly, Lance led the way into the cleft. Soon they found the walls receding from them on either side, the roof rising at the same time.

They had penetrated some three or four hundred yards, perhaps, into the bowels of the earth, and were thinking of returning, when they suddenly emerged from the passage into a vast cavern, so spacious in all its dimensions that their tiny light quite failed to reveal the further side or the roof. But what little they *did* see was sufficient to root them to the ground, speechless for the moment, with wonder and admiration.

The rocky floor upon which they stood was smooth as a marble pavement, apparently from attrition by the action of water through countless centuries, though the place was now perfectly dry.

They seemed to be standing on a surface of purest crystalline ice, seamed, streaked, veined, and clouded in the most marvelous and fantastic manner with every conceivable hue, through and into which the faint light of their torch gleamed, flashed, and sparkled with an effect of indescribable splendor.

"Oh, Lance!" whispered Blanche, at last; "was ever anything so lovely seen before?"

"A perfect palace of gnomes, is it not?" returned Lance, in his usual tone of voice; and then they stood awe-struck and enthralled, as his words were caught up by the countless echoes and flung backward and forward, round and round, and in the air above them, in as many different tones, from a faint whisper far overhead to deep sonorous musical bell-like notes reverberating round the walls, and echoing away and away, farther and further, fainter and fainter, to seem to die away in indescribable time, as it seemed to them, the sound died completely away and silence reigned once more.

"It is marvelous! superb!" whispered Evelin, not caring to again arouse the echoes of the palace. "Let us explore a little further while our torch holds out."

With cautious steps—for the floor was almost as slippery as ice—they began to make the tour of this fairy-like cavern; but they had not proceeded a dozen steps before they were again arrested, spell-bound.

The walls, as far as the feeble light of the torch would reveal them, were of rock of the same character as the floor; only that instead of being smooth and even they were brok-n up into the most fantastic projections of every imaginable form, while here and there huge masses started boldly out from the face, forming flying buttresses with projecting pinnacles and elaborate carved-work, all executed by nature's own hand, and in the most perfect clustered columns, so regular and perfect in their shape that they might have been transferred with scarcely a finishing touch of the chisel to the aisles of a cathedral.

Where the light failed to fall upon these the effect was bewilderingly beautiful, the rays being reflected and refracted from and through the crystals of which they were composed until they shone and sparkled like prismatic fire.

Then a new wonder revealed itself; for, on approaching more closely to the glittering walls, it became apparent that they were seamed with wide cracks here and there, the cracks being filled with a cement-like substance, in which were studded with nuggets of gold of all sizes, that in less than five minutes a man might have gathered more than he could carry away.

Passing along the walls, Lance found that it was everywhere the same, and that in stumbling upon this subterranean palace of the fairies they had also discovered a mine of incalculable wealth.

Hastily gathering a few of the finest nuggets within reach, they set out to return.

CHAPTER XVII.

BURIED ALIVE.

They had apparently made the entire circuit of the cavern, for there close to them yawned the black mouth of a passage. This was fortunate; as the torch had now burned so low that Lance saw with consternation it would be necessary for them to make the greater part of their return journey in darkness.

"But never mind," he said, cheerfully. "It is all plain sailing; there are no obstacles in our way; and if we have to grope slowly along, still the marvelous sight we have seen is well worth a trifling penalty. Let us get into the passage, for I shall have to abandon the light; it is scorching my fingers as it is."

Blanche was a trifle nervous at having to traverse so long a distance in impenetrable darkness, and buried—who knew how deep—beneath the surface. *Buried!* The idea was a most unpleasant one just then; and she shuddered as they p unged hand in hand into the passage, Lance at the same moment flinging the charred stump of the burned-out torch back into the great cavern behind them.

Cautiously they groped their way onward, Lance feeling his way along the wall of the passage, and making sure of his footing at every step by passing his foot slightly forward over the ground before advancing.

In this manner the pair proceeded for what seemed to them a considerable length of time—at least Blanche thought it so, for at last she said, with a slight tremor in her voice:

"How much longer do you think we shall be, Lance? Surely we cannot be very far from the entrance now."

"No, we must be getting pretty close to it," said Lance; "but surely you are not feeling frightened?"

"Not exactly frightened," replied Blanche; "but this terrible darkness and this awful silence makes me nervous. It seems so dreadful to be groping one's way like this, without being able to see where one is going; and then I have a stupid feeling that the rocks above us may give way at any moment and bury us."

"Not much fear of that," said Lance, with a laugh, which went echoing and reverberating along the passage in a weird unearthly manner. "These rocks," he continued, "have supported for years—probably centuries—the weight above them, and it is not at all likely they will give way just now without any cause. You must remember we are walking at a much slower pace now than we were when we passed over the ground before. Of course we *might* walk faster, since we know the ground to be tolerably even and regular; still it is best to be cautious; if either of us happens to stumble here in the dark we might receive a rather severe blow. However, keep up your courage; we cannot be very much longer now."

Once more they continued their way in silence, the ground sloping gently downwards all the while, as they could tell notwithstanding the darkness; and still no welcome ray of daylight appeared in the distance to tell them that they were approaching their journey's end.

At length a vague and terrible fear began to make itself felt in Lance's own mind.

Recalling the incidents of their inward journey, he tried to reckon the time which they had occupied in passing from the open air along the gallery into the great cavern, and he considered that they could not possibly have been longer than twenty minutes, probably not as long as that. But it seemed to him that they had been groping them in the intense darkness for two hours at least! No, surely it could not be so long as that; the darkness made the time lag heavily.

But if they had been there only *one* hour, they ought by this time to have reached daylight once more, slowly as they had been moving. Surely they had not—oh, no, it was not possible—it could not be possible—and yet —merciful God! what if they had by some dreadful mischance *lost their way?*

The bare thought sent a thrill of cold perspiration start out upon his forehead as the dreadful indefinable, haunting fear at length took shape and presented itself before his mind in all its grisly horror.

He had faced Death often enough to look him in the face without at any time without fear; but to meet him thus—to wander on and on in the thick darkness, to grope blindly along the walls of this huge grave until exhaustion came and compelled them to lie down and die—never to look again upon the sweet face of nature—never again to have their eyes gladdened by the blessed light of the sun or the soft glimmer of the star-lit heavens—to vanish from off the face of the earth and to pass away from the ken of their friends, leaving no sign, no clew of their whereabouts or of their fate—oh, God! it was too horrible!

He drew a box of matches from his pocket. The next moment a sharp rasping noise was heard, and a light flared suddenly.

The light, however, was too feeble to penetrate that Egyptian darkness; they saw nothing but each other's faces; hers pale, with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes; and his, with compressed lips, and a look of desperation upon his face which menaced them.

"This will not do," said he; "we must improvise a better torch than this."

He fumbled once more in his pockets, and presently found a sheet or two of paper on which he remembered jotting down some notes relative to matters connected with the construction of the battery. These he folded very carefully so as to make a long roll, yet tightly enough to burn slowly and so give them an opportunity for at least a momentary glance round them.

Then he struck another match, applied it to one of the tiny torches, and raised the light aloft.

As he did so, Blanche uttered a piercing shriek, and seizing him by the arm, dragged him back against the rocky wall of the passage. Then, pointing before her, she gasped:

"Look, Lance; look!"

Lance looked in the direction toward which she pointed and grew faint and sick as he saw that they had been standing on the very verge of a precipice. A stone, dislodged by Blanche's hasty movement had rolled over the edge, and they now heard it bounding with a loud echoing clang down the face of the rock, down, down, down, the sound, loud at first, growing fainter and fainter, until a dull muffled splash told them that it had reached water more than a hundred fathoms below!

(To be continued.)

SOME SHARP SWORDS.

If the pocket-knives of Japan are on a par with the swords, what expert whittlers the Japanese boys must be! A journal of the iron trade contains the statement that for fineness of temper and keenness of edge the swords made in Japan are unequaled in the modern world, and can scarcely be matched by the blades made by the famous Damascus and Toledo. A common feat for a Japanese soldier is to cut a pig in two at a single blow; and bars of lead, and even of iron, have been divided by their weapons without a notch or imperfection being visible on the blade. While not possessing the marvelous dexterity of Sikh swordsmen, the Japanese would be most formidable adversaries in hand-to hand fighting. On one occasion a horse's hind leg was completely severed from his body by a stroke from one of their terrible two-handed swords.

A sword of superior excellence is preserved as an heirloom in the Satsuma family, and with this blade a leaf has been cut in two by merely being allowed to drift against the edge. The Japanese, it would seem, understand the tempering of sword blades better than any other people.

A FISH STORY INDEED.

The title "fish story" has long since come to be a synonym for improbability, no matter whether the matter following it relates to angling, hunting, or encounters with serpents.

But the subjoined narrative of an aged inhabitant of Elmira, New York, has a "fishy" flavor throughout.

"When the Chemung Canal was built, more than fifty years ago, between Horseheads, now North Elmira, and Corning, Lowe's Pond was right on the line of the work, and the engineers utilized it by throwing the towpath across it, near the south end, and letting the pond be part of the waterway of the canal. The body of water covered probably twenty acres of swampy ground, and was, in fact, but the accumulated water of several springs that had their source in the swamp.

"One winter, some forty years ago, the water in the canal was drawn off, and the pond was correspondingly low. Having nothing to do one day, I induced a friend to go with me to Lowe's Pond and have a day's sport fishing through the ice. At the head of the pond there was a very large spring which had been uncovered by the drawing off of the water. The ice on the pond extended up to within a few feet of the spring leaving a space of open water. The water was shallow, and we noticed that it was very muddy. Supposing that the ice was thick enough a few feet from the edge to bear me, I stepped from the shore on to it, when it gave way, and a large cake broke off from the main ice. I was let down into the water, which was not more than a foot deep, and with an axe I had with me to cut holes for our lines, I attempted to push the broken ice under the solid ice, when I found that it would not go far enough down in the water to let it pass under.

"At the same time I felt a singular sensation about my ankles, as if some living thing were moving along by them and rubbing against them as it passed. I put my hand down in the water and found that I was standing in the midst of a dense mass of fish. I threw out at one scoop of my hand a large pickerel, and in less than fifteen minutes the two of us had caught, without hook or line, all the pickerel we could carry on our backs, strung on long birch strings. We took them home, and telling a number of intimate friends of our discovery, returned to the pond. We had eight bushel baskets with us and we filled them in a short time. Then one of the party went back and brought a two-horse sled and four more fishermen, who each carried a bushel basket. The sled and the four bushel baskets were filled with pickerel in a short time, and then, not wanting to be selfish, we thought it no more than right, as the owner of the pond lived only a couple of miles away, that we should take him into our confidence and let him have some of the fish. So one of the party shouldered one of the bushels of pickerel and took it over to Lowe's house, while we went home and unloaded.

"When we came back again we were followed by a score of men women and children. The fishing ground was so small, being about six feet square, that it was impossible for more than half a dozen or so to fish at one time, and as every one present was determined to have a chance at the fishery, a riot was imminent. Accordingly the business was organized systematically at a meeting of those present, called for the purpose on the ice. The crowd was divided into phalanxes of six. Each phalanx was given a five minutes' turn at the fish as its number, drawn by lot, was called. Thus in less than four hours every one present had more fish than he or she could carry home.

"Fresh arrivals came to take their places, and at that time, after four hours of the sport, between 300 and 400 bushels of fish had been taken from the hole, and still they kept pushing in toward the open space in such numbers that the mass of crowding pickerel seemed as dense as ever. I can't say how long the novel fishery would have continued to yield, if some impatient parties had not cut holes in other places in the pond, which attracted the fish and scattered them, showing that they had pressed forward to the spot where they were first discovered because it supplied them with something they could not obtain in the water closely covered by the ice.

"Four subsequent winters the same scenes were witnessed on Lowe's Pond, and fish were captured the same way by the hundreds of bushels. The last time the strange fishery was in operation was in 1862. I took out that winter more than fifty bushels myself in less than fifty minutes. The abandoning of the Chemung Canal, and the building of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad across it, destroyed the pond as a fishing place; and I guess the only sport a man can have there now is catching bull frogs."

HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND.

The latest story in the line of train-saving heroism has for its principal actor neither the traditional bridge-walking small boy nor the jack-o'-lantern pumpkin-head, but a dog, who sacrificed his own life to save that of the man who had befriended him. We clip it from a contemporary that printed it as told by an engineer on the Rock Island Railroad:

"While running along near Joliet I saw a fine big black dog struck fast under the old farm gate by the side of the track. He was howling pitcously, and I stopped my engine and went to his assistance. He was wild with gratitude, licked my hand, and wanted to follow me into the cab. Every day after that I would see him sitting beside the track and wagging his tail as my train went by.

"Several weeks later the train was running at great speed just at daybreak, being behind time. The dog stood on the track ahead barking furiously. As we drew near he moved forward, but continued his antics. I supposed, of course, that he would leave the track but he did not, and the train ran over him and ground him to pieces. We stopped the train, and were astonished to find a short distance ahead an obstruction on the track that would surely have derailed the cars had we struck it at full speed."

UP AND AT IT AGAIN.

THE "try, try again," maxim so often instilled into youthful minds is not merely a well-worn motto of the copy-book order, but has proved of practical utility to more than one man of mark, whose first efforts in his chosen vocation were most distinct and dismal failures.

A leaf, or rather two leaves from the experience of "Josh Billings," the late Henry W. Shaw, furnish a striking illustration of what may be accomplished by keeping up one's courage in adversity and "sticking to it."

The story is given by a reporter for the Chicago *Mail*, as it was told to him by Mr. Shaw himself.

"I had been writing a great deal," the famous humorist began, "and the stuff was pretty well received. I imagined I was a little the biggest man in New York, and certainly the best known man outside the city except Horace Greeley. I had made a scrapbook of my writings, and concluded I would give readings from these; and I made an engagement to give such a reading at a small town in New Jersey.

"I carried my book with me, and put up at the one hotel in good style. The landlord did not seem remarkably overawed by my presence, which was somewhat dampening. I gave him a half dozen tickets for the lecture. When I came on the platform there were but seven persons in the hall, six of them being from the hotel, and the seventh a small boy who came in free. When I got back to the hotel I called the landlord into my room and had him bring me all the old newspapers he could find and a ball of cord. I took out my book, wrapped a dozen or so of newspapers around it, and then began winding the cord.

"I wound that entire ball about the bundle and tied the ends with a double knot. The landlord had watched the proceedings intently, and when I had finished my wrapping he inquired what they meant. I told him I was going back to New York to go to work, and I did not propose to untie that book until I could do so in his town and before an audience that would fill the house.

"I went back to the city," continued Mr. Shaw, "and struck out on a new lead. Two years after I received an invitation to lecture in this same town. I had been waiting for this, and took out my old book and took it along to see how things looked.

"When I came on the platform I found an audience so tightly packed that the last comer had to leave his card in the vestibule for want of room. I took out my book and unwrapped it before them, telling the story as I did so. It was this shutting up of the past and beginning again that saved me—or at least made me what I am."

A RUNAWAY ICE-YACHT.

A SPELL of very cold weather about the middle of March revived the interest in ice-boating on the upper Hudson. Some races took place at Poughkeepsie, and while preliminary arrangements were being made, one of the competing yachts took the opportunity to run away. It was the Great Scott, which had been left standing unattended with sails up. She was struck by a squall and sent spinning across the river at her own sweet will and guidance. Luckily no damage was done, either to herself or other craft, and she finally brought up among some broken ice on the west shore.

ALTOGETHER A DIFFERENT MATTER.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—"*Now, my boy, don't deny it. Didn't I see you break that window with impunity?*"

SMALL BOY.—"*Nos'r. Didn't break it wid no 'punity. I broke it wid de ball.*"

QUEER DOINGS OF CHINAMEN.

CHINA is not only on the opposite side of the earth from us, but they appear to do things over there in an equally opposite fashion to ours. For instance:

Men wear long petticoats and carry fans, while the women wear short jackets and carry canes.

Boats are drawn by horses, carriages moved by sails.

Old men play ball and fly kites, while children fold their arms and look on.

The Chinese feed their friends sumptuously when dead, but let them take care of themselves the best they could while alive.

Old women instead of the young are the belles of society.

A previous acquaintanceship between the male and female prevents them from marriage. For this reason a man seldom weds a girl of his own town. They are likewise prevented from marrying kin or namesakes.

When a Chinaman meets another he shakes and squeezes his own hands and covers his head. If great friends had not seen each other for a long time, after the mutual hand-shaking, they would rub shoulders until they became tired. Instead of asking each other's health they would say: "Have you eaten your rice, where are you going, what is your business when you get there, how old are you, and how much did you pay for your shoes?"