THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

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

Vol. V.—No. 21. FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER. 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1887. TERMS $3.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Whole No. 229.

WITH THE ENERGY OF DESPAIR, TOM WAS MAKING A DESPERATE LUNGE AT THE BISON'S EYE WHEN A SHARP REPORT WAS HEARD, AND THE BULL FELL HEAVILY TO THE EARTH.

Tom Parcher's First and Last Buffalo Hunt.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

According to reliable authority, there are not now left a thousand head of buffalo throughout the entire Western country, so great has been their extermination during the past few years.

When Tom Parcher, aged sixteen, demanded—not asked—to be sent out to his uncle's cattle ranch in western Kansas that he might blossom into a full-blown cowboy, there were more, quite a good many more, in all probability.

Tom, being an only son who, if not exactly spoiled, was, if I may so express it, a trifle tainted with self-sufficiency through having had his own way for about sixteen years, of course gained his point.

He was sent according to demand, and I am not sure that, with all their anxiety, Mr. and Mrs. Parcher did not experience a shadowy feeling of relief at his absence.

A domineering boy in the household, and one who thinks he knows rather more than "Appleton's Encyclopedia," gets to be a trial no matter how good hearted he may be or how many fine qualities he may possess. Tom was a combination of all these.

The discipline of the new life, into which his uncle thrust Tom without ceremony or favor, was, without doubt, most disagreeable. Whether as much can be said for his companionship and surroundings is more than doubtful.

"You've been writin' about wantin' to come out here'n' be a cowboy this year past," grimly remarked Mr. Biltong (Mrs. Parcher's brother), who was wealthy and illiterate, "an' now you *hev* come, I'm a-goin' to give you all you want uv it."

Mr. Biltong was as good as his word. No sooner had Tom, on the second day of his arrival, appeared out in full cowboy costume, from spurs to a sombrero as wide as an umbrella top, than he was accommodated with a bucking pony, a saddle composed entirely of wood and rawhide, without so much as a shadow of padding, and a lariat to hang over the saddle-peak.

At his first venture, Tom stayed in that saddle precisely thirty seconds; at the second, a minute and a half.

But underneath the young fellow's faults and follies, and overlying his better qualities, was a certain sturdy obstinacy, which, turned in the right direction, would some day be called determination.

Tom literally stuck to that pony till he galloped him around the stockyard three times. Then Mr. Biltong, secretly admiring the boy's resolution, gave him another pony that didn't buck, and sent him off with the ranchers to the animal "round-up," two hundred and odd miles away.

At the end of a fortnight Tom Parcher considered that what he didn't know about cowboy life was hardly worth knowing, though he had to admit to himself that some of the bronzed and bearded men, who listened to his boastful utterances with outward composure and inward amusement, could beat him at shooting, also in the use of the lariat.

He made another valuable and quite unexpected discovery about this time, viz., that the genuine cowboy was not a sort of modernized border ranger, whose principal occupation consisted in shooting Indians, making hairbreadth escapes, performing feats of unparalleled valor, indulging in wild (though attractive) carousals, always attired in the ultra-picturesque garb which he himself had donned with so much satisfaction.

He discovered, on the contrary, that the cowboy was generally apt to be a long-legged, hard-featured, good-natured individual, given to profanity, tobacco, a ragged shirt and patched overalls. Moreover, that the life itself was of the roughest and most unsatisfactory sort, cut off from books, civilizing influences, and the advantages of society, and filled with all manner of discomforts and unpleasantnesses.

Rather disconsolately he was thinking of all these things on a certain drizzly night, at the end of something like a week of the round-up, as, after a supper of bacon and unsweetened coffee, he sat a little apart from his rough companions by the side of a blazing campfire.

A little way back stood the big store wagon, beneath which he expected to sleep on the damp ground, rolled in a horsey smelling blanket.

Above the bleak whistling of the prairie wind rose the sound of trampling hoofs, the clicking of thousands of horns, and the continuous lowing of the immense herd of cattle about which twenty or more cowboys were riding in a vast circuit, slowly getting them bunched for the night.

His relief came on at midnight. Tom was dreaming of an oyster supper at Parker's when a rude shake awoke him, and, stiff and sore from his day's ride, he got on his feet. Saddling his pony, he rode to the point designated, and began his weary round; for though the cattle were for the most part lying down contentedly chewing their cud, the slightest unaccustomed sound would stampede them in an instant, and then, look out!

So all night long, till the gray dawn of morning, Tom rode to and fro, whistling when his lips refused to pucker, and singing with anything but a light heart, while the rain beat down the neck of his "slicker"—*Anglice*, a long oil coat—and the raw breeze seemed to blow through the marrow in his bones.

It is not surprising that Tom was unusually cross when finally breakfast time came, and, after a repetition of the bacon and coffee, Bricher, the foreman, sent him off to the westward in search of a stray steer that had evaded his vigilance the night before.

He dared not refuse, as his uncle had said very plainly that he would have no favoritism shown him.

"If he's so set on cowboy life he must take the bitter with the sweet," Mr. Biltong had declared very emphatically, and thus far the bitter had predominated.

Throwing his carbine over his saddle bow, Tom, with a lowering brow, rode off—the hoofprints of the fugitive steer in the damp soil of clay and sand, interspersed with curling buffalo grass, being his only guide.

Expecting every moment to see the steer, Tom rode on over the rolling swale of the prairie for an hour, entirely losing sight of the distant herd.

Then a mounted horseman coming toward him across the plain at an easy lope attracted his attention, and reining up his pony, Tom awaited his approach.

The stranger, who was a well-built man in border costume, with a bronzed face and heavy dark mustache, nodded to Tom as he reined up his wiry bronco beside him.

"Looking for strays, youngster?" he asked, in a tone of easy familiarity which, with the title of "youngster" was exceeding exasperating to Tom in his irritable mood.

"Yes," he curtly replied—"are you?"

Raising his eyebrows a little at the short response, the stranger shook his head.

"No— I'm after buffalo signs."

Now Tom had heard buffalo talked round every campfire since he left his uncle's ranch, and in theory was quite a hunter of the mighty game in question.

"Buffalo!" he repeated in a tone but a shade removed from the scornful, "You *must* be a tenderfoot for a fact to be looking for signs near where a round-up's going on —you'll have to 'hit the flat'" (go further out on the prairie) "a heap further to the west'ard than this, I reckon, for buffalo."

"Think so?" was the quickly amused response.

"Bet your boots, I do," returned Tom, who considered cowboy slang as an essential part of his outfit, "and even then I wouldn't be afraid to bet my cayuse" (pony) "against your chaparrals" (overalls) "that you might ride all day without finding a 'chip'."

"You'd lose your bet, I'm afraid," coolly said the other, suddenly pointing in a northerly direction where some black specks were discernible in a sort of depression of the rolling prairie, "for there's a small herd not five miles away."

"Pooh, some of the stray cattle from the round-up," returned Tom, whose self-assertiveness was made even more than usually pronounced by the stranger's coolness.

Unslinging his field glass, the hunter silently extended it to Tom, who applied it to his eye.

Sure enough his companion was right.

"The wind is from them," said the other, re-slinging the glass in its place, "and the prairie is so hummocky it's an easy matter to come up with them. Ever hunted buffalo?"

"Well, no," reluctantly answered Tom, "but that don't make any difference. I'm after 'em all the same."

"You'll find 'em after you more likely, if you're new at the business," dryly returned the stranger who, with his Winchester balanced across his saddle bow, was examining the charges in his revolver.

"Look out for yourself—I'll attend to my part of the business!" sharply retorted Tom, but his companion only smiled with unruffled composure.

"Very good," he said, "but, if I were you, I'd look out for the charge of a wounded bull, that's all, and——"

The advice was wasted on the empty air. Excited by the prospect of a shot at the mightiest game on the western continent, Tom had clapped spurs to his pony before the other finished speaking and was galloping away to the left of the distant defile.

"The young blockhead will stampede the whole lot," rather irritably muttered the hunter, as he urged his own bronco forward to the right; but Tom was not so unwise as all that.

He made a sort of detour by which he managed to keep out of sight of the feeding game till he arrived within a few hundred yards of the defile.

He caught a glimpse of his stranger companion on the opposite side, making signs to him, but to what effect he was far too excited to heed.

With his heart thumping against his ribs, Tom slowly walked his pony till within what he adjudged the proper distance for a dash, then cocking his carbine, put spurs to his tough little steed and galloped down the slope.

Tom was not thinking so much of buffalo meat as of the glory of slaying the biggest animal he had ever seen in his whole life excepting one of Barnum's elephants.

For this reason, as the drove, alarmed at his sudden approach, lumbered off at a clumsy gallop, Tom selecting the leader, an enormous bull bison, aimed as nearly as possible behind the fore shoulder and fired, vaguely conscious of hearing four or five shots in rapid succession from the stranger's rifle at the same moment.

But he had no time to see what luck the other had met with. His pony, entirely unused to this new business, had swerved suddenly as he fired, and the result was a badly wounded and very wrathful bull bison.

With an angry bellow the monstrous brute turned sharply and charged down upon the pony and his rider.

The former, fully as frightened as the latter, gave a snort of terror, and plunging violently forward, succeeded in unseating unfortunate Tom, whose carbine fell from his grasp, while he himself was pitched headlong directly in the path of the angry bison!

Tom gave himself up for lost, as the great animal, with lowered head, and eyes gleaming with rage from beneath their shaggy covering, dashed directly toward his prostrate form.

Snatching his hunting-knife from its sheath, he partly raised himself on one elbow, and, drawing back the blade with an energy born of despair, was about to make a desperate lunge at the bison's eye, when a sharp report was heard, and he had just time to scramble up out of the way, as the bull, pitching forward, fell to the earth with the bright blood pouring from its nostrils.

"Pretty close call for you, youngster," said his rescuer, gazing after the remainder of the herd, as, ejecting the empty shells from his Winchester, he proceeded to fill its magazine anew with fresh cartridges, "but I can't stop to palaver. I must be off after the rest."

"But let me thank you, please, for saving my life," exclaimed Tom, in tremulous tones, which contrasted rather strongly with his peremptory manner of a few hours previous, "and before you go, tell me your name. I want always to remember it."

"All right," was the hurried reply. "You're heartily welcome. My name is William Cody; good by," was the hasty response, and in another moment the hunter was in hot pursuit of the distant buffaloes.

Four fat cows had fallen before Cody's sure aim, together with the great bull whose tail Tom cut off, and displayed as a trophy, when, that afternoon, he succeeded in catching up with his companions.

"Twud 'a' been more to the purpose, ef you'd brought along a buffler hump or a big jump uv steak," grumbled old Bricher, as Tom told the story of his narrow escape.

"You didn't try to give Cody any p'ints on buffalo shootin', did you, Tom?" dryly asked Sam Diston, who lost no opportunity of reminding the former of his not infrequent display of self-importance.

Tom pretended not to hear, and his tormentor continued with a grin:

"'Cause if you did, it might seem sorter throwed away on a man that's paid $500 a month by guverment to shoot buff'lo fer to feed the workmen on the new Kansas P'c'fic railroad, that's bein' laid through this section, an' considerin' Buffalo Bill, as they call him, has to furnish twelve a day on an average."

But Tom had heard enough! That he should have cut such a churlish appearance in the eyes of that renowned borderer, "Buffalo Bill," was a mortifying experience he never forgot.

And when, in the fall, Tom returned home a wiser and I trust in some respects a better boy, among the lessons he learned from the hardships and disciplinary experiences of his brief cowboy life, to which he had no desire whatever to return, was that of keeping his self-assertiveness well in the background—which he has done, to my knowledge, ever since.

TO ASPIRING CADETS.

The naval academy at Annapolis appears to exercise a strong fascination over the minds of most boys. We therefore hasten to impart the following pieces of information:

The naval academy examinations for the admission of candidates begin May 16. As the President has the right to two appointments this year, he is expected to make a decision on them very soon, in order that they who receive them may prepare themselves, and the others be relieved from waiting. The only point yet known about the matter is that he will give the places to sons of army or navy officers.

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

NATURE'S YOUNG NOBLEMEN

By BROOKS McCORMICK.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN ARGUMENT ON THE USE OF REVOLVERS.

"WHAT does this mean?" asked Spink when he found he was free. "Are they going to throw us overboard, and want to save the ropes they tied us with?"

"I don't know, and I suppose we have the privilege of waiting till we find out for ourselves," replied Morris.

"I don't see what they are taking us out to sea for, unless it is to drown us in some out of the way place," added Spink. "I wonder if these men talk any English."

"You can try them and see; that is the only way to find out," replied Morris, who had been not a little startled at the suggestion of his companion, for the idea of drowning did not please him at all.

It did not please Spink a whit more, but he was inclined to yield to nothing short of the fact itself. Even if he and his friend must take their chances in the midst of the broad ocean in the darkness of the night, it was not worth while to give up the battle before it was fought. They fortunately had their weapons, and they might as well be killed in trying to save themselves, as to be meekly drowned like a pair of useless puppies.

"Can you speak any English?" said Spink, putting his hand on the arm of the man that held the lantern, as soon as he had been released.

The man shook his head, smiled, and said something in Portuguese, which the boys could not understand. But the shaking of the head was a sufficient answer to the question, and there was no further conversation, though Spink put the same question to the other man, with the same result. Neither of them spoke any English, and there was nothing more to be said.

But the smile with which the two men received the question was an additional reply, more significant than anything else. The two sailors seemed to be good-natured, and if they had been ordered to throw the boys overboard, or even to release them for this end, they would not be in condition to smile. They were good-natured, and this was hopeful.

"What do you suppose they released us for, Spink?" asked Morris.

"I don't know whether I am a Yankee or not; at any rate I can't guess. As you said before, we have the privilege of waiting till we find out. In fact I don't see that we can do anything but wait, and we might as well do it gracefully."

"But it is not pleasant to imagine you are going to be pitched overboard ten miles from the shore in the night, or that you may have a long knife buried in your chest in the course of the next minute or two."

"If it isn't pleasant, don't imagine it," answered Spink.

"A fellow can't very well help it under the present circumstances."

The conversation was interrupted by the man with the lantern, who took Morris by the arm, causing him to start back as though he already felt the point of the imaginary knife. But he only pointed with a smile to the open hatchway over his head. He seemed to think he was conveying a cheerful idea to the prisoners, and that was doubtless what made him smile.

"I suppose that means that we are to go on deck; and I don't believe even these fellows are capable of throwing us overboard with a smile on their faces," said Morris, as he ascended by the notched stanchion to the deck. He was followed by Spink, and then by the two sailors.

It was a pleasant evening, and the stars were bright overhead, though the darkness was quite deep. On either side of the vessel was a lighthouse, not more than half a mile distant, while astern of them they could see an immense cluster of lights. The boys were cadets on board of the steamer, and duty as well as curiosity, had made them diligent students. They studied geography with an interest they had never felt before, using not only the large maps in the saloon, but the charts in the lockers of the captain.

Their knowledge, therefore, enabled them at once to decide where they were. The lights ahead were at the entrance of the bay, which extends fifteen miles inland, while the lights in a mass were those of the city of Rio. These facts enabled them to realize that the little vessel was bound to some point outside of the bay. If they had been more ignorant, they might have been less anxious, for it was not pleasant to know that they were going out of the bay.

The two men put on the hatches as soon as they came out of the hold, and went forward. They took no further notice of the prisoners, but went down into the forecastle. There was a man at the helm, and another, evidently the captain of the craft, was pacing the deck near the companion-way. The boys looked about them with interest and curiosity. They walked forward and then they walked aft; but neither the man at the helm, nor the one they believed to be the captain, spoke to them.

"They have not thrown us overboard yet," said Spink, as they halted in the waist.

"And it don't look as though they meant to do so," replied Morris, as he seated himself on the low rail.

"They seem to have more conscience than you gave them credit for," continued Spink.

"I did not give them credit for any conscience at all. Of course they were hired to do this job, and they have no ill-will towards us. Why should they have? They know very well that we can't run away just now, and they might as well let us go where we please about the deck. We are likely to have some more waiting to do."

"Well, I am in no hurry if they are going to send us to Davy Jones's locker. But I think we had better be prepared for whatever comes. We can dispose of a dozen men, if we don't miss our aim in a single instance. As near as I can make it out there are only four men on board of this vessel, perhaps five; and we can miss our aim half the time and bring them all down," continued Spink.

"I don't believe we can hit half the time," said Morris.

"We have been very well trained by an old man-of-war's man, and after our experience in Cuba, I believe we are good for six shots out of twelve," replied Spink.

"But what a wholesale butchery you are laying out for us, Spink! That man that was killed in the forest road has come to me fifty times since we sailed from Cardenas; and if we keep on in this way that you suggest, I shall have a whole regiment of victims looking into my berth in the night."

"They won't hurt you if they do come to see you; besides, you did not bring down the fellow in the road," said Spink, lightly. "He was my man."

"It is all the same, and I object to any more shooting unless it is absolutely necessary to save our lives."

"So do I; but you will have to shoot these villains before they stab you to the heart or drown you, for you can't conveniently do it afterwards."

"At any rate, let us avoid firing upon these men as long as we can."

"I agree to that; and I think I did so in the forest."

"But you were talking just now of shooting all the men on board of this vessel," added Morris.

"Of course I did not mean to shoot them unless it was absolutely necessary," pleaded Spink.

"Didn't you have some plan in your head?"

"I did; and it is there now."

"Why don't you tell me what it was?"

"I thought you had rather wait until your throat had been cut before you did anything to check these villains."

"I don't want to kill the whole of them; and you don't either."

"I will give you the idea: the two men who came on deck with us have gone into the forecastle. I looked at the scuttle which lies by the opening to it when we were there, and that is where I got my idea. What is to prevent us from putting on that scuttle, and fastening it down? Then we shall have only two men to deal with; and very likely they will cave in when they see two revolvers pointed at their heads," said Spink, in a whisper, close to the ear of his companion.

"But don't you suppose Sigfield is on board?" asked Morris, using the same precaution.

"If he is he would have shown himself before this time."

"He may be in the cabin, and don't care to see us yet a while."

"Even if he is in the cabin, we shall have the weather-gauge of him. We can cover the two men aft with the pistols, and that will keep them quiet while we shut and fasten the doors of the companion-way. With our weapons we can make the captain do as we say, and we will come about and return to Rio. We may do all this without hurting anybody," said Spink, who appeared to have the utmost confidence in his plan.

"Sigfield won't agree to this arrangement," added Morris, rather facetiously, and with something like a chuckle.

"Then we shall have to shoot him; but that won't be our fault."

"On the other hand, he may shoot me, and that will save him all further trouble."

"Of course he will if you hold still and let him do it, Morris. We shall have the advantage, thanks to their blunder in not thinking to take away our weapons."

"It looks like a desperate venture to me, and I am not quite ready to attempt it," replied Morris, after a moment's hesitation.

"All right, my dear fellow; wait till you are thrown overboard ten miles from land; then you can shoot them all with a better relish."

"I only want to think of it a little while;" and Morris went forward to take a look at the scuttle, and then aft to examine the quarter-deck.

He had no more than reached the waist again, before the man they had taken for the captain came forward to the boys and made a sign.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE INTERVIEW IN THE CABIN.

THE man who was "planking the deck" was the captain of the little vessel, as the boys had supposed. While Morris's back was turned to him, some one had spoken to him from the cabin, and he appeared to go into the waist in answer to a request. He could not speak a word of English any more than his men. He spoke to the boys in his own tongue, and then pointed to the cabin.

Spink was extremely sorry to have the situation changed in any degree, for he had made his plans for things as they were then. Neither of them moved, though they understood that the captain wanted them to go into the cabin. They must either accede to the request, or resist on the spot. But Spink saw that his plan would not work under present conditions, and he was considering what to do when the captain placed his hand gently on the arm of Morris, and drew him in the direction of the companion-way.

"We may as well go," said Spink. "Perhaps he only wants to give us a berth in the cabin. Anyhow, he don't seem to be savage."

Spink led the way aft, and when Morris started to follow him, the captain removed his hand, showing that he had no evil intentions. At the door of the cabin their conductor pointed down the steps, and said something. They descended the stairs, and entered a dingy little apartment, hardly five feet high. It was lighted by a lamp between two berths on one side. The boys walked to the center of the cabin, and halted to make a survey of the place.

On each side of the narrow stairs was a door, which might lead into cupboards or staterooms, if the vessel was big enough to contain the latter. There were four berths, each of them furnished with old rags and worn out garments, suggestive of contagious diseases, and the boys decided not to risk themselves in them. There were lockers in front of the berths, and the disgusted passengers seated themselves on them, waiting for whatever might come next.

Spink was busy with his thoughts, and wondering if Sigfield was on board, since he did not appear to be in the cabin. The two doors were a problem to him, and his interest was excited. They might affect his plan if he and Morris returned to the deck and found things as he had left them.

Morris was trying to imagine where the vessel was bound. She was a considerable distance outside of the two lights at the entrance of the bay, and if their captors intended to throw them overboard, they might as well do it where they were as at a greater distance from the land.

In consequence of these meditations, neither of them spoke a word for at least a quarter of an hour. By this time Spink had concluded that he must solve the problem of the doors, and he rose from the locker for this purpose. Morris asked to know where he was going, but he made no reply, for his actions would answer the question. He went to the door on the port side first, and opened it as carefully as he could. It revealed only a closet, from which poured a villainous odor of bad wine, rancid oil and garlic.

The smell was not grateful to the nostrils of the inquisitive youth, and he closed the door as hastily as he could without making a noise that would be heard by the captain on deck. The result of the examination—not the odor—was satisfactory to Spink, and he moved over to the door on the starboard side. He was confident that this one opened into another cupboard, or into the hold of the vessel.

The door fastenings were very primitive, and he raised the latch. Then he pushed in, but it did not yield a particle. Morris began to laugh then, for he had already come to the conclusion that it was useless to attempt to imagine where they were going, and he asked his friend if he could not see that the door opened outward into the cabin. Spink changed his mode of operations, and pulled the door. It came open.

At the particular moment when he had opened the door, Spink lost all interest in the question of where the opening would lead him, and did not care a straw whether it was into the hold or another odorous cupboard. Morris was affected in the same way, for he jumped to his feet as though a battery of lightning had been discharged into his limbs.

Sitting directly in front of the door, and as near to it as he could get, was Mr. Miles Sigfield. He was placed so that he could put his ear to the door, and he had evidently been listening to hear what the boys said. Happily they had said nothing at all, and the villain was none the wiser for his trouble.

"Good evening, Mr. Morris; I hope you are well and happy," said Sigfield, apparently as unconcerned as though they had all been at Glenbush, and nothing had occurred to rupture their relations.

"Good evening, Mr. Sigfield," replied Morris, conscious that a want of self-possession would be an injury to his cause. "You seem to be in much better condition than when I saw you last."

"I am, thank you; I never was in better condition than at the present moment, though I have a rather ill-looking scar on the side of the face," added the spy, as cheerfully as though he had been at an evening party. "I hope you are quite well, Mr. Spink."

"I am quite as well as the law allows," answered the waif, who believed that impudence would do him more good under present circumstances than all the virtues combined, though he was a most devout believer in the virtues. "I don't think you are as handsome as you were before you got that scratch in the cheek. But beauty is only skin deep, and that is as far in as that bullet went. I may do better with the next one."

"What a blood-thirsty fellow you are, Mr. Spink!" said Sigfield, laughing cheerfully; and he was plainly another believer in impudence. "Now, I am heartily rejoiced, from the deepest depths of my heart——"

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Sigfield, that you have got such a thing as heart about you?" interposed Spink, laughing at the idea.

"I have; and a very large one, too, or neither of you would have been here at this moment, in all human probability," returned the conspirator, sharply.

"Where do you carry that heart—in your trousers' pocket? It is nothing but a gizzard, wherever you keep it," said Spink.

"Never mind about the organ in question, Mr. Spink, at the present moment, for I have a little business with Mr. Morris, which was the reason why I invited you both upon this little excursion," added Sigfield, who clearly did not like the interruptions of the waif.

"I was not aware that you had any business with me, Mr. Sigfield. You have never even hinted as much to me before," replied Morris, as blandly as his host. "If you had, I should certainly have heard anything you had to say."

"Perhaps I did not make myself sufficiently explicit to you."

"The only time you ever suggested, by word or action, that you wanted anything of me or my mother was the one when you came into the cottage through the window, and plundered my mother's bureau drawer. If I had been the owner of a revolver then, as I am now, I should have saved you all future trouble on account of me."

"Don't talk such ferocious expressions, Mr. Morris. You are naturally gentle and kind, and they don't become you," added the wretch, in his silkiest tones, and with a drawing-room smile. "But I think we need not go back to review events in the past. I have had a sincere admiration for you ever since I first saw you; and I saw you long before you saw me."

"I suppose that means that you were a spy upon me and my mother before we ever set eyes on you," suggested Morris.

"That is precisely it, if you choose to put it in that disagreeable language. In fact, the interests of my client are——"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"I am what you call a lawyer on your side of the ocean. I was about to say that the interests of my client are so very, very important; in short, so absolutely momentous, that I was really compelled to resort to measures which are beneath my dignity."

"Whew!" whistled Spink; but the spy took no notice of him.

"I say this in explanation of my movements at Glenbush. I think we need not refer to the past again. I dare say you were greatly surprised to see me here."

"Not at all, Mr. Sigfield," replied Morris, promptly. "The moment we found ourselves dragged on board of this vessel, I knew very well that you were at Rio."

"You are of course aware by this time that I want a certain sealed envelope in your possession, Mr. Morris. I have a proposition."

This was a new phase for the spy, and the boys looked at each other.

CHAPTER XXX.

ONLY A BIT OF STRATEGY.

THIS was the first time that Sigfield had ever said anything looking towards a negotiation. In fact he had never before alluded to the object of his mission to the Loncliffes, or even admitted that he had any object in making their acquaintance.

"I don't know what you mean by a proposition, for I am not aware that I owe you anything, or that you have any claims upon me, or had any upon my mother," replied Morris.

"You may not be aware of it, but my client had an exceedingly important claim upon your mother, for she promised, in the most solemn manner, to send the papers contained in that envelope to him," continued Sigfield, trying to make his statement as impressive as possible.

"Will you give me the evidence that my mother made such a promise?" asked Morris, not a little moved by the claim.

"I have only the word of my client."

"Who is your client?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you."

Spink was inclined to laugh at this point in the conversation, but a look from Morris prevented him from doing so; though the waif wondered if his friend would be influenced by such a claim.

"If I can be satisfied that my mother had promised to deliver up the sealed envelope, I should certainly desire to redeem her promise," added Morris, very seriously. "I would carry out any wish of hers, at whatever sacrifice it might cost me."

"That is the right spirit, Mr. Morris, and I have always had the highest respect for your character since I first went to Glenbush, and everybody there that knew you always spoke of you in the warmest admiration."

Spink manifested his inclination to laugh again, and to put in a word, but Morris looked at him, shaking his head, and he remained silent. Yet he was very uneasy and nervous.

"I am also authorized to pay you a thousand pounds on the delivery of the papers," added Sigfield.

"How much is that in our money?" inquired Morris, looking quite as serious as the spy himself.

"Nearly five thousand dollars; and I will make it five thousand dollars, even money."

"What arrangement can you make for the delivery of the papers, and the payment of the money?" inquired Morris, looking at Spink with something like a frown on his face, for he was very much afraid the waif would spoil the transaction by a smile, a laugh, or a joking remark.

"All you have to do is to hand me the papers, and I will pay you the money in Rio at once."

"When shall I hand them to you?"

"Immediately; and in that case the vessel shall come about on the instant and return to the city," replied Sigfield, who evidently thought he was making good progress with the business, and perhaps congratulated himself on the fact that he had found Morris an easier customer to deal with than he had supposed.

"But I haven't the papers with me," added Morris.

"You haven't them with you!" exclaimed Sigfield, taken all aback by this statement.

"I have not; do you suppose I would carry about with me papers that prove to be worth five thousand dollars?" demanded Morris, with a very plausible smile.

"You haven't them with you," muttered the spy, musing over the fact.

"If you had killed me in Cuba, or thrown me overboard, as I supposed you intended to do, you could never have obtained the papers."

"I had no intention of throwing you overboard, and I took good care not to kill or even hurt you in Cuba," replied Sigfield, with a deprecatory smile. "But I did not suppose you would trust these papers out of your possession for a moment, though really they are not worth a brass farthing to you, apart from my offer. May I ask you where you keep these papers, Mr. Morris?"

"They are sealed up, as they were when you took them from my mother's drawer, and are now in the purser's safe on board of the steamer," answered Morris, with great frankness.

Sigfield mused for a few minutes, and the boys watched him with the deepest interest. He was evidently considering some method of overcoming the difficulty.

"I think that matter can be easily managed, Mr. Morris," said he, at last. "You could give me an order on the purser of the steamer for the papers. Of course that officer would deliver them on your order, especially if your signature was witnessed by Mr. Spink."

"I can't say whether he would or not. But how could I explain my absence from the steamer?" asked Morris.

"You can say in a note, to be sent with your order, that you met a friend whom you had formerly known in Glenbush, and that you had gone out of the city to pass a few days with him, and would return to the steamer before she sailed," replied the spy, in an offhand manner. "I claim to be your firm friend, and the story would be strictly true."

"So it would;" and Spink began to think that Morris had lost his senses. "But where is this vessel going to take us?"

"As you have assented to my plan, it will not be necessary for us to go to a certain island, down the coast, where the captain lives. I will go on deck and have her come about, if you like. We will anchor somewhere in the bay, not far from the city, until the papers are obtained. When I bring them off I will also bring the money."

Morris assented to this arrangement, and Sigfield went on deck.

"What under the light of the full moon are you about, Morris?" demanded Spink, in a low but very earnest tone. "Do you mean to give yourself away?"

"If I know myself I don't; I am about to get out of this scrape, if I can, without killing anybody," replied Morris, in a whisper.

"But the purser will give him your papers."

"No, he won't, for Mr. Farnburn charged him not to deliver the sealed envelope to any one but myself, and not to give them up even on a written order signed by me; and I know he would not, for he said so to me."

"What do you want to fool with the matter for, then?" asked Spink, greatly puzzled by the conduct of his friend.

"I thought you must understand it by this time," whispered Morris. "The Farnburns think enough of us to be worried at our absence. The police can't help them while we are miles away. When they see that order, they will not lose sight of the messenger, and the police will be able to find us; Sigfield thinks I am a fool, but I am not."

"Oh—ho!" exclaimed Spink. "I see it all."

"It is only a bit of strategy, just like that which Sigfield is working up at the present time. Sh! Here he comes!"

Before the conspirator could reach the cabin the helm had been put hard down, and the vessel was coming about. Sigfield said he had arranged everything with the captain, who knew a good place for the vessel to lie at anchor while the business was in progress. The clever operator, as he regarded himself, brought a valise out of the dingy little stateroom, from which he took writing materials.

Morris asked him to write the letter and the order, and he would copy them. Sigfield kindly complied with the request, and the papers were ready before the vessel dropped her anchor in the bay, but away from other craft. It was midnight, and all except an anchor watch turned in, though the boys bunked on the lockers in preference to dividing a berth with the vermin which inhabited it. They slept very well, and when they went on deck it was eight o'clock, and Sigfield had gone ashore with the letter and the order in the vessel's boat; but the captain and two of the seamen remained on board.

The boys soon noticed that the men watched them very closely all the time. They had their breakfast, consisting of hard bread and fried fish, of which they ate heartily, for they were hungry. After the meal Spink took a careful survey of the situation. He soon found that he was followed every step he took by the captain, while one of the men performed the same kindly office for Morris. Morris was determined that no more shooting should be done except in an emergency, and they made no attempt to escape.

Sigfield had gone ashore as early as seven o'clock; but even at this early hour he found Pedro at the landing. The spy seemed to be a master of languages, for he spoke Portuguese much better than he did Spanish, and he sent the guide to the Mabel with the letter and the order.

(To be continued.)

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

A WONDERFUL BIRTHDAY PARTY.

ALTHOUGH of course it must be very nice to have a millionaire for a father at Christmas and birthday seasons, still we venture to assert that even Miss Birdie Fair has her trials and tribulations as well as the rest of us. For there are a great many things, such as health, a good conscience, a contented disposition and true friends, that money cannot buy. But from the accounts of the manner in which Miss Birdie's eleventh anniversary was celebrated, we should imagine that the daughter of the "Bonanza" senator is not to be pitied.

In describing some of the decorations of the family mansion on the occasion, the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says that on the center table in the dining-room was a representation of the ocean with a mermaid driving a team of four soft-shelled crabs through the waves. She was dressed in green tulle decorated with chains of shells and a silver pond lily was in her long, light hair. Tete-a-tete tables were distributed around the room, and each one was adorned with lemons and oranges. The porcelain cabinet was also decorated with this fruit, and across the front was a terra cotta ribbon, on which, in quaint letters, was the inscription: "Oranges and lemons say the bells of St. Clements." A chime of golden bells hung over the ribbon, being irregularly arranged.

On the face of the lower left hand corner of the mantel-mirror was a silver web, and strands spread out to the other side and above, where there were branches of fruit trees in blossom. Sitting on the mantel was little Miss Muffet, whose plate of curds and whey were but partially consumed, owing to her fright when she noticed the hungry look that the big black spider in the web bestowed upon her. When every one was seated a major domo brought in an immense mince pie, which was placed before Miss Birdie to be cut. The size of the pie caused her to demur a little at first, but she finally cut around the edge of the top crust, which was then lifted up, and two dozen live canary birds flew out of the center.

LACROSSE.

LACROSSE is the recognized national game of our neighbors in Canada, while in this country it is only second in popularity to baseball, and in England it has many enthusiastic devotees. It certainly deserves the favor which it has found, for it possesses all the points which go to make up a good game. It is a scientific game, as well as an active exercise, and gives opportunities for the display of judgment, strategy, skill in combination, strength, activity, courage and nerve. The work does not fall mainly upon two or three men on each side, as is the case in some other team games, but every player has his full share of the sport, and can keep in motion all the time.

A HEADER.

It will make a man strong and nimble, and teach him quickness in action and promptness in decision ; and it is one of the very best games for developing the muscles evenly, as it brings into play every part of the body alike. When played with science and skill, it is a very pretty game to watch, affording as much excitement as baseball, with greater variety of incident and more vicissitudes of fortune.

It is an inexpensive game, too, and requires no equipments beyond a crosse, goal flags and a rubber ball, and clothes suitable for running. Any active boy can soon pick up the game, and may, with practice and training, become a good player, if he has natural quickness and agility. In short, lacrosse will give, at a small expense, plenty of amusement, and good healthy exercise as well.

The game arose, as has often been stated, from the Indian game of bagataway, a rough-and-tumble sport of the Canadian redskins. Like the old games of football in England, in which whole towns used to take part, an entire tribe would engage in bagataway, and play from sunrise to sunset for two or three days together.

Sometimes one tribe would have a match against another, all the able-bodied males taking part. On such occasions the players wagered all their portable property on the result, and a hundred goals were required to win the contest. With several hundred players on each side, a game of bagataway was very much like a free fight, and the ball sometimes would remain for hours in the middle of a struggling, yelling, excited crowd.

The game was regarded as training for the warpath, and must have been a good deal like the real thing. The Indians used sticks about three feet long, with a netted hoop, four inches in diameter, at the end, and a deerskin ball stuffed with hair. The goals were marked rocks or trees, or in grand matches stakes were set up from five hundred yards to a mile apart, and the object of the players was to drive the ball past the line of the goal.

As individuals developed skill the game was improved and played between selected teams, and gradually the modern game of lacrosse, with twelve players on a side, goals six feet high, long-netted crosses and hard-rubber ball, was evolved from the savage bagataway.

It is more than forty years ago since the first team of white men was organized at Montreal, but not much more than twenty since lacrosse became recognized as the most popular of Canadian sports. Many new rules and improvements were introduced one after the other, and the Indians adopted them, and practice them with so much success that they are fully a match for the best clubs of white men. The St. Regis Indians have a famous lacrosse team, among the strongest in Canada.

Three years ago two teams, one of Canadians and one of Iroquois Indians, visited England, where they played with great success, winning nearly all their matches. We give a portrait of "Big John," the captain of the redskins, a player of great strength and skill, whose natural vigor was so unrestrained that he disabled two or three of his pale-faced adversaries in nearly every game.

The first time that Indians were defeated by white men was when the famous Shamrocks, formerly champions of Canada, beat the Caughnawaga redskins.

"Our plan of battle," said a member of the winning team, in describing the victory, "was to move around as little as possible, and keep putting the ball by long throws down to the enemy's goal. The Indians played a running game, and were all over the field after the ball, their plan being to mass their strength wherever the ball was, and drive it through our lines by force of numbers. They took the first two goals, but they worked hard and lost their wind. We kept them on the run all through the game by our continual long throwing, and when they were tired out we were fresh, and so won all the other goals.

"If we had attempted to play the same kind of a game as they played, we would have been beaten badly. We won, not by greater endurance, as people thought, but by letting the Indians do all the hard work."

A SKIRMISH NEAR GOAL.

Long throwing has been developed by the whites, and has given them an advantage over the red men. An Indian player can generally throw from fifty to eighty yards, and very few of them ever reach a hundred yards. The best on record in Canada is 142 yards, and a player in Australia last year threw 148 yards 2 feet.

The championship of Canada is now held by the Montreal team, who won the distinction by beating the Toronto players.

As most of our readers probably know, a lacrosse team consists of twelve men, who are generally arranged as follows : goalkeeper, point, and cover-point, who form the main line of defense ; seven fielders, who may be called the skirmishers, four being charged with the attack, and three with the defense ; a center, and a home player, whose duty it is to remain near the enemy's goal, and seize every chance to put the ball through it.

The goals are marked by two stakes six feet high and six feet apart, and the distance between the two goals is 125 yards. The game is started by the two center players, who face each other in the middle of the field, the ball being placed between their crosses ; and at the word "play" each of them tries to get the ball by a sharp movement of his stick. The player who succeeds then passes the ball to another of his own side, who throws it down towards the enemy's goal.

In learning to play lacrosse, the first thing that must be studied is picking up the ball ; and though this may look easy to the outsider, yet a novice finds it hard enough. A good player must be able to pick up the ball with a quick twist of his crosse as he runs at full speed.

The student must learn, too, to carry the ball on the netting of his crosse while running ; and then he must learn the knack of catching. The secret of this consists in rapidly drawing back the crosse just as the ball strikes it, as the cricketer or baseball player draws back his hands when he takes a ball on the fly. This can be practiced in private, if you have a crosse, by throwing the ball into the air, or against the side of a house.

Most difficult of all, and most important, is to learn to throw. A good player must be able to throw accurately and effectively in almost any position, and when pressed or surrounded by his opponents. The throw which is the commonest and most generally useful is the delivery over the shoulder. To accomplish this you must get the ball in the fork of the crosse, that is, at the narrowest part of the netting, and bring the crosse gently back over the shoulder ; then a rapid forward motion will send the ball flying through the air. If a long, swift throw is needed the final impetus must be given from the upper part of the stick as the ball rolls along the netting.

The long throw is principally used by the goal keeper and the rest of the defense, when the goal is pressed, and it is necessary to shift the scene of the contest from their end of the field to the enemy's territory. The fielders should not go in for too much long throwing, but should judiciously combine running with the ball and passing it to their colleagues. In the early days of the game every player charged down the field as soon as he got the ball, and the white teams were easily defeated by the Indians, who played into one another's hands with unity of purpose. Not until they learned to play together did the whites defeat the Indians.

It is for this reason that crack runners are seldom crack players. They depend too much upon their speed, and try to make brilliant play by taking the ball the whole length of the field. By the time a runner gets near the enemy's flags he finds himself checked by two or three players, and cannot make a goal. Then he is winded and of no use.

There is often a good deal of roughness in lacrosse, and the game is sometimes quite spoilt in this way. The players should be long-suffering, and not ready to lose their temper, for charging is a prominent feature of the game. When your opponent has the ball, it is sometimes possible to get it away from him by "checking" his crosse with yours ; but generally the only effective method is to put your shoulder more or less forcibly against him, and, if you don't knock the ball from his crosse at the first shock, you should keep it there till you do. This is the "body check" shown in one of our illustrations.

CHECK.

The duties and qualifications of the different positions are thus summed up by an old hand at the game :

BIG JOHN,
A Famous Iroquois Lacrosse Player.

"One of the most important positions is the goal keeper's. It is his business to stop every ball that comes near him, and throw it back into the field. He must have nerve and activity, and be a good thrower. It is also well for him to be of a patient, forgiving disposition, because he will be blamed for every defeat and get little credit for the victories of his side.

"Point and cover point assist him in defending the goal, and must check the home players of the other side. They should be good, long throwers, so as to be able to shift the scene of the contest from their end of the field to the other end when the attack is dangerous.

"Point should be the best player on the team, as his position is the keystone of defense. He must be able to pick up the ball with his crosse quickly and in any position, and to throw quickly and surely from any position. Indian players often attack by massing their players around the goal and neglecting their own defense, and a good, long throw from point breaks them all up. Above all else, point should be a sturdy check, and never let a dodger pass him.

"Cover point must play in combination with point and goal keeper, and the effectiveness of the defense depends upon the perfect harmony between these three.

"The fielders are the skirmishers of the team, and, as they have to be everywhere, they must possess speed, good wind and endurance. They should be lithe and active, and expert in handling the crosse. A good fielder is one who is in the right place at the right time, knows how to check an enemy and assist a friend, plays for the team and not for himself, and obeys his captain's orders promptly. He must have brains and know how to use them.

"The home players remain in the vicinity of the enemy's goal in order to catch the ball and put it through, and must be able to catch with certainty and throw with precision. Inside home should never miss a ball, but be able to catch it or change its direction, no matter how it comes to him. Often he can make a goal by hitting a ball on the wing and sweeping it through before the goal keeper can detect the change of direction."

BODY CHECK.

[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 XI.

"WHERE IS HE?"

THE first Winnebago upon whom George Linden fixed his attention was the treacherous miscreant Ap-to-to. He keenly regretted that in the brisk fighting which had taken place around the settlement, it had fallen to the lot of that warrior to escape the bullets that brought so many of his comrades low.

Had he known that Ap-to-to had spent almost his entire time in those precipitous hills, he would have understood the more readily why he came out of the fray without a scratch.

As might be supposed, Ap-to-to was one of the most demonstrative of the mourners of Black Bear. It was natural that it should be so, for he was always a courtier of the fiery leader, who held him in great regard. In fact, Ap-to-to stood so high in his favor that many of the warriors had come to look upon him as the destined successor of the sachem and chieftain. What more fitting, therefore, than that he should express his grief in the most extravagant fashion?

Linden made no reference to Ap-to-to, though he had often told his family of his ingratitude and baseness. Indeed, he had depicted him in such strong colors that he was afraid of the effect that would be produced by the knowledge that he was a member of the party that held the whites captive.

But the sight of the warrior with the distorted nose was so disturbing to the pioneer that it was hard to conceal his feelings. He was certain from several glances given him by the savage that he recognized Linden, who had been involved in the series of adventures with him four years before, and that he was exulting over the chance to revenge himself upon him. *Then* he had the power to injure only the hunter and his boy: *now* the rest of the family were in his hands, and the loss which the Winnebagoes had suffered would justify the successor of Black Bear in proceeding to any length he thought proper.

The barbarous funeral ceremonies were hardly finished when Ap-to-to walked over, and paused in front of the captives. Merely glancing at the rest, he fixed his eyes upon Linden, whom there could be no doubt he recognized. The latter said:

"Well, Ap-to-to, we meet again."

"Howdy do?" asked the savage, extending his hand, which the pioneer thought best under the circumstances to take.

"How do you do?" said Linden, answering the query, after the usual fashion, by a similar question.

Still looking steadily into the face of the settler, who felt it hard to restrain his impulse to strike him, the savage added:

"Black Bear dead—soon all you be dead."

The ladies, who were listening, gasped, and Grubbens moved uneasily.

"Why have you spared us so long?"

"Ain't ready—wait till reach lodge—den kill *you—you—you—you—you!*"

As he uttered the words, he pointed his finger in turn to each of the captives, beginning with Linden, as though he were telling them off for execution.

There was no quailing this time. Even Grubbens braced himself, and faced the inevitable with a firmness which did much to remove the disgust Linden felt for his collapse at the critical moment in the cabin.

"We are ready any time, Ap-to-to; we gave your people the hardest fight they have had for a long time; we killed more of your warriors than you did of our men, and we are not afraid to take the consequences; but why do you wait till we reach the lodges of your people? They are a long distance away."

"Squaws—pappooses—all see pale face cry and beg—we please them—we make you cry and beg."

"You can never do that," replied Linden, compressing his lips and forcing back a shudder over the thought of his loved ones undergoing the torture so vividly pictured by the broken words of the wretch before him.

All who heard Ap-to-to took in the full meaning of his terrible threats, and something akin to despair filled their hearts. George Linden had lived too long on the frontier, and come in contact with too many Indians, to see any ground for hope. He and his friends were prisoners in the hands of between seventy and eighty Winnebago warriors, every one of whom was well armed, and most of whom had proven their bravery that morning. Having lost so many of their own men, they were not likely to give up the captives without a sharp fight. Even if driven into a corner, they would tomahawk every one on the first likelihood of losing them.

Linden put the bravest face possible on the matter. He reminded his friends that he himself had been in many desperate situations, where his prospects were as dark as they were at that moment, and yet he had been delivered in safety.

In saying this, the husband and father was guilty of a deception, or rather exaggeration, which it is hard to censure. He never had been so placed that there seemed absolutely no hope at all, but that was the outlook now.

Although the pioneer did not reveal his thoughts, yet he was dismayed by the result of a little computation which continually ran through his mind. He knew that Bowlby, Hardin, and indeed all of his friends, would do their best to help him and his companions, but Linden's little calculation convinced him of one dreadful fact: it was impossible to send a force strong enough to defeat the war party of Winnebagoes.

If you will reflect that, fighting under cover of their houses and behind other screens, the entire force of settlers was only just able to beat off their assailants, you will see the self-evident truth of Linden's conclusion. Furthermore, every person in Greville had taken part in the defense of the village. No emergency could allow the same number to start in pursuit of the captors and captives, for to leave the settlement defenseless would be to invite the destruction of ten times the number who were now imperiled.

As nearly as Linden could calculate, the settlers could send about twenty to the rescue. They would be true and tried men, capable of doing all that could be done by any equal number of frontiersmen, but there could be no glossing over the fact that they would be unable to help the imprisoned ones.

Was it strange that in his perplexity and despair the hopes of Linden gradually came to center on one man? Such was the fact, for with the conviction that force would be worse that useless, and that strategy alone could avail, who so likely to succeed as Deerfoot the Shawanoe?

"Where is he?" muttered Linden, looking about him as if he expected to see the youth walk forward from among the rocks and join the party that were making ready to resume their tramp; "his home is not so many miles away that he could not pass the intervening distance in a few hours; he must have seen the smoke, and heard the guns, and he is sure to be on hand. Yet I saw nothing of him during the fighting; it may be that he is on some distant work that will keep him absent for a long time."

Had the pioneer only known that Deerfoot at that moment was within a hundred yards of that very spot; that he had been the means of rescuing Fred Linden and Terry Clark from the Indians; that he had carefully noted the movements of the withdrawing Winnebagoes, and that the wonderful brain of the Shawanoe was busy conjuring up some means of giving aid to those whom he loved—why, Linden would have felt some slight hope, even though it should rest upon such a frail foundation.

But for the present the pioneer could not know it, and, when a few minutes later the march was resumed, it was with the firm belief on his part that neither he nor any one of his companions would ever see their homes and loved ones again.

"WAIT TILL REACH LODGE—DEN KILL YOU—YOU—YOU—YOU—YOU!"

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT THEN SHALL BE DONE?"

IT may sound as if the pioneers were unfeeling, when it is stated that before the sun reached meridian on the day of the attack of the Winnebagoes, every one of the whites who had fallen was laid away in the grave, reverently covered up, and their intimate relatives were among those most deeply interested in the project of rescuing Linden and his companions.

"It's a most serious matter," said the missionary Griffiths, addressing about two-thirds of the settlers, including a few women and children, who had gathered in the block house to talk over the question of rescue. "The Winnebagoes, who fought harder than I have ever known them to do before, have carried off Mr. Linden, his wife and daughter, and the daughter of Mr. Bourne there, whose heart, as well as that of his wife, is almost broken. I must also include Mr. Grubbens among the prisoners."

"If it were only *he*, we could spare him," remarked Hardin, in a voice which the missionary did not hear, but to which those who did hear responded by nods of their heads.

"It seems to me that thar's but the one thing to do," said Bowlby in his blunt way.

"What's that?" asked several.

"Follow the varmints as fast as we can, and on the first chance sail in and wipe 'em out, or get wiped out ourselves."

"There wouldn't be any 'or' about it," commented the missionary, with a faint smile; "for to attack four times our number of Winnebagoes in the woods, which is their own chosen fighting ground, could only end in the destruction of almost every one of us."

"Wall, that disposes of my plan," said Bowlby; "and since I hain't got any other, I'll set down and take a chaw."

He sauntered back toward the door, where he deliberately seated himself on one of the long, rough wooden benches that served the worshipers on Sunday and the children during week days. With his big strong white teeth, he wrenched off an enormous chaw, leaned his rifle against the side of the building near him, flung one leg over the other, and was prepared to listen to what the rest had to say.

"The dominie is right," said Hardin, referring to the good man by the affectionate title he generally received; "nothing would please the Winnebagoes better than to have us try such a thing. I believe that one reason why they stopped among the hills up yonder to bury their dead was to tempt us to attack them. We couldn't spare enough men to make it safe; the dominie is right."

Nobody said anything until Bowlby, raising his head as though he were looking over a fence, addressed the chairman, as he may be called, his words receiving earnest attention, for his well known bravery and woodcraft merited such respect.

"Since the dominie is right—as I'm ready to own he is oftener than I am—and my plan is all wrong, I'll be obleeged if some one will tell us what to do."

All eyes were turned upon the tall, spare, white-haired figure standing at the other end of the room, just as he had stood so many times when breaking the Bread of Life to his hearers.

"Since force is out of the question, we must do one of two things, buy the captives back by giving some big ransom for them, or secure them by strategy. I see no hope for the latter, and very little for the former. If there was but a single prisoner we might secure him or her by some cunning exploit, but nothing less than a miracle could gain five of them."

"What can we give in the way of ransom?" asked Bourne, the father of the missing Molly, as he walked back and forth, too unstrung to keep quiet even for a minute. "It is strange that while they got five of our people, we did not take a single prisoner."

"You know," explained the Moravian, "that an Indian as a rule doesn't surrender, for to him that is a more fearful fate than to die fighting. Still I believe we would have secured a good number as an offset to our friends, had the chance been given us; but, as you know, the Winnebagoes withdrew directly after the capture, and the opportunity was lost."

"So let's stop talking about *that*," said Bourne; "what can we give in the way of ransom or exchange?"

"We can give horses, cows, blankets, guns, ammunition and other things that the Indians are fond of, though it will take a good lot of them."

James Bowlby sprang to his feet half angry.

"What's the use of talkin'? You all know that nothing like that will work at all. Shall I tell you why? 'Spose you should gather all the blankets and cows and horses and guns and stuff that we could spare, and offer it to the varmints for our folks, and the Injins should say they would make the trade? How would you do it? Thar ain't a Winnebago this side of the Rocky Mountains that would trust himself to bring in the captives and git the goods, and maybe he wouldn't be such a big fool after all to fight shy of us.

"Then is thar anybody here that's willing to trust *them?*" demanded Bowlby, looking round in the faces of his friends, none of whom made answer. "You can't get up any plan that they wouldn't cheat you on. They would take all the goods and stuff you wanted to trade, and then they would scoop in every person. By that time they would have half of us. Then we could send the other half, and they could scoop them too. Then they would have us all, and we could settle down among the lodges up country, and they could stay here, and things would be topsy turvy all around and the mischief generally to pay."

Bowlby talked fast, and the picture he drew was so bewildering that several smiled, including even the missionary himself.

"Four years ago," said Mr. Griffith, becoming more serious than usual, as if remorseful because he had shown levity on such an occasion, "you yourself were ransomed, with another, for Black Bear, the chieftain of the Winnebagoes."

"You are right," Bowlby hastened to say, "but that little business was managed by a master of art, which his name is Deerfoot, and if thar's anybody here that thinks he knows one quarter as much as that handsome young chap, he is respectfully invited to step outside, whar I'll larn him different."

The door of the block house was wide open. Most of the people inside were looking in that direction, for Bowlby, as you will recall, had seated himself near the entrance, when the figure of an Indian appeared. He was wrapped around by a long blanket, and his face was daubed with vari-colored paint, just as were the countenances of the Winnebagoes, to whom nearly every one in the building believed the visitor belonged.

Stepping softly across the threshold, the warrior moved modestly to one side, like one who was seeking to shrink from observation. He did not speak, but looked up the room at the missionary, as if wondering what it all

meant. The group within the block house were astounded, for had there ever been such temerity? Here was a member of the hated tribe, which had spread such death and anguish through the settlement, actually placing himself in the power of the outraged people! Not only had the main body encamped within sight of the settlement, but, finding they were undisturbed, they had become daring enough to send one of their number into the village itself!

"That's one thing sartin!" called out Bowlby, stepping in front of the open door, so as to bar the flight of the Indian; "we've got *one* prisoner, though whether he's worth a gun flint or not isn't sartin till we examine——"

The impulsive pioneer was moving toward the visitor, every one else closely watching him, when the Indian smiled. Something in the expression of his face caused Bowlby to stop, and look inquiringly at the missionary. The latter was quietly laughing.

Bowlby turned again, and stared at the painted warrior.

"Great thunder!" he exclaimed the next minute, "if that isn't Deerfoot himself!"

The arrival of the very person whom all desired to see above every one else threw the little assembly into confusion. Griffiths, the missionary, was the only one who recognized him when he stepped so quietly within the door; he had seen his young friend in similar disguise before.

There was an instant crowding around the Shawanoe, every one insisting upon shaking hands, while the demonstrative Bowlby slapped the youthful warrior on the shoulder, and was as delighted as a schoolboy over his first day's vacation.

"*Now* ther'll be something done," said he; "we've got a chap here who knows more about everything than all of you don't know about nothin'. Give him fresh air; don't crowd so hard, or you'll make him mad, and he'll take a few scalps to cool his fevered brow."

The flurry quickly passed off, Deerfoot answering the many questions asked him in his own diffident way. His listeners were not surprised to learn from him that in his distant cabin he had detected signs the night before which caused him uneasiness. He knew that a large party of Winnebagoes were in the neighborhood, but he hardly believed they meditated an attack on the settlement. His supposition was that they had started upon, or were returning from a long hunt, or that they had some thought of moving their lodges, and had gone to "spy out the land."

He furthermore supposed that the proximity of the red men would be discovered by the settlers in time for them to make preparations against surprise; therein, you will note, he committed an error, which was disastrous in the extreme.

Deerfoot's misgivings increased during the night, so that he resolved to look into the matter himself. He painted his face, slung a blanket about his shoulders, kissed his wife and little boy good by, and started for the settlement.

He had a long distance to go, as you have already learned, but calling into play his marvelous fleetness of foot, he reached the rocky hills in time to perform good service for Fred Linden and Terry Clark.

It was a dreadful shock to the youths to learn what had taken place during their brief absence, and when, some minutes later, Terry and Fred walked into the large building, the eyes of both showed they had been weeping, and it required the utmost self-control of Fred to maintain his composure while receiving the sympathy of his friends.

All felt, however, that it was time for action rather than words. Deerfoot had lingered in the vicinity of the Winnebagoes until they resumed their tramp northward, and indeed had followed them a short way. He reported that there were seventy-three in all, and they were among the finest warriors of the tribe. He did not hesitate to say that it was idle to think of rescuing the captives by means of force; such an attempt would be sure to result in disaster, not only to the rescuers but to those who were left behind.

The Winnebagoes would be quick to detect the attempt, and, dividing their own party, would send back enough to overwhelm the settlement before the rescuers could return to the help of their friends.

"What then shall be done?" was the question that came to the lips of each one, as he fixed his eyes upon the Shawanoe.

And not for the first time did Deerfoot realize the inconvenience of bearing a reputation beyond his power to sustain at all times. Probably all, including the sagacious missionary himself, were confident that the Indian would propose a plan of which none of them had thought, but which was almost sure to guarantee success.

But they were mistaken; he shook his head and said he did not know what was best to do. He might be able to offer something after a while, but he could not then.

"Deerfoot wants *ten men*," said he, suddenly looking up as though an idea had struck him; "can he have them?"

His hearers clamored so ardently to be among the number that he smiled, recoiled a step or two, and waved them back.

"May Deerfoot take those of his brothers whom he wants?" he asked, looking around in the eager faces.

"Yes, yes, yes, so you take *me*, and *me*, and *me*," was the boisterous response from them all.

CHAPTER XIII.

"SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG."

THE scene which followed was a striking one. Deerfoot had suddenly become the "chairman," against whose decisions there was no appeal.

Looking calmly around in the eager faces, the very first man whom he indicated as a member of the little band of volunteers was Griffiths the missionary. Some may have wondered at the choice, but later events proved that the Shawanoe knew his man.

The second was Bowlby, the third Hardin, the fourth Fred Linden and the fifth Terry Clark. Deerfoot seemed to hesitate about taking Jonas Bourne, for you can understand how the deep emotion of the father, who was so anxious to recover his daughter, was likely to warp his judgment at the most critical times. But perhaps Deerfoot relied upon the coolness of his companions, or he may have been touched by the pleading look in the parent's face, for Bourne stepped to one side as the sixth member of the rescue party.

The remaining four were quickly selected, and only a few minutes were taken for preparation, for little preparation indeed was needed. Those who had friends to bid good by did so. The guns were looked after, a supply of balls and ammunition provided for each, and, within twenty minutes after the party was made up, it filed across the clearing and entered the woods to the northward.

The gallant pioneers, under the direction of the young Shawanoe, had started to rescue their friends. No one could tell whether they would succeed or fail, and certain it is that no one, not even the dusky leader, dreamed of the strange events that were to follow.

No one could guess what the plan of Deerfoot was, if, indeed, he had formed any definite plan. About the only thing certain was that he would depend on strategy, as he had depended so many times before when trying to help his friends.

Most of the members of the party partook of food before starting, while others carried a substantial lunch with them; not that any one feared he would not be able to bring down all that he wanted in the way of game, but you can readily see that there were likely to be many occasions when the report of a rifle shot would be dangerous to our friends.

From the settlement, the trailers, walking in Indian file, made their way directly to the rocky hills where Fred and Terry had their stirring interview with the Winnebagoes. Since the main party was known to be a considerable distance in advance, the progress of the pursuers up to the point named was somewhat loose and straggling. But on the elevation a halt was made, and the young Shawanoe laid down the law to his companions.

He put forward no claim to the leadership of the company, some of whom were old enough to be his father; but he insisted that he should always keep as far in advance as he believed right, and that no step or movement that could effect the result of the enterprise should be taken without consultation with him.

It might be set down as certain that emergencies would arise when such consultations would be impossible, but the general summary of Deerfoot's requirements was put by Terry Clark in his characteristic fashion.

"Deerfut wants ye all to understand that he rejicts wid scorn the idaya of his leadin' such a fine set of gintlemen as this, but at the same time he desires ye to bear in mind that he is the boss, and any chap that wants to dispute the same can step forward and have his head cracked. How far am I wrong, Mr. Bowlby?"

"You think the same as the rest of us," said the pioneer, with a laugh, in which most of the others joined.

Deerfoot's next proceeding was to acquaint his friends with the signals that were to be used when necessary. Bowlby, Hardin, and the missionary gave much aid in this, and in briefer time than would be supposed a full understanding was reached by all. Griffiths and Deerfoot had been on many excursions together, so that little instruction was needed.

Although it was high noon when the halt was made on the elevation, and although it was known that the Winnebagoes were a long distance in advance, the Shawanoe showed no disposition to hasten his pursuit. He took care to keep his friends hidden from the view of any stragglers who might be in the neighborhood. It can hardly be believed that it was necessary that such precaution should be taken, but no doubt the youth was wise in requiring it as a means of discipline.

"Let my brothers wait until Deerfoot comes back," said he, abruptly departing at the moment when every one supposed that the pursuit was to be resumed, or rather begun.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Hardin, looking inquiringly at his friends, who were grouped around him.

"He seems to be uneasy over something," replied the missionary, gazing in the direction taken by the youth as if he were his only son.

"Where has he gone?" persisted Hardin.

"I think," replied Bowlby, "that he's made some discovery that don't suit him, and he has gone off where he can look into it a little further; and like enough he wants to pray over it."

"I believe you are right," said the good Moravian, "though Deerfoot does so much praying before he goes upon the war path that he rarely has to stop to commune with God when it is likely to cause any delay in proceedings. I have seen him close his eyes in prayer when dashing through the woods; for he has the same privilege that you and I have of communing with our Heavenly Father at all times."

This was said in such a genial manner, and with such a glowing face that it was the furthest removed possible from cant. Every person who heard the words knew that the grand old missionary preached eloquently by his own example, which is the most effective sermon that is within the power of us all to preach.

There was a peculiar affection between the Moravian and Deerfoot. Mr. Griffiths had come to Greville only three years previously (which may explain why you have never read anything about him in the former stories of the Deerfoot series). Previous to that time he had been what might be called an itinerant or traveling preacher, which, less than a century ago, meant a great deal more than it does to-day.

Now I have no intention of wearying you with any account of the good man's experience, except to say that, when Deerfoot was in his teens, he made his acquaintance, and they became like father and son. The Shawanoe never seemed to weary of listening to the missionary's expositions of the wondrous truths contained in the sacred book which the warrior always carried with him, and the ground work of many of the arguments with which Deerfoot amazed his hearers was first obtained from Mr. Griffiths.

"He is the most extraordinary young man that I ever knew," remarked the missionary, gazing once more toward the point where the Shawanoe had disappeared, as though he expected his return; "he has a mind whose brilliancy would attract remark, if any of us possessed it, while his skill in the way of running, leaping, shooting, and everything that requires the highest possible training of the senses, is incredible. I suppose that if any one should attempt to write and print the facts about Deerfoot, he would not be believed."

(I am afraid the good man spoke the truth.)

When several more minutes passed without bringing back their absent guide, the missionary took the liberty of stealing through the wood in the direction taken by him.

This was altogether contrary to orders, but it may have been that the missionary presumed a little upon his years, and the peculiar relations he bore to Deerfoot. Be that as it may, he had not far to go when he caught sight of the young warrior standing on a rock elevated so far above the immediate surroundings that his view extended several miles to the northward.

He was leaning on his rifle and shading his eyes with one hand, while he was studying the horizon of the clear, sunlit sky before him. Noting his keen scrutiny, the missionary, whose vision was still excellent, looked in the same direction; but, though he used his eyes the best he could, he was unable to discover that in which his young friend was so interested.

"He sees something," was the conclusion, "but what it is is more than I can tell. If he thinks we ought to know, he will tell us when he comes back, and if he don't think we ought to know, it will be useless to question him."

Not wishing to offend the Shawanoe, the missionary quietly withdrew, and rejoined his friends, to whom he told what he had seen. He was none too quick to avoid Deerfoot, who came directly after him, stopping a few steps away, and looking down to the ground as if in deep thought. He said nothing, but it was plain to all that he was unusually disturbed over something.

"I tell you," whispered Fred Linden, "*something has gone wrong!*"

He was right, as speedily became apparent.

(*To be continued.*)

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

A DAY AND A HALF IN THE OCEAN.

PAUL BOYTON, the famous water man, announces that he will retire from aquatics after he has accomplished his voyage down the Hudson, which he expects to undertake as soon as the ice is out of the river. His last experience afloat was not an altogether pleasant one.

He started from New York on March 23, in a pilot boat, and when off Cape May persuaded the captain to let him go overboard to do a little training.

"I wore my rubber suit," says Captain Boyton, in relating his experiences to an *Evening Sun* reporter, "and took with me the little tender, 'Baby Mine,' which is just one yard long. On it I had two compasses, provisions, water, some cigars, a flag, and signal lights. I also carried a sharp hatchet and a knife in case I should be attacked by sea monsters. There is not much danger of that at this season, however, as the swordfish are away to the South, and they are the only things I am much afraid of.

"The water was not very cold when I went overboard on Saturday, and the sea was fine and smooth. About 11 A. M., however, the wind freshened and the sea became heavy. The wind was blowing off shore, and as I wanted to go westward I had a hard fight of it all day and night. During the night I sighted a good many vessels, and signaled to them, but could not get any answers. When I burned a light they would sheer off, and keep out of my way.

"There ought to be some signal light of distress to fit such cases. There is practically nothing now for such a purpose but rockets, and I find they are seldom noticed. I wanted to be picked up very badly, for I was getting worn out in my fight against the wind and weather.

"My keel—I mean my spine—was getting chilled, too, and my oil compass was leaking badly, so that it was practically useless. I had to get my course from the stars and wait for the sunrise. When day broke I was out of sight of land; but the wind shifted to the east and was favorable, except that it was a little stiff for such a small craft. I kept going west all day Sunday, but could see no vessels until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I sighted smoke to the south. Then I made out a steamship and tried to lie in her course. When she got pretty close I fired three rockets and hoisted a 'union down' on my paddle.

"I lost heart when the steamship went by without any signs of having seen me, and had about given up hope of getting help from her when she stopped about ten lengths to the north of me and I saw them lowering a boat. Then I felt like shouting for joy.

"The steamship was the William Lawrence of the Norfolk and Baltimore line, Capt. M. W. Snow. The boat picked me up and I was taken aboard. Then I found that I was about sixty miles off Sandy Hook. I was pretty well exhausted and I turned in and slept about twelve hours."

A THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF SICKNESS.

CUSTOMER: "Well, sir, I have concluded to take that picture, and have brought a check for $1,000."

Great Artist: "The picture is now worth $2,000."

Customer: "But you said $1,000 only two weeks ago."

Great Artist: "Yes, but I have been sick since then, and the price has gone up. If I had died it would have been worth $5,000."

[*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 XLV.

THE DIGGER ON THE BEACH AT NIGHT.

"IT seems to me that I am always in luck," said Paul Munjoy, when they returned from their visit to New York, in which the lawyer had become convinced that the young man was the veritable heir of Paul Bigglesby.

"I don't believe much in luck," replied Captain Portbrook. "What we call luck is oftener the result of good judgment and energetic work than of mere chance."

"But it seems to me there is something in luck. Religious people call it Providence. It looks to me like a stroke of good luck that Claude Moscott left that tin case in the woods, and another that the wood was wet by the rain of the day before so that the box was not melted," continued Paul.

"You may call it luck if you like, but it was all the lack of good judgment on the part of Claude. It was stupid for him to leave the can where he did; but very likely he was afraid of being caught at his work, and went away in a hurry."

"It was certainly a stroke of luck that Claude took his tender with him when he called upon me to assist him in saving Buck Griffin."

"On the other hand it was stupid for him to put the note and agreement even for an instant in the bottom of his boat."

"Certainly my meeting the Egyptian agent under the circumstances that brought us together was nothing but luck. There was no good or bad judgment about that," persisted Paul.

"We may fairly call that chance; but I meet the man I most want to see very often. It is hardly more remarkable that I should meet him than that I should fail to do so."

"Mrs. Munjoy, though old enough to be my mother in reality, as she was in fact, was my cousin. How was it that, as an unconscious child, I was conveyed to her residence, and adopted by her as a son? Wasn't that chance, and wasn't it luck?"

"That was more like chance than most of the happenings which pass as such; but I prefer to regard it as a Providence," replied the captain.

Until bedtime they continued to discuss the subject, but Paul could not help thinking that he was always in luck, for everything had come out in his favor just as though it had been planned for his special benefit. But the captain was quite sure that, if the Moscotts had been honest and just in their dealings, both with Captain Portbrook and Mrs. Munjoy's adopted son, they would not be at that moment overwhelmed by what they would be willing to call bad luck.

As yet the Moscotts knew nothing of the final shock which was to shake them to the very foundation of their beings. Claude was a prisoner at the jail, though he was released on bail pending the trial a week or two later. They knew nothing of the readiness of the agent to pay the claim on which all their hopes rested.

Claude was about Bloomhaven for a short time, while he was waiting for the trial; but he did not show himself a great deal among his old cronies. He did not care to sail in the Fawn, and she still lay where the captain had moored her on the west side of the bay. Mr. Moscott had procured bail for him only by pledging certain property, about the last that was available, to indemnify the bondsmen in case of his disappearance, which was a probable event to them.

As this was before the final storm burst upon the Moscotts, the whole study of the father and mother was to save the son from the fate certainly awaiting him, for the trial was sure to be little more than a form. Mr. Moscott was making desperate efforts to sell Sparhyte, which was now almost his only resource, and a few days later this property was attached by the lawyer.

Paul had hardly fallen asleep after his discussion of the merits of luck when he heard a knock at his door. Hastily putting on a part of his clothes, he responded to the summons.

"Paul! Paul!" called Mrs. Disbrook, on the other side of the door.

"What is the matter?" asked Paul.

"I don't know, but there is some one at work on the beach in the rear of the cottage," replied Mrs. Disbrook. "I could not go to sleep, and when I heard footsteps, I got up and looked out the window. It is low tide, and some one is digging just on the edge of the water."

Paul started as though he had been shot. The iron box had not yet been removed from its hiding place, for Paul had been so busy that he had found no time to dig it up when the tide was right for the purpose. But he had been entirely confident that no living being, except the captain, knew of the existence of the treasure, and certainly not of its place of concealment.

Yet, after what the nurse had told him, he considered it as remotely possible that some one sailing on the bay in the evening had seen him digging in the sand. If any one had observed him, it was strange that he had not before investigated the matter, for the box had been buried in the coffer dam several weeks.

Paul decided not to call Captain Portbrook, for he felt rather ashamed of himself as he thought even of the possibility of any one suspecting the locality of the treasure. He finished dressing himself, and then crept softly out at the back door of the cottage. Mrs. Disbrook had not been mistaken; there was a person down by the water's edge, digging in the sand with a hoe.

He watched the intruder for some time, and it was soon evident to him that the digger was

operating in the very locality where he had buried the diamonds, as he now knew them to be. He had attached a small block of wood to a stone by a short string, to mark the spot. The float was under water most of the time; but if any person pulled it up, he could not suspect that it marked the hiding-place of a treasure.

Paul had taken a heavy cane from the front hall when he came down stairs, and with this in his hand, he went out on the beach back of the cottage. But he did not show himself until he had made a thorough scrutiny of the intruder, as well as he could in the darkness. He was satisfied that it was Claude, though up to this moment he had supposed that he was still in the county jail.

The members of the Portbrook family seldom went to Bloomhaven, except to go to the post office, and they had spent much of the time in New York since the arrest of Claude. For this reason none of them were aware that he had come out on bail the day before. But Paul knew the slender form of his frequent persecutor too well to be mistaken, even in the dark.

Paul was not afraid of him, especially with the heavy cane in his hand, and he walked deliberately down the sands to the spot where the enemy was at work. The latter was not making much progress in the operation he had undertaken, for the treasure had been buried during a course of low tides and there was an inch or two of water above the coffer dam. It was not much, but the salt water flowed into the hole Claude dug as fast as he could remove it.

"Good evening, Claude; I don't believe you will find any clams there," said Paul, who had approached the workman without being seen, for the latter had his back to the cottage.

Claude dropped his hoe, and gave something like a groan when he realized that he was discovered.

"It is rather late in the evening to dig clams," added Paul.

"I am not after clams, Paul," stammered Claude; and his voice was so hollow that it seemed to come from the inside of an empty barrel.

"What are you after, then?" asked Paul, satisfied that the intruder had not reached the iron box, and therefore determined to be calm and dignified.

"I came over after the Fawn," muttered Claude, evidently disappointed and almost or quite in despair at his failure. "I thought I could get on board of her at low tide."

"Why didn't you come over in your tender, which is on the other side of the bay? Did you walk all the way around when you had a boat?"

"It's no use, Paul; the Evil One follows me wherever I go," added the skipper of the Fawn, in tones of utter despair this time.

"You have made a crony of the Evil One, and he follows you because he is a friend of yours. What are you digging here for? Do you think there is a gold mine under the tide?"

"No; but I thought there was something there."

Claude Moscott suddenly sank down in the wet sand, overcome by a strange weakness.

CHAPTER XLVI.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST AT THE COTTAGE.

"WHAT is the matter with you, Claude?" asked Paul, springing to his assistance.

"I don't know; I feel very strangely. I am better now," replied the night-digger, trying to get up.

"Let me help you," added Paul, lifting him from the sand and water. "Are you sick?"

"I feel as though I had been struck by lightning," answered the feeble young man.

"Lean on me, and walk up to the house."

"Don't take me to the house, for I don't care about seeing Captain Portbrook. I feel as though the world had come to an end for me. I will walk up to that seat and rest myself there."

Paul assisted him to a platform on which a seat had been constructed to enable the members of the family to enjoy the cool breeze of the bay and the ocean. Paul saw that Claude was very weak, as though the vital cords of his being had suddenly been loosened. But after he had rested in silence for a little while, he was inclined to speak again.

But Mrs. Disbrook had been watching the movements of Paul all the time, and when she saw him conduct the intruder to the seat, she concluded that he could not be a very dangerous person, and she came out with a lantern in her hand to see what the matter was.

"What is the trouble, Paul?" she asked, allowing the light of her lantern to fall on the face of the sufferer.

"This is Claude Moscott, and he seems to be sick. He was faint just now," replied Paul, as he observed the pale face of the night digger.

Mrs. Disbrook was interested at once, and she took the hand of the weary young man and felt his pulse. She thought he ought to be taken into the house and be put to bed. He seemed to be completely exhausted, though there was no evidence of any disease about him. After much persuasion Claude consented to be conducted to a spare room in the cottage, and went to bed there. The nurse prepared a dose of bromide for him, and he took it. She said his nerves were shaken all to pieces.

Paul offered to go for Mr. Moscott's physician, but Claude declared that he would leave the cottage if he did so. Mrs. Disbrook did not think it necessary, at least before the next day.

"I shall go to sleep now, and I shall be all right in the morning," said he. "Please to leave me now."

This last request appeared to be addressed to the lady rather than to Paul, and the former retired. But Claude was not inclined to sleep. He said he had hardly slept an hour a night since his arrest. He had been bailed out of jail the day before, and he had spent all his time since in devising some way to get out of his difficulty.

"What are you going to do, Claude?" asked Paul, in gentle tones, for mindful of the counsels of his mother, he had determined to treat all the Moscotts well, without regard to their abuse of him.

"My father told me to clear out, and my mother begged me to do so; but they could not give me the money to support me in my absence, and I thought I would rather live on prison fare than be starved in some strange place," replied Claude, faintly.

"What were you digging for on the beach?"

"I had a faint hope of finding something that would enable me to live in a foreign land for a few years."

"What made you dig in just that place?"

"My father knows very well that Captain Portbrook has a hundred thousand dollars concealed pending the suit he brought against him. He has employed lawyers and he has employed detectives, the latter to follow him about New York. He learned that he had bought a great many diamonds."

"Your father knew it, did he?" asked Paul, utterly astounded at the information.

"We all knew it; but we kept it to ourselves in the hope of being able to find them. I need not tell you that I watched every movement you made on this side of the bay. But I was not looking for anything one night, a few weeks ago, when I got becalmed in the Fawn, and did not get home till late in the evening. I was beating up the bay when I saw some one digging on the beach back of the cottage."

"You saw me then?"

"If it was you, I saw you; but I was afraid to come very near, and I could not tell what you were doing. I have been over here half a dozen times, but I could find nothing. To-night I found a block and stone which appeared to mark a locality, and I was working the idea when you surprised me. I don't know that I should have found any diamonds; but if I had, I should have taken the next steamer for Europe."

Paul's heart was in his mouth when he realized how near Claude had come to finding the treasure; but young Moscott's luck, as usual, deserted him at the last minute. Perhaps it would be better to say that Paul, always in luck, was as lucky as ever this time. Claude seemed to feel better when he had told his story, but he had abandoned hope.

"My life is played out when I am only eighteen years old. I shall be sent to prison for the next three or five years, and that will be the end of me," he said, in despairing tones.

"Don't you think you would have felt better at this moment if you had always been true and honest, even if you and your parents were poor?" asked Paul.

"I know I should; but it's too late now. You can't understand how terribly bitter it was, Paul, to have a young fellow step in and take the fortune that belongs to you."

"But it never belonged to you, or to your father or mother, Claude. It belonged to Mrs. Munjoy, and she had as much right to use it as she pleased, as your mother had to use her share of her father's estate in helping out your father."

"I don't think it will do any good to talk about it, Paul. I want to go to sleep, if I can."

Paul returned to his bed. He heard no more from the unexpected guest that night; but the next morning he was found to be in a much worse condition. He had not slept a wink, and he was as nearly insane as he could be without being actually in this condition. But he would not allow the physician to be called, or even his parents to be informed. He said he did not want them to find him at the cottage. Besides, he thought his father and mother were in New York, for they had at last a chance to sell Sparhyte. He would take some tea, and then he thought he should be able to cross the bay in the Fawn.

His trouble seemed to be an overpowering weakness, so that he could hardly take three consecutive steps on the floor. Paul walked over for the mail after breakfast. He was rather surprised to find one letter for himself among several for his guardian. He opened it at once. It was from a lawyer, informing him that Mrs. Moscott had sold Sparhyte, and asking him for some information in regard to the estate. He learned that the Moscotts had not come home the night before, and doubtless were busy completing the sale of the place, as they were in desperate haste to obtain money.

Paul returned to the cottage, and the captain opened his letters. But as soon as the tide was at its lowest point, Paul went to work on the beach, and dug up the iron box, determined that it should not be exposed for another night. The captain had to go to New York to deposit it in the safety vaults.

Instead of growing better, as he expected, Claude became worse, and Paul called the doctor. The patient was in high fever now, and delirious. Mrs. Disbrook took as good care of him as though he were Paul, but she did it at the latter's request. The captain's ward could not have done any more for him if he had been his best friend instead of his greatest enemy. But the doctor did not call him very sick; he was simply exhausted by nervous anxiety. At any rate, his remedies were marvelous in their effect, for the patient was much better at night.

Just before dark, the horse which Claude drove came over the road at a furious speed, bringing behind him Claude's father and mother. They had just arrived from New York, and learned at the house of the sickness of their son at Captain Portbrook's cottage.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE MOSCOTTS SUBMIT TO THEIR DESTINY.

AFTER the rest of the Moscott family arrived at the cottage, it was easy to be seen that they were not in much better condition than Claude. The gentleman and lady were both terribly excited; but when they found that Claude was better, they became more furious and wrathy, instead of being appeased and quieted.

"I want to see Captain Portbrook," said Mr. Moscott, as soon as he had satisfied himself that his son was not in a dangerous condition.

"You will find him in the office, next to the parlor," replied Mrs. Disbrook, who had assumed the duties of housekeeper without making any engagement in that capacity. "I will tell him you wish to see him if you will take a seat in the parlor."

The gentleman, followed by his wife, dashed down the stairs as if they were boiling over with some unexplained passion. They were too nervous to be seated, when Mrs. Disbrook politely assigned chairs for their use, but danced up and down the room. In a moment Captain Portbrook, as dignified as though he had been a clergyman advancing to begin his sermon, bowed to his visitors, and begged them to be seated.

"What have you been doing now?" demanded Mrs. Moscott, furiously, as she placed herself in front of Paul's guardian.

"All of us have been doing what we could for your son, though it appears that he came over here to rob me of my property, as he has done once on a former occasion. I am glad that you find him better than he was this morning, and I hope he will soon be well," replied the captain, apparently stretching out his speech to enable his visitors to recover their calmness.

"Why don't you answer my question, sir?" foamed the lady, advancing another step towards him.

"I beg you to be calm, Mrs. Moscott. I am not in the habit of allowing any one to speak to me in this strain in my own house; and I am sorry to remind you of what occurred here on a similar occasion. I shall be glad to give you any information in my power, but I will not be addressed in the manner you have chosen to speak to me," continued the captain, unmoved by the fury of the female Moscott.

The words of the shipmaster recalled the time when her husband had been pitched out at the window, and she had been walked out at the door. Her remembrance of these events suddenly calmed or frightened her. At any rate, she controlled her rage, and seated herself in an arm chair. Her husband was more reasonable, if hardly less enraged, though it did not yet appear what excited them; but the captain had his own opinion.

"Captain Portbrook, you seem to be determined to pursue us even to our utter ruin," said the masculine Moscott, struggling to control himself. "Not satisfied with the result of the lawsuit, obtained by fraud, you——"

"Stop one moment, if you please, Mr. Moscott. Your son has confessed that he stole the note and agreement from the desk in my office, and lost them in his tender. You failed in the suit because you attempted to perpetrate a fraud, as the jury could see, and did see. It is hardly prudent for you to talk about fraud," interposed Captain Portbrook, with a smile which was more galling than a curse would have been.

"Whatever my son did, he did not do it with my knowledge, consent, or advice; and as you can see yourself, he is not a sane young man. Was it right for you to go out of our partnership whole——"

"I lost a hundred thousand dollars by it. It was right for each of us to do as we agreed to do, without regard to consequences."

"But this is not the question. I am informed to-day, that the money to pay the Egyptian claim has been deposited in New York, and that you have attached it. Can I believe such a monstrous statement?" demanded Mr. Moscott, beginning to boil again.

"And when we had bargained for the sale of Sparhyte, we learned that you had attached that also," added Mrs. Moscott.

"It is quite true in both cases," replied the captain, in his usual quiet tone and manner.

"Have you any further claim upon me, sir?" stormed the husband.

"Personally I have no further claim upon you which is not provided for in the papers I hold."

"Do you mean to ruin us utterly?" hissed the wife.

"Possibly I might put just such questions to you if it were of any use," added the captain. "I have attached the property as the guardian of Paul Munjoy."

"Paul Munjoy again!" exclaimed Mrs. Moscott. "That is not his name! He is some vagabond picked up in the street to rob us of our inheritance. He is not Paul Munjoy!"

"I admit that Paul Munjoy is not his name," added Captain Portbrook. "But fortunately we know his real name."

"I don't care anything about Paul Munjoy, or any other vagabond taken from the gutter, but I have a right to know on what ground my wife's property is attached; in fact all the property she has in the world, now that you have got out of paying your share of the debts of the firm of which you were a member."

"As I said, I do not attach on my own behalf, but as the guardian of Paul Munjoy, if you will permit me to call him so for the present, as he desires to retain the name."

"As the guardian of Paul Munjoy!" exclaimed the lady.

"Perhaps you will understand it better if I call him, for once, by his real name, which is Paul Bigglesby," replied the captain, in a louder tone than he had yet used.

"Paul Bigglesby!" exclaimed Mrs. Moscott, looking at her husband for an explanation, and very much subdued at the prospect of some new complication.

"I don't understand you, sir," added Mr. Moscott. "I know of no Paul Bigglesby, except my wife's father, who has been dead for many years."

"I suppose you were aware that he had a son?"

"He had a son, a year old, who died on the passage from France to this country," said the lady.

"He did not die, for there he is," replied the captain, pointing to Paul Munjoy, who sat listening to all that was said.

"That Paul Bigglesby?" demanded both of them in the same breath.

"It can be proved, or I should not have attached the property in his behalf."

"This is all nonsense, Captain Portbrook, and you know it is!"

"Even nonsense may be truth. It looks a little like a romance, and so the lawyers called it when they began to examine the matter; but they realized that it was true, and that Paul Munjoy was the legal heir of his father's property, wherever he may find it. This lady was his nurse, and crossed the ocean with the child."

"Why did she report that he was dead when she arrived in New York?" demanded Mrs. Moscott, too much astonished and bewildered to conceal her anger. "It looks like fraud on the face of it. Why did she report that the child died on the passage? That is what I want to know."

"That subject will open some disagreeable memories but I suppose it will have to be considered. She did it because she had been bribed to keep the child out of the way. She kept it out of the way till a strange chance brought the child upon the stage."

Mrs. Disbrook had to tell her story again.

"Did my sister know that the child was her cousin?" asked Mrs. Moscott, when she had heard the facts, and looked over the will of Paul Bigglesby, a copy of which the guardian had brought home.

"She did not," replied the nurse. "She had no suspicion that her adopted son was of her own flesh and blood."

Mr. Moscott wanted to see his lawyer, and was not inclined to say anything till he had done so. His wife stormed and wept by turns; but neither of them was able to invalidate the statements made to them, or those of the papers produced.

"It appears that we are beggars now," said Mrs. Moscott, bitterly. "If we have lost the money from Egypt, all my property is gone, and we shall have to go to work for our daily bread."

"Is it possible to make any compromise, Captain Portbrook, if things turn out as you say they are?" asked her husband, in milder tones than he had yet used.

"I have no power to make a compromise; as the guardian of Paul Munjoy, it will be my duty, from which I can not escape, to secure for him all his rights, and obtain all the property that belonged to his late father," replied the captain, decidedly.

When the Moscotts went home, they took Claude with them. It is useless to attempt to fathom the misery and wretchedness that overwhelmed them. They were beggars. They had been hard, dishonest, unreasonable; they had practiced fraud, and attempted to rob Paul of what his adopted mother had given him, and they had been carried down in the whirlpool they had stirred up for him.

But Paul was sorry for them, even in their wrath and bitterness, and he would gladly have given them a portion of the large property which had come to him. His guardian and the lawyer would not do this for him; they had no right to do it. Mr. Moscott went to work as a clerk to earn his daily bread, though he saved a little from the wreck of his property.

Mr. Barr had managed the case perfectly, and Paul was quite as wealthy as his father had been when he died. Sparhyte was his now, but a summer hotel was built where the cottage had stood, for Paul preferred to live at Bloomhaven. He has never taken to sailing boats, but he does some rowing on the bay, with Pauline as a passenger.

Claude Moscott went to prison when he was sentenced, and for five years he had to repent of his misconduct. From the bottom of his heart he wished he had never meddled with Paul Munjoy. The future, even when he gets out of confinement, does not look inviting to him, because he has not prepared for a life of integrity and usefulness.

Captain Portbrook recovered possession of the cottage and lands, receives the income of his property, increased by over ten thousand dollars he made in selling his diamonds, and he is as happy as any retired shipmaster in the land. The affairs of the manufacturing firm are all settled up, and he gave up the Moscott note when he was discharged from his share of the debts.

Paul went to Columbia College when he finished at the high school. He did not study a profession because his fortune was already made. He is not inclined to travel, though the captain suggested that a year or two in Europe would be an advantage to him. The fact is that he is just as happy as he can be at the cottage, and he does not like to be where Pauline is not, even for a single month.

After a year or two Paul decided to keep a sailing yacht, and Buck Griffin is her skipper. The latter has worked for the captain since his return, and he is a faithful fellow. The gift of M. de Valorsai will make him ready for a start when he is of age.

Of course there is no doubt in regard to the fate of Pauline Portbrook, who is as beautiful as ever; she will be the wife of Paul Munjoy, for he is "ALWAYS IN LUCK."

THE END.

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

SOME FACTS ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

A BOOK has lately appeared under the title of "The Ivory King," in which the animal that through its tusks furnishes to the world some eight hundred tons of material a year for its piano keys, knife handles, billiard balls, etc., is described at length.

According to an estimate made by Cuvier, the French naturalist, the trunk of the elephant contains 40,000 muscles.

As regards the stomach, it seems that elephants possess the same strange properties as camels, and the author of the work mentioned states that hunters have often been astonished at seeing elephants which they have been chasing for some time, insert their trunks into their mouths and there obtain a supply of water that is blown over their dry and heated body.

The present average cost of an elephant in India is said to be $750.

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

Club rate.—For $5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In ordering back numbers enclose 6 cents for each copy.

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

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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Foster Coates, editor of the New York "Mail and Express."

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

We take great pleasure in announcing that in the next number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY *we shall begin the publication of*

The Young Acrobat

—OF THE—

GREAT NORTH AMERICAN CIRCUS,

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

For which we unhesitatingly prophesy a popularity that will eclipse even the success scored by this favorite author's previous serials.

Mr. Alger's name may, with truth, be termed a household word, for in countless homes where the father remembers well the time when he sat absorbed over the pages of the "Tattered Tom" and "Luck and Pluck" stories, we may see the son equally fascinated by "Bob Burton," "Helping Himself," or another of the new tales from the ever-vigorous pen of the same talented writer. And, be it added, the father and mother are still frequently as deeply interested in reading the works of Mr. Alger as are the boys themselves. We therefore feel called upon to congratulate not only our readers, but ourselves, on the fact that the ARGOSY *is the medium through which is given to the public a story that is destined to add a crowning laurel to the many already won by the author of*

THE YOUNG ACROBAT,

The circus flavor of this serial is of the most entrancing interest, with the peeps it affords at rehearsals, its artless confessions of giant, dwarf and fat woman, and thrilling description of the escape of a lion. In addition to this, moreover, the hero, Kit Watson, the young acrobat, is just such a brave, manly and withal perfectly natural boy, that he is certain to at once win the ardent admiration of every reader, who will follow his varying fortunes as detailed in our pages during the coming months, with the eager interest awakened by the haps and mishaps of a personal friend.

Tell your neighbors and school-fellows, tell all your friends and relatives, tell everybody that this most attractive serial will begin in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY *next week, No. 230.*

THE STOWAWAYS IN REAL LIFE.

THE daily press has recently given to the public an account of the fearful experiences of two stowaways, the reading of which ought to have a most salutary influence on any boy possessed of a desire to steal a passage on car or ship.

The two boys in question hid themselves away in the lower hold of the steamer Kansas, at Liverpool, without a particle of food or drop of water, expecting, as they afterwards stated, to be discovered the day after the vessel left port.

But the hatches were battened down over the cargo, and for thirteen days the luckless lads were without light, fresh air, or any other sustenance than such as was to be derived from the drippings of an overflow pipe running from a refrigerator.

What they suffered during this period may be imagined. The wonder is that they lived through it. As it was, they were both in an unconscious condition when found on the arrival of the steamer in Boston, and only the faintest spark of life remained.

Actual experiences such as the foregoing are healthful antidotes to the daring exploits of the heroes of a certain class of juvenile fiction.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM, the great showman, says that he has gained wealth and success by always giving more for the price than can be obtained anywhere else. This is an excellent rule, and it is the constant principle of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We give our readers better value for their money than any other publication in the world.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

A CLERK in the New York Post-office was recently convicted of having stolen a registered letter containing $10,000. The loss was discovered and all the clerks in that department kept prisoners in the building pending an investigation. At last the guilty man broke down under examination and confessed.

It seemed he had been in the habit of appropriating various sums for years past. He explained that he wanted the money to pay his debts, adding that he had been speculating unsuccessfully in Wall Street.

He is but one among the all too numerous class of men impatient to be rich, who not only ruin their own lives by the "short cuts" they take to accomplish this end, but too often bring down with them in their fall poverty and disgrace upon the innocent members of their families.

We should like to have the name and address of each of our readers. Please send yours to this office, and you will doubtless receive from time to time communications direct from the publisher.

HONOR BLUSHES UNSEEN.

A NEW YORK merchant, whose firm failed some years ago for a very large sum, and who passed through the bankruptcy court, receiving a certificate which discharged his old obligations, has been working for years to pay off his old creditors, although they have no legal claims against him, and has at length succeeded in clearing off the last of his debts.

Such pleasant instances of honor in the world of business are more common than most people think; but they do not give an opportunity for a sensational article, and the daily press passes them by without notice, while it trumpets every embezzlement or defalcation in staring headlines from Maine to California. Thus a false impression is created, and a wrong standard set up; how could it be otherwise?

There are thousands of righteous men in every walk of life, and honesty is far less unnatural and extraordinary than dishonesty.

THE MONKEY'S PAW.

THE native tribes of the Kabylian mountains, in Algeria, have a simple but ingenious way of catching the monkeys who ravage their scanty crops. They place a little rice in a gourd, and attach it firmly to a tree. An opening is cut in the gourd, just large enough to admit the monkey's paw.

In the night, the marauder finds the gourd, inserts his paw, and grasps a handful of the rice. But his clenched fist will not pass through the hole, and as the monkey will not relinquish his booty, he is found there next morning, still vainly struggling to get the bait out of the trap; and his life is the penalty of his covetousness.

This story may illustrate the fact that some things which appear tempting are better left alone. Mankind should have more sense and self-restraint than monkeys, even if the former are descended from the latter.

AN OBJECT TO COMMAND.

BOYS, for the most part, are fond of issuing orders, if it be but to a small puppy with its eyes hardly open; and luckless younger brothers and sisters are not infrequently the objects of a certain kind of fraternal tyranny in this respect. In order to turn this passion for commanding into more legitimate channels, we would suggest that every one of us has at his disposal a personality to whom the most peremptory behests may be issued with the greatest propriety, and from whom the strictest obedience should be exacted.

This is our own self, or rather the habits, desires and disposition that go to make up our respective characters.

For instance, temper is in great need, with most of us, of having a tight rein held over it lest it should suddenly assume the mastery, and lead us on to such deeds as will evermore be cause for regret.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,

And the "New York Herald."

THE *New York Herald* is a paper with a history. Fifty-two years ago the *Herald* office was a cellar in Wall Street, and its only furniture a chair, and a desk made by a plank placed across the ends of two flour barrels. Seated at this rough desk might be seen a tall, spare man of about forty years of age, so busily engaged that when a customer dropped in to purchase a paper he would not even lift his eyes from his work as he said, "Take one from the pile, and put your penny on the counter."

This was the birthplace of the *Herald*, and the man at the desk, who was its founder and proprietor, its editor and reporter, its clerk and book-keeper in one, was James Gordon Bennett, the elder.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

He was a remarkable man, perhaps the most remarkable in the whole history of American journalism. Born in 1797, near the village of Keith, in Banffshire, Scotland, where his parents, who were French Catholics, had settled, he was educated in a convent at Aberdeen, and grew into a romantic, ambitious youth. Scott and Byron were his chief delight, and he tried in vain to win fame by his own poems. Happening to read Benjamin Franklin's autobiography, he was fired with admiration for the printer and statesman, and resolved to visit his native land.

His first experience of America was a harsh one. He nearly starved before he found employment in a Boston publishing house. Then he gradually made his way up, working for the *Charleston Courier*, the *National Advertiser* of New York, and other papers. As editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* of the latter city, he gained for it the foremost rank among the journals of the day; but disapproving of the political course of its proprietor, he threw up his position, and determined to start an independent venture.

Two unsuccessful attempts made him poorer but wiser, before he got two printers to help him, and began to issue the *Herald* on the 6th of May, 1835. It was a tiny sheet at first, full of paragraphs printed in small type, with pithy editorials and a wonderful amount of news. At its price of one cent it sold well, but to place it on a sure basis of profit was indeed a difficult and anxious task.

Mr. Bennett labored sixteen hours a day. From five to eight o'clock in the morning he wrote editorials in his bedroom; the forenoon he spent in the cellar in Wall Street, engaged in routine work, writing, taking in advertisements, and composing them for illiterate advertisers. At one o'clock he went out upon the street, picking up the news, and material for his money article and reports; from four to six he would be found at the office again, winding up the day's business; and in the evening he would attend the theaters, concerts, or public meetings, and write them up for the *Herald*.

In the new paper's fourth month of existence its office and stock were destroyed by fire. The unterrified proprietor "raked the *Herald* out of the ashes," to use his own expression, and went to work as hard as ever.

And gradually the *Herald's* well-earned success was realized. The first year was the most trying. Then its price was doubled, and its news service rapidly improved and extended. During the Mexican war, the *Herald* gave intelligence of the battles, and lists of the killed and wounded, not only in advance of all the other papers, but before the official reports were received at Washington. This was accomplished by means of a special system of carrier pigeons and pony expresses.

When the civil war broke out, Mr. Bennett organized a wonderfully complete newsgathering service, a *Herald* tent and a *Herald* wagon accompanying every army corps; and, though the enterprise cost half a million dollars, it was a wise one, and proved a profitable investment.

It was about this time that Mr. Bennett took his son, the present proprietor of the *Herald*, into his office, and gave him a thorough journalistic training. He was an apt pupil, and when his father died, on the 1st of June, 1872, James Gordon Bennett the younger was quite ready to fill his place.

From that time he has presided over the *Herald's* fortunes, and, aided by a brilliant editorial staff, he has maintained it as an immensely valuable property, and as the most widely read of American newspapers. With an apparent indifference to business affairs, he combines great journalistic ability, and an intimate knowledge of the details of the establishment of which he is the head.

He is even more enterprising than his father, but does not possess his wonderful pertinacity and steadiness of purpose. Had he not been born to millions, he would no doubt have made for himself a great career.

A few incidents will illustrate some traits in his character. The story has often been told how, when all the world was talking of the mysterious fate of the famous explorer Livingstone, lost in the African wilds, Mr. Bennett resolved to dispatch Stanley to solve the problem.

Mr. Stanley, to give his own account of the matter, was in Madrid, on the 16th of October, 1869, when he received a telegram from Mr. Bennett in Paris, and hastened thither. Arrived at Mr. Bennett's hotel, he found him in bed, but was admitted.

"Who are you?" asked the editor of the *Herald*.

"My name is Stanley," was the reply.

"Ah, yes, sit down. I have important business on hand for you. Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not be."

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him. Of course you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best—but *find Livingstone!*"

And with this commission Stanley started off on his memorable journey, which cost Mr. Bennett many thousands of dollars, but added greatly to the *Herald's* renown.

Another of Mr. Bennett's enterprises was the ill-fated Jeannette expedition in search of the North Pole. He has never shrunk from expense, where it would make the *Herald* great, nor in his private generosity. He gave princely contributions to relieve the distress caused by the panic of 1873, and to the starving peasants of Ireland during the famine in that country.

Mention must be made of Mr. Bennett's Atlantic cable. Dissatisfied with the service of the existing companies, he resolved to have a submarine wire of his own, and joined Senator Mackay in laying the Commercial Cable, which has increased the *Herald's* facilities, and has given to the public the benefit of competion and lower rates.

Mr. Bennett is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and showed his grit in crossing the Atlantic aboard his own boat, the Henrietta, in the first ocean race, sailed in December, 1866, when such a thing was deemed so foolhardy that most of his crew deserted the night before the start. His yacht the Namouna is a magnificent steamer, among the finest of her class afloat.

Mr. Bennett is several years younger than the *Herald*. He is tall and slightly built, with marked features, and hair prematurely gray.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

NED GRASPED HIM FIRMLY BY THE ARM AND SAID: "CARRY BACK THAT COAT!"

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

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

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INVITATION TO LUNCH.

THE task of the coat thief was an easy one. The old gentleman was absorbed in reading an article which very much interested him, and he was utterly unconscious of the plot to relieve him of his property.

The thief felt it necessary to accomplish his task as quickly as possible, for at any moment some one might enter the reading-room, and interfere with him. He succeeded, and with a satisfied smile, withdrew softly from the room. It was his intention to pass through the front entrance, hail a Broadway horse-car, and ride swiftly away.

But at the door he met a boy of whom he took little notice, till Ned, for it was he, grasped him firmly by the arm, and said: "Carry back that coat!"

"What do you mean, you young whipper-snapper?" said the thief, in a low voice of concentrated rage. "Out of my path!"

He tried to shake off Ned's grasp, but found he had undertaken a bigger job than he had bargained for. Ned was strong and muscular, and held on.

The young man with an angry light in his eyes, raised his foot to kick the boy who had barred his progress. If Ned had not stepped nimbly aside, he would have been seriously hurt.

Just then the two attracted the attention of one of the hotel servants, who hurried up.

"What's the matter?" he demanded, looking from one to the other.

"This boy has insulted me!" said the thief, hastily. "Hold him, while I call a policeman!"

This bold ruse nearly succeeded. The young man was so well dressed that the servant for the moment thought him a guest of the hotel.

He grasped Ned by the arm, crying: "Let go the gentleman!"

But Ned clung to the thief all the more firmly.

"Gentleman!" he repeated, "the coat on his arm is stolen from the gentleman in the reading-room."

The servant looked the picture of amazement.

"Is this true?" he asked.

"Ask the old gentleman."

But he didn't need to ask the question. With an oath the thief dropped the coat, and before the servant had recovered from his surprise had covered the distance to the door, and dashed out and round the corner.

Picking up the coat, the attendant, followed by Ned, took it into the reading-room.

"Is this your coat?" he asked of the old gentleman, who looked up in a bewildered way.

"Why, yes," answered the reader. "Where did you find it?"

"You came near losing it. Did you notice a young man in the room with you?"

"Yes, I believe I saw him."

"He was going out of the room with your coat on his arm, when this boy, who had been watching his proceedings, seized him at the door, and held him till I came."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the old gentleman. "My boy, I am very much indebted to you."

"You are very welcome, sir," said Ned, making a motion to leave.

"Stop, I wish to speak to you, if you are not in haste."

"Oh no, sir, my time isn't valuable," said Ned, with a smile.

"The last five minutes have been—to me. That overcoat cost me seventy dollars."

Ned looked amazed. He had bought a ready-made overcoat a year before for five dollars. He could not conceive of any overcoat costing so much as seventy dollars.

"Perhaps it isn't worth it, but I had it made of the best materials, by a fashionable tailor. The enterprising young man who came so near depriving me of it, would have been in luck."

Ned regarded the gentleman with the respect which wealth is very apt to inspire. He felt that a man who could afford to buy a seventy dollar overcoat must indeed have plenty of money.

"I don't buy my clothes at your tailor's," he said, with a glance at his faded and worn suit.

"My boy, fortunately a boy's merit does not depend on his clothes," said the old gentleman, kindly. "I suppose you have a better suit?"

"No, sir; my income is not very large, and I have to support my mother."

"Good boy, good boy! You couldn't do better. What do you do for a living?"

Ned looked embarrassed. He didn't like to confess that he blacked boots, for he was not proud of the business, but still he felt that he had no reason to be ashamed of an honest trade.

"I black boots," he replied, with an effort. "I would prefer to sell papers, but I couldn't make as much money."

"You are none the worse for it, my boy. But I see that it is about my time for lunch. Will you accompany me to my house, and lunch with me?"

Ned looked to see if the gentleman were joking, but he perceived that he was in earnest. He didn't quite feel that he could afford the time, for he had not earned much since morning. But perhaps it might not be far.

"Where do you live, sir?" he asked.

"On Madison Avenue."

"I am afraid my dress is not good enough to visit there."

"Perhaps we can remedy that," said the old gentleman, smiling.

"Thank you, sir; if you don't mind walking with me, I will go."

They turned down Twenty-ninth Street, crossed Fifth Avenue, and reaching Madison Avenue, which is nearly as handsome and quite as aristocratic, walked up three blocks, and stopped in front of a handsome brown-stone front.

"Here we are!" said his elderly companion. He walked up the steps, and rang the bell. The door was opened by an elderly woman, who regarded Ned with some curiosity.

"Jane, you may set an extra chair at the table. I have brought this young gentleman home to lunch. Is Fred at home?"

"Yes, sir; I believe he is in his room."

"Call him down into the library."

"Very well, sir!"

"Follow me up-stairs, Edward," said the old gentleman, who had inquired Ned's name.

"Thank you, sir."

Ned glanced furtively at the handsome staircase, the luxurious carpets, and caught glimpses of an elegant parlor through the half-open door.

"I wonder if I am dreaming," he thought.

The library into which his companion ushered him was equally handsome. Elegant bookcases lined the sides of the room. There were oil paintings on the walls, and many little knick-knacks which were new to Ned, were scattered about.

"Sit down there, Edward," said the old gentleman, pointing to a plush covered easy chair. Ned sank into its luxurious depths, and experienced a new sensation. He had not supposed any chair could be so soft and comfortable.

"I have a grandson about your age," continued his host. "I have sent for him to meet you."

"I hope he won't be like Eustace Simmons," thought Ned. On the whole he thought it likely that he would. A boy living in such a house as this would hardly care to greet another whose poverty compelled him to black boots. Not that Ned thought the less of himself on that account. But he knew the world judged differently.

He had not long to wait. A quick step was heard outside, and a boy entered through the open door. A pleasant-faced boy of very nearly the same size as Ned. As he entered he looked inquisitively at the young visitor.

"Edward," said the old gentleman, "this is my grandson, Fred Stanhope. Fred, this is Edward Newton, a boy who has rendered me this morning a valuable service."

"Then I am glad to see him," said Fred, with a cordial smile, holding out his hand to the young visitor. "Did he save your life, grandpa?" he asked, with a mirthful look at Ned.

"Not exactly, but he saved my overcoat."

"Tell me about it," said Fred, looking curious. "You have done grandpa an important service," he added, turning to our hero, "for he could not afford to buy a new one!"

"Just my case!" returned Ned, responding to the other's fun.

CHAPTER IX.

NED'S TRANSFORMATION.

"YOU two boys appear to be making fun of me," said the old gentleman, pleasantly. "However, I will gratify Fred's curiosity, and explain how we became acquainted."

He briefly told the story of the thief's attempt to rob him.

"Was he caught?" asked Fred, eagerly.

"No; in the confusion he got away."

"Would you know him again?"

"I would," said Ned. "I shall recognize him by a scar upon his left cheek."

"I wish he had been arrested."

"So," continued Mr. Stanhope, "I invited Edward home to lunch."

"I don't look fit to sit down at your table," said Ned, noting the contrast between his soiled apparel and Fred's handsome suit.

"We sha'n't mind that," said Fred, promptly.

"By the way, won't you two boys stand up together? I want to see how you compare in size."

The boys stood up, back to back. Of the two, Ned was perhaps half an inch taller.

"Fred, I am quite sure a suit of yours would fit Edward. If he won't be too proud to accept the gift, you may give him one of your suits. As it will be twenty minutes before lunch, suppose you attend to it now."

"But perhaps Fred cannot spare a suit," suggested Ned.

"Oh, I've got a large supply—more than I need. Come up to my room, and I will fit you out."

"How different he is from Eustace," thought Ned, as he followed his new friend up to a handsomely furnished chamber on the third floor. It was a spacious room, fitted up both as a chamber and study. In one corner near the window was a library table, covered with school-books.

"This is my den," said Fred. "I sleep here at night, and study by day. I don't go to school, but have a private tutor, who is with me till twelve o'clock. Then I study here two hours in the afternoon."

"You ought to be comfortable here," said Ned, not enviously, but with a full appreciation of the comforts which the room afforded.

"Oh, yes," answered Fred, carelessly.

He had all his life lived in luxury, and therefore did not appreciate it as Ned would have done after his different experience.

"Here is my wardrobe," continued Fred, going to a large closet, and throwing it open. Clothing was hung all round in large variety.

"What a lot of clothes you have!" exclaimed Ned.

"Yes; I've got more than I need, as grandpa says. Take your choice."

This seemed to Ned a very liberal proposal, but he did not think it would be right to construe it too literally. He therefore selected a suit half worn, probably the least valuable in the closet.

"I will take that, if I may," he said.

"That!" returned Fred, in surprise. "Why, that is the worst suit here. I used it in the country when I went out hunting last fall. I don't think much of your taste."

"That is the reason I selected it. I didn't want to take one of your best suits."

"Well, you may have it, for I am sure never to wear it again, but you must have a better suit too. Here is one," taking down a nearly new and handsome suit of Scotch cloth. "I'll send for one of the servants, and get him to pack them."

"Are you sure you can spare both, Fred?"

"Certainly; I can have more when I like."

"You are very kind. If you like, I will put one of them on, and have my old suit wrapped up with the other."

"That's a good idea! Put on the handsome one; I want you to present a good appearance. And, by the way, you may as well put on one of my shirts, and a clean collar and a new necktie."

In fifteen minutes Ned was so transformed that he hardly knew himself when he looked in the glass.

"Clothes certainly do make a difference," said Fred, smiling. "Why, you look better than I do."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Ned, "but I don't agree with you."

"You are too modest. Now let us go down stairs."

When the two boys entered the library Mr. Stanhope looked up.

"Really," he said, "here is a wonderful change. Fred, which one of your fashionable friends is this?"

"You are both very kind to me," said Ned, earnestly.

"And so we ought to be, my boy—we who have been so much more favored by fortune. Now we will walk out to lunch."

At the table Ned was introduced to Fred's mother, a sweet-faced woman who had the languid air of an invalid. She treated Ned with the same kindness as her son and his grandfather. When lunch was over, Ned took his bundle, and, with a kind invitation to repeat his visit, left the house.

"This has been a lucky morning," he thought. "What will mother think when she sees me dressed up like this?"

He got into a Madison Avenue stage to ride down town. He was hardly settled, when to his astonishment Eustace Simmons entered and took the seat just opposite. They were the only passengers in the stage.

Eustace stared hard at Ned. His face seemed familiar, but he did not for a moment associate this richly dressed boy with the humble bootblack of the Astor House.

"I think I have met you before," he said, politely, "but I can't recall your name."

Ned smiled.

"My name is Edward Newton," he replied. "I believe we have met."

"Where was it? At the Livingston party? Do you live in Brooklyn?"

"No, I am not acquainted with the Livingstons. We met a few days since in front of the Astor House."

"Well, I declare! You don't mean to say you are the boy who gave me a shine?"

"And to whom you wanted to pay four cents. Yes."

"How on earth do you manage to dress like this? Why, you are dressed as well as I am."

In reality Ned was dressed better.

Ned felt in a tantalizing mood.

"I don't wear my best clothes when I am at work," he said.

"But this suit must have come from a fashionable tailor's," continued Eustace, puzzled.

"It did."

"Who made it?"

Ned was able to answer this question, for Fred had told him.

"I don't understand how a boy in your business can dress in that way," said Eustace.

"I sometimes feel surprised at it myself," remarked Ned, with a smile.

"Have you got any relatives?" asked Eustace, abruptly.

"I have a mother, but no brothers or sisters," answered Ned.

"What business was your father in?" asked Eustace, uneasily.

"He was an actor—and a very good one, I have been told."

"What was his name?"

"Richard Newton."

Eustace was evidently worried. He and his father had talked over the matter of relationship, and he knew now that Ned was his second cousin. He did not relish the idea of having a bootblack for a cousin, but more than all he realized the danger of his aunt Eunice learning that Ned and his mother were living. She might take it into her head to leave half her large fortune to the poor widow—her once favorite niece, Hester. If only they would leave New York, the danger would be much lessened.

"I wonder you don't move out West," said Eustace.

"Why?" asked Ned, surprised.

"Because it is much easier to make a good living out there."

"I don't feel sure of that."

"I do," said Eustace, confidently. "My father was telling me the other day of a young man who went out West ten years ago with only a hundred dollars. How much do you think he is worth now?"

"I couldn't guess."

"Fifty thousand dollars."

"That is doing well, certainly. I shouldn't mind succeeding as well myself."

"You'd be sure to do well," said Eustace, insinuatingly.

"Where would you recommend me to go?"

"The farther west the better—say Iowa or Minnesota."

"Thank you for the advice. I will think it over."

"I wish to Heaven he would!" thought Eustace.

Here two lady passengers entered the stage and the two boys stopped conversing.

CHAPTER X.

MISS EUNICE SIMMONS.

IN a little, plain house, in an unfashionable part of Brooklyn, lived Miss Eunice Simmons. She was a small, thin old lady of seventy-two, but with an uncommon amount of strength and vitality for one of her age. Her eye was keen and piercing, and she looked like a woman with a mind and will of her own. She lived alone, except for a humble companion, a woman of middle age, a Scotch woman, very plain in appearance, named Jane Barclay, who was thoroughly devoted to her mistress.

Probably the house in which Miss Simmons lived would not have fetched three thousand dollars if put upon the market, and the furniture was of the plainest, yet the occupant was easily worth quarter of a million of dollars, which she insisted upon managing herself, much to the disappointment of her nephew, Elias Simmons, whose acquaintance we made in the first chapter.

Mr. Simmons lived in a handsome brownstone front house not far from Prospect Park, in a distinctively fashionable neighborhood, and his residence was far more pretentious in its furnishing than his aunt's. Yet, if his business had been closed up and affairs adjusted, it is doubtful if he would have had ten thousand dollars left. His wife and himself were both extravagant in their tastes, and their son Eustace bade fair to follow in their steps.

There had been more than one occasion when Mr. Simmons would have been glad of a loan from his wealthy aunt, but she showed so much shrewdness and caution, and was so searching in her questions, that he shrank from the ordeal to which he would have been subjected. Once he did borrow a thousand dollars for three months, but Miss Simmons exacted good interest, and when her nephew hinted, towards the end of that time, that he would like to extend the note, she briefly refused. So he raised the money at considerable inconvenience and repaid the loan. He did not dare to do otherwise, as it was important not to forfeit the confidence and good will of so wealthy a relative.

Of late, matters had been going ill with Elias Simmons. He had ventured into Wall Street speculation and got shorn. He needed to raise a considerable sum of money before the fifteenth of the month, and decided to call upon his aunt, though he dreaded to do so.

Miss Simmons was knitting by the fireside in her plain sitting-room, when her companion, Jane Barclay, said suddenly, "Miss Simmons, your nephew is coming up the street. I think he is going to call."

"You can admit him, Jane," said the old lady, quietly.

Directly afterwards the bell rang, and presently Jane, who had gone to the door, reappeared, followed by Elias Simmons.

"My dear aunt," he began, his face assuming a look of affectionate interest, "I hope you are well."

"Thank you, Elias," she responded, "I am as well as one could expect at my age."

"My dear aunt, I do wish you would consent to leave this lonely house, and make your home with me. It worries me to think of you alone at your age."

"But I am not alone. My faithful Jane is always at hand."

"Yes, I know," answered Elias, with a cold glance at Miss Barclay, of whose influence over his aunt he was vaguely jealous, "but you ought to be among your relatives, who are ready and anxious to care for you. Besides—excuse me for mentioning it—this house is very plain, while with us you would enjoy every luxury."

"I am not used to luxury, Elias," said Miss Simmons, dryly. "I don't think it would agree with me."

"Because you have not tried it. Won't you come and stay with us a month, by way of trial, and if you don't like it, then return to this house?"

"It would upset me to make the change, Elias. People at my age don't like a change."

"But if you should be taken suddenly sick—an acquaintance of mine died of apoplexy last week after a day's sickness—I should never forgive myself to think that so valued a relative died with none of her kin at her side."

"I must go when the Lord calls," said Miss Simmons, composedly. "I shall live longer if I live on here in my own way."

"You are a very obstinate woman, aunt Eunice," said Mr. Simmons, with a forced smile.

"Yes, I am," said the old lady, calmly.

"Could I have a few minutes' conversation with you alone, aunt?" asked Elias Simmons, after a pause.

"If you desire it. Jane, will you kindly go into the next room?"

"Certainly, ma'am. I have a little work to do in the kitchen."

Jane left the room, and aunt and nephew were alone.

"Aunt Eunice, I have a little favor to ask of you," said Elias, clearing his throat nervously.

"Proceed, Elias."

"The fact is, my dear aunt, I have a chance to buy a bankrupt stock of goods in my own line, at fifty cents on the dollar. It would be a grand investment, but the party requires cash."

He looked insinuatingly at his aunt, but she continued to knit, her calm face expressing no emotion.

"Don't you think I had better embrace the opportunity, aunt Eunice?" he asked.

"I don't understand, Elias, why you should consult me on a matter of business," returned the old lady. "You ought to be competent to decide such a question as that yourself."

"I have decided that it is wise, but there is a difficulty."

"Well?"

"The lack of ready money. To come to the point. I have come to ask you to lend me two thousand dollars on—well, say sixty days."

"You are in a large business, are you not, Elias?"

"Yes, aunt."

"At what do you value your stock?"

"Not far from twenty thousand dollars."

"And you are out of debt?"

"Yes, except of course current bills."

"Then how is it you can't raise two thousand dollars?"

"You see, aunt, I have some outside investments, which I can't disturb without loss."

"If you have any good security to offer me—bank shares, railway shares, or anything equally good, I might oblige you."

"I have nothing of that kind exactly, aunt Eunice," answered Elias, in an embarrassed tone, "but my business standing is such that I hardly supposed you would require collateral."

"You must excuse me, Elias, but I know nothing of your business standing. My advice is, that if you can't pay for the goods you leave them alone. Not being in business, I don't care to make any business ventures."

"I thought, aunt Eunice, that as I was your only relative——"

"Are you sure you are my only relative?" asked the old lady.

"Who else is there?"

"Hester may be living."

"Even if she is, though I think it very improbable, she disgraced the family by marrying a low actor. You said so yourself."

"I may have looked upon the matter too seriously. At any rate, Richard Newton is dead, so I have heard, and Hester may be in distress."

"She, too, is dead, I have been told."

"Who told you so?"

"A—an actor—I forget his name," stammered Elias.

"If you meet him again, bring him here. I should like to ask him the particulars."

"I will endeavor to find him, aunt."

"I was told she had a child—a boy."

"I know nothing of that, aunt Eunice. According to my informant, it is not true. If there was a child, he died in infancy."

"Poor Hester! I am afraid I was too hard upon her!" sighed the old lady.

"I think you acted just right, aunt. But don't let us refer to this. You are sure you can't oblige me?"

"I could," said the truthful old lady, "but I do not think it wise to do so."

Bitterly disappointed, Elias Simmons half an hour later left the house. But on the threshold he had a terrible surprise. Just ascending the steps of the house he saw Ned Newton, the son of his cousin Hester, whose existence he was so afraid his aunt would learn.

"What brings you here?" he asked, abruptly.

(To be continued.)

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

FOUNTAIN SHOOTING.

"SHOOTING the fountain" is not a slang expression to convey the idea that a certain style of playing water is to be suppressed. No, it means a literal firing of shots into a fountain in the hope of hitting an egg shell or small cork ball, bobbing about in the spouting waters as a target.

This is a style of rifle practice that has recently come into vogue in St. Louis, and it is said to be very fascinating. All innovations that tend to discourage the barbarous massacring of helpless pigeons are certainly deserving of a welcome.

The range for fountain shooting is about sixty feet, and the charm of the invention lies principally in the fact that the target is entirely beyond the control of any one. The fountain is a small water pipe extending upward through a V shaped basket, throwing a stream about the size of an ordinary lead pencil. The empty egg shell or cork ball is borne up and kept dancing in the air by the stream of water, and the irregular pressure of that stream keeps it constantly in motion. Should the ball or egg shell be thrown to either side by the jet of water, it simply falls in the V shaped basket, rolls to the bottom, where it is caught by the water jet and elevated again, all in less time than it takes to write it.

The stream has a pressure sufficient to keep the egg shell at an elevation of from two to three feet from the bottom of the basket, sometimes diminishing so as to allow the object to come down almost to a level with the rim. A stop cock regulates the pressure of the fountain.

[*This story commenced in No. 218*].

By FRANK A. MUNSEY,

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SHARKSFIN LEAVES HER WHARF.

AFTER a few minutes' thought, Herbert Randolph started for Mr. Goldwin's house. On arriving there he told his story excitedly, and in a manner that impressed the banker with the importance of immediate action.

Although Mr. Goldwin had not left his house for several days, he now summoned his carriage, and entering it, drove quickly to a police station. He was accompanied by young Randolph.

While this was being done, active preparations were made on board the Sharksfin for starting.

Bob was still a prisoner, and in irons. He found it dark and uncomfortable—so much so that his spirits sank to an unusually low point.

"I wonder why Herbert don't come for me?" he mused.

And now he noticed hurrying feet overhead and heard, faintly, orders given by some one in command, whether the captain or mate, he knew not.

The suspicion stole over him that the crew was making ready for a start.

How this thought chilled his young blood! He felt like one in the early stages of seasickness.

"No, I won't think of it," said he to himself, resolutely; "I know Herbert will not allow me to be carried off by this old villain."

But it was not so easy to drive the thought from his mind. His resolution to do so seemed powerless. Indeed, every movement that reached his ears, every command, the rattle of a chain—all tended to indicate that the vessel was about to leave her dock.

"He promised me he would come for me with an officer," repeated Bob to himself, sadly; repeated it, yes, a dozen times, for in this promise his only hope lay.

Presently he felt a movement of the vessel, as if another boat had collided with it.

"That must be a tug," said he to himself, dubiously; and then he heard a loud voice call out to "cast away."

There was no longer any doubt in Bob's mind about his situation.

"The game is all up with me," he said, half aloud.

He was sick at heart.

Now he felt a sudden jerk. "Yes, that's the tug," said he, with the last hope gone; "she is pulling us out into the stream."

His heart seemed almost to stop beating.

He felt the boat roll, and could hear the water splash against her bow.

Just then the shrill coarse voice of Captain Snyder reached Bob's ears, and it made him shudder. What a cruel, brutal sound it had!

"Ah! what is that?" said Bob, turning his head so that he might catch the sounds more distinctly.

The boat seemed to cease moving, and he heard many voices mingled together. But so indistinctly did the sound reach him, that he could not make out what was said.

At the police station Mr. Goldwin and Herbert got a search warrant, and, taking an officer with them, they drove hurriedly to the East River, Pier number 44.

But to their amazement, and I may say to Herbert's horror, the Sharksfin had left her dock, and was now moving slowly away.

"There she goes," exclaimed Herbert, sorrowfully; "we are too late, too late!"

"Perhaps not," responded Mr. Goldwin.

"No, we are not too late," said the officer, jumping from the carriage, and running quickly to the end of the pier.

He easily attracted the attention of the captain of the tug which had in tow the Sharksfin.

The officer commanded him to return with the vessel, and he did so without protest.

It was this sudden stop that attracted Bob's attention.

Presently the Sharksfin was towed alongside the dock again, and the officer, together with Herbert Randolph and Mr. Goldwin, instantly boarded her.

Captain Snyder was on deck, and he presented a peculiar picture. Despair, wrath, fear, all showed distinctly in his miserable, coarse face.

Herbert had pointed him out to the officer as the captain, so he addressed him sharply, saying:

"Are you the captain of this vessel, sir?"

The officer's tone was full of command and power.

"I am," growled Snyder—a growl well permeated with fear.

"I have a search warrant, then, for you," answered the officer, quickly, and in a manner which showed that he meant business. And without further parley, he proceeded at once to look for our young friend, Bob Hunter.

This search was a thorough one, and it resulted in finding poor Bob in a most uncomfortable frame of mind.

He was brought upon deck, and confronted the captain, who sullenly refused to speak at all.

Bob told his story, which, up to the point where he went on board the Sharksfin, was exactly like the one told by young Randolph. Then he explained how he was locked into the cabin, how the captain refused to let him go, and told graphically the struggle that took place when he was put into irons and taken below.

The officer, after hearing this, lost no time in arresting Captain James Snyder, the commander of the Sharksfin.

He was taken to police headquarters, and, being unable to furnish bail, was thrown into jail to await his trial.

Bob's joy at being free once more knew no bounds. He hardly knew how to act. Herbert, who, it seemed to him, had failed to rescue him according to agreement, was all the dearer and greater in his sight, now that he knew the truth. The two boys had a good talk together, and both thanked Mr. Goldwin with a fine sense of gratitude for what he had done for them.

The banker took each by the hand, his big heart overflowing with tender emotions—emotions awakened by their eloquent and sincere thanks, and talked to them like a good father who felt the deepest interest in them.

He was under obligations to them, he said, for they had, by their adroitness, made Scrubb's villainous scheme miscarry, and thereby had placed him in a position where he could be arrested for complicity in an attempt to kidnap.

"And this," continued Mr. Goldwin, "will be the opening wedge to the secret of his other evil acts."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EXEMPLARY DAMAGES.

A COMPLAINT was speedily lodged against T. Scrubb, and before night he was arrested and taken to the Tombs. On the following day Mr. Goldwin was at the bank himself, and before he had been there many hours he was thoroughly surprised, and not a little alarmed, by the failure of one of the firm's customers, Theodore Tanglegrave.

In a little time, paper commenced to pour in upon Mr. Goldwin for him to take up—paper guaranteed by Goldwin and Scrubb.

Not knowing how much of this was out, and detecting Scrubb's hand in the affair, Mr. Goldwin immediately suspended payment till his affairs could be looked into. He wanted to know where he stood, and to what extent he had been involved by the treachery of Scrubb.

"I suppose," said Herbert to Mr. Goldwin, when the banking-house had been closed, "that you will not need me further, as no business is now being transacted."

Mr. Goldwin assured him, however, that he could remain at his post during the investigation, and gave him to understand that he did not want to lose him.

As stated in a previous chapter the cause against Christopher Gunwagner for false imprisonment of Herbert Randolph, was set down for this day, and accordingly Herbert and Bob were summoned to court, to testify against the old fence.

The trial was ably conducted on both sides, but the fact that young Randolph had been restrained from his liberty by one Christopher Gunwagner, a notorious fence, was quickly established. It only remained then for the jury to find the damages.

Herbert had sued for one thousand dollars, and his lawyer made an able argument to recover the full amount.

He dwelt at length upon our hero's sufferings in that damp, musty cellar, infested as it was by rats to such a degree as to threaten his reason; all of which was only too true. Graphically did the lawyer picture this scene, so graphically that the hearts of the jurymen were noticeably touched.

Then the lawyer argued that outside and beyond the actual injury suffered, there should be an exemplary damage awarded. The worst traits of the old fence were shown up, and contrasted with the spotless character of Herbert Randolph.

The judge in his charge sustained the idea of the exemplary damage, and then the case went to the jury.

They had remained out about three quarters of an hour, when they came in and announced a verdict in favor of Herbert Randolph of *five hundred and seventy-five dollars!*

Young Randolph was never more surprised in his life, or only once; and that was when he found Bob Hunter at old Gunwagner's on the night of his escape.

"Five hundred and seventy-five dollars!" said he to himself, unable to realize that he had been awarded such a sum of money.

Bob Hunter congratulated him, his lawyers congratulated him, and the court even did likewise.

But none were more hearty and genuine in their congratulations than Mr. Goldwin and his pretty daughter Ray.

"I owe it all to you, Mr. Goldwin," said Herbert, gratefully. "I should never have thought to commence action against old Gunwagner."

"But I owe much more than this to you," returned Mr. Goldwin.

"I do not understand how you can say that," returned young Randolph.

"Well, I say it because through you this Scrubb matter has been brought to a head, before it was allowed to run any further."

"But perhaps it is already worse than you think."

"Even so, but it is not as bad evidently as it would have been had his career not been stopped where it was."

"Oh! I understand your reasoning now. Well, let us hope that you are not injured very much."

"Yes, that is the only thing I can do now," returned Mr. Goldwin.

After a few more remarks upon this point, the conversation turned to Bob Hunter and his imprisonment.

"It seems that you, as well as Bob, had a narrow escape," said Ray, who had been listening closely to the conversation.

"Yes, I did, in a way," replied Herbert.

"If you had gone to the captain alone, we should never have heard from you again, I imagine," said Mr. Goldwin.

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Ray, with a shudder. "I should not think Mr. Scrubb could act so meanly."

"I can hardly realize it myself," said her father. "And yet, we have sufficient evidence to satisfy us that he did do so."

"By the way," said Herbert, thoughtfully, "why can't Bob Hunter get damages for false imprisonment?"

"Well, that is an idea," replied Mr. Goldwin, "but as a matter of fact he was not imprisoned very long."

"And neither was I," replied Herbert, with enthusiasm.

"Very true; but he was only held for an hour or so."

"Yes, I know that, but why couldn't the court award him exemplary damages, as it did me?"

"Well, it is possible that he might get something on this ground."

"I should think so, surely, and I do not see why the exemplary damages should not be as heavy in his case as in mine."

"They should, without doubt," replied Mr. Goldwin. "I will speak to my lawyers about the matter, or if you like you can see them in Bob's behalf."

"I will do so in the morning, and I hope he will be as lucky as I have been, but whether he is or not I shall give him part of the money I get."

"Why will you do that?" asked Ray.

"Because he rescued me from old Gunwagner's, and saved me again to-day."

"He must be very smart—papa told me so much about him."

"So he is, and as jolly and full of fun as he can be."

"I wish I could see him sometime, and listen to his comical sayings."

"Perhaps you may one of these days, Ray," said her father; and then, turning to Herbert, he expressed a high appreciation of his determination to share with Bob Hunter the money awarded him.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A NEW BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

"WELL, Tom, I thought I wasn't goin' to sell no more papers," said Bob, when he met young Flannery, shortly after his release.

"No, you don't say that, Bob," replied Tom, showing a good deal of surprise.

"Yes, I do, Tom, and it was a close go, I tell you."

"Tell me how it happened, Bob. I want to know," said Tom, thoroughly interested.

Young Bob Hunter related the facts graphically—he always told a story well—and Tom became terribly excited when he reached that point where the Sharksfin was being towed away from her dock.

"Well, Bob, all I've got to say is you was lucky, that's what I think," replied Tom, with a sigh of relief, when his friend had finished the story.

"Yes, I was, Tom, and so was Herbert."

"That's so, Bob, so he was; but I say, Bob, you've kinder saved him, hain't yer?"

"What do yer mean, Tom?"

"Why, you've saved him twice, hain't yer? once by doin' the detective business, and then to-day, too."

Bob admitted that he had done Herbert one or two good turns. "But," said he, "ain't Herbert helpin' me right along, I'd like to know?"

"I hain't heard much about it, Bob. What has he done for you?"

"Yes, you have heard about it, too, Tom Flannery. Didn't I tell you how he teaches me every night?"

"Oh, yes, yer told me about that, Bob, but that ain't much—'tain't like doin' the detective business, is it? Now you tell me that, Bob."

"Well, no, of course it hain't, but it's just as good, Tom, and a good deal more so, I think."

"Well, I don't think no such thing, Bob."

"Well, ef I do, that's all right, ain't it? I tell yer, Tom, 'tain't every feller that can do the teachin' act."

"Nuther can every feller do the detective business. Ef you want to know what I think, Bob Hunter, I'll tell you."

"All right, Tom, sail in."

"Well, I think, ef I was you, I'd jest let this learnin' business go, and I'd make myself a detective. No feller could put more style into it than what you could, Bob."

"Tom, you're way off again. A feller can't make no kind of a detective, what is a detective, nor nothin' else, neither, unless he knows somethin'. I guess I know, and Herbert says so too."

"Well, I hain't got no learnin'," replied Tom, somewhat pompously, as if to prove by himself that Bob's statement was untrue.

"I know it," said Bob, and stopped short.

Tom looked at him doubtfully.

"Then you might's well say right out that I won't make nothin', Bob Hunter," said he, his manner resembling that of one not a little indignant.

"Well, I said what I said, Tom, and if it fits you, why then am I to blame?"

Tom made no reply.

"It's no use for you to get mad, Tom. Anybody would tell you jest the same as what I did. Now, the thing for you to do, Tom, is ter get some learnin'—you can do it."

"Do you think I could, Bob?" replied Tom, coming round to Bob's views, as he almost always did.

"Why, of course you could, Tom; ain't I doin' it?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose you are, Bob, but then you can do 'most anything."

"That ain't so, Tom. You can do it jest as well as what I can, ef you only try."

"I never thought about that before, Bob," said Tom, thoughtfully. "Who could I get to learn me?"

"You mustn't say 'learn you,' Tom. Herbert says that hain't right."

"What is it, then, Bob?"

"He says I must say 'teach me,' because I've got to do the learning myself."

"Well, that's too much for me, Bob; I want to start on somethin' easier."

Later in the evening, when Herbert was with them, the subject of education was further discussed, and young Randolph fully confirmed all Bob had said, and urged Tom, by all means, to commence attending an evening school.

Tom finally fell in with the idea, and promised to commence his studies on the following evening.

Then the subject of money making came up, as it almost always did at their sessions.

"Have you fixed up the plan that you promised to tell us about, so we can invest our capital?" asked Bob.

"Well, yes; I have thought a good deal about it," replied Herbert; "but I'm not so sure we can make it pay."

"Then we don't want it," said Bob, promptly. "We don't want to go into no losing games."

"But it might prove profitable," answered Herbert.

"What is it?" asked Tom, curiously—he was always curious.

"Publishing," replied Herbert.

"Publishing?" exclaimed Bob, incredulously.

"Yes; isn't that a good business?"

"And do you think we could go into the publishing business on fifteen dollars?" said Bob.

"Well, we couldn't go in very heavily, for a fact."

"I should think we couldn't," replied Bob.

"What would we publish, Herbert?" asked Tom.

"A paper," replied young Randolph, to the astonishment of both Bob and Tom.

"That would be great, wouldn't it, Tom?" said Bob, hardly knowing whether to ridicule the idea or become enthusiastic over it.

If Tom had advanced the idea, it is safe to say that Bob would have derided it, but he never treated any suggestion of Herbert's so lightly.

"I should say so, Bob," replied Tom; "I like the scheme A 1."

"You like it, do you? Well, you look like a publisher, Tom Flannery," said Bob, comically.

"It don't make no difference ef I don't," answered Tom; "and perhaps I ain't goin' to be the publisher, neither."

"Well, let us decide first whether we will start the paper," said Herbert.

"That's a good plan," answered Bob.

"Now what kind of a paper is it, and what is its name?"

"I have not got along so far as that yet, and besides I expect you and Tom will have as much to do about naming it as I shall."

"That's right, Herbert; that's what I think, don't you, Bob?" put in Tom.

"Well, if you think that's right, Tom Flannery, why, let's hear you give it a name."

"How can I do that, Bob, when I don't know nothin' about the paper?"

"That's just what I thought, Tom Flannery. I knew you didn't know nothin' about it, so 'tain't no use for you to talk about namin' a paper."

"All right, Bob, ef you say so; I don't care nothin' about namin' it, any way."

"Hain't you thought of no name, Herbert?" asked Bob.

"Well, I have thought of one——"

"What is it?" interrupted Tom, impatiently.

"*The Newsboys' Herald*," answered Herbert.

"That's great—immense," said Bob, enthusiastically.

"So 'tis, Bob, jest the very thing," answered Tom.

"How did you happen to think of it, Herbert?" asked Bob, admiringly.

"Well, the idea came to me a few days ago."

"And are we all to be partners, you'n' me'n' Bob?" asked Tom, alive to the importance of the enterprise.

"Yes; that is the idea."

"Well, Herbert, I thought Bob Hunter here done things in the grandest, swellest way I ever see, but I tell you he wouldn't er got onto this scheme—no, never, would you, Bob?"

"I don't know as I would," admitted Bob.

"Well, I know you wouldn't, that's what I say," said Tom, confidently. He did not stop to reason as to the merits of the scheme. In fact, Tom seldom ever did reason about anything. But it was the title of the paper that caught him.

"*The Newsboys' Herald!*" he repeated, half aloud. "Gewhopple!" he exclaimed, "that beats anything I ever heard of, and I guess 'twill make a stir among the kids; what do you say, Bob?"

"Well, I should think myself it ought to," answered Bob, thoughtfully. He showed the good judgment to bestow a little careful thought upon the scheme before allowing his enthusiasm to run away with him.

"Say, Herbert," spoke up Tom, suddenly, "is it going to be a morning or an evening paper?"

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENTS & EXCHANGES

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have on file a great number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

MRS. C. E. D., Newton, Ioa. The numbers you want are out of print.

SPINK AND OTHERS. The meaning of the name of our paper was fully explained in an editorial which appeared in no. 217.

B. B., New York City. 1. The book you mention is for sale at the elevated stations, and costs twenty-five cents. 2. Your handwriting is very good.

B. J. C., New York City. 1. Many persons write with a stylographic pen altogether. 2. Kerosene may be used for removing rust from nickel-plated skates.

G. D. G., Brooklyn, E. D. The constitution of the United States was adopted in March, 1789; and the articles of confederation of the Southern States, March, 1861.

GEORGE L. M., New York City. Read carefully the notice that appears at the head of our exchange department.

EDDIE W., Dayton, O. 1. *The Boys' World* costs five cents a number. There are no bound volumes to be had. 2. We hope to secure serials from two of the authors named.

MAURICE V. S., San Francisco, Cal. You may see it stated every week at the head of our exchange column that the same is open free of charge to weekly purchasers as well as yearly subscribers.

CHARLES K., Brooklyn, L. I. You are evidently haunted by the memory of some legendary tale of nursery days, as we can find no record of such a wonderful leap ever being performed by any French king.

FRANK K., South Boston, Mass. 1. As the Panama Canal has not yet been completed, naturally no vessel has passed through it. 2. You will find many pleasing touches of humor in one of the serials now running—"Ned Newton."

W. M. C. Oswego, N. Y. We know nothing as to the reliability of the Florida Land Company which you mention. Their use of the words "GOLDEN ARGOSY" in their advertisement is entirely unwarranted, and looks to us like a questionable trick.

CONSTANT READER, Alliance, O. 1. There is no premium on the half dollar of 1808. 2. Magnetism and electricity are two different natural forces, or disturbances of molecular equilibrium, which exhibit themselves in different phenomena; but what the difference between them actually is cannot be satisfactorily stated. 3. According to the census of 1880 the population of New York was 1,206,299, while that of Philadelphia was 847,170. The present numbers are estimated at 1,400,000, and 1,000,000.

BOB BURTON, Concord, Tenn. 1 Certainly, subscribers are at liberty to submit stories for publication, although we can offer them but little encouragement to do so, on account of the immense amount of material already in hand. 2. We have no knowledge of the firm mentioned. 3. "The Boy Trapper" did not appear in the ARGOSY. 4. Your writing is fair. 5. Wages vary so much in different parts of the country that it would be difficult to state what is the standard amount. A boy who is learning a business ought not to expect to receive as high a salary as one who thoroughly understands it.

ASPIRO, Atlantic City, N. J. 1. Inquire of your bookseller. 2. The paper is published in this city, at $3.20 per year. 3. There exists a myth to the effect that the common black snake can put its tail in its mouth and roll over the ground like a hoop, but no living man has ever seen the feat accomplished. 4. Harry Castlemon's latest book is called "The Young Wild Fowlers." His real name is Charles A. Fosdick, but his address cannot be given here. 5. For a contract such as you describe, apply to some lawyer and get him to draw one up for you. 6. You certainly deserve great credit for what you have accomplished.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given.

We have on hand a large number of exchanges, which will be published as soon as we can find space for them.

John Faucher, Box 157, Binghamton, N. Y. Tin tags, for the same. Send list.

W. H. Wood, Jr., 360 Prospect Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Tin tags, for the same. Send list.

Robert F. Bivins, 612 Fourteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Tin tags, for the same. Send list.

George Weston, Box 929, Alton, Ill. "The Life of Kit Carson," for tin tags not in his collection. Tags for tags; send for list.

Frank Liston, Box 428, Beverly, Mass. A pair of all-clamp club ice skates, and a pair of roller skates, for a printing press or a banjo.

E. H. Smith, 1413 Seventeenth St., Washington, D. C. A canvas canoe and outfit, and books, for stamps, type, or a printing press.

Joseph R. Bell, Box 112, Peckville, Pa. A pair of roller skates, a pair of ice skates, and a set of ten pins, for a printing press and outfit.

S. D. Salmon, Jr., 162 Summer St., Somerville, Mass. A Baltimorean self-inking printing press, and some books, for a banjo or books.

James H. Kniffin, Jr., 118 River St., Hoboken, N. J. A Lacrosse stick and ball, for 2 volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound, in good condition.

Frank W. Baugher, 197 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Five hundred tin tags (125 different) and 140 foreign stamps (50 different), for a small steam engine.

Frank Reid, 15 Union Square, New York City. The 7-cent vermilion stamp of 1872, and the 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5-cent "proprietary" stamps of 1878, for the 6-cent postage stamp of 1869.

A. B. Gunby, Crisfield, Md. A 50-inch standard Columbia bicycle, for a 1 or 2 horse-power steam engine, with boiler. Also a nickel-plated, brass-rimmed banjo, for a 10 or 12 ft. canvas canoe.

L. F. Coons, Box 379, Ellenville, N. Y. An orguinette and 600 feet of music, valued at $37, for vols. I, II, III and IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound. A book valued at $1.50, for nos 1 to 13 of the same paper.

Guy McCabe, 38 Monroe Ave., Columbus, O. A hand-inking foot-power printing press, chase 5 by 8, with 10 fonts of type and outfit, valued at over $10, for a photographic camera and outfit which cost not less than $15.

Harry White, Stanhope, N. J. Five different postmarks, for every U. S. stamp of 1851, '57, '61 or '69, except the 3 cent; 10 postmarks, or 15 foreign stamps, for every U. S. department stamp. Stamps for the same; send list.

Jean De Witt, 1221 Washington St., Sandusky, O. A pair of all-clamp Vineyard roller skates, a Holly bracket saw, an International stamp album with about 700 stamps, and a collection of coins, for a printing press and outfit.

W. B. Earle, P. O. Department, Binghamton, N. Y. A horizontal steam engine, with 4 1-2 inch fly wheel, a magic lantern, with views n skating lantern, a pair of all-clamp skates, and a xylophone, for a printing press, chase not less than 3 by 4, with 4 or more fonts of type, or a pair of opera glasses.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

Hark to the thrush gurgling in yonder tree!
He hath inhaled the liquid air whilst flying,
And, now he chooses him another perch,
Gives it us back in notes intangible;
Which is the very music that we want,
Did we but know it. For your spoken song,
Too full of meaning, lacks significance.
Hark how again he sings celestially,
The very heaven of music meaningless!
He is a better poet than us all.

High on a bare conspicuous spray,
That none may doubt who chants the lay,
Proud of his undisputed skill
To breast whatever note he will,
The thrush runs reveling all along
The spacious gamut of his song;
Varies, inverts, repeats the strain,
Then sings it different again.

[This story commenced in No. 218.]

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 XXVIII.

IN THE DEPTHS.

"JEST so she looked there, mamsy," the newsboy went on; "she didn't seem to know where to go—didn't seem to care," said the boy. "I jest up and asked her, did she want to buy a paper. She said she didn't have a penny in the world to buy anything with, and nowhere to go. Then she sighed and sorter looked over to the water, and thinks I, 'it's hard times you're havin'.' It was such a sweet face, too, and so kind o' grieved, just as little sister's was before she took an' died, that it made me feel choked like; and then she had that queer look as if it didn't matter much, any way, everything in the world went wrong for her. Then I jest up and asked her, wouldn't she go home with me, to git a good hot supper, and I'd forgot about the reward by that time, I felt so blamed bad for her. I never saw anything snapped at so.

"'But I can't pay you,' she said.

"'Pay be blessed,' says I; 'one wouldn't miss the few bites you'd take,' and I knowed you wouldn't see anybody suffer, so home I brung her."

"But where will I put her, Jack, an' what'll your dad say?" asked the woman.

"Oh, dad won't know, 'n' I guess he wouldn't care. Let her have a bed behind the curting. I can lay on the kitchen floor, and to-morrow I'll find the 'tisement. I put it away in my best go out Sunday pantaloons, and I'll be bound to find her folks if she's got any, unless she's run away from cruel parents, who wants to marry her to somebody she don't want. In that case why I'll have her myself!" and he strutted back and forth till his mother laughed again.

"You are a sharp one, Jacksy, for a twelve-year-older," she said.

"Ain't I? but look here, I expect she's a-starving; if you'd a seen them eyes of hers when I asked her to come 'n' git somethin' to eat!"

"Poor gal! that she shall have and welcome," said stout Mrs. Hollister, taking off her apron. "It's what we never come to yet, wantin' for vittles, hard times as we all has seen. Miss it! no, indeed. I never misses what I gives to critters poorer than myself;" and she bustled out to set the table.

Meantime Nan sat there, her hands listlessly folded in her lap. Was it only two little months since she had left the Home? Only two little months, and what had she not suffered? Cold, hunger, humiliation, sometimes without a roof to shelter her. She had carried baskets for the market women, sold bouquets on the street, postured behind the footlights of a second-rate concert room, in company with a score of other miserables, done everything that she could do with honor, to earn the right to live; suffered contumely, run away from insult, and at last it seemed there was nothing to do but die.

Then she remembered Affrey's words, which she repeated to other sisters in affliction—girls who had fought with poverty, but were strangers to those finer instincts which were inherent in Nan's nature.

"God!" said one of those girls one day, her black eyes snapping. "I don't believe in no God! Would he see poor girls suffer the way we do, when they are trying to be honest? Now you just tell me how *you* know there's one like *Him*."

Nan trembled. Here were her own thoughts (sometimes) taking shape, a coarse shape, to be sure, but the question was a vital one to her.

"I wouldn't dare say that," was the reply she made.

"No, you wouldn't dare say it," this girl retorted, with a bitter laugh, "but you feel it inside, all the same, you know you do—for although you're different from us, you suffer just the same as we do."

Poor Nan! the hot tears started to her eyes. She felt for them a trembling pity, for herself a sad foreboding.

"If I do," she half sobbed, "it's only because of the trouble, but we haven't starved yet."

"No, not quite; but such living! I'm tired of it. You needn't shake your head, you know you feel as I do, sometimes; there's a way to get out of it—there's plenty of water down at the end of the wharves."

"Oh, don't talk that way," cried Nan, with almost a wail, her eyes distended and her face colorless. "Let us try to be good—and pray, pray! Affrey said He heard prayers always—and then wait, two or three days, only two or three. We can't quite starve in that time, can we?" and she began to cry.

"You sha'n't starve if I can help it," said the girl, and she wiped the big tears falling down Nan's cheeks, and then throwing her arms in a passion round her, fell to crying, too.

"You've saved me many a time sence I knew you, I do believe, little Nan, and the girls all love you. How could I go wrong and remember the kind, loving words you've said to me so often? And your own heart sore enough and sad enough when you said them? You ain't like us—you don't look like me—you don't seem like the rest of the girls. You're different, but there's one thing we can be like you in—try to be good and wait."

The two days passed, and the girls had not met. Then came a rudely fashioned note to Nan:

"I've got a plaice and a good one. I hoap you have ben as fortunait."

Poor little Nan! Nothing had come to her as yet. She plodded through street after street to find something to do. She was weak and faint, but the times were peculiar. There were strikes, and stronger hands caught up the easy jobs, while fate seemed to laugh at her helplessness. Cold and hungry, and nothing to do—where was the good God whom Affrey said would never desert his children?

At last, driven almost to desperation, she said:

"I'll go to the old place once more—I must—I will—and then——"

She did not say what she would do, but she was hungry to see the face of one who had been kind to her, when forsaken by all, one who had believed in her, had faith in her. That face had never been out of her mind, because of his heavenly kindness to her. She forgot Mrs. Lane's words of warning.

"I wish I had never believed them," she said to herself, passionately. "Why did she come to drive me away from happiness and safety? I will never forgive her, never."

It was after dark. The street lamps were lighted, but a fog had come up that was almost rain. Nobody would recognize her, she said, in that dress, as she pulled the ragged veil over her eyes, and hurried feverishly on. How strangely tall and unfamiliar the passengers looked! She had not been in that part of the city for so long a time, it seemed as if she had never belonged there, where the people were well dressed and the shops a blaze of light.

At last she gained the store, hurrying blindly on, and so careless in crossing the wide streets that sometimes the breath from the hot nostrils of the passing horses blew against her cheeks.

There was the familiar door, there were the great windows of solid crystal, blazing with light from the wide white gas jets.

Inside she could see here and again a familiar face. There was lame Willie, the cash boy, and "Buttons," and "Runner," and "Lightning;" they all came into sight, one after another. Oh, how bright and beautiful it looked in there! She could just see Mrs. Lane at one of the short counters, and some of the laughing girls. They never seemed weary or sad in the store of Clift Brothers.

And now she began to tremble and look more eagerly, like one who is famishing for the sight of a familiar face. All the way down the shop comes the senior partner, the man who is as good as an angel, in her eyes. Tall, wide shouldered, martial in bearing, strong and protecting—how her heart goes out to him, like the very child she is, always has been, and will be, to the end of time!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE NEWSBOY'S GOOD NEWS.

LITTLE Nan heaves a great sob and all her soul is in her eyes. If only he might recognize her! No, no; he must not! not while she bears the reputation of a thief, no matter how much he believes in her integrity. It has never been established. Miss Marshall has called her a thief—Miss Marshall, who is so much to him, who will probably be his wife.

He is coming out, hat in hand. Shall she run? No, he would never recognize her—her face so covered with the tattered veil. And yet, if only she could speak to him, and tell him she is not ungrateful—only thank him for his past kindness—but she dares not—she shrinks away as he steps into the street; he stops a second—did he look at her? She is moving swiftly away now, her heart full to breaking.

What would he think of her in that plight? How could she excuse herself for putting away his friendship and his sister's love?

"Oh, Affrey, if we two could only go somewhere in this wide world and live and die together!" is the anguished cry of her heart.

And so poor little Nan, spent with running, sick with heart ache, hungry, dizzy, almost despairing, stood at last near the river, looking listlessly at its cold, black depths, not noting that snow was beginning to fall, not seeing the newsboy, with his papers under his arm, who regarded her so intently, not dreaming, perhaps, that angels of rescue were close at hand.

"I won't give up yet—no, no, I'll *never* give up. I know God won't leave me. Some way, I don't know how, He will help me, because now I can't help myself," she sobbed.

Was it in answer to some unspoken doubt? If so she was bravely battling for the victory.

At that moment the newsboy, who had been viewing her with bold, bright glances, spoke to her, and when he found her homeless, penniless and hungry, "My mother will take you right in," he said, and she had trusted him. Here she was in a humble place, but it was a shelter from the storm.

"Now come right up and fall to," said a voice that broke in upon her painful reverie. "There's plenty to eat, deary, such as it is, and more where that come from. You shall have a bed to-night, too. To-morrow we will see all about it."

"See all about what?" Nan asked, but was too hungry and too drowsy to make any further inquiries. Her bed was quite as grateful as her food. Hard though it was, it was luxury compared with what she had experienced of late, and she did not wake up in the morning till long after Jack had gone with his papers, the advertisement in his pocket.

In the morning Nan awoke refreshed by her quiet sleep, and moved about so unobtrusively and helpfully that Jack's mother exclaimed, admiringly:

"Sure them that's lost ye must miss ye!"

"Lost me! lost me!" Nan exclaimed in alarm. "Who could have lost me? I've neither father nor mother, nor relative in the wide world, that I know."

"Is that true, you poor child, an' you so young? Well, I might a knowed that if ye'd a home, ye'd hardly be out of it. I some way didn't know but ye'd got away from them that ill-treated ye."

"Oh, no, people generally treat me very well," said Nan. "Look how you cared for me last night, when I was so near despair, and couldn't get anything to do! Sometimes, you know, the work was too hard, and I couldn't do as much as the others. Then two shops broke up where I was getting good wages, and they struck in another. There was no place for me but the saloons, where they wanted me to dance, but they sold liquor and used to get fighting and I couldn't go there if I starved."

"Right for ye, right for ye, child!" said Jack's mother. "It's the liquor that kills people's souls 'n' bodies, and they'd not be satisfied with gettin' drunk 'n' you keepin' sober. An' ye didn't starve, either."

"No, thanks to you," said Nan, gently. "Oh, I wish I could stay here and work for you, or get work and pay you for my board! I'm so tired of drifting about."

"There's respectable people in this very house as wants girls in the rag business," said Jack's mother.

"In the rag business!" Nan repeated.

"Yes, the white rag business; it's very pleasant sort o' work. They were after me yisterd'y, and in such a press that they asked wouldn't I take some up here and do for them. They pay well, too, and I said yes, like the soft fool I am, but now I'm glad, for it'll put you right into the business, that's until you can git better—which of course you will, as the times improves."

"I'm so thankful!" said Nan, fervently.

"And if ye don't want to mix with the crowd ye can do 'em right here in a closet of my own, which is a washroom on the first of the week. It's not untidy, and ye can suit yourself about payin' me. It's not long you'll work, I'm thinkin'," she added in an aside.

As for Jack, he made quick work with his papers that morning, and spent the rest of the day to good purpose.

On that same afternoon Affrey burst into Mrs. Le Marks's sitting-room in the manner described at the close of the last chapter.

Both Mrs. Le Marks and Miss Marshall started to their feet. Eleanor turned white to the lips.

"What do you mean, Affrey? how do you know?" she asked, as soon as she could speak.

"I's be'n prayin' an' prayin', an' I knew de Lord wouldn't be hard on ole Affrey, what has served Him so many years. Dar's a boy down-stairs says he knows all about it," said the woman, rapidly; "'n' I knew by de 'scription it's my chile."

"Let him come up here at once," said Miss Marshall. "We can hold her now," she added, turning to Mrs. Le Marks, "for all she wanted, poor child, was to be cleared of that miserable imputation. And to think that I stole her ring!" she added, with a laugh that was almost hysterical.

Jack was ushered in at that moment, and stood there twirling his crumpled felt hat, which had already been creased by long wear till its original shapeliness was gone.

"Tell me all about it," said Miss Marshall.

"I've saw that advertisement," began the young paper merchant, with deliberate emphasis.

"Yes, yes, you shall have it all, and more, too, if you have found the right person," said Miss Marshall.

"Well, I guess she is," the boy went on. "She looks jest like it, 'n' the brown veil is all tored in strips, but she's got the yaller hair 'n' blue eyes."

"Well, but where is she?" was the importunate question, while the countenance of Mrs. Le Marks had lighted up at this description of the child she had learned to love so dearly.

"And she mought be sixteen," said the boy, deliberately. "Well, she come to stay at my mother's. *I* took her off the wharf, down close to the dock, th' other night, 'n' 'twas snowin', 'n' she looked hungry. I guess it's the one you're a-lookin' for."

"Let us go there at once," said Miss Marshall.

"Suppose we wait for my brother, and go there to-morrow;" wrote Mrs. Le Marks. "I can't do anything without informing him."

"Can't we take a carriage and go at once to the store?" asked Miss Marshall; "I believe there is no time to lose."

To this Mrs. Le Marks assented, and before long the two women stopped before Clift Brothers', where at the great window of plate glass poor little Nan had looked in that dark night, her heart hungry for a sight of her benefactor.

The girls all stared, forgetting their business, at the unwonted sight of the two ladies hurrying, with eager faces, toward the counting-room, where Mr. Clift was generally to be found at that hour.

"I guess they've got little Nan!" whispered one to the other. The boy still stood out, by the carriage, where he had had a seat with the coachman. Presently Mr. Clift senior came out with the ladies. He questioned the boy closely.

"Would she be home now?"

"Oh, yes, she is home all the time, picking rags for Mr. Simons," he said.

"Picking rags!" exclaimed Miss Marshall, in dismay.

"They're white rags, mum, and it's not a bad business," said the boy. "People makes from fifty cents to a dollar a day."

That night, when Nan had finished her work and put on a white apron that Jack's mother lent her, and commenced setting the table for tea, she was startled by a loud rap at the door. And yet more surprised, dismayed, frightened was she when she opened the door and saw who was outside.

(To be continued.)

DAY BY DAY.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

AND not to-day and not to-morrow
Can drain its wealth of hope and sorrow;
But day by day, to thoughtful ear
Unlocks new sense and loftier cheer.

ANTONIO.

BY MRS. I. D. MONROE.

"ISABEL RAYMOND, is it possible you intend to take one of those little paupers into your house, to be with Clarence and Eva for a whole month?"

Mrs. Raymond's face flushed slightly, but she answered firmly:

"Yes, aunt Margaret, I told Deacon Fuller yesterday that I would take one of the boys."

Aunt Margaret's face expressed disapprobation in every angular line as she surveyed her nephew's wife, and coldly replied:

"I must say, Isabel, I have been greatly mistaken in you. Hitherto I have supposed you to be a woman who had the welfare of her children constantly in view."

This was a little too much for even gentle Isabel to endure in silence. Her soft voice trembled with wounded feeling as she said:

"Because I choose to allow my children to share their comfortable home with a poor friendless boy for a few weeks, I cannot see that I am doing anything to lower myself in your estimation."

Astonishment, that this oft-trodden worm should turn at last, held aunt Margaret silent for a moment; then, finding her voice, she snapped:

"Perhaps when you find this wretched little vagabond teaching your children to swear and lie, and perhaps pick respectable people's pockets, you will wish you had heeded my advice."

With this parting shot, aunt Margaret stalked from the room, leaving Mrs. Raymond scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, in her vexation.

All this controversy arose from the fact that Mrs. Raymond had agreed to take one of the score of children sent from the city by some benevolent society, for a brief sojourn in the country.

When Mrs. Raymond arrived at the depot next morning, she was somewhat dismayed to find that the lad consigned to her care was by no means the pale, forlorn looking object she had anticipated.

He was the largest of the company, and was apparently about twelve years of age. The deep olive skin of his cheeks glowed with a ruddy flush, and the spirit of mischief, which gleamed in his dark eyes was anything but reassuring to the lady who welcomed him so kindly.

Clarence and Eva, in obedience to their mother's gesture, came forward, and, with the politeness of well-bred children, welcomed the visitor.

Mrs. Raymond could not help smiling, to see how perfectly Antonio, for this was his name, imitated Clarence's manner as he returned their greeting.

So full of curiosity and excitement was the lad, that Mrs. Raymond could scarcely get him into the carriage to convey him home. As they left the village and drove out into the open country, he kept up a steady fire of questions concerning the novelties along the way.

In spite of all his interest in surrounding objects, however, he found time to fasten Eva's long curls to the back of the seat, which piece of mischief was not discovered until Mrs. Raymond attempted to lift the little girl from the carriage upon their arrival at the house.

Her howl of pain, as her yellow curls straightened, in obedience to the resisting power of the string which held them, caused Mrs. Raymond to drop her back upon the seat, and the black-eyed imp behind to show his white teeth in a grin of delight.

But children are forgiving little creatures, and when Clarence started, half an hour later, to show the stranger about the place, Eva went with them, laughing and chatting with Antonio as gayly as if he had never inflicted such cruel pain upon her poor little cranium.

Mr. Raymond owned one of the largest and best stocked farms in the country, and it was with justifiable pride that the children displayed its beauties to Antonio's unaccustomed eyes.

Forgiving little Eva filled his hands with flowers, and was surprised and delighted to see him press them against his olive cheek, his eyes growing soft and humid as he said:

"My father used to paint flowers like these when he was alive, but I never had any real ones before."

But in the poultry yard all his softness left him, and the spirit of mischief returned.

Catching up one of the tiny bantams, which were the children's especial property, he held it aloft by the tail, until the poor bird squawked with pain and fright.

Both children flew like fairies to the rescue of their pet, and at length released it from its cruel tormentor, who, with a mocking laugh, ran out of the yard.

"O the hateful thing!" cried Eva, as she smoothed the bantam's ruffled plumage! "I've a good mind not to show him a single thing more." But Clarence, feeling constrained, perhaps, by his duty as host, followed Antonio, and when Eva saw them disappearing within the doorway of the great barn, she could not resist the temptation to run after them, sure that here, at any rate, Antonio must be surprised and pleased, for the barn contained some of the finest horses and cattle for miles around.

THE SAVAGE BRUTE MADE STRAIGHT FOR THE ORCHARD, WHERE EVA WAS LYING IN THE HAMMOCK.

The great Jersey bull, before whose stall she found the boys, had taken more than one premium at the county fair. He was indeed a magnificent specimen of his kind. Clarence and Eva kept at a respectful distance, mindful of their mother's orders never to go very near "Gip." But Antonio seemed completely fascinated by the huge brute. He pressed close to his stall, and even laid his hand upon his sleek flank.

Gip turned his shaggy head and gazed sleepily at the lad with his great red eyes, but evidently thinking him unworthy of any warlike demonstrations, went on serenely chewing his cud.

"My! but he is a beauty though!" cried Antonio.

"What'll you bet I can't draw his picture?" and suiting the action to the word, he drew a bit of crayon from his pocket, and stepping to the great door of the barn, he rapidly sketched Gip's portrait in a really graphic manner.

"Oh, how nice!" cried both the other children in a breath. "Where *did* you learn to draw?" they inquired.

"Oh, I never did learn," said Antonio. "But my father was a great painter in his own country, Granny Blake says, and may be I take it from him."

The week which followed Antonio's advent in the Raymond family was a hard one for the lady of the house, for there seemed to be no manner of mischief with which he was not familiar. But for all his pranks Mrs. Raymond could not feel sorry that she had taken him in, for his account of the neglected, forlorn life he had led in the city filled her gentle heart with pity. She was rather glad, on the whole, that aunt Margaret had not yet overcome her resentment sufficiently to pay them a visit. But one sultry day she saw her ancient vehicle stop at the gate.

That lady, descending somewhat stiffly to the ground, carefully tied the old white horse to the hitching-post, and then walked primly up the graveled walk that led around to a side door.

Some moments passed, and Mrs. Raymond wondered why she did not appear. At length the sound of loud voices reached her ear. Knowing the children were somewhere in the garden, and scenting trouble in the air, Mrs. Raymond stepped out, and, directed by the sounds of battle, hurried to a small arbor covered with grape-vines.

Parting the leaves at the entrance, she stood still in amazement at the tableau which she beheld.

There stood aunt Margaret, her sunshade brandished aloft in one hand; with the other she firmly grasped Antonio by the collar of his jacket.

Indignation was depicted in every line of her severe countenance as she glared at the lad, who, with defiant face, and blazing eyes, struggled to release himself.

Clarence and Eva, shamefaced and frightened, watched the belligerents with dilated eyes.

"You wicked little vagabond, I've a good mind to whip you!" cried aunt Margaret, just as Mrs. Raymond appeared upon the scene.

"Let me go!" panted the boy, his voice hoarse with rage; "you've got no right to whip me, and you dare not!"

"Don't you dare me, you little wretch," shrieked aunt Margaret; and the sunshade was about to descend, when Mrs. Raymond sprang forward, crying:

"Stop! stop! aunt Margaret, release Antonio, and tell me what all this means!"

"Means!" cried the excited woman. "Look at *that*, and tell me if I was not right when I warned you not to take an unknown pauper into your house."

"*That*" was one of Mrs. Raymond's old dresses, suspended full length upon a broom, and gracefully festooned with a string of sleigh bells.

Mrs. Raymond surveyed it, but failed to comprehend its significance.

Aunt Margaret enlightened her by explaining that she had found Antonio teaching Clarence how to take an article from the pocket of the dress, without ringing the bells.

"A pretty state of things!" stormed aunt Margaret, "when that little pick-pocket is allowed to teach my only nephew's children his wicked tricks."

"I'm *not* a pick-pocket," put in Antonio. "I was only showing Clarence how a horrid old woman in the city taught her boys to take things from the ladies' pockets."

"Antonio, please go to your room now," said Mrs. Raymond, "and I will come to you presently."

The boy obeyed instantly, leaving Mrs. Raymond to her task of pacifying aunt Margaret. But no amount of coaxing or argument could induce her to enter the house, and she soon left in high dudgeon.

Mrs. Raymond explained to Antonio that she would rather he did not play anything of the kind again, and for some time all passed smoothly. But one rainy day he came near forfeiting her good opinion entirely.

On account of the wet the children had been sent to the tool house to play. For some time Mrs. Raymond heard their happy voices ringing out in shouts of laughter; but soon a sharp scream of pain sent her with flying steps to the building.

The sight which there met her eyes turned her faint with fear.

Antonio was standing upon the planing bench, gazing down at Clarence, who was trying to raise Eva's limp little form from the floor where it lay.

"You have killed Eva, you wicked boy!" sobbed Clarence; and indeed the mother thought so too for a moment, as she took the unconscious child in her arms.

"He pushed her, mamma," sobbed Clarence, pointing to Antonio, who still stood motionless.

"Is *this* the return you make for all our kindness?" said Mrs. Raymond, indignantly, as she carried Eva past him, into

the house. She never noticed, in her anxiety, the lad's agonized face, nor heard the heart-broken sobs with which he flung himself face downward upon the floor.

The doctor was hastily summoned. He pronounced the bone of the child's knee dislocated, and the ankle badly sprained.

Clarence said that he and Antonio had been jumping from the bench to the floor. Eva was watching them, and at length Antonio dared her to jump with them.

The little girl was afraid, but Antonio insisted, and at length gave her a little push. She fell to the hard floor, inflicting the injuries which doomed her to many a long day's confinement in the house.

Almost her first inquiry, after the pain of resetting the bone had subsided, was for Antonio.

As Clarence indignantly exclaimed that he shouldn't think she would ever want to see him again, she turned her poor little pale face to her mother, crying faintly:

"Oh, mamma, Antonio did not mean to hurt me, indeed! you must not think he did!" And when Mrs. Raymond saw his tear-stained, swollen face, as he followed Clarence into the room, she began to think she had been hasty in believing that the accident was the result of anything save his mischievous thoughtlessness.

As the little girl patted the dark head of the sobbing boy, telling him not to mind, the mother felt her heart soften, and troublesome Antonio was again forgiven.

The last week of his stay in the country was drawing to a close. The weather was unusually sultry, and little Eva fretted, begging to be taken out of doors. So one afternoon, with the doctor's permission, she was placed upon a soft bed of pillows in the hammock, which was hung under a huge apple tree in the orchard.

As a screen against any stray sunbeam, Mrs. Raymond hung her large crimson shawl over an adjacent limb. Placing in Clarence's hand a book of fairy tales, with which to amuse his little sister and Antonio, she returned to the house.

Tired with her forenoon's work, she seated herself upon the veranda, without going in to change the pretty pink wrapper, which the excessive heat made especially comfortable. She could hear the merry voices of the children, who, although some distance away, were plainly visible from where she sat.

Mr. Raymond and his hired men were getting in the second crop of clover hay. Ever and anon the wagon came, heavily laden, up the long lane, and went rumbling into the great barn.

Evidently the unusual noise made Gip restless, for Mrs. Raymond could near his low bellow sounding above the noise of the wagon.

Nearly an hour passed, and then Clarence came running to ask her if he might go with his father, to fetch up the last load of clover.

"Antonio says he will stay with Eva," he urged.

Mrs. Raymond told him to run along if he wished, and a few moments later she saw him ride out of the barn, and away down the long lane, followed by a long deep "Boo—oo" from Gip.

"Oh, that horrid brute; it makes my blood run cold to hear him!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond.

"Why in the world don't you make John sell him?" said a well-known voice behind her; and, turning, she saw aunt Margaret, sunbonnet in hand, standing in the open doorway.

"I don't know what ails him to-day, he is unusually restless, and——Oh, look, look! he has broken out of the barn!"

Aunt Margaret looked and saw that the savage brute was indeed at liberty, and, what was still more alarming, making straight for the orchard, attracted, perhaps, by the crimson shawl, under which helpless little Eva was lying, utterly at his mercy.

The frantic mother strove to rush to her child's assistance, but aunt Margaret held her resolutely back, saying:

"Isabel, you will be gored to death if you go out in that dress, and you cannot reach the child in time."

The children were now aware of their peril.

Eva, unable to take a single step, stretched out her little hands, shrieking:

"Mamma, mamma!"

Antonio might easily have saved himself by flight, but he would not desert his little companion.

His recently acquired knowledge of bull nature taught him that the crimson shawl would lead the beast straight to Eva. After one brief moment of indecision, he caught it from the tree, and, waving it above his head, ran straight toward the gigantic creature. The bull, not twenty yards away, stood pawing the earth savagely, uttering his deep threatening bellow.

Evidently accepting Antonio's advance as a challenge, he lowered his massive head, and plunged forward.

The lad darted nimbly to one side, and ran through the wide gateway into the open field beyond, the bull following with an enraged roar.

"He has saved her!" cried Mrs. Raymond, breaking from aunt Margaret's hold.

"Help, help!" screamed that good lady to the men, who, with forks in hand, came running up the lane.

"Drop the shawl! drop the shawl!" she heard them cry; but the boy, too bewildered to understand, still clung to the fatal banner.

Another instant, and the spectators uttered a cry of horror, for Gip, lowering his shaggy head, caught Antonio upon his horns, and tossed him high in the air.

Before he could again reach the lad, he was surrounded by the men, who attacked him with their hay forks. But it was not until his glossy sides were streaked with blood from the wounds made by their sharp tines, that he surrendered, and was driven, still bellowing with fury, back to his stall.

So terrible were Antonio's wounds, that, for many days, Mrs. Raymond feared that little Eva's life had been saved only at the expense of that of her young deliverer.

"Isabel, I believe I've misjudged that boy, and now I mean to do what I can to make up for it," said aunt Margaret, as she took her place in the sick room, the first night after the accident.

Mrs. Raymond, knowing that she never did anything by halves, and that she was the best nurse in the village, gave way to her without comment.

So dear did the boy become to the heart of the lonely woman, during his slow convalescence, that she persuaded him to stay with her permanently.

It was an act which she never regretted, for, though still given to mischievous pranks, the lad is one to be proud of, and aunt Margaret is confident that his pictures will one day astonish the artistic world.

[*This story commenced in No. 224.*]

PIRATE ISLAND

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

By HARRY COLLINGWOOD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS.

"STAND close against the wall, Blanche, and do not move," commanded Evelin, as the paper torch burnt down and went out.

"Now," he continued, "I am about to light up another of these papers; and we must utilize the light to get past this gulf, if possible; it will never do for us to remain where we are. The question is: In which direction will it be most advisable for us to proceed? We must devote a moment or two to a hasty survey of the place, as far as our light will allow us, before we move. Neither the time nor the light will be wasted. Now, I am going to light up once more."

Another paper was lighted; and, placing himself in front of his companion, or between her and the edge of the chasm, in order to guard against the possibility of her turning faint or giddy and falling over, Lance raised the light at arm's length above his head to glance round.

As he did so, the tiny flame wavered, as if fanned by a faint draught.

He looked at it intently for a moment, and noticed that the wavering motion was continuous, and such as would be produced by a steady current of air flowing in the direction in which they were proceeding.

Then he knelt down and held the lighted paper close against the surface of the ground. The flame burnt steadily for an instant and then betrayed a very slight draught in an opposite direction. Then it went out, the paper being consumed.

He thought intently for a moment; then turned to his companion and said:

"Blanche, *we are saved!* Pluck up your courage, and thank God for showing us a way out of this terrible labyrinth."

"I don't understand you, Lance," answered the girl, trembling with agitation; "are you only saying this to sustain my courage a little while longer, or do you really mean that you believe there is still a chance of our emerging once more into the blessed light of day?"

"I mean that I hope and believe we shall escape. Listen. That bit of lighted paper has revealed the presence of two distinct currents of air flowing along this passage. That means that an outlet to the open air exists somewhere. The upper current, which is the warmer of the two, is flowing in the direction of that outlet; and all we have to do is to follow in the same direction, if we can, and we shall eventually reach the opening."

"Then let us proceed at once," pleaded poor terrified Blanche. "I feel as though I should go mad if we remain here much longer. I have a frightful feeling urging me—almost beyond my powers of resistance—to fling myself forward over the edge of that dreadful chasm! Oh, save me, Lance, save me!"

"I *will* save you, if it is in man's power to do so," answered Lance, "but you must help me by keeping up your courage. Now, I will light another paper—our last—and we will move forward at once. Keep close to the wall, and be ready to give me your right hand as soon as the light shines out."

Another moment, and a feeble glimmer once more illumined the Cimmerian darkness.

Holding the light in his right hand, Lance gave his left to Blanche, and they cautiously resumed their way.

The ledge along which they were passing was about six feet wide; but a yard or two further on it narrowed abruptly, leaving a path barely twelve inches in breadth. It continued thus for a length of some twenty feet, and then widened out abruptly again, apparently to the full width of the passage. It seemed, in short, as though the terrible chasm terminated at this point.

Luckily, Lance was the first to see it, and his resolution was at once taken.

He dropped the lighted paper as if by accident, and extinguished it by setting his foot upon it. He knew that if his companion caught so much as a single momentary glimpse of the short but frightfully perilous passage she would have to make, her nerve would utterly fail her, and too probably a dreadful catastrophe would happen. So he resolved upon the hazardous attempt to get her past the danger blindfold.

"Tut! what a clumsy fellow I am!" he exclaimed, pettishly, as though in reference to his having dropped the lighted paper. "Now I shall have to expend another match. But, Blanche, your nerves are still unsteady; the sight of this threatening gulf is too much for you. I think you would do better blindfold. Give me your handkerchief, and let me tie it over your eyes. I will remove it again as soon as we are past the chasm."

"Thank you," said Blanche. "I really believe I *should* feel better if the sight of that dreadful abyss were shut out. I can trust to your care and courage; let us get away from this terrible place!"

Lance took the handkerchief which Blanche put into his hand, and bound it gently but firmly over her eyes, arranging it as well as he could in the darkness in such a manner as to make the blinding perfectly effectual.

He then led her cautiously forward a step or two until he felt with his outstretched foot the edge of the precipice, when, bidding her to stand perfectly still and to cling firmly to the irregular surface of the rock, he once more lighted the short remaining end of paper, utilizing its brief existence to note well the perilous path they had to tread.

"Now," he said, briskly, "do you feel better, and fit to go on?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, in a tone so bright and cheerful that Lance felt intensely relieved; and he forthwith set about the difficult task of getting his companion past the narrow ledge without further delay.

By the last expiring gleam of his short-lived taper, Lance took one more rapid glance at the terrible pass, and then, as the thick darkness once more closed around them, he said:

"Now you must be very cautious how you move. Keep close against the rock, and take a firm hold of any projections you can find. Do not move until you have a firm hold with both hands, nor without telling me of your intention, as I shall keep close to you and give you the support of my arm. And do not loose your hold of the rock with one hand until you have secured a firm grip with the other. Now, have you a tight hold? Then move gently along, sidewise; and keep *close* to the rock."

The dreadful journey was begun. Slowly and cautiously the pair groped their uncertain way along that narrow ledge, each pausing until the other was ready to proceed; and Lance with difficulty restrained a shudder as once during the passage he felt that the heel of his boot actually projected over the awful ledge. A dozen times he felt outward with his foot to ascertain whether the chasm was passed or not, and at last, with an involuntary sigh of ineffable relief, he found that there was solid ground beyond him as far as his foot could reach.

"Now stand quite still for a moment, Blanche," he said. "I am about to light another match."

He did so, and found that they had indeed achieved the awful passage—with some six inches to spare. At his very feet still yawned the hungry gulf, but they were beyond it, thank God, and once more in comparative safety. Hastily seizing his companion's hand, he hurried her far enough away from the spot to prevent her seeing the deadly nature of the peril to which they had been exposed, and then removed the bandage from her eyes.

"There," he said, cheerfully, "we are past the chasm at last, and now you may have the use of your eyes once more."

CHAPTER XIX.

SWIMMING FROM THE CAVERN.

LIGHTING another match, the imprisoned pair now pressed forward as rapidly as circumstances would permit, taking care to keep a match always alight, in order that they might not stumble unawares upon a possible second chasm, or other danger. They pressed forward in silence, except for an occasional word of caution or encouragement from Lance, both being far too anxious to admit of anything like a connected conversation.

Suddenly Lance stopped short. To his sense of hearing, acutely sharpened by the long-continued death-like silence of the place, there was *a sound*, fainter than the breathing of a sleeping infant, a mere vibration of the air, in fact, but still—a sound.

What was it? He knelt down and placed his ear close to the ground. Yes; now he caught it a trifle more distinctly; the faintest murmur still, but with something of individuality appertaining to it. It rose and fell rhythmically, swelling gradually in volume, and then subsiding again into silence.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, joyously. "The sea! the sea! I can hear it. Our journey is nearly at an end. One short half hour at most, and, with God's help, we shall be free!"

Again they pushed eagerly forward; with high hopes and grateful hearts now, and with every yard of progress the gladdening sound rose clearer and clearer still, until there could no longer be any possible mistake about it; it was indeed the regular beat of surf upon the shore.

At length a faint gleam of light became perceptible upon the rocky walls in front; gradually it strengthened, until the more prominent projections of the rock began to stand out bold and black against the lighter portions beyond; and at last, as the path curved gently round, their eager eyes were gladdened by the sight of an opening into which the sea was sweeping with a long, lazy, undulating motion, until it curved over and plashed musically upon a narrow strip of sandy beach.

They both paused for a moment, to feast their eyes upon the gladsome sight, and to restore their disordered faculties. Then they saw that the long passage or gallery within which they stood terminated at its outer end in a cavernous recess, opening apparently on a precipitous part of the shore.

The floor of the passage sloped gradually down until it met the short strip of sand, upon which the waves were lazily beating; and a yard or two from the water's edge, the sand was marked with a well-defined line of stranded weed and drift-wood, which indicated the inner limit of the wash of the sea. A single glance was sufficient to show that the auriferous rock had been left behind; that which now surrounded them being a coarse kind of granite.

Pursuing their way, the pair soon stood upon the strip of beach. Then came the question: How were they to get out of the cavern, now that they had reached its mouth? The sides rose perpendicularly, and the top arched over in such a manner that escape seemed impossible.

Lance made several attempts on each side of the entrance to work his way out, but the face of the rock was worn so smooth with the constant wash of the water, that the nearer he approached the entrance, the more difficult did he find it to proceed, and at last, failing to find any further foothold, he was compelled to abandon his efforts and return to Blanche, who meanwhile had been resting on the soft gray sand.

"Well, Blanche," he said, "I thought our troubles were over when I first caught sight of that opening, but it appears they are not. There seems to be only one possible mode of escape from this place, and that is by swimming. Now, I can manage the matter easily enough if you will only trust me; the distance is the merest trifle, the water is smooth, and if you have nerve enough to rest your hands on my shoulders and to refrain from struggling when we get into deep water, I can support you perfectly well, I know, and carry you round to the beach, which I have no doubt we shall find at a short distance on one side or the other of the opening. It will involve a ducking, certainly, but we cannot help that; and if we walk briskly afterwards we shall take no harm."

Blanche laughed—she could afford to do that now. "If that is our only difficulty, it is but a trifling one," she said. "I can trust you implicitly, Lance; and, what is perhaps almost as important, I can also trust myself. I can swim a little; and if I should tire I shall not be frightened, having you to help me."

"Very well," was the reply; "that is better than I dared hope. Would you like to rest a little longer, or shall we make the attempt at once?"

Blanche announced her perfect readiness to make the attempt forthwith; and without further ado the pair straightway entered the water, Lance first taking the precaution to place his watch in his hat and ram the latter well down on his head. They waded steadily in, until Blanche felt the water lifting her off her feet, when they struck out, Lance regulating his stroke so as to keep close beside his companion.

The water was delightfully warm, the sun having been beating down upon it all day, and the immersion proved refreshing rather than otherwise. It took them only about a couple of minutes to reach the mouth of the cave; and then Lance began to look about him for a suitable landing-place.

He had expected to find a beach on one side or the other of the opening; but there was nothing of the kind as far as he could see. Perpendicular cliffs rose sheer out of the water on both sides of the opening for a distance of perhaps a hundred yards; and where the cliff terminated the ground sloped steeply down, with huge masses of rock projecting here and there, the foot of the slope being encumbered with other rocks which at some distant period had become detached and rolled down into the water.

In bad weather it would have been death to attempt landing upon any part of the shore within Lance's range of vision; but fortunately the weather was fine and the water smooth; so they made for a spot which Lance thought would serve their purpose, and in another ten minutes succeeded in effecting a landing among the rocks. The scramble up the steep face of the slope before them was not without its perils, but this also was happily accomplished; and at last they found themselves standing safe and sound on tolerably level ground, just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the summits of the hills before them.

Lance found that they had come out on the eastern side of the island; and as the harbor lay on the south side he knew pretty well in which direction they ought to walk; they therefore at once set out at a brisk pace toward a large patch of forest fringing a hill at some distance in front, but a little to the south of them.

They had not gone very far, before Lance, who was keeping a keen lookout for some familiar landmark, recognized a dip between the hills as the ravine up which they had passed in the morning; and altering their course a little they came in about half an hour to the stream, which they crossed without difficulty, and then followed it down until they reached the spot in which the first discovery of gold had been made.

Thence their way was tolerably easy—though, in the darkness which had by this time closed down upon them, they went somewhat astray while passing through the wood—and in another hour they found themselves once more safely within the shelter of Staunton Cottage, thoroughly tired out with their long and adventurous day's ramble.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GOLD MINE.

LANCE proceeded to give a succinct account of their day's adventure, the recital of which elicited frequent exclamations of wonder.

"Now," he said, in conclusion, "the result of the day's exploration amounts to this: We have discovered a mine of incalculable wealth. What are we to do in the matter? There is so much gold there—in the cave, I mean—that a short period of resolute and well-directed labor will enable us to collect sufficient, not only to fully recoup the underwriters for their loss through the burning of the Galatea, but also to make every individual among us enormously rich. Are we to let it lie there, and trust to the future for an opportunity to come back and fetch it, or shall we make an effort now to collect what will suffice us, and trust to chance for the opportunity to carry it off with us when we go?"

In answer to this, every one declared at once, without hesitation, their opinion that an attempt ought to be made to collect and carry off the gold with them.

This point being settled, the next question to be decided was: how they were to set about the collection of the precious metal; for it was obvious that any attempt to absent themselves from their daily attendance at the

shipyard would not only excite suspicion, but it might also provoke a very unpleasant manifestation of active hostility on Ralli's part.

Here Violet Dudley came to the rescue with a very practical suggestion.

"If you, Lance," she said, "can contrive to mark the two passages out of the great central cavern in such a manner that we women cannot possibly mistake one for the other, and so go astray, we might perhaps be able to collect the gold and convey it to a suitable spot for removal; and when enough has been gathered we can take our time about transporting it down here."

"An admirable suggestion, Miss Dudley!" said Captain Staunton. "That effectually disposes of one part of the difficulty. But it will never do to bring the gold here; we could not possibly convey it on board the schooner without detection, even if we were quite sure of the success of our plan for making our escape in her. Do you think, Evelin, the pirates have any knowledge of the existence of this cave of yours?"

"I am pretty certain they have not," was the reply. "There is no sign of any human foot having ever passed over the ground before our own; and it is so eminently well adapted for a place of concealment for their booty—and, indeed, for themselves as well—in the event of the island ever being attacked, that I feel sure they would, had they known of it, have stocked it with provisions, and in other ways have prepared it as a place of refuge. It was only by the merest accident that I discovered the spot to-day; and but for the fact that our search not only led us up to the head of the ravine, but also actually caused me to scale the face of the rock, it would have remained undiscovered still."

"Very well, then," said Captain Staunton, "what I propose is this: since the ladies are kindly disposed to give them, we will thankfully accept their services to this extent. Let them collect the gold and convey it to the edge of the gulf or chasm, which you so providentially escaped tumbling into to-day. Then we men must undertake the task of conveying it to the other side and stacking it up in a position from which we can easily remove it with the aid of a boat. If we succeed in securing the schooner, we shall simply have to call off the mouth of the cave and remove our booty in that way. Can any one suggest anything better?"

No one could; it was therefore decided that the skipper's proposal should be adopted.

The next day was spent by all hands, Dale included, at the shipyard. This individual startled everybody by putting in an appearance at the same time as the rest of the male portion of the party, saying in explanation that henceforward he too should go daily to work, as he was quite sure he could be of assistance. He was, of course, assured that he undoubtedly *could* be of very great use, if he chose; and there the matter ended.

But a rather unpleasant feeling was excited when Ralli, who was always promptly down at the beach to watch the departure of the working party, noticed and commented upon Dale's presence.

"Aha! my fine fellow," he remarked, sneeringly, "so you have made up your mind to go to work at last, have you? That is very well, sare. You must surely have dream last night that I had my eye on you. You think, perhaps, I have not take notice; but *I have*; and if you had not gone to work to-day, I should have said to you: 'Look here, my good man, suppose you not work, you not eat,' and I should have stopped your 'lowance. But you are going to work; so now that is all right."

It certainly served Dale right; but all the same, it was a disagreeable sensation to the rest to feel that this sly Greek had been in all probability keeping a stealthy watch upon them and their movements.

They inwardly resolved to be very much more circumspect in their goings-out and in their comings-in for the future; and they lost no time either in communicating this resolve to each other.

All d y long their thoughts were busy upon the sub ect of the gold mine; and by the time that they got back to the cottage that evening each man had an idea in connection with it to communicate to the others.

They were unanimous upon one point, which was that—after Ralli's remark to Dale in the morning—it would be most unwise for any of the male portion of the party to visit the cave during the day. Henceforward their visits there would have to be as few and far between as possible, and such visits as were unavoidable must be made during the night.

With the women it would, of course, be different. *They* could now safely venture out every day, it was believed; and as the walk up the valley was the one which involved the least exertion, it would only appear natural that they should almost invariably take it.

But, in order to disarm suspicion, in case anything of the kind happened to exist, it was deemed best that an occasional walk should be taken in some other direction until they could resume the road toward the ravine with the certainty that they had not been watched and followed.

It was further agreed all round that the task of *carrying* the gold, when collected, over the most dangerous part of the path along the edge of the ravine was not to be thought of, especially as Captain Staunton had thought out a plan by which all danger might be completely avoided.

His idea was exceedingly simple, and consisted merely in the erection on each side of the chasm of a short, stout pair of sheers connected together at their heads by a good strong, sound piece of rope, having rove upon it a thimble with a pair of clip-hooks attached. The gold could then be put into a canvas bag suspended from the clip-hooks, and, with the aid of a hauling-line, hauled easily enough across the chasm to the other side.

These details agreed upon, they determined to proceed with their arrangements that same night. Accordingly, as soon as the evening meal was over, the men retired to their bunks for a few hours' sleep—all, that is to say, except Dale, who, quite unaccustomed to bodily labor, felt thoroughly exhausted with his day's work, and was therefore readily excused.

He volunteered, however, to remain up on watch until all the lights in the pirates' quarter were extinguished, and then to take a good look round the settlement, and call the others when all was quiet; a raid upon the capstan-house being the first thing necessary to enable them to carry out their plans successfully.

The pirates, working hard all day in the open air, were, as a rule, tolerably early birds; and by eleven o'clock that night the place was wrapped in darkness and repose. Having thoroughly satisfied himself that this was the case, and that the coast was quite clear for his comrades, Dale roused the latter and then tumbled into his own berth with the comforting reflection that he had at last taken the right course, and done something to regain that respect from his companions which he was beginning to be acutely conscious of having forfeited.

Five minutes later four forms might have been seen—had any one been on the lookout—stealing quietly across the open space between Staunton Cottage and the capstan-house. Apparently no one was on the lookout, and they reached the building without being interrupted. Then they ascended the ladder, and found themselves standing in the thick darkness which enshrouded the long, loft-like apartment.

(*To be continued.*)

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

A REMARKABLE FISH.

MAN is continually discovering wonders in nature that discount even his own marvelous achievements in the way of science and invention. Up to a few years ago naturalists were of the opinion that it was impossible for fish to exist in the deepest parts of the ocean, owing to the pressure of the enormous mass of water above them. But the fact has now been established that there not only are such things as deep sea fish, but very remarkable ones as well.

One of the strangest of these denizens of the depths has been named the *Chiasmodus* (Yawning Jaws) being addicted to the practice of swallowing fellow fish much larger than itself. This would seem an impossibility, but even a casual examination serves to show that it is not more remarkable than the same thing in snakes. This fish, in the first place, has its fins and body at portions covered with a layer or deposit of mucus, that possesses the property of becoming luminous, so that the fish is a veritable finny lantern, capable of capturing prey by its own light.

Often the victims thus seized are several times the actual bulk of the eater, but by a curious arrangement of the jaws, the enormous mouthful is easily mastered. There is an independent and alternate movement of the jaws, that the reader has perhaps noticed in our common snakes. When the fish secures a hold upon its victim, it probably lengthens out, and if we could witness the operation we would observe one side of the jaw move forward and then the other, each advancing a little at every turn, the teeth taking hold at every move; and if we imagine this repeated continuously, it must be evident that the animal so operated upon must be hauled hand over hand, as it were, into the stomach.

This is exactly what occurs. The *Chiasmodus* hauls itself over its victim. It is evident that a large stomach would be a necessary adjunct for such an operation, and this we find to a remarkable degree in the *Chiasmodus*, the organ when distended depending from the body like an enormous pouch, its size increased probably by the gases that generate during digestion.

HOW BEECHER'S VOICE MAY STILL BE HEARD.

ALTHOUGH the phonograph is never likely to become so useful an invention as the telephone, it is certainly a most wonderful contrivance. Thomas A. Edison, its inventor, has in his possession a collection secured by its means, of most unique and unusual interest.

Since he became famous his visitors have included hundreds of celebrities. Instead of asking them for their autographs or photographs, he has in two or three hundred instances requested them to speak a few sentences into a phonograph. He has kept the plates in a cabinet, and occasionally he runs some of them through the machine, which sends out the words exactly as uttered. Among the tones thus preserved are those of Henry Ward Beecher, and therefore Mr. Edison is probably the only man who can revive the silenced voice of the great preacher.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer**. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

Difficulty of breathing, a short, dry cough, a quick pulse, and pain in the left side are symptoms of approaching consumption. Relieve the chest and cure the cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Sold by all Druggists.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute.—Adv.

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.
To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. No labor or wash-board. The best in the world. If you want one, write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey St., N. Y.—Adv.

One Cent Invested
in a postal card on which to send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you free, particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do, and live at home, wherever they are located, earning thereby from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. Some have earned over $50 in a single day. Capital not required; you are started free.—Adv.

A Specific for Throat Diseases.
"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles.
"*My communication with the world is very much enlarged by the Lozenge, which I now carry always in my pocket; that trouble in my throat (for which the 'Troches' are a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer.*"—N. P. WILLIS.
Obtain only "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.—Adv.

WASTE SILK! A large box of **Silk and Satin** remnants for Crazy Patchwork, including over 100 new fancy stitches, only **20** cts. Three lots for **50** cts.
A large package of **Waste Embroidery Silk**, ass'ted colors, only **10**c. **6** lots for **50** c.
EMBROIDERY
Our new 1887 **Stamping Outfit**, for embroidery and arrasene work, containing alphabet and over 50 beautiful patterns, only **15** cts. Four outfits for **50** cts. All of the above for **40** cts. We beat the world on prices. Address, at once
NEW ENGLAND SILK CO., BOSTON, MASS.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

416 **Scrap Ornaments** and Verses, Book of Poems, **40** New Samples **10c.** F. AUSTIN, New Haven, Ct.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

18 New Hidden Name Border Cards and Ring, **10c.** 6 pks. & 6 rings 50c. Munson Bros., Mt. Carmel, Ct.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

NEW outfit and Hidden Name Cards for a 2c. stamp. BUCKEYE CARD CO., Laceyville, Ohio.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

250 **Scrap Pictures** and Verses with new samples for **1887. 5c.** S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Ct.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE A $2.50 **Gold Ring** to all who will act as our agents. The Journal Co., Essex, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Amateur Papers Big bundles **6** cents. H. M. Carter, 3326 Vernon Ave., Chicago.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

500 **FOREIGN Stamps,** Australia, etc., 10c. **105** varieties 10c. F. P. VINCENT, Chatham, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

STAMPS—Agents wanted. 30 per cent com. on sheets. Keystone Stamp Co., Box 200, Philadelphia, Pa.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy

STAMPS—1,000 Mixed, 17c. Agents wanted. Circular free. M. GAU, Box 60, Long Island City, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

40 PHOTOS of Female Beauties, 10c. 120 for 25c. SURE TO SUIT. CAT. 2c. GEM AGENCY, Orleans, Ind.
In replying to this adv. mention The Golden Argosy

CATARRH Cured. Sample treatment **FREE** B. S. Lauderbach & Co. Newark, N.J.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE. Sample package of perfume for 10c. to cover postage, etc. Garden City Novelty Co., Chicago.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

400 ELEGANT Embossed Scrap Pictures and Sample Cards, 10c. Ætna Card Co., Northford, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

MEN wanted to travel and sell goods to dealers. No peddling. **$90** a month, hotel and traveling expenses paid. **NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.** 52 T.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

NEW Sample Book of beautiful cards, 14 Games, 12 tricks in magic, 436 Album verses. All for a 2c. stamp. **STAR CARD CO., Station 15, Ohio.**
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE **A GOLD WATCH** to Every Agent selling our Beautiful Cards. Full Samples and Outfit for 2-cent stamp. THE DOMESTIC CO., Wallingford, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

150 Elegant Scrap Pictures & Agent's new style sample book of beautiful embossed & decorated cards only **5c.** National Card Co., North Branford, Ct.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

63 LARGE Scrap Pictures, Easter Doves and Crosses, Fancy Heads & 15 Fancy Name Cards (name on) **10c. 21** Samples of Cards & Scraps, 5c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OPIUM **Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.**
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ALL FREE! **51** Scrap Pictures, **49** Colored Removable Figures, **250** Album Verses, **250** Riddles & Conundrums, Games of Fox & Geese & Nine Penny Morris, **1** Book of Kensington and other Stitches, **1** Set Funny Cards. Send **10**c. for Postage, etc. to **Hub Card Co.,** Boston, Mass.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

1 Game Authors, **1** Game Dominos, **14** New Songs, **16** Complete Stories by popular authors, Agent's Sample Book of Cards, Novelties, &c. **All the above and this Ring, 10c.** NEPTUNE CARD CO., Fair Haven, Ct.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Send description of yourself, with 15 cents, for complete written predictions of your future life, etc. N. M. GEER, Port Homer, Jeff. Co., Ohio.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DEAF A very interesting 80-page book on **Deafness, Noises in the Head, &c.** How relieved. Sent **free.** Address,
NICHOLSON, 177 Macdougal St., New York.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

10 CENTS. YOU will receive hundreds of Samples, Catalogues, Newspapers, Magazines, &c., FREE, by sending 10 cents to have your name and address inserted in my AGENTS' NAME DIRECTORY, goes to firms all over the U. S. C. DEPUY, Syracuse, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

COBB'S COMPLEXION SOAP
heals chapped hands. Sample for 6c postage, or free at Druggists. A. H. COBB, Mfr., 33 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WE WILL PAY agents a salary of **$85 per month** and expenses, to sell our goods to dealers, at home or to travel, or **$40** a month to distribute circulars in your vicinity. All expenses advanced. Salary promptly paid. Agents' sample case of goods **FREE.** No stamps required. No humbug. We mean what we say. Address, **MONARCH NOVELTY CO.,** Limited, **CINCINNATI, OHIO.**
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DYSPEPSIA **Its Nature, Causes, Prevention** and **Cure,** being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. MCALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.

DRUNKENNESS **or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured** in any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

More Facts.

STERLING, ILL., August 22, 1885.
We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is thribble that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures.
Yours. J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

HAYESVILLE, OHIO, Feb. 11, 1884.
I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles and I would not take $100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use.
C. B. MERCER, M. D.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Sept. 15, 1885.
We take pleasure in giving you a notice and a nice, strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it.—*The Register.*

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1886.
HOP BITTERS CO.:
Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They are having a large sale here.
LEROY BREWER.

GREENWICH, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1885.
Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any mother now but for them.
HENRY KNAPP.

LONE JACK, MO., Sept. 14, 1885.
I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.
P. M. BARNES.

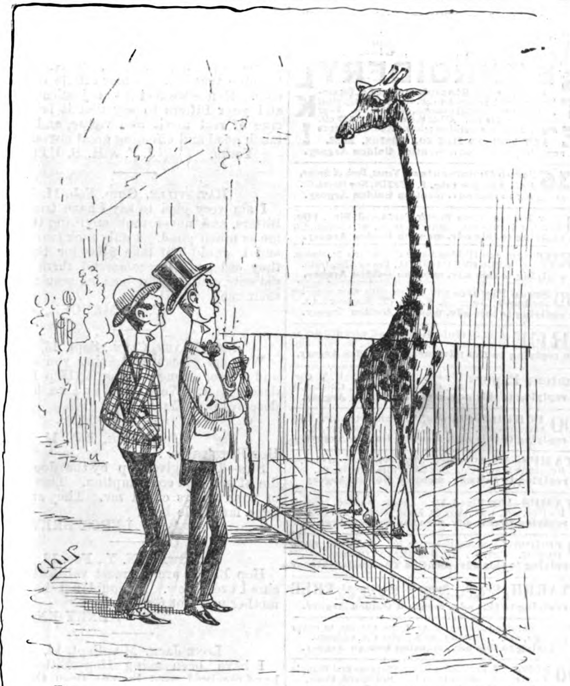
KALAMAZOO, MICH., Feb. 2, 1886.
HOP BITTERS MFG. CO.:
I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never done before with any patent medicine.
J. J. BABCOCK,
Physician and Druggist.

KAHOKA, MO., Feb. 9, 1886.
I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.
WM. T. McCLURE.
The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in this country. We have large sales, and they are making remarkable cures.
W. H. BISHOP & CO.

AGENTS **WANTED** Ladies or Men, full particulars & sample of goods free. Send 4 cts. for postage. **W. C. GRISWOLD & CO., Centerbrook, Ct.**
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ALL for 60 CENTS
We must reduce our Stock and for **30 DAYS** offer all the following for only **60** cents. One fine Rolled Gold Solitaire Grecian Diamond Stud; Two extra fine Gold Plated Collar Buttons, One fine Gold Plated Watch Chain, One pair Elegant Gold Stone Sleeve Buttons, One extra quality, Heavy Grecian Gold Wedding Ring, One Solid Enamel and Gold Toothpick Watch Charm, One Golden Casket of Frozen Perfume, all packed in handsome box. Sent to any address for only **60** cents, **2** for **$1**, **3** for **$1.50.** When ordered by Ladies will send **Diamond Lace Pin** in place of Stud. **BROOKLYN MFG. CO.,** 377-79 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND FLESH WORMS.
"MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN, harmless, pleasant and absolutely **SURE** and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes ALL, clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear and unblemished always. For those who have NO blotches on the face it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR and TRANSPARENT, and clearing it of all muddiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure and NOT a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30 cents in stamps, or two for 50 cents, by GEORGE N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y. My **FRECKLE-WASH** cures Freckles, Tan, and makes the hands white; sent post-paid for 30c.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



ENVY.

"Ah, by Jove, Gus, what a splendid neck for a standing collar!"

THE GREAT CATARACT.

ACCORDING to the last official report of the commissioners of the Niagara reservation, the mighty rush of waters is wearing away faster than ever the rocks over which it falls. At an angle in the Horseshoe Fall the recession from 1842 to 1875 was over a hundred feet, and from 1875 to 1886 more than twice as much. The erosion of the American Fall since 1842 has been but slight.

The most famous fall of rock was that of Table Rock, a curious overhanging crag on the Canadian side, which commanded a magnificent view. It went down in 1850. Emerson had been on it only the day before. Fortunately it fell at noon, when few people were out of doors, and at the moment no one was on the rock but the driver of an omnibus, who had taken out his horses to feed them and was washing his vehicle on the edge of the cliff. He heard the warning crash and felt the motion of the falling rock just in time to escape. The vehicle he had been cleansing fell into the abyss and no trace of it could afterward be seen.

If the cataract should cut its way back to Lake Erie, what a mighty convulsion of nature would ensue! But at the present rate of recession, this calamity will not occur for several thousand years.

MRS. GEN. LOGAN'S DENTIST.

Dr. E. S. CARROLL, Prof. of Operative Dentistry, Nat University, Washington, D. C., (Mrs. Gen. LOGAN'S Dentist), says of ZONWEISS Cream for the Teeth:

"I have had ZONWEISS analyzed. Can recommend it as safe to use, and as the most refined, pure and perfect dentifrice I have ever seen."

Sold by all Druggists. Price, 35 cents. JOHNSON & JOHNSON, N. Y.

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

"Why, I didn't know that Azaleas had such an exquisite odor!"

"They have no perfume. It is the EDENIA on my handkerchief that is so fragrant."

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME EDENIA.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHENISH COLOGNE in your vicinity, send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers.

YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.

Reach's Illustrated Book on Curve Pitching.

Considered by all competent judges the best work of the kind published. ALL the curves are plainly illustrated. No Base-ball player should be without a copy, as it affects BATSMEN as well as PITCHERS. By mail, 15c. A. J. REACH, 23 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FOOD AND MEDICINE.

Almost any kind of food may satisfy hunger, but only pure medicines can cure disease: hence the superiority of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla** as a remedy for various **Complaints of the Stomach.** This preparation acts effectively, both as an Alterative and Tonic—directly on the part affected, and indirectly through the Blood; thus reaching the Malady in two ways.

"I was completely cured of Dyspepsia, after taking a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla," writes Henry Cobb, of 41 Russell st., Charlestown, Mass.

"Last year I suffered severely from Dyspepsia and Loss of Appetite. Two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me."—Alfred Sandblom, 207 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

José M. Aguayo, Vice-Consul of Italy, Boston, writes that Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in connection with Ayer's Pills, cured him of Dyspepsia, which had become so bad as to affect his mental powers.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has benefited me wonderfully," certifies D. M. Fisher, Oswego, N. Y. "I had no appetite, was restless at night, and very much debilitated. After taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, my strength and appetite returned, and my health was completely restored."

C. J. Bodemer, 145 Columbia st., Cambridgeport, Mass., says: "I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, but have cured myself, and saved the expense of doctors' bills, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

"I have lately been a sufferer from Dyspepsia and Nervousness," writes W. Rose, N. Dighton, Mass. "After taking two bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I feel as well and strong as ever."

Mrs. A. L. Chase, Dover, N. H., states that Ayer's Sarsaparilla entirely cured her of Dyspepsia and Erysipelas, for which disease she had tried various other remedies without relief.

John S. Clarke, 283 Shawmut ave., Boston, writes: "I have been suffering for years past with Dyspepsia, General Debility, and Insomnia. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me within the past three months."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught by mail or personally. Situations procured all pupils when competent. Send for circular. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS Free Nicest styles you ever saw. Book of Samples free to all. Send your address and 2 stamps for mail. Big pay for club agents. HOLLY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn. 15 GOLD LEAF CARDS, new style, name on, 10c.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS 100 Fancy Pictures, 30 Songs, 16 Stories, 20 Games, 100 Selections for Albums, 50 Fancy Patterns, 1 latest style Visiting Card in Sample Sheet; Grand Pre'm List all for 10 cts. Game of Authors 10 cts. IVY CARD CO., Clintonville, Conn.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This book contains the largest collection ever printed of CHOICE GEMS OF POETRY AND PROSE, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums.

128 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Ladies! Attention!!

TEA SETS, &c., given away to ladies who act as agents for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars. ATLANTIC TEA CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN. Nervousness, Lost sleep or interference with business. Directions simple. Terms Low. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particulars FREE. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Cutler's Pocket Inhaler

AND CARBOLATE OF IODINE INHALANT. A cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—EVEN CONSUMPTION—if taken in season. It is the King of Cough Medicines. A few inhalations will correct the most Offensive Breath. Carried as handily as a pen-knife. The only Pocket Inhaler approved by physicians of every school, and endorsed by the Standard Medical Journals of the world. OVER 400,000 IN USE. Sold by Druggists for $1. By mail, $1.25. W. H. SMITH & CO., Proprietors, 410 Michigan St., Buffalo, N. Y.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Cold Air Inhaling Balm!

For Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Cold in the Head and all Acute Inflammation of Throat and Nasal passages.

INHALER AND BOTTLE OF BALM, $2.00.

Sent to any address, express paid on receipt of price. REV. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Business Education.

Penmanship, Typewriting, Telegraphing

STENOGRAPHY and Type-writing, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Banking, &c. Complete **Business Course** Young men and women taught to earn a living and given thorough preparation for **honorable positions.** Terms reasonable. Time short. Instruction thorough. Business men supplied with competent assistants on short notice. No charge for situations furnished. Address for catalogue, **Eastman College,** Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SPALDING'S OFFICIAL BASE BALL GUIDE.

The highest authority on Base Ball, and the only complete **Base Ball Guide** published for 1887. Contains the only official league players' averages for 1886, and records of all other associations. Every ball player in America should have a copy. Fully illust'd, 180 pages. Price, 1[illegible], by mail.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
108 Madison St., CHICAGO. | 241 Broadway, NEW YORK.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK

Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good Silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Send Postal note or Stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 469 Broadway, New York.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

BLACK BALL BRAND.

Judson's "Indestructible" English Marking Ink.

REQUIRES NO HEAT

A Stretcher For holding the clothing while marking given each purchaser free.

Price 25 Cts., complete.

DANIEL JUDSON & SON, Ld. LONDON and NEW YORK.

For sale by the trade, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Am. H'quarters, 46 Murray St., N.Y. A. F. FREEMAN, Manager.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

KIDDER'S

DIGESTYLIN

For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

A POTENT REMEDY FOR

Indigestion, Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases. Over **5000** Physicians have sent to us the most **Flattering Opinions** upon **Digestylin,** as a **Remedy** for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years we have manufactured the **Digestive Ferments** expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year **DIGESTYLIN** has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great **Digestive Power** is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements, we would respectfully refer to the **Wholesale** and **Retail Druggists** of the country, and **Physicians** generally. Sold by Druggists, or

Price $1.00. WM. F. KIDDER & CO., 83 John Street., New York.