

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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Vol. V.—No. 24. FRANK A. MUNSEY, 181 WARREN ST., PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

TERMS \$3.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 232.



THE TWO BOYS LOWERED EMMY DOWN TO THE NARROW LEDGE WHERE LITTLE CHRIS WAS LYING, AS IF STUNNED, ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE AWFUL PRECIPICE.

HOW THE BOYS WERE WON OVER.

By IDA D. MONROE.

BEING called very unexpectedly to
 C— upon business, and finding
 myself detained by the same until
 long after the last train had left for the
 city, I determined to seek the pleasant
 farmhouse of Mr. Hezekiah Brown, where
 I had passed a month the previous sum-
 mer, and ask him to keep me for the night.
 Just as I was opening Mr. Brown's front
 gate, I saw a young lady walking down the
 garden path. Her diminutive size and
 dress of russet brown reminded me in-
 distinctively of "Jenny Wren."
 I held open the gate for her to pass
 through, and received a bright smile and a
 glance from a beautiful pair of dark eyes.
 Wondering who she could be, I passed
 up the path and knocked at the door.
 I was welcomed with surprise and delight
 by "uncle Hezekiah" and "amnt Polly,"
 as they were familiarly known.
 While partaking of the bountiful repast
 which amnt Polly insisted upon preparing
 for me, I found opportunity to inquire who
 was the young lady I had met at the gate.
 "Oh, that's Miss Earnshaw," said uncle
 Hezekiah. "She teaches school over to the
 Bluffs."

Popular Military Instructions.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. ARMY.
Author of "Cadet Days, or Life at West Point."

CHAPTER III.

SALUTES.



OW that we understand the proper position of a soldier, and the formation of a company, we can elect the rest of the officers and non-commissioned officers. We do this by ballot, and elect the first lieutenant and the second lieutenant, then three sergeants and four corporals. With our captain and first sergeant, we have, all told, eleven officers and non-commissioned officers.

We ought to have at least sixteen privates, and it would be better to have twenty-four. That makes a nice, comfortable company for drill, and is just about the right size for boys.

Now, by a look at Figure 1, you will see what are the position of the officers and non-commissioned officers when the company is formed. The first lieutenant is two paces behind the center of the right half of the company, and the second lieutenant is two paces behind the center of the left half. The captain, two paces in front of the center; the first sergeant, on the right, the next sergeant, on the left of the company; the third sergeant, on the left and two paces from the first lieutenant; the fourth sergeant, on the right and two paces from the second lieutenant. The corporals are in the front rank of privates; the first and second on the right, and the third and fourth on the left.

When marching, the first sergeant is called also the leading or right guide; and the second sergeant, the rear or left guide.

Now we will go on with the drill, and the next thing to learn is how to salute.

The captain commands: "1—Right (or left) hand, 2—Salute." At the first command, raise the right hand quickly to the front and to the right, in about the same direction in which the right foot points. The palm of the hand is down, the fingers and arm extended and horizontal, the

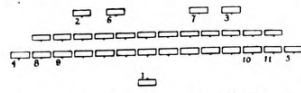


FIGURE 1.—THE COMPANY IN POSITION.

1. The Captain; 2. First Lieutenant; 3. Second Lieutenant; 4. First Sergeant; 5. Second Sergeant; 6. Third Sergeant; 7. Fourth Sergeant; 8. First Corporal; 9. Second Corporal; 10. Third Corporal; 11. Fourth Corporal.

fingers closed together, but not on the palm. At the command *Salute*, carry the hand to the visor of the cap, till the thumb and forefinger touch the lower edge, and at the same time turn the head and eyes slightly to the left. Then, after a second's pause in that position, extend the arm again and then drop it by the side.

This salute is given by privates and non-commissioned officers, to people entitled to it who pass them on the left side. If these people pass on the right side, the salute is given with the left hand.

I can hear some boys say: "Well, what is the salute for, any way—what is its use?" The idea of the salute is to mark people belonging to classes possessing authority. The first principle of military authority is

discipline, and discipline rests on the respect that all soldiers have for each other, and for a common authority higher than any. So when a soldier or an officer meets another having a higher rank than himself, he must salute him and the officer must return the salute. Of course, this is only done while on duty; that is, during the hours of drill and so on. Soldiers do not salute corporals or sergeants, only officers. The salute is a sort of bond between the soldier and officer that marks the fact that they both belong to the same fraternity; and in the United States army, soldiers must salute whenever they meet officers, either on or off duty. But then, you see, the soldier has the privilege of saluting General Sheridan, who is as much obliged to return the salute as the soldier who gives it. It is in no sense a mark of humiliation or degradation, as many people think, but rather the contrary.

The officer's salute is a little different from the soldier's, and is given as follows: At the first command, the right hand is raised till the tips of the fingers touch the cap visor, opposite the right eye, the elbow down, the back of the hand to the front. At the second command, the hand is lowered to the front till it is about the height of the shoulder; a slight pause is then made and the arm is dropped to the side. Of course you will all understand that when you meet anybody entitled to a salute you do not wait for commands to give it. You give it then, without any command, just before you reach the person. A figure



"COMPANY—FORWARD—MARCH!"

which shows the right hand salute can be found at the head of the first chapter of this series, on page 340.

MARCHING.

The next thing to learn is how to march. There are three kinds of steps in military marching. The first is called the step in common time, the second in quick time, and the third in double time.

To learn how to use the feet and legs properly to make these steps, there is a preparatory step called the *balance step*. To make it, the captain commands "1—Balance step—2—Left foot—3—Forward—4—Ground—5—Halt." At the third command, forward, the left foot is thrown to the front, the toes pointing outward and down, the knee straight, and the body erect on the hips. Now you must balance yourself in that position for a second or two. It isn't so easy as it seems. Try it, and you will see that you cannot keep your balance perfectly for five seconds. The left foot must not touch the ground; it must be raised clear of it.

At the command *Ground*, the left foot is planted without any shock, and the right foot immediately thrown forward, while you balance on the left. This is kept up till the command *Halt*, when the feet are brought together.

Now the captain may command "Rear" in place of "Ground," in which case the left foot is thrown to the rear, instead of being planted. Then at command *Forward*, again, it is thrown to the front, and so on till the command *Halt*.

After learning to balance yourself on one foot, the body and head being kept erect and straight; to march in common time,

the captain commands: "1—Company—2—Forward—3—Common Time—4—March." At command *Forward*, bend the left knee slightly, and throw the weight of the body on the right leg, so that at the command *March* you can step off quickly, without jerking the body. Take a step about 2 feet long, and take 90 of them to the minute, for common time. The full length step for men is 30 inches, but 24 inches is enough for boys.

To march in quick time, the command is the same, except the 3 "Quick Time" is substituted for 3—"Common Time." In "quick" time, which is the usual marching time, there are 110 steps to the minute, the length of the steps being the same as "common time."

Whenever the command is simply "1—Forward—2—March," quick time is used. Whenever common time or double time is wanted, the captain must put it in his command.

Here I want to say a word or two about commands. When the captain or anybody gives a command, the first part of the command is called "preparatory," and its object is of course to denote what is the movement to be executed. It must be given clearly and distinctly, not rapidly, nor drawled, and every syllable should be pronounced.

Thus in marching the company the command is "1—Company—2—Forward—3—March." Now nos. 1 and 2 are preparatory, as they indicate what is to be done. There is a pause of about a half a second between 1 and 2. The word *March* is the command

of execution. At its utterance, the movement is executed. It must be given in a quick, decisive and loud voice, so that all can hear it. There should be a pause of about a second between the preparatory and the executive parts of all commands.

There are a number of minor steps to be learned, but in the short space of this chapter it will be impossible to give the explanations of them. They are the *step step*, the *backward step*, the *side steps*, the *change step*, and the *march to the rear*.

The "double step" is the third of the important steps. At the command "1—Company—2—Forward—3—Double Time—4—March," the hands are raised at double time till the forearms are horizontal, the fingers closed, nails towards the body, and the weight of the body thrown on the right leg. At the command *march*, the left foot is thrown forward quickly, and followed by the right, and a running step is kept up. The length of the step for boys should be about 29 inches, though the full step for men is 33 inches. The time is 165 steps to the minute. In all marchings, step with the left foot first.

Having the company fairly started, the captain, lieutenants and sergeants should each purchase a *Tactics* or *Drill book*. They cost \$2 apiece, but where a half dozen is ordered they will cost only about \$1.67 apiece. The only authorized "Tactics" is Upton's, and, if you send for any, ask for "Upton's Infantry Tactics" of last edition, 1873. It is published in New York, but you can easily procure it through any book seller. In the "Tactics" will be found all the instructions for all drills of the company, for all the officers and sergeants and men. All the commands are

given in full, and explained, and illustrated by many diagrams. If some good-natured member of a militia company will send me the first two or three drills, and explain how the "Tactics" are to be read and carried out, then after that the company can get on by itself, without any trouble, if only the captain, lieutenants, and sergeants, read their "Tactics" carefully.

Never try to learn too much at a time; it is better to learn thoroughly two or three movements at a drill, than then you will get on much faster. And the farther you progress, the more interesting it becomes; there is a sort of fascination in watching the beautiful marching movements, of which there are so many, and all of which have their uses.

After having learned the steps and marchings, then it is best to get guns, and drill with them. The way to get the guns, without paying anything for them, is to have the fathers of the boys of the company make a request of the adjutant-general of the State for them. Nearly every State in the Union appropriates every year a certain sum for the use of its military forces. The United States, moreover, gives to each State every year a large number of guns, and cannon, and much ammunition, so that there is generally a large supply on hand.

I am certain that when a lot of boys get together for a military company, and really mean business, that is to say that they have a good intention to drill and learn to be soldiers, they will get plenty of encouragement from the State authorities, for it is a benefit to the State in the end.

So some of the more influential fathers make application for thirty Springfield cadet breech-loading rifles, caliber 45.

Cadet rifles are smaller than the usual rifle and weigh less, and are made especially for boys. Caliber means diameter of the bore, which in this case is .45 of an inch.

With the guns should also be included thirty bayonets, thirty waistbelts and plates, thirty bayonet scabbards, and thirty cartridge boxes. This will give a complete outfit to every boy in the company, except the officers. They carry swords and not guns; and as it is a privilege to be an officer, they generally have to pay for their swords. They need a belt, a sword, and scabbard, and get the outfit for \$8 apiece. If the State, however, has them on hand, they can be applied for, like the guns.

Now these arms are not given outright, only given to you to take care of, and use. So the responsible fathers will have to sign bonds for their safe keeping and return to the adjutant general when asked for.

Each boy should take a pride in keeping his gun and accoutrement clean and neat, and in another chapter I will tell you how to do it. But in the next chapter I am going to give a little instruction in the use of the gun at drill, and target practice.

(To be continued.)

THE WHALE'S RETALIATION.

AMAGANSETT, a flourishing fishing hamlet on the Long Island coast, manages to keep itself pretty consistently before the public eye, through its newspapers with accounts of the great number of whistling shags captured by its valiant citizens. And in this kind of sport thrilling adventures are by no means lacking.

Not long ago the patrol on the beach sighted a whale blowing some two miles off shore. The whaling crews, as soon as the signal was given, rallied, and, launching their boats, started in pursuit. After a chase of over five miles, Captain Josh Edwards's boat came up with and struck the whale. Captain Josh, who at the time was standing in the bow of the boat and threw the harpoon, was struck by the whale's flukes, and thrown fifteen feet out of the boat into the ocean.

He was picked up insensible and taken to the shore. He was in a critical condition at last account.

This makes the fifth whale captured off Amagansett within two months, three of them having been captured by Captain Edwards.

A BRIEF TEMPERANCE SERMON.
ONCE there was lying by the side of the ditch a pig. On the other side lay a man. The pig was sober, the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in his nose, the man had a string in his finger. One passing exclaimed, so that the pig heard it, "One is judged from the company he keeps." Instantly the pig rose and went away.

[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 XX.

A STARTLING CONCLUSION.

YOU have not forgotten that before the Moravian missionary had led his little company far along the trail, he came in collision with the fiery Winnebago known as The Serpent.

Deerfoot knew how common among his people was the practice of sending one of their warriors over the back trail, to learn whether an enemy was following them. But he thought it unlikely that the Winnebagos whom he was pursuing would do anything like that for no other reason than that they held the whites in so much contempt. What concern of theirs was it whether or not the spoiled pioneers clung to their footprints, in the idle hope of gaining back what had been taken away?

But knowing the watchfulness of the red men as he did, the Shawanoo was anxious to keep out of their sight until nightfall. If he could do so—and it was not a difficult matter—there was less danger of detection by their enemies.

So it was that when being or pretending his way through the woods, he was on the alert for a warrior from the front, but none was seen until close to the spot where the main party of Winnebagos had built their fire earlier in the day. Then he discovered that one of the enemies was near.

Before Deerfoot could utter the order to the Indian in the gathering gloom, he gave the signal for his friends to move aside from the trail. The message was sent so skillfully that the watchful Winnebago suspected nothing, though, as you know, the one who heard came near spoiling everything by their failure to understand the command in time.

Deerfoot studied the figure as closely as he could, but still closer to the faint light lingering in the woods, but he could not remember that he had ever seen him before, though they might have met in the past. Emerging from the gloom among the trees, the unknown Indian walked slowly across the open space where the campfire had been kindled, and where some of the embers were still burning. His shoulders were thrown forward and his head bent in a way which showed that he was examining the ground with the utmost care.

Not only that, but walking back to where a glow of fire was seen among the ashes, the Winnebago picked up one of the sticks, and whirling it about his head, so as to fan it into a flame, he bent down and studied the signs intently.

Nothing was to be feared just then, for the footprints of Deerfoot, among so many others, could cause no suspicion, though the warrior would not have to go far before coming upon those of the pioneers. Then, probably the truth was known.

But the red man seemed to be impatient with his work, and, flinging his brand aside, he silently passed from sight, like a shadow gliding over the ground. Deerfoot was inclined to follow him, but believing that nothing was to be gained by doing so, he retained his position.

Under other circumstances he would have been afraid that Linden or Bowby would shoot down the warrior on sight, for the laws of the border would have justified them in doing so, but the Shawanoo knew they would wait for his consent, and his consent of course would be given.

I have told you that The Serpent, when directly opposite the pioneers, who were stealthily watching him, halted abruptly, as if in such consideration. He stood erect, and the motion of his head showed that he was looking and listening with all the intensity of his nature.

It may be that he saw and heard nothing, for our friends were too wise for that,

but from some cause he changed his mind about following the back trail further. He faced the other way, and with the same erect but silent step, he moved in the direction of the abandoned camp.

You will not think it necessary for me to tell you that the Shawanoo had no superior in woodcraft; but, wise as he was, he began to feel mystified by the action of the Winnebago, who, stopping near the ashes, stood two or three minutes as motionless as the trunks of the trees around him.

The night was closing in so fast that at the end of that time named the keen eyes of the Shawanoo were unable to discern his outlines, though he knew he was still standing like a statue.

Deerfoot was now depending upon his ears to tell him when the Winnebago went away, for, no matter how carefully the other might move, he could not hide the soft rustling from the ears of the listener.

Suddenly a twist of flame rose several inches from the ground, increasing in size

the rest of the Winnebagos had penetrated some distance further toward the villages of their tribe.

Whatever the cause which kept the warrior in the vicinity of the campfire, it was so strange and unusual that Deerfoot could not for a time make a guess at the explanation.

"He is waiting to see some one" was the first clear conclusion reached by the watcher, though that, if possible, deepened his mystification, for what possible guess could be made as to the identity of the person for whom he was waiting?

The conclusion of Deerfoot was a reasonable one; some communication had been opened with the other party of Winnebagos, separated by several miles of forest, and the warrior by the campfire was awaiting the messenger's coming.

There were difficulties in the way of this theory, but since it was the best one which Deerfoot could form, he accepted it for a time, until it was displaced by a still more startling discovery.

was such that his power was absolute, so far as it could affect the company under his charge. If, therefore, he could be completely won by the missionary, he might not refuse to show his friendship to the extent of releasing Molly Bourne and Hank Grubbens.

The missionary felt that the fate of those two at least hung upon the course of The Serpent. He had said that the intention was to take all of the captives back to the lodges of the Winnebagos, and that the men would be tortured and death. The Serpent alone could save the two under his charge; would he do it?

"Winnebago," said the good man, speaking in a low voice and in his most earnest manner, "the Great Spirit of the white man, who is the Great Spirit of the red man, will he whisper in your ear; you have listened to his words; what did he say to you?"

"He said that the pale face was my brother; that The Serpent must love his brother; the Great Spirit would not love him."

"Winnebago, He spoke the truth; He has whispered in your ear many times, but you did not listen; will you listen now?"

"The Serpent will never shall his ears be closed again to the words of the Great Spirit."

This was said with a firmness which left no doubt of the sincerity of the warrior. The missionary, who had been holding in the hand of the red man in his own, pressed it warmly, as he said:

"God will keep you fast in that good promise, but it will cost you a hard struggle than I gave you a few minutes ago on the ground."

"That cannot be," said The Serpent, with something resembling a smile, for then The Serpent would have said the Moravian smiled in turn at the handsome compliance of his late antagonist, and hastened to explain.

"The fight will be a hard one, but you can conquer if you hold on."

"The Serpent will hold out!" was the confident response.

"I am glad you speak thus, and the test shall be made now; Winnebago, it is the wish of the Great Spirit that you set free the captives whom you have taken. You cannot be blamed for those you struck down in battle, but it is wrong to torture the men and women to death, as you meant to do with them."

The Serpent made no answer, but looked down to the ground, as if in deep thought. The missionary studied his countenance closely for he knew how severe a struggle was going on within that dusky breast. It might have seemed cruel not to have been too severe for him to stand.

What is faith without works? What do all the professions of a person amount to, if the life he leads is contrary to their spirit? Of what use, therefore, could be the declaration, if he did not act in accord with them?

This was the ground the missionary took, and though he trembled for the issue, he was hopeful.

The struggle, whatever its nature, that was going on in the mind of The Serpent, ended sooner than was expected. The warrior threw up his glance so quickly that Griffith thought he heard some suspicious sounds.

The Serpent comes again from among the trees."

And without another word, the warrior turned about and walked off, as though he expected to see the white people no more.

If possible, the disgust of Jonas Bourne was greater than before, the convert took care to see that he suffered no harm. Not only that, but he allowed him to walk away unmolested, when he might have served a good purpose as an exchange for one at least of the captives.

It is probable that had Mr. Bourne been aware that the warrior who had just turned his back upon them was the companion holding his daughter captive, he would have broken into open rebellion, but he and the others listened to the good man's explanation before venturing to condemn him.

He told the whole story, and you can imagine the sensation it produced. The convert turned pale when he heard what the intentions of the captors were respecting their



A FLAME SHOT UP FROM THE GROUND, AND REVEALED THE DARK FIGURE OF THE WINNEBAGO.

it spread until it lit up several feet of the surrounding gloom. By its light The Serpent was seen stooping over and bringing the embers together, so as to nurse the blaze which soon illuminated a dozen square yards.

The night, as you will remember, was mild, so that it was plain the Winnebago had not started the fire for the purpose of warmth. His figure soon came into full view, and a striking picture it was indeed.

In his right hand was his rifle, while his knive and tomahawk rested in the girdle at his waist. He stood evenly poised on his feet, with his face to the fire and his gaze fixed upon the coals, his attitude being that of one in deep thought.

From his crown, with its black straggling hair, down his face, chest, and front, to his hooded moccasins, he was in full view, while the rest of his body was hidden in the gloom, which was made the deeper by the contrast.

Deerfoot began to wonder what all this could mean. It was natural enough that the warrior should take the back trail for some distance, but it was hard to see the reason for all his actions.

If he was awaiting the whites who were threading their way along the trail, he had certainly done the most imprudent thing in the world by placing himself in the glare of the light, where he was such a good target for an enemy. Not one of the four who held him under their eyes could have asked for a better chance to pick him off.

The action of The Serpent, therefore, could not be explained on the theory that he was waiting the arrival of his enemies, nor was it clear why he stayed behind after Ap-to-wo and

How it came to the Shawanoo, he never could understand, but like a flash of inspiration, the young warrior said to himself: "The Winnebago is waiting to see Deerfoot!"

It was a startling conclusion indeed, as I have said, but nevertheless it was true.

CHAPTER XXI.

"THEY ARE NOT INDIANS!"

THE heart of the Moravian missionary was thrilled by the impressive declaration of Gauma, or The Serpent, when, placing his hand in the palm of the good man, he said that he had been conquered, not by the physical prowess of the iron-limbed prosaizer, but by the more powerful agency of love.

Looking into the moistened eyes of the splendid specimen of the American Indian, the good man said:

"Winnebago, I believe you! It is not I, but the Great Spirit on high who has subdued your fiery nature, and He will keep you with Him, if you will but let Him do so."

No man can follow the sacred profession as long as had the Moravian without learning much of the wickedness of the human heart. He was sure that The Serpent was honest, but he could not be sure that he would stay so. He had seen his heart touched before, but the impression had passed off like the dew in the morning sun.

Would his heart remain melted? That was the all-important question, for upon it depended the lives of the two captives whom he held prisoner. His position with his people



By BROOKS McCORMICK.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INDICATION OF MALY PRATER.

prisoners, nor was he much reassured by the pledge of the Serpent to the missionary.

"We have made a mistake," he began, "pressing his people to shake his head: we ought, or rather you ought not to let such an important Indian as he go away, but you could have a Deerfoot, who died four years ago, when he traded Black Bear for Bowly and Terry Clark."

"You may be right," replied the missionary, who could not free himself of an uneasy fear that he had made a grievous error, "but my conscience would not allow me to take the course you wish to pursue, until I am satisfied that there are obstacles to the success of your plan that hardly could be overcome."

"There was more than can be said to your proposal. Be not so sure of that. Suppose we had kept the Serpent as a prisoner, and I had gone to his people and told them that he would not be set free, would they not have been as a hostage for him?"

"That might have been, but the Serpent being a leader of the Winnebagoes, if they would have been glad to give all they could for him."

"What would have prevented their coming and taking him away from us?"

"The night he was taken to Greville, and placed him in the block house, where the whole tribe of Winnebagoes could not have taken him from us."

"You know not what you are saying; the red men are cunning; the Serpent would have been missed; and you would have been taken before they could take the Serpent with him. Then, too, if they had put your child to the torture before your eyes, you would have been glad enough to surrender the Serpent for the sake of saving yourself from that sight, even though it should be his fate to suffer death after a time."

"I had hoped to find some one stricken father, who could not bring himself to see things as did the missionary, that if you went among the natives, to suggest that they would say enough respect for you to help our scheme."

"The Moravian shook his head.

"I pardon your anxiety for your part, because of your anxiety for your dear child; but when the mist is cleared for you before your eyes, you will see differently. Tell me then, good Mr. Griffiths, do you believe that the Serpent will bring back my Molly?"

"I can only say that I hope he will; certainly, if his mood remains the same after he joins his people, he will do so."

"But is there a probability that it will?"

"I can only repeat that I hope so, but for all that, I think that we have adopted the only plan that gives the least promise of success."

the tears streaming down his cheeks. Surely when mercy and love can do so much to soothe the hearts, we will be glad to develop those divine instincts within us."

"Only for a moment or two did the tempest of emotion sweep over the good man. Molly, who had been on her knees, with her face to the preacher brushed aside the tears, and walking over to the Serpent, the most unaccountable of all his tricks, he took the hand of the missionary."

"Winnebago, are you sorry you have done this?"

"The heart of the Serpent is light."

"This is because you have pleased the Great Spirit; Gauma, you have won the victory."

"The Serpent has fought harder than ever before; something had kept whispering to him when he was walking among the trees that he would be a squaw if he should do this. Then, as he looked at his warriors, his heart failed him and he said he would not do so; but all the time another voice whispered in his ear; it was a voice which he called the Great Spirit always talks, and it told the Serpent to do it; and he did it."

"And the Great Spirit will bless you for what you have done, for as He never yet has blessed you," added the missionary, fervently pressing the hand of the Winnebago, who seemed tempted to throw his arms about his neck.

"But tell me," added the good man, straightening up, as he mastered his emotions, "did you explain to your people what you said you wished to set the captives free?"

"The Serpent's painted face showed a curious expression; he hesitated a second or two before answering."

"The warriors were not told that the pale face was set free, but that he had shown that they would be taken through the woods to the company of Ap-to-to, because he had sent for him."

"I had to lie upon the Moravian. The Serpent, instead of making known his real purpose, had disguised it. Returning from the boat back to the block house, he told the warriors that he met a messenger from Ap-to-to's party, with orders that the prisoners should be sent to him. As was afterwards ascertained by the Serpent, he sent for him and his warriors to continue their tramp homeward by the course they were then pursuing, and he had proved that so often by the other party at the close of the second day."

"This subterfuge worked perfectly, as it could not fall to do for a time, for nothing was so natural to the thought of the pale face as goes than that the Serpent felt anything but the most uncomprehending hatred toward the Indians; and had proved that so often by his exploits that Ap-to-to himself would have been suspected before him."

"It may be doubted whether Gauma could have succeeded by any other means. Had he set out to free the captives by making known his purpose, there would have been a rebellion for with the leader of the tribe and that band which made such a fine record in the attack on the settlement that morning, and they were not the ones to allow any such scheme that would take away their chief."

Although the Moravian did not refer to it, he saw that 'the Serpent's action was one which he would never explain to Ap-to-to and the other warriors. The most skillfully contrived fiction could not hide the flagrant defiance. But it was done, and beyond recall. As the Serpent said, he said to me that his friends had some curiosity to hear from him. I had said that, and her father had been too late."

"How was that?" asked one of his hearers.

"Why, I had just made up my mind to say this, but I thought you wouldn't stand it any longer. I tell you I was getting mad and was all ready to make a rush when he saw me. I said, 'Go away, or else I will leave. I held back a little at first, 'cause I wasn't willing to let 'em off so easy, but I didn't say anything more. I just said to Molly there, so I jined the procession and here we are."

"You would have died of fright," interrupted Jonas Bourne, impatient at the vapouring of the Indian, "we all are here to prevent such stuff for it deceives no one. The dominion here had a talk with the Serpent, as they call him; and persuaded him to go and bring you and Molly to us. Nothing else in the world would have saved you, and I'll own that I don't believe there was any hope of that. I saw I got the chance to get the pardon of the dominion for the way I talked to him."

"The conference between the missionary and the Winnebago was not long, though it was of great importance. They had quickly reached a conclusion, and the venerable old man walked over to the group to make it known."

"You, Jonas," said he, addressing the father of Molly, "are to take your child, and look after it for the time being. I will be with you."

"But she isn't afraid to go alone," said the pioneer.

"I can be of any help to the rest of the folks so far as I can do what I can."

"You are not needed, for though Molly is a brave girl, it would be right to let her travel so far when night is coming on."

"I don't like to see her go, but why I'll take care of her," volunteered Hank Grubben, who would have been glad to go back to the home of his father, and leave the care of what they could to help Deerfoot and his friends.

"I don't make much difference where you are," said Bourne, "but if some one ought to go with Molly, I am the most fitting person. Dominie, I can't talk the lingo of the Indians, but I can talk to the people of the west, and tell him there is nothing which I will not be glad to do to show my gratitude."

"The message was translated to the Serpent, who trusted something which meant nothing, and acted as though he cared little whether he was thanked or not."

"I am glad I am about it, I want to ask your pardon."

"For what, my man?" asked the missionary.

"For questioning your judgment, and—"

"Never mind that! Off with you; good by! Waving their farewells to the rest, the happy father and his daughter started homeward, both reaching the settlement late that night. Early next morning they received the news of the previous evening."

Then, as the Moravian turned to explain the line of action agreed upon by him and the people, he was surprised to find that the people, and he was not alarmed, for he understood what it meant; the Serpent had started in haste to meet the Shawanoe."

"Be not content." **Ask your neighbor for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may read.**

TERRIFIC FRESH WATER STORMS. Jerpoint from an account given by a sailor to a Mail and Express reporter, there are times when the great lakes of our country are far more dangerous to navigators than the mighty ocean itself. Indeed, so terrible are the December gales on these inland seas, that during that month ordinary salaried demand and receive the full pay of a captain.

THE name of the groom proved to be Birmingham. The magnate and his wife were absolutely astounded by the discovery, which turned out to be a mere fact, obtained from the certificate, that Morris had been named after his father, they had taken measures to remove the slip; but both of them had been quite sure that they would find some other family name than that of the baronet.

"That almost settles Morris's case," said Mr. Farnburn.

"Don't it quite settle it?" asked the lady.

"No; for the case has to be proved in this matter," said Mr. Farnburn.

"That is very true; and if I was a sporting man, I should be glad to see the marriage certificate, with the slip removed, was shown to them. They looked at each other, and seemed to be puzzled. The magnate explained the meaning of the discovery. But he was very careful to modify the expectations of Morris by telling him that the whole matter was involved in uncertainty, and nothing at all might come out of it."

"Above all things, you will not talk about this matter to your friends, not even when you believe you are perfectly safe," continued Mr. Farnburn, very earnestly.

"If any one got even a hint of the situation, he could sell his information for a round sum to Sigfred as soon as we arrive in England, and all your expectations might be defeated."

"It must have been a terrible necessity that induced you to do this," said the wife and send her away to America," said Mrs. Farnburn.

"He says he was on the very verge of suicide."

"Since I have seen that portrait of Lither Muggford in the cabin of the schooner I do not believe it. The captain said she was the most beautiful woman in all England, being some allowances for exaggeration, she was the inducement for him to put away his mind in the morning, and was married to a year. Morris, the father, was a villain, but the son inherited his nobility from his mother; and he is one of nature's young noblemen."

The papers were returned to the pursuer with a more strict injunction to care for them than before. The magnate was, as regarded the safe-keeping. The owner and his wife slept at last, and when they arose in the morning the Mabel was on her broad Pacific.

Morris did not close his eyes during the first watch, and he was on duty during the mid watch. He had plenty of time to think, and the time to wonder how he came to be a future baronet as some future time kept him fully occupied. But he was not unduly elated by the idea; he was, in fact, troubled not in a spirit of revenge, he was, in fact, troubled by the thought that his father's wicked scheme to cast out his mother and himself would be ultimately done. The magnate's expectations were realized.

When he was called to breakfast at eight o'clock the next morning, he found that there was an ocean he had never seen before. The weather was delightful, and Spink, unconsciously of the possibility that lay in his path-way was full of life and animation, with a word or a sign passed between them in relation to the interview in the saloon. If the wife looked upon her friend as a future baronet, he refrained from making a single joke on the subject.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$2.00 per year...

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

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The Courier has decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrangements are paid...

Discontinuation.—If you wish the ARGOSY discontinued you should notify in three weeks before your subscription ends...

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Robert J. Burdette.

In our next number will appear the opening chapters of Dick Broadhead, A STORY OF WILD ANIMALS AND THE CIRCUS.

P. T. BARNUM, THE GREAT SHOWMAN.

Mr. Barnum is famous for his partiality to young people, and hence the association of his name with a tale for boys is a guarantee that this serial will be full of just those incidents and adventures most likely to please them.

THE ARGOSY AND ITS FRIENDS. We wish to express our thanks for the prompt response which has been made to our request for the names and addresses of our readers.

BE ON TIME. The habit of punctuality is a profitable one to cultivate. A boy or a man who is sure to keep every appointment he makes, has added just so much capital stock to his character.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY. We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY as they appear from week to week.

THE TREACHEROUS WEATHER. One of our daily contemporaries has torn-worn writing editorials on the weather on an account of some droll happenings which took place last month.

THE ARGOSY AND ITS FRIENDS. We wish to express our thanks for the prompt response which has been made to our request for the names and addresses of our readers.

the early days of April suggested an article on the tardy departure of winter, which, owing to a sudden rise in temperature, appeared on a morning that was unseasonably warm and summer-like.

Shortly afterwards a poetical member of the editorial staff, who had been sunning himself on Easter day, was inspired to indite an article headed "Spring in the City," wherein he dilated upon the fact that while New England was still shivering beneath slowly disappearing snow-drifts, New York was basking in the bliss of "the budding time of the year."

As a rule, seekers after buried treasure are obliged to make long voyages over stormy seas or push their way with incredible hardships through uncivilized and far distant countries.

A rumor has gone forth to the effect that many years ago a boatload of money was sunk in this neighborhood, and may yet be recovered. We are inclined, however, to the opinion that the locality is by far too unromantically easy of access to permit the hope that there is any substratum of fact—or coin—in this case.

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.

A STRIKING CONTRAST. THE recent attempt of a company to obtain the privilege of building an elevated railroad in the principal street of New York in order to relieve the pressure on the four other lines already existing, serves to illustrate the fact that we Americans are indeed a hurrying nation.

It was not at all surprising that an evening paper of this city not long ago gave some interesting reminiscences of our traveling facilities in the past—a past of only thirty-five years ago.

In speaking of the journey in those days from New York to Washington, which may now be accomplished on the limited express in five hours and a quarter, he alludes to it as "a tedious and variegated experience. Almost every kind of locomotion, except ballooning and bicycling, was embraced in it. The direct and shortest route was by steamboat from New York to Annapolis, thence by a twenty-mile-an-hour railway train across New Jersey to Bordentown, thence by another steamboat down the Delaware to Philadelphia, thence down the river again to a point near Wilmington, thence by stage across the State of Delaware to the head waters of Chesapeake Bay, thence by steamboat to Baltimore, and finally by stage from Baltimore to Washington."

This diversified trip absorbed some two days and seven hours of the traveler's time, to say nothing of the heavy loads it must have made up in his pocketbook.

A striking contrast, indeed, does this picture present to the recent improvements in railroading. We read the other day of "a train of six coaches joined together as completely as the rooms of a house," and including a barber shop and bath tubs, the whole running at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

THE ARGOSY AND ITS FRIENDS. We wish to express our thanks for the prompt response which has been made to our request for the names and addresses of our readers.

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, Of the "New York Herald." A REMARKABLE figure among the leading metropolitan journalists is that of George H. Hepworth, chairman of the New York Herald's editorial council.

He was born in Boston, on the 4th of February, 1833, and received a thorough classical education. Five years were spent at the Boston Latin School—the first instructor of many an eminent American—two in study with a private tutor; then came the full course at the Cambridge Divinity School, and one year more as a resident graduate.

On leaving the University, Mr. Hepworth was ordained to be a minister of the Unitarian Church, in which he was born and brought up. His first church was in Nantucket; two years later he moved to Boston, where two more years were spent, and where he built the Church of the Unity. Then he was called to Dr. Osgood's church in New York.

During these years of ministry, Mr. Hepworth had grown more and more conservative, and some of his opinions had gradually changed. In order to correct what he believed to be a radically fatal tendency in the Unitarian system, he had organized a divinity school, with the aid of several prominent fellow-clergymen of Boston. The school was a success: in one year it prepared sixteen candidates for ordination, then it was abandoned as a separate institution, and seventeen students were transferred to the Cambridge Divinity School.

Mr. Hepworth labored earnestly to bring religion to the masses. He was the first clergyman in this country to hold services in theaters, an experiment which he tried successfully in New York, Boston, Albany, and Chicago. It was his great ambition to build a church for the people, for rich and poor alike; and when he finally left the Unitarian fold, and became a Congregationalist, he was enabled to realize his wish.

He found many friends, and in ninety days no less a sum than a hundred thousand dollars was raised. Land was bought at the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue, and there was built the great Iron Church of the Disciples, which holds twenty-five hundred people.

For seven years Mr. Hepworth labored here, so earnestly that his health at length gave way entirely. He was returning from a summer visit to Europe when his doctor met him, and told him that there was only one chance in six of his living six months longer, and the one chance would be good for nothing unless he gave up his work at once.

This was a startling announcement. Mr. Hepworth and his trustees, among whom were Russell Sage, E. H. Perkins, and other prominent New Yorkers, reluctantly agreed that he must send in his resignation. But he was determined not to leave the church without a pastor, and he devotedly staid at his post till a worthy successor could be found. It was so arranged that Mr. Hepworth delivered his last sermon one Sunday night, and Wesley R. Davis, who took his place, preached for the first time the following Sunday morning.

In the early days of his ministry in New York, Mr. Hepworth was invited by James Gordon Bennett the younger to join the editorial staff of the Herald, and ever since the two men have been warm personal friends. The offer was now repeated, and after a short

time spent in Newark, New Jersey, where he built a third church, Mr. Hepworth entered journalism, serving at first on the Herald, then on the Telegraph, and now again on the Herald, as chairman of the editorial council. In spite of the close personal supervision of Mr. Bennett, who is in constant communication with his staff, in whatever part of the world he may be himself, Mr. Hepworth's position is one of influence and responsibility, requiring great ability, tact, and judgment.

Several other incidents of his varied life are worthy of mention. He took part in the war, entering the army as chaplain, and being afterwards placed on General Banks's staff, with the rank of lieutenant. In this capacity he served at the fall of Fort Hudson in April, 1863, in the second Red River expedition, and in the Teche campaign. Then he was appointed to superintend the free labor system in Louisiana, and had thirty thousand emancipated negroes under his immediate control. His experiences during those trying months were afterwards published under the title of "Whip, Hoe, and Sword."

In the year 1880, when Ireland was stricken with famine, Mr. Hepworth played a prominent part in the relief of distress. Generous offerings were sent from this side of the Atlantic; a fund of \$350,000 was raised, \$100,000 being contributed by Mr. Bennett, and the frigate Constellation was dispatched with a cargo of three or four thousand barrels of flour. Both Mr. Hepworth and his chief were in Europe at the time, and the latter telegraphed all over the continent till he found Mr. Hepworth, and ordered him to go to Ireland at once, and take charge of the distribution of relief.

He efficiently discharged his task, co-operating with the local funds raised for the same purpose. The Duke of Edinburgh brought seven gunboats into Queenstown harbor, and placed them at his service; and the duke took Mr. Hepworth aboard his own flagship, the Lively, and together they went all around the west coast of Ireland, almost foot by foot, visiting every village, and organizing relief committees everywhere.

Besides his journalistic duties, Mr. Hepworth has done a good deal of literary work. One of his books has already been mentioned. In "Starboard and Port" he narrates a remarkable trip up the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Another volume, which bears the curious title of "I. I.," describes a previous existence, to which, like Plato and Wordsworth, he once believed he had found a clew. Some of his addresses, collected under the name of "Rocks and Shoals," have been widely read; and he has also written numerous magazine articles, among which may be mentioned poetry and dialect sketches contributed to the Century and the Independent, and signed "Plato Johnson."

It will be seen that Mr. Hepworth has done a vast amount of hard work, and has busily engaged in living," he says, "that I have very little time to think of how I have done it. And there is so much to be done, that what I have accomplished is small and utterly insignificant."

To give the moral of his career in his own words, "Don't believe in genius. Work hard, work early and late, work without cessation, and especially work with a definite object in view. The notion that some boys have genius is what kills success—makes it impossible. Let a boy start with the idea that he has nothing, that he wants everything—and he may achieve something."

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. THE great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast will doing. WITH all the religious drawbacks of the age in which we live, it is a grand one. The century soon to close is the best the earth has ever seen. CURE your resources; learn what you are fit for, and give up wishing for it. Work what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man. A TENDER-HEARTED and compassionate disposition, which inclines men to pity and feel the misfortunes of others, and which is even for its own sake incapable of involving any man in pain and misery, is of all tempers of mind the most amiable; and though it seldom receives much honor, is worthy of the highest.



GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.

The undue continuance of cold winds in

The offer was now repeated, and after a short



THE BLACKSMITH STOOD UP IN HIS WAGON AND CRIED OUT: "STOP WHERE YOU ARE, KIT WATSON, OR I'LL GIVE YOU THE WORST THRASHING YOU EVER HAD!"

[This story commenced in No. 230.]

The Young Acrobat
of the Great North American Circus

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Author of "Bob Barton," "The Young Circus Rider," "Ragged Dick Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

KIT'S RIDE TO OAKFORD.

AKFORD was six miles away. The blacksmith's horse was seventeen years old, and did not make very good speed. Kit was unusually busy thinking. He had taken a decisive step; he had in fact made up his mind to enter upon a new life. He had not objected to going away with the blacksmith, because it gave him an excuse for packing up his clothes, and leaving the house quietly.

It may be objected that he had deceived Mr. Bickford. This was true, and the thought of it troubled him, but he hardly knew how to explain matters.

Not much conversation took place till they were within a mile of Oakford. Aaron Bickford had filled his pipe at the beginning of the journey, and he had smoked steadily ever since. At last he removed his pipe from his mouth, and put it in his pocket.

"Were you ever in Oakford?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Kit. "I know the place very well."

"How do you think you'll like livin' there?" "I don't think I shall like it."

Mr. Bickford looked surprised.

"I'll keep you at work so stiddy you won't mind where you are," he remarked dryly.

"Not if I know it," Kit said to himself.

He knew Mr. Bickford by reputation. He was a close-fisted, miserly man, who was not likely to be a very desirable employer, for he expected every one who worked for him to work as hard as himself. Moreover, he and his wife lived in a very stingy manner, and few of the luxuries of the season appeared on their table. The fact that complaints upon this score had been made by some of Kit's predecessors in his employ led Mr. Bickford to make inquiries with a view to ascertaining whether Kit was particular about his food.

"Are you particular about your vittles?" he asked abruptly.

"I have been accustomed to good food," answered Kit.

"You can't expect to live as you have at your uncle's," continued the blacksmith. "Me and my wife have enough to eat, but we think it best to eat plain food. Some of my help have had stuck-up notions, and expected first class hotel fare, but they didn't get it at my house."

"I believe you," said Kit.

Mr. Bickford eyed him sharply, not being sure but this might be a sarcastic observation, but Kit's face was straight, and betrayed nothing.

"You'll live as well as I do myself," he proceeded, after a pause. "I don't pamper my appetite, by no means."

Kit was quite ready to believe this also, but did not say so.

"What time did you get up at your uncle's?" asked the blacksmith.

"We have breakfast a little before eight. I get up in time for breakfast."

"You do, boy?" ejaculated the blacksmith, scornfully. "Wa'al I declare! You must be tuckered out gettin' up so airy."

"O no, I stand it very well, Mr. Bickford," said Kit, amused.

"Do you know what time I get up?" asked Mr. Bickford, with a touch of indignation in his tone.

"I would like to know," answered Kit, meekly.

"Wa'al I get up at five o'clock. What do you say to that, hey?"

"I think it is very early."

"I s'pose you couldn't get up so early as that."

"I might, if there was any need of it."

"I reckon there will be need of it if you're goin' to work for me."

Kit cleared his throat. He felt that the time had come for an explanation.

"Mr. Bickford," he said, "I owe you an apology. What!"

"I said Bickford, regarding his young companion in surprise.

"I have deceived you."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about."

"I don't think I had a right to come with you to-day."

"I can't make out what you're talkin' about. Your uncle has engaged to let you work for me."

"But I haven't engaged to work for you, Mr. Bickford."

"Hey!" and the blacksmith eyed our hero in undisguised amazement.

"I may as well say that I don't intend to work for you."

"You don't mean to work for me?" repeated Bickford slowly.

"Just so, I have no intention of becoming a blacksmith."

"Is the boy crazy?" ejaculated Aaron Bickford.

No, Mr. Bickford; I have full command of my senses. You will have to look out for another apprentice."

"Then why did you agree to come with me?"

"That is what I have to apologize for. I wanted to get away from my uncle's house quietly, and I thought it the best way to pretend to agree to my uncle's plan."

Aaron Bickford was not a sweet-tempered man. He had a pretty strong will of his own, and was called, not without reason, obstinate. He began to feel angry.

"Well, boy, have you got through with what you had to say?" he asked.

"I believe so—for the present."

"Then I guess it's about time for me to say something."

"Very well, sir."

"You'll find me a tough customer to deal with, young man."

"Then perhaps it is just as well that I do not propose to work for you."

"But you are goin' to work for me!" said the blacksmith, nodding his head.

"Whether I want to or not?" interrogated Kit, placidly.

"Yes, whether you want to or not, willy nilly, as the lawyers say."

"I think, Mr. Bickford, you will find that it takes two to make a bargain."

"So it does, and there's two that's made this bargain, your uncle and me."

Mr. Bickford was not always strictly grammatical in his language, as the reader will observe.

"I don't admit my uncle's right to make arrangements for me, without my consent."

"You know more'n he does, I reckon?"

"No, but this matter concerns me more than it does him."

"Maybe you expect to live without workin'!"

"No, if it is true, as my uncle says, that I have no money, I shall have to make my living, but I prefer to choose my own way of doing it."

"You're a queer boy. Bein' a blacksmith is too much work for you, I reckon."

"At any rate it isn't the kind of work I care to undertake."

"What's all this rigmarole comin' to? Here we are 'most at my house. If you ain't goin' to work for me, what are you goin' to do?"

"I should like to pass the night at your house, Mr. Bickford. After breakfast I will pay you for your accommodations, and go—"

"Where?"

"You must excuse my telling you that. I have formed some plans, but I do not care to have my uncle know them."

"Are you goin' to work for anybody?" asked the blacksmith, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Yes, I have a place secured."

"Is it on a farm?"

No.

"You're mighty mysterious, it seems to me. Now you've had your say, I've got something to say."

"Very well, Mr. Bickford."

"You say you're not goin' to work for me?"

Yes, sir.

"Then I say you are goin' to work for me. I've got your uncle's authority to set you to work, and I'm goin' to do it."

Kit heard this calmly. Mr. Bickford expected him to show some excitement, but in this he was disappointed.

"Suppose we postpone the discussion of the matter," he said. "Is that your house?"

Aaron Bickford's answer was to drive into the yard of a cottage. On the side opposite was a blacksmith's forge.

"That's where you're goin' to work!" he said, grimly, pointing to the forge.

CHAPTER IX.

KIT MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

RATON, where Barlow's circus was billed to appear on Saturday, was only six miles farther on. Oakford was about half way, so that in accompanying the blacksmith to his home Kit had accomplished about half the necessary journey. Now that he had undeceived the blacksmith as to his intention of staying he felt at ease in his mind. It was his plan to remain over night at the house, and pursue his journey early the next day.

"Are these all the clo'es you brought with you?" asked Bickford, surveying Kit's neat and rather expensive suit with disapproval.

"Yes, Am I not well enough dressed for a blacksmith?" asked Kit, with a smile.

"You're a pizany sight too well dressed," returned Bickford. "You want a good rough suit, for the forge is a dirty place."

"I thought I told you I did not intend to work for you, Mr. Bickford."

"That's what you said, but I don't take no stock in it. Your uncle has bound you out to me, and that settles it."

"If he has bound me out, where are the papers, Mr. Bickford?" asked Kit, keenly.

"This question was a poser. The blacksmith supposed that Kit might be ignorant that papers were required, but he found himself mistaken."

"There ain't no papers, but that don't make no difference, he said. 'He says you're to work for me, and I'm goin' to hold you to it.'"

Kit did not reply, for he saw no advantage in discussion.

"You'll get a dollar a week and your board, and you can't do better. I reckon dinner's about ready now."

Kit felt ready for the dinner, for the morning's ride had sharpened his appetite. So when, five minutes later, he was summoned to the table, he willingly accepted the invitation.

"This is my new 'prentice, Mrs. Bickford," said the blacksmith by way of introduction, to a spare, red-headed woman, who was bustling about the kitchen, where the table was spread.

Mrs. Bickford eyed Kit critically.

"He's one of the kid glove kind, by the looks," she said. "I don't expect to get much work out of him, do you?"

"I reckon I will or know the reason why," responded Bickford, significantly.

"Set right down, and I'll dish up the victuals," said Mrs. Bickford. "We don't stand on no ceremony here. What's your name, young man?"

"People call me Kit."

"Sounds like a young cat. It's ridiculous to give a boy such a name. First thing you know I'll be calling you Kit."

"I don't look like a cat," said Kit, laughing.

"You ain't got no fur on your cheeks yet," said the blacksmith, laughing heartily at his own witticism. "What have you got for dinner, mother?"

"It's a sort of picked-up dinner," answered Mrs. Bickford. "There's some pork and beans warmed up, some slapiacks from breakfast, and some fried sassaidges."

"Why, that's a dinner for a king," said the blacksmith, rubbing his hands.

He took his seat, and put on a plate for Kit a specimen of the delicacies mentioned above. In spite of his good looks, Kit ate sparingly, supplementing his meal with bread, which, being from the baker's shop, was of good quality. He conversed with Mrs. Bickford's table, if this was a specimen of the fare he was to expect.

When dinner was over, the blacksmith in a genial mood said to Kit: "You needn't begin to work till to-morrow. You can tramp round the village if you want."

Kit was glad of the delay, as early the next morning he expected to bid farewell to Oakford, and thus would avoid a conflict.

He had been in Oakford before, and knew his way about. He went out of the yard and walked about in a leisurely way. It was early in June, and the country was green. The birds were singing, the fields were green with verdure, and Kit's spirits rose. He felt that it would be delightful to travel about the country, as he would do if he joined Barlow's Circus.

He overtook a boy somewhat larger than himself, a stout, strong country boy, attired in a rough, coarse working suit. He was about to pass him, when the country boy called out: "Hallo, you!"

"Where you went to, me?" asked Kit, turning and looking back.

"Yes, didn't I see you riding into town with Aaron Bickford?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to work for him?"

"That is what he expects," answered Kit, diplomatically. "He hesitated about confiding his plans to a stranger."

"Then I pity you!"

"Why?"

"I used to work for him."

"Did you?"

"Yes; I stood it as long as I could."

"Then you didn't like it?"

"I guess not."

"What was the trouble?"

"Everything. He's a stingy old hunk, to begin with. He went to me for a dollar a week and board. If the board had been decent, it would have been something, but I'd as soon board at the circus as at his place."

"I have taken dinner there," said Kit, smiling.

"Did you like it?"

"I have dined better. In fact I have seldom dined worse."

"What did the old woman give you?"

Kit enumerated the articles composing the bill of fare.

"That's better than usual," said his new acquaintance.

"I suppose the dollar a week was all right," said Kit.

"Good enough, if you can get it. It's about as easy to get as a stone, as money goes out of old Bickford. Generally I had to wait ten days after the time before I could get the money."

"How is the work?"

"Hard, and plenty of it. It's work early and work late, and if there isn't work at the forge, you've got to work at the anvil, drawing water, and doing chores. You don't live in Oakford, do you?"

"No; I came from Smyrna."

"I thought not. Bickford can't get a boy to work for him here. What made you come? Couldn't you get a place at home?"

"I didn't try."

"Well, you haven't done much in coming here."

"I begin to think so," Kit responded, with a smile.

"Hasn't the circus been in your town?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to go, but I guess I'll manage to see it in Grafton. It shows there to-morrow."

"Are you going?" asked Kit, with interest.

"Yes; I shall walk. I'll start early and spend the day there for a dollar a week."

"We may meet there."

"You don't expect to go, do you? Bickford won't let you off."

Kit smiled.

"I don't think Mr. Bickford will have much to say about it," he said.

"Are you going to hook jacks?" asked his new acquaintance.

"I didn't mean to tell you, but I will. I have made up my mind not to work for Mr. Bickford at all."

"Then why did you come here?"

"Because my uncle saw fit to arrange with him."

"What are you going to do then?"

"I am offered work with the circus."

"You are!" exclaimed the country boy, opening wide his eyes in astonishment. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to be an acrobat."

"What's that?"

Kit explained as well as he could.

"What are the boys going to do?"

"Ten dollars a week and my expenses," answered Kit, proudly.

"Jehu!" ejaculated the other boy. "Why, that's a good wage for a man. Do you think they'd hire me too?"

"If you think you can do what they require, you can ask them."

"Why can't I do it as well as you?"

"Because I have been practicing for a long time at a gymnasium. What is your name?"

"Bill Morris."

"Then, Bill, don't say a word to any one about my plans. Suppose we go to Grafton together?"

All right!

Before the boys parted they made an agreement to meet at five o'clock the next morning, to set out on their walk to Grafton.

CHAPTER X.

Kit's first night at the blacksmith's. "I'm first of the blacksmith, giving a deep yawn, said, 'You'd better be getting to bed, young fellow. You'll have to be up bright and airy in the morning.'"

Kit was already feeling sleepy, and made no objection. Though it was yet early, he had found out that the room was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bickford, and there was one of the same size which was used as a spare chamber. No New England family of any rank would have tolerated their accommodations, thinks of getting along without a spare chamber.

Kit's room was supplied with a cot bed, and was furnished in the plainest manner. One thing he missed. He saw no wastebasket.

"Where am I to wash in the morning?" he asked himself.

"You can wash in the tin basin in the kitchen," answered Mrs. Bickford. "There's a bar soap down there, and a roll towel, so I guess you won't have to go dirty."

Kit shuddered at the suggestion. He had seen bars of yellow soap in the grocery at home, and didn't think he should enjoy its use. Nor did he fancy using the same towel with the blacksmith and his wife. He had seen that they were already hanging beside the sink, and judged from its appearance that it had already been used nearly a week.

"I have been accustomed to wash in my own room," he ventured to say.

"You've been used to a great many things that you won't find here," replied Mrs. Bickford, grimly.

Kit thought it extremely likely.

"If you can't do as the rest of us do, you can get along without washing," continued the lady.

"I will try to manage," answered Kit, bearing in mind that he expected to leave the Bickford mansion forever the next morning.

"That new boy of yours is kind of uppish," remarked Mrs. Bickford, when she returned to her own room.

"What's the matter now?"

"He wants to wash in his own room. He's too good a gentleman to wash in the kitchen."

"What do you tell him?"

Mrs. Bickford repeated her remark.

"Good for you, mother! We'll take down his pride."

"Is he goin' to work in them fine clo'es he brought with him?"

"He didn't bring any others."

"He'll spile 'em, and not have anything to wear to meetin'."

"Haven't we got a pair of overalls in the house?" he ventured to say.

"Yes; I'll get 'em right away."

"They'll be good for him to wear."

Before Kit had got into bed, the door of his chamber was unconsciously opened, and Mrs. Bickford walked in, carrying a faded pair of overalls.

"Here, put these on in the mornin'," she said. "They'll keep your clo'es clean. They may be a little long for you, but you can turn up the legs at the bottom."

Kit left the room without waiting for an answer.

Kit surveyed the overalls with amusement. "I don't think I should look in them," he said to himself.

He drew them on over his pants, and regarded his figure as well as he could in the light thrown by nine glass that hung on the wall.

"This is Kit, the young blacksmith!" he said with a smile. "On the whole, I don't think it improves my appearance. I'll take them off, and leave them for the next boy."

"What did the boy say, mother?" asked Mrs. Bickford, when she returned.

"He just look 'em; he didn't say anything."

"I s'pose he's never worn overalls before," said the blacksmith. "What do you think he said me on the way over?"

"I don't know."

"He said he wasn't goin' to work for me at all, and that he should look in the 'em."

"Well, of all things!"

"I just told him he hadn't no choice in the matter, that me and his uncle had arranged to have him work for me, and that I should hold him to the contract."

"I'm afraid he'll be dainty about his vittles. He didn't eat much dinner."

"Well, till he gets to work, mother. I guess he'll have appetite enough. I mean he shall earn his board at any rate."

"I hope we won't have no trouble with him, Aaron."

"You needn't be afraid, mother. I guess I can train boys as well as the next man."

"Somehow, Aaron, you never did manage to keep the boys very long," said Mrs. Bickford, dubiously.

"Because their folks were weak, and allowed 'em to have their own way. It'll be different with this boy."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because his uncle is anxious to get rid of him. He's got the boy, the lady, and he's imagined he was goin' to have property. He's supported him out of charity, dressin' him like a gentleman, sendin' him to school, and doin' all sorts of money on him. Now he thinks it about time to quit, and have the boy learn a trade. Of course the boy'll complain, and try to beg off, but it won't be no use. Stephen Watson won't make no account of what he says. He keeps a horse himself, and has promised to have him shod at my shop."

"I don't see how you can get on with him. Now he looks like a good deal of confidence in himself. He understood very well that Kit was averse to working in his shop, but he went to make a 'hope so.'"

"I'd like to see the boy I can't manage," he said to himself, complacently. "I ears hence, there's a forge in his head, and he'll thank me for perseverin' with him. There's money to be made in the business. Why, when I began I wasn't worth a hundred dollars, and now I'm worth a thousand. Now I own the house and shop, and I've got a tidy sum in the bank."

"That's true. But it must be added that the result was largely due to the pinching economy which both he and his wife had practiced."

Just as Mr. Bickford woke up the next morning it was half past five o'clock.

"Strange how I came to oversleep," he said. "I guess I must have been noddin' out than I supposed. Well, the boy had a longer nap than I meant he should. However, it's only for this one mornin'."

He went to the door, unlocked his toilet, five minutes was rather an overstatement of the time.

He went to Kit's chamber, and opening the door, went in as unconsciously as his wife had done the night before.

A surprise awaited him.

"Where is the bed!"

"What! has the boy got a ready?" he asked himself, in a bewildered way. "He's better at gettin' up than I expected."

He looked at the bed, and discovered on a chair by the bedside the overalls, and upon them a note and a silver dollar.

"Where was the note?" he asked himself.

Looking closer he saw that the note was directed to him. Beginning to suspect that something was wrong, he opened it.

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"Would you advise me to ask an increase, uncles?"

"If it would do no harm. It is only just."

"I've told this Leon over for up to Mr. Simmons, just before the store closed. The hour of closing was six o'clock."

"May I speak to you a moment, sir?" he asked.

"Well, be quick about it."

"Would you be willing to raise my pay to seven dollars a week for up to Mr. Simmons, just before the store closed. The hour of closing was six o'clock."

"I raised you in January," said the merchant, frowning. "You get six dollars a week, a very good salary for a clerk."

"But, sir, the new boys gets the same salary."

"Suppose he does."

"And he has no more experience. I ought to be able to earn more money than he does."

"I presume you do, but there are reasons for giving him more than he earns."

Leon still looked dissatisfied.

Mr. Simmons continued: "This new boy may not prove satisfactory. If he does not, of course I shall discharge him. He has a mother to support, and I have favored him on that account. He may not prove honest. I can't say as I would be up to recommending him. I advise you to go back to work, and do your duty, without regard to what the other boys get. I will give you a raise, you will get it in due time."

Leon reported what Mr. Simmons had said to his uncle. The latter looked puzzled.

"Mr. Simmons is in the habit of being philanthropic," he said, "nor is he in the habit of engaging boys in the street, and giving them extra pay on account of their having mothers to support."

"It is very disagreeable to me to have a green boy, two or three years younger, paid as much as I am discharged him."

"No doubt, Leon. What was that Mr. Simmons said about the boy proving dishonest?"

"He said he was dishonest. If he is not, he says he will discharge him."

"Then I don't think he will stay long," said Kimball, smiling.

Uncle and nephew exchanged glances. Leon understood very well what was meant.

"I don't think he looks like an honest boy," he said.

"It is too early to judge as to that. He won't be apt to take anything for two or three weeks at least. He will be too prudent for that. Wait patiently and all will come right."

Elias Simmons was a crafty man. It was his purpose to make use of Ned for his own ends, and he could have taken no more effectual means than by giving him a large salary at the outset.

Ned was conscious that neither Leon nor the head clerk liked him, but that he was in any danger from this source he did not suspect.

The first day passed off smoothly. Ned was sent out on several errands, to the post-office for letters, to the bank for money, to the apothecary, and did miscellaneous work in the store.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROSCOE ST. CLAIR.

NED was glad to find that the store closed at six o'clock. As it had been located on Sixth Avenue, near the Bowery, it would have been kept open much later, but the portion of New York south of Canal Street is pretty well deserted.

In the evening, while walking near the Metropolitan Hotel, he heard his name called, looking round he saw that it was Ned. St. Clair, one of the young men employed in the store, St. Clair was effeminate in manner, and inclined to be a dandy. He was rather short of stature, and had long tallow hair, Ned, and his face, though amiable, was weak.

"Good evening, Mr. Newton," he said. "Are you out for a walk?"

"Good evening, Mr. St. Clair, but don't call me Mr. Newton. I am only a boy as yet. Call me Ned."

"All right! I will be glad to do so if you will permit me. Do you live near by?"

"I live on the east side," Ned answered, vaguely. He had no intention of running the risk of a call from any of his business associates, feeling a little sensitive in respect to his humble surroundings.

"I live on Clinton Place, in a lodging-house, and take my meals at the restaurants. How do you like your new place?"

"I have hardly been in it long enough to tell. I am afraid I shan't like the other boy."

"You mean Leon?"

"Yes."

"I don't like him myself. He's inclined to be sarcastic. He made fun the other day of my mistake."

Ned felt inclined to laugh. The few light brown hairs which Mr. St. Clair dignified as a mustache indicated great immaturity, and were not calculated to excite the admiration of Kimball.

"He doesn't seem to me a very pleasant boy."

"He puts on plenty of airs, though. He is Mr. Kimball's nephew, and the head clerk favors him more than any of the rest of us."

"Does Mr. Simmons appear to like him?"

"Mr. Simmons appears to like him. He tells him, I might tell something against him if I chose."

"What, for instance?"

"I was passing a billiard saloon—one of the low sort on the east side one night, when I saw Leon come out staggering. He was pretty full. The friend who was with me said that he was there almost every evening playing pool for drinks."

"I am sorry to hear that. If he has a mother and sisters they ought to be pitied."

"He has no mother, but Mr. Kimball acts as his guardian. I wouldn't tell Kimball, for Leon said deny it, and the head clerk would believe him."

"How about Mr. Kimball?"

"Oh, he's as big a pharisee—I mean in having a high idea of himself, and turning up his nose at other people."

"I hope I shall get along with him, but I don't know. Leon says he found out that I get as much pay as he, and he evidently doesn't like it."

"Is that true?" asked St. Clair in surprise. "Do you receive six dollars?"

"Yes."

"Do you ever have any experience in the business before?"

"None at all."

"Do you mind the wages?"

"Mr. Simmons."

"I can't understand it. Few boys of your age get as much. I myself, and I am twenty, only get nine dollars a week."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, it's too little, isn't it? I give you my word for it. Ned is a clerk that finds it very hard to live and dress myself respectfully on that paltry sum."

"Should think so."

"Mr. Simmons has the reputation of paying very small salaries. That makes it more remarkable that he should pay you so much. Can you think of any reason?"

"Yes, I can think of one, but I don't feel at liberty to mention it."

Ned alluded to his relationship, but he was not sure that Mr. Simmons would care to have that mentioned.

"It's very strange. I have often thought of asking Mr. Newton to increase my pay, and once I came near succeeding, but I think Mr. Kimball used his influence against me. It would be a low confidential tone."

"Yes, I think it was."

"There is a reason why I am anxious to get a larger salary," said Mr. St. Clair, sinking into a low confidential tone. "Mr. Newton—Ned, I mean—I want a confidential friend. Will you kindly allow me to speak to you on a matter that is—is secret and personal?"

"If it will afford you any satisfaction, Mr. St. Clair."

"Let me ask you, Ned," said St. Clair, with great solemnity, "were you ever in love?"

Ned burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, Mr. St. Clair, I am only sixteen," he answered.

"That doesn't prevent. I fell in love when I was sixteen, but it was only a fleeting passion. I am not in love."

"Indeed!" said Ned, wanting to laugh, but struggling against the temptation, lest he should hurt the feelings of the impressive young man.

"Yes," continued St. Clair, emphatically. "I am really in love."

"How long have you been so? That is, if you don't mind telling."

"Three months."

"How did you meet the young lady?"

"At Professor Trombone's dancing-school. It was love at first sight. When I first danced with her, my heart began beating like—like anything. I felt that she was the 'one woman in the world for me.'"

This sentence Mr. St. Clair had recently read in an English novel, and he at once adopted it as sounding remarkably well.

"I hope the young lady returns your affection," said Ned, with a successful assumption of gravity.

"I think she does. She has accepted two or three invitations to take tea cream, and she smiles sweetly when I carry her curru."

"This didn't seem absolutely convincing to Ned. He didn't care to disturb St. Clair's complacency."

"I suppose she is pretty," he ventured to remark.

"She is beautiful!" said St. Clair, enthusiastically. "I wish you could see her."

"Did you ever ask her hand?"

"No," answered St. Clair gloomily; "I put it to you, how can I think of marriage on nine dollars a week?"

"An extraordinary change came over Mr. St. Clair's appearance. He became very much excited, and clutching Ned's arm pointed to the window and vacant of the street.

"Ned," he said, in an impressive voice, "isn't it strange? There goes the young lady."

Looking across the street, Ned desisted a short, fat young woman, whose figure suggested Dutch descent. Her face was broad, and vacant of expression, and she walked with short, waddling steps.

"What do you think of her? Isn't she charming?" asked St. Clair.

"She looks—healthy," answered Ned, in some embarrassment.

"Her father is a butcher on the east side," said St. Clair, "and I hear he is well off. He has a right to look high for his daughter, but I am of good family, even if I am poor."

"He would hardly be likely to introduce you."

"Not just now," said Ned, hastily; "I am bashful."

"When you have been in society as much as I have you will get over that," said St. Clair.

"What is the name of the young lady?"

"Katy Dobbs. I don't like the name of Dobbs, but I think she is very nice."

"Perhaps that is why you wish to change it for St. Clair."

"You are quite right! Really, Mr. Newton, you are very witty."

"Nobody ever called me so before. But who is that approaching us? Isn't it Leon Granville?"

"Yes," answered St. Clair, in a tone of surprise.

"At this moment Leon caught sight of his two fellow clerks, and slackened his pace.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EVENTS OF AN EVENING.

"GOOD evening," said Leon, in a condescending tone. "Are you out for a walk?"

"Yes," answered St. Clair, in a tone of deference, remembering that he was addressing the nephew of the head clerk.

"Are you two fellows acquainted?" he inquired.

"Only since we met in the store," answered Ned.

"I suppose you are out for a walk, too," said St. Clair.

"Yes; I have a headache to-night. I suppose it is because I am too gay. How many

parties do you suppose I attended last month?"

"I couldn't guess."

"I should call all first-top private houses, too-swell families, living in fine mansions, up town. That makes me feel a little shaky."

Roscoe St. Clair seemed in great pain. He was credulous and easily deceived, and really believed what was told him.

"You are lucky to be in with so many fashionable families," he said.

"Yes, I suppose so, but if I were like you and your friend here, I should be able to keep up with them," he said.

Ned's eyes twinkled. He saw at once that Leon was a sham.

"You ought to do like me," he said, "refuse to let invitations you receive. I was obliged, last week, to ask Mrs. Astor to excuse my attending a party, as I had a severe cold, and was not to be let loose."

Leon looked disgusted, and even St. Clair looked amazed.

"Quite likely," said Leon, in an ironical tone.

But just then, happily for Ned's credit, a handsomely dressed boy, Fred Stanhope, from another family, came in. He remembered he had received two suits of clothes as a present, came along. His face lighted up as he recognized Ned.

"How are you, Ned?" he exclaimed, his face showing the pleasure he felt.

"I am very well, thank you, Fred," Ned responded, in a low confidential tone.

"Why don't you call and see me?"

"I have been intending to, but was not sure whether you would be at leisure."

"Come round next Wednesday evening. It is my birthday, and grandpa gives me a party. Delmonico furnishes the supper. That may be an excellent treat, even if you have had other."

"Thank you, Fred. I will do so with pleasure."

"Mind and come early. Then you can see more of me."

Fred bowed and passed on.

Leon Granville was impressed in spite of his own feelings. He had had at least one fashionable acquaintance, or rather friend.

"Was that?" he inquired, abruptly.

"Fred Stanhope."

"Where does he live?"

"In the apartment on Broadway Avenue."

"Is he the son of Richard Stanhope, the millionaire?"

"Not son, but grandson."

"Did you ever first meet him?"

"At his own house."

"You seem to be intimate?"

"It is clear that you deal of Fred. He is one of my best friends."

"Have they got a fine house?"

"Very fine."

Leon Granville eyed Ned with a puzzled expression. He had formed an idea that Ned was a person of low position, yet here he was almost intimate terms with the grandson of a millionaire.

"I wish you had introduced me to young Stanhope," he said.

"Why not take an opportunity hereafter?"

Ned said this, but did not promise to make use of the opportunity. He felt that he would never meet him. Leon, his friend, but it was not necessary to say so.

"Well, good evening," said Leon; "we'll meet to-morrow."

"You were kindly invited by the Astors, Mr. Newton," asked St. Clair.

"No," answered Ned, laughing; "but it is quite true that I have had representations made to me, but I don't believe in his intimacy with so many fashionable families."

"You are right, how is young Stanhope?"

"Yes, but most of my friends are of a very different class."

"I am glad that of, or you might not be willing to introduce me."

"You are too modest, Mr. St. Clair. I don't value my friends because they are wealthy or fashionable."

"It must be pleasant to be a tip-topper," said St. Clair, plaintively. "I should like it ever so much."

"Why may you not raise yourself to such a position?"

"I am afraid it isn't in me."

"I think you are content with a poor and obscure in their early days. They raised themselves by their own efforts."

As Ned spoke, his eye kindled, and it was clear that he, too, was bent upon raising himself.

"I am afraid it isn't in me. If I should be invited to a fashionable party, I should be scared, I know I should. It is different with you. You are going to that young gentleman's party."

"I wish I could feel so."

Ned could not help feeling kindly towards the man who, though he would so much prefer, was less self-reliant than himself.

"They snubbed me, and an hour later entered my room," said St. Clair, in a painful manner.

"The Mr. St. Clair had a painful surprise. At a table near by he recognized Katy Dobbs—his peerless charmer—but opposite to her sat a young girl, who was Leon Granville.

"Do you see that?" he gasped, turning to Ned.

"Yes," answered Ned, with a smile.

"It is my girl—it is Katy—with Leon Granville. Do you think she likes him?" he asked, with a troubled look.

"I think she is only flirting with him. I think she likes the ice cream better."

Just then Miss Dobbs, in glancing about the room, recognized St. Clair. She gave a careless little nod which cut him to the heart, and then went on chatting with Leon.

Leon Granville merely smiled, and the ice cream had no taste for it now. He lapsed into gloomy silence, and when Ned was ready to leave the saloon, he followed him with a sigh.

"I think I will say good evening," he remarked, feebly. "I have a headache. I shall retire early to-night."

"Poor fellow!" thought Ned. "He seems quite unwell. I am glad I met him in love."

Leon had made the acquaintance of Katy

Dobbs at a German picnic, having been introduced by her escort. He had met her occasionally since, but St. Clair had no occasion to feel jealous.

"Do you know that fellow?" he inquired, when she nodded to St. Clair.

"Oh, yes," answered Katy carelessly. "I met him at a dance—such a fellow."

"Is he an admirer of yours?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Do you know him?"

"He works in our store."

"What pay does he get?"

"Nine dollars a week."

Katy turned up her nose. St. Clair had fallen in her estimation. On nine dollars a week he was not an eligible, or possible match.

"I suppose you don't get much more," she said, cunningly.

"Only three dollars more," said Leon, with cool falsehood. "But then I am only eighteen."

"You must be much smarter than he to get such a salary at eighteen."

"Well, I should snuff it!"

Leon escorted Miss Katy to her home, and then sought his boarding place. Two letters were waiting for him. One from his tailor, and another anxiously demanding the payment of his "little account."

The other letter, from his bootmaker, and was of similar tenor.

"Confound these duns!" he muttered, angrily. "Can't they let a gentleman alone?"

Wish old Simmons would raise my pay. It's an insult to me to pay that Newton boy as much as I get. I wish I could manage it. He'll be out of a job before many weeks."

(To be continued.)

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

THE BURIED ROMAN CITY.

It would seem that a volcano is of small use to mankind; yet to its offices we owe the privilege we now enjoy of beholding with our own eyes just how a city and its inhabitants looked over eighteen hundred years ago.

The ashes and cinders thrown out by Mount Vesuvius, in the famous eruption of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, so effectually shut out the air from all that was buried beneath them that when in 1748 a peasant, in sinking a well, unearthed the apartment of a luxurious Roman residence, everything even to the look of the furniture was found to be in a complete state of preservation.

A correspondent of the Brooklyn *Walk* gives an interesting description of the impression made upon the traveler of to-day by a walk through the streets of the excavated portion of the buried city, Pompeii.

"From what remains," he says, "we are enabled to picture to ourselves the appearance of an ancient Roman town, in many respects not unlike one of our modern cities."

"The streets, though narrow, were regularly paved with solid lava blocks and crossed each other at equal intervals; they were covered and provided with raised steps separated by narrow intervening spaces, crossing the streets at regular intervals, and which served for the passage of pedestrians when the streets were flooded. Leaden pipes, still extant, conducted the water through the city, and supplied the fountains from which water was drawn for the use of the inhabitants."

"The stone sides of the fountains are worn by the hands of the Pompeians resting on them while drawing water. Through the carriage ways are discernible the well-paved parallel rows of the chariots. The streets were named numerically, the sign Via III being still visible on a house near the Stabian gate, one of the entrances to the city through the wall by which Pompeii was surrounded."

"Signs and placards are still visible above the streets, painted on the sides of houses, urging the electors to vote for a particular candidate, or informing the inhabitants of the production of a particular play at the theatre."

PERFECTED BY A BOY.

Boys have often been reproved for forwardness in the company of their elders by having quoted to them the well-worn maxim, "Children should be seen and not heard;" and yet there are occasions when the young may express their opinions with the greatest propriety. But before going ahead, they must first be sure they are right.

An office boy, in the employ of a maker of models for inventors, once sat by the stove and listened to a customer describing a machine he wished made. The machinist called upon him to point out a defect which would defeat the end in view. Being an honest man he called attention to the fact, and suggested further improvements. He was surprised at his plans in disgust, and remarking that he would call for them, went away. Being idle for the moment he took the drawings and examined them. When the inventor came back the boy was alone.

"I wonder how I can get over the difficulty," said the man to himself, as he glanced over the plans before putting them in his pocket. "The principle is correct, if I can only adapt it."

"That's easy enough, sir," said the boy.

"Eh?"

"All you have to do is to lengthen the arm of your crank and so increase your power."

It was an inspiration. The boy had the most important improvements in steam engines was decided by the discovery of an office boy, who became a noted inventor himself in after years.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

ARTISTS who are at all superstitious will no doubt take all pains to avoid painting pictures on the subjects chosen for their first attempts, after reading the following item from the Boston *Post* concerning the late William M. Hunt:

"As a boy, his first artistic effort was a drawing of a small boat on the water. He was so proud of his drawing, depicting precisely the same scene and it was so good, but a few hours before he was found drowned in the little reservoir among the hills of the Isles of Shoals."

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

BY F. MCKELWELL.

Be careful what you sow, boys! For seed will surely grow, boys! The dew will fall, The clouds will wash, The clouds will darken, And the sunshine flash, And the locusts some good seed to-day Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

A PRETTY HARD SITUATION.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

DEAD CALM ON THE EQUATOR. The sea moved in long, unrumpled, oily looking swells, in which our almost motionless ship was reflected with a fidelity that was startling. I looked over the quarter rail to see my own anxious, unshaven face peering back at me from the rail of a reversed ship. Occasionally the vessel gave a lethargic sort of roll, which caused the reef points to fall with successively gentle "p-l-l-a-p-p-s" against the wrinkles of the canvas. A stone's throw distant, the leathery dorsal fin of an immense shark was slowly cleaving the smooth expanse of the sea. It extended concentric circles, as though its owner was in no particular hurry to reach our vicinity. And just before I turned away, a gigantic devil-fish, full twenty feet in length, showed not unlike a boy's kite, but having wing-like side fins and a long, tapering tail, glided under the quarter a couple of feet beneath the surface. The heat from the tropic sun, boiling down on the glassy sea from a cloudless sky, was a most intolerable. The spunkier had been ordered, and the courses, braided up, were hanging in their trails to prevent the heat and chafe of the sun upon the wearisome "slat" of canvas which followed every roll of the ship, so there was no shade whatever.

The pitch in the deck seams fairly sizzled, and the touch of the deck or top of the after house would nearly scald the bare skin. But the heat itself, the exasperating calm, and the probability of its continuance for a longer or shorter period,—these were in themselves of little moment compared with the gravity of our situation in other respects.

The Doris was a small, swift sailing, Clyde built iron ship, on her home-bound passage to London from Calcutta, where I had joined her in the capacity of second officer. We had touched at Cape Horn, to replace a couple of men who were washed overboard during a fearful gale in the Bay of Bengal, but before we passed the island of St. Helena both of the recruits were stricken down by a sort of malignant typhoid, whose origin might possibly be traced to the effects of the poisonous "Cape brandy," or "Cape smoke," as it is called by the Boers and Kaffirs, in which the two sailors had freely indulged during their brief stay ashore.

They died within three hours of each other. Then Captain Thatcher, who had been assiduous in his attentions to them, was attacked by the malady, and at the same time two more of the crew took to their berths, placing a pretty heavy responsibility on Mr. Farr, the first officer, myself, for the ship carried but ten before the mast, and there was no knowing where the disease might stop. Two days before the Doris entered the belt of equatorial calms, the sick sailors died, and ten more were stricken down—one of them being a bright young fellow of sixteen, belonging in Setuate, Massachusetts. As he and myself were the only two New Englanders in the ship, I had taken a natural fancy to him.

On the morning when my sketch begins Captain Thatcher died a few moments and a partial consciousness succeeding the delirium of fever.

"Thank God, I have neither wife nor child to leave behind," he said, with a faint smile, as Mr. Farr and myself stood by his berth receiving his last brief orders. Then, as his eyes were turned to me, he said, "I commend my spirit," the soul left its tenement of clay. The young seaman, Charles E. was the first to pass away, and in my hand in his own to the last as he whispered a message for his widowed mother, and before his eyes were closed in death a Portuguese sailor in the berth beneath the foremast, his last leaving four men out of the crew of ten—a cook, steward, Mr. Farr, who at once assumed command, and myself, who was thus suddenly and unexpectedly promoted to the first officer's position. The extreme heat necessitated an immediate burning of the bodies, which were laid up in their canvas shroud was performed, after which all were laid on the after-cabin grating covered with the Union Jack. The old man-of-warstan to whom, as the

ship's sail maker, this last sad service had been assigned, was a character in his way. I can see him now, as with his course shirt thrown open in front, displaying a ship under full sail emblazoned on his brawny chest, and sleeves rolled above the elbow joints of of his muscular arms, which wore a maze of tattooing, he beckoned me to the main deck. "If you please, sir," he said, in a low yet matter-of-fact tone, as he indicated the outlines of the motionless forms beneath the flag, "I've stitthed a hextra ten pound of hold iron to the seals of hev'ry one on account of 'dew,'" indicating by a significant gesture two dorsal fins a short distance from the ship. "Very well, Hob," I said, repressing a slight shudder; "call the men aft." The cook and steward were summoned, and as Mr. Farr, bareheaded, came from the cabin, with the open prayer book in his hand, the grating was lifted to the rail. "We therefore commit his body to the deep." At the solemn words I drew the flag from the three shrouded bodies, and the inboard end of the grating was lifted arm high; a sudden, simultaneous plunge, and the waters had closed over our companions till the sea gives up its dead. The forecabin was fumigated with tar, while the bedding and blankets belonging to

"It was in the summer of 1856," he said, abruptly, as he turned away from the rail and seated himself on the edge of the after house, directly facing me as I stood leaning against the wheel. "I had passed the Admiralty board at London, receiving a second mate's certificate. Our regulations in these respects are better than yours in America. A 'passed' second mate is presumed to be competent to take charge of the vessel he ships aboard in any extreme emergency. "I shipped in an English bark called the Thornwald; a lump of a bark she was, too, being eleven hundred and fifty tons, bound for Shanghai with general cargo. "The crew were a bad lot. Don't ever remember a much worse 'mix-up' of 'all sorts'—Dutch, Irish, Swedes, Spanish, Italians, one Yankee, and four Malays or Lascars, whichever you've a mind to call 'em. "There was trouble from the start out. Mr. Luff, the mate, was a surly fellow. It was a word and a blow—the blow first. Captain Geary upheld him in it, too, though, of course, he himself didn't use open violence. "Now I was a comparatively young man, and, though I'm I who say it, I don't buck down easy to any one. I knew my duty, too, and with it I knew that by English laws I wasn't justified in treating men harshly with-

knife, I jumped on the rail, my foot slipped, and over I went! "The ship was going free—say five knots, in a smooth sea. When I got the water out of my eyes, I just faintly heard some one sing out, 'overboard' as I swung into the ship's wake. Yankee Dan, who I supposed I owe my life to him. No one else would have cut loose one of the patent buoys at the stern, making the trigger to set the match alight, and flung it over. "I saw the blue flicker, and struck out for it; got my head and shoulders through the buoy, and was all right again, but I was swallowed up in darkness. I listened all I knew, hoping to hear the creak of yards swinging and blood and water, but I might have known better. The mutineers had something else to think about. "Well, it was a tremendous long night. Lucky for me it was midsummer, and the water not over cold, so I was not badly chilled. But if ever you were like placed, you may know I didn't feel over cheerful. There was of being picked up under such circumstances by a passing ship seem small enough when you call to mind the size of the Atlantic, and how one may sail for weeks, or even for months, in the vicinity of the ocean highways, between frequented ports.

I soon took to the next day I made out a sail, square rig, standing towards me from the north, and just as I was about to make almost in hail. I could see she was foreign built. Her bows were painted in the paint was worn off her sides, which were fearfully battered and blue, and as she sat low in the water I decided she was an Arctic whaler, full to the hatches, and torn to pieces. "I sung out lustily as the ship neared me, but not a word was said. She was aloft, looking over the rail, or on the gallant forecastle. The wind was light, and she was moving slow. I let go the life preserver and swam to meet her. She was a large main, chain-plates, and climbed up and over the sides.

I've seen some strange sights, like all seafaring men. But this got ahead of most of 'em. There were the main hatch, side by side, were five dead bodies, with a tarpaulin covering their faces and the upper part of their persons. Five men, who looked more like living skeletons than anything else, were crawling, hardly walking, about deck. One of them started up as I sprang down, and he uttered a sort of stifled yell, as though I had been a ghost, while the others rattled together in evident fear.

A tall man, emanated beyond anything I ever saw in my life, came out of the cabin and approached me. "Who were about here?" he muttered, and then, in tolerable English, asked me who I was, and in I came on board, which a few words sufficed to explain.

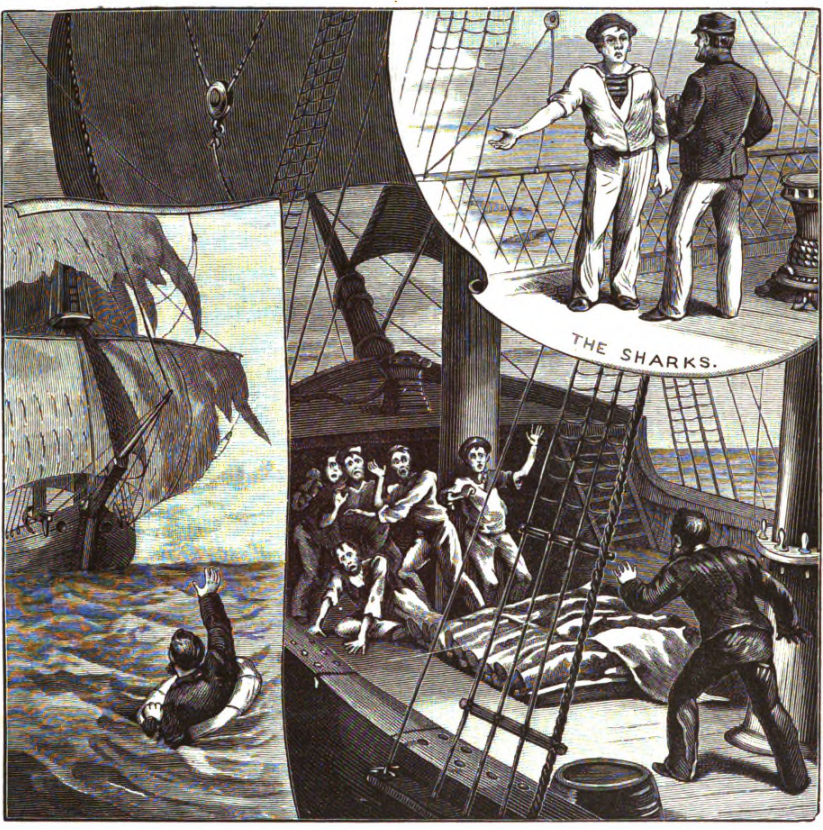
The others crowded about me, and their story was something extraordinary. But as it is a matter of record, you will find it true. The ship was the Diana—a French whaler owned by the Digne, Two French crews, Davis Straits and the Arctic seas had filled every cask, and they sailed for home. "Then scurvy and dysentery set in. Thirty-five men (the Digne carried fifty all told) lay in the forecabin, some sick unto death, and the rest scarcely able to lift a finger. Five had died, including the captain, within the past week, and lay as I saw them awaiting burial. Not one of the six who were about knew anything whatever of navigation.

As soon as it was known I could navigate the ship to port, I thought the poor creatures would go frantic if I came within a week's sail, by changing their course, but the way they were steering would have taken the ship to the westward of the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, the ship pretty well deserved the name the Yankee chap, Dan, called her, a 'bear-garden' affair.

"It was Sunday evening, in the dog watch, I was in my stateroom for a moment, and heard a scuffling on the main deck. Then the mate sung out blue murder, and I knew what was up!

"Of course my duty was plain enough. Captain Geary ran out, calling for me to arm myself! I got a capstan bar from the rack outside the cabin door, and, as you Yankees say, 'sailed in.' But the mate was down and before either the captain or myself got on deck.

"Captain Geary had a revolver, and fired twice before he was knocked out of his hand. I didn't see the rest. The Malays had their knives slashed to staves they had whittled out of damage wood. It was laying about on right and left, and fancy I made a headache or two before they drove me to the rail—the four 'em. To dodge a jab from a spear



FIVE MEN WHO LOOKED LIKE LIVING SKELETONS WERE CRAWLING ON THE DECK OF THE STRICKEN VESSEL.

the deceased were thrown overboard, and we could only hope that the progress of the fell disease was stayed. The four remaining men seemed fairly well, while none of the rest of us felt any prononitory symptoms of illness. There was some relief for our heated brains after the sun had dipped its fiery face under the western rim of the ocean, which I could almost fancy, hissed as the orb, like a ball of molten flame, sank beneath its surface. Yet aloft or below not a breath of air was apparent, and we fairly gasped for breath at times, so stifling was the atmosphere. Added to our discomfort was the creaking of the yard-patrols, the lukewarm water from the iron tank, 'twixt decks only seemed to aggravate. "It's a pretty hard situation, Mr.—that is, Captain Farr," I remarked, in a somewhat despondent tone, as we were together on the quarter after supper, in an intense silence only broken by the creaking of the yard-patrols, the "plap" of reef points, and the gurgle of the water about the rudder, as the ship occasionally settled in the long swells. "Four men, with such help as the cook and steward can give from time to time, is a mighty small crew for an eight hundred ton ship, with a forty or fifty days' voyage before us, even if the calm breaks within a week." I went on, as Mr. Farr, who seemed in deep thought, did not immediately reply; "and, as I say, it's a hard situation. "I've been in a harder one," was the rather dry answer, or Mr. Farr, on whose graven, bronzed features the strange experiences of nearly thirty years of active sea life had left their imprint, was naturally reticent of speech, and used as few words as possible.

of good and sufficient reason, even if I'd been minded to do so. In Yankee ships, though, I find a brutal officer can beat the men about at his will, and your American laws either can't or won't bother him, except in very extreme cases. "Well, Captain Geary and the mate both got down on me for being afraid—so they said—to 'discipline' the crew. And between them and the crew themselves I had a hot berth. "We had bad weather in the channel for a couple of weeks, with head winds constant. That didn't help things at all. And by the time we were a hundred miles, or so, to the westward of the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, the ship pretty well deserved the name the Yankee chap, Dan, called her, a 'bear-garden' affair. "It was Sunday evening, in the dog watch, I was in my stateroom for a moment, and heard a scuffling on the main deck. Then the mate sung out blue murder, and I knew what was up!

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A FEATHERED SEA SERPENT.

It seems that anything appearing on the surface of the sea a little out of the ordinary is at once set down to be the fabul monster of the sea, variety who has for many years eluded capture and classification.

Count Joachim Pfeil, the German African explorer, who has just left Germany as Governor-General of the Somali country, gives the following account of a mysterious creature seen on the coast of the Ulungu district.

We often saw it in the water, which we first believed to be a serpent, from its movements, and from the fact that only now and then it appeared on the surface for a few seconds. Once, when we shot at it, we were surprised to see it rise out of the water and fly away.

Afterwards we succeeded in obtaining one of the curious creatures. It was about the size of a large tame duck, with black plumage and a metallic lustre. On its wings we noticed a few light yellow feathers. The neck was very long and thin, and ended in a long, pointed beak, at the edge of which were two rows of sharp teeth.

At first slight no head was visible, and the neck appeared only to end in a beak. The whole body of the bird is under water while swimming, only the long neck is seen. It is frightened it disappears altogether under the water, or flies rapidly away. Another peculiarity which we noticed was that when the bird had left the water it lay down on a bush with outstretched wings to get dry. The flesh of this creature has an unpleasant, oily flavor.

A DOG'S DRY LAND RESCUE.

It is not always the fish that rise to the surface of the water after the drowning persons that dogs save human lives. The Boston Transcript tells how a nurse once left a baby carriage, with her charge in it, standing by itself on a road that had a high embankment, with only a St. Bernard dog for protector.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Adventures of Tad," by Frank H. Converse (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston). This is a very bright and taking story of the strange adventures of a young wail, narrated with all the freshness and originality that have made the author such a favorite with readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No pills. No dangerous medicine. Cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to FIT cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

A Wonderful Machine and Offer. To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operat. Iron Washing Machines. No labor or wash-board. The best of the world you can now have from THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Day St., N. Y.—Adv.

Coughing, with intermission of sneezing and sneezing, are heard in all public places. Every body ought to know the remedy, and that is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar—an absolute and immediate cure of all pulmonary complaints.

Fike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute.—Adv.

Fortune's Favorites

are those who court fortune—those who are always looking out for and inventing the opportunities of success. Send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will mail you free, full particulars about work that will enable you to live at ease, wherever you are located, and earn from \$50 to \$25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. Cash paid weekly. Both sexes. All ages. Some have earned over \$500 in a single day. All is new.

A Sudden Change of Weather

will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by "Brown's Bronchial Troches," a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price 25 cents per box.—Adv.

FREE. Sample package of perfume for 10c. to cover postage, etc. Garden City Novelty Co., Chicago. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

40 PHOTOS of Female Beauties, 10c. 120 for 25c. SEND TO SENT. Care 2, GEM AGENCY, Orleans, Ind. 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. GIBBS, Port Homer, Jeff. Co., Ohio. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

150 Elegant Scrap Pictures & Acquit's new style sample book of beautiful embossed & decorated cards only 5c. National Card Co., North Bradford, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS.—SUNDAY SCHOOL, REWARD AND BIRTHDAY CARDS. Catalogue, & Acquit, terms for stamps, etc. W. C. GREENE, 142 Broadway, New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

BOYS make money selling RAPE POSTAGE STAMPS to schoolmasters. Send 25c. cash for stamp and money. ENTERPRISE, Box 681, Rochester, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention The Golden Argosy.

MAKE with the "TROY LAUNDRY MARKING INK," YOUR used in all the "Troy" Laundries. Post MARK paid 25c. Address, H. W. BAZZANT, Troy, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

YOUR Name and Photograph on 12 GILT EDGE VISITING-CARDS, only 60c. sent post paid. Send your photograph, we will return it. Remit by postal note or money order. Address, R. W. BOZARTH, Photographic, La Grange, Mo. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

16 Same Authors, 1 New Song, 14 New Songs, 10 Compositions, popular authors. Agents' names, the Book of Cards, Novels, etc. All the above and this Ring, 10c. per copy. Send 10c. to receive. 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. WEAVER, Lowell, Mass., year collector. Send free to any address. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



MUNGER, Harper Exchange Bank, Harper, Kansas.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of a bad case of blood-poisoning and restored me to health. My system was saturated with a poison which all ordinary remedies failed to reach, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla did the work completely. This was twenty-one years ago, and no symptoms of the disease have since appeared. I have recommended the medicine to hundreds of people, similarly afflicted, and always with the most satisfactory results."—A. H. CHRISTY, Bourbon, Ind.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by Druggists. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION "THE GOLDEN ARGOSY."

LADIES! Send 10c for sample of my Embroidered Red Satin for Patch and Fancy Work. Something new. H. M. FROB, Augusta, Me. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A NICKEL-PLATED AIR-GUN for 35 cents. A boy will over it. Best thing out. Send 35 cents in stamps to Augusta Nickel Works, Augusta, Me. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ALL FREE! 500 Scrap Pictures, 400 Colored Removable Figures, 2500 Album Verses, 2500 Bibles & Bibles of E. & G. Case & Nine Penny Morris, 1 Book of Kensington and other Bibles, 1 Set Fancy Cards, Send 20c for postage to E. H. Clark Co., Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

NEW Sample Book of beautiful cards, 14 Games, 12 tricks in magic, 496 Album verses. All for a 2c. stamp. STAR CARD CO., Station 15, Ohio. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

1 Stone Ring, 1 Band Ring, 275 Scrap Pictures & Verses, Book of Gems, 40 Art's Samples, All 10c. ALSTIN CARD CO., New Haven, Ct. 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 Battery March Street, Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$10. WILL BE PAID to the person who sends a correct solution of the Lincoln Club Puzzle before June 1st. This offer is made in good faith to introduce this fascinating puzzle. Over 1000 already sold. Send 18c. postage and try for the prize. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CUSTOM MADE PANTS \$3. Send 6 cents for Samples of Cloths from which we will make to measure, a pair of The Celebrated Bay State Pants, For \$3. Vests to Match, \$2.25 If you cannot wait, send the waist, hip, and side leg measure, together with \$4. and 50 cents for express, and say what color you prefer, and we will send the pants to your address, neatly boxed. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: American Express Company, Boston. BAY STATE PANTS CO., 32 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OPPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN. Send 10c. to receive. Terms Low. Treatise sent on trial and NO PAY asked until cured. Send 10c. to receive. 1,000 Cures in Six Weeks. Particulars FREE. THE SURE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

IMPLES, 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, complete, 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 BRILLIANT. It is a true remedy to cure and not a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Called in plain wrapper for 30 cents in stamps, or for 50 cents, by GEORGE N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y. My FREE TRAVELING KIT, sent post paid, contains, and makes the hands white; sent post paid for 30c. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Dr. Scott's Electric Curler. Sent on Trial, Postpaid.

Dr. Scott's Electric Curler. 50c.

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"Yes, My Boy!

You have 'struck it rich' this time. You were on a false lead before, and lost valuable time in experimenting with that other medicine; but

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will bring you out all right. Stick to it, and don't let any one persuade you to try anything else. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a sure cure."

"I cannot speak too highly in favor of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier and alterative medicine. I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatism and have derived so much benefit from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla that I am glad to make my testimony public in favor of it."—H. C. MUNGER, Harper Exchange Bank, Harper, Kansas.

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FREE!—12 Catalogue of 100 PART-SELLING NOVELTIES. SEND NOVELTY CO., Detroit, Mich. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

18 New Hidden Name Reader Cards and RING, 10c per 6 pks. & 6 rings 30c. Munson Bros., Mt. Carmel, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

250 Scrap Pictures and Verses with new samples for 1887. 3c. S. M. FOWLE, Northford, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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20 CENTS for CABINET PHOTOS of 16 beautiful actresses. No ready trash, but genuine works of art. GLOBE PHOTOGRAPH CO., Box 337, Newark, N. J. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Print Your Own Cards. PRESS \$3. Larger presses for circulars, etc. \$10. RING PHOTO-SETTING, etc., easy by printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue Press, Type, Cards, etc., to factory. KEELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SIJOEVERY MONTH We will guarantee willing to work. Our business is and very pleasant. We have agents who are making \$1.00 a day for others. We furnish costly outfits free to those who make business. For profitable and permanent work we have something that can not be equaled. Write to us. Address, H. A. ELLS & CO., 161 Lehigh St., Chicago, Ill. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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Wonderful Popularity of the Renowned Medicine.

The Greatest Curative Success of the Age—A Voice from the People.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvelous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems. The following witnesses are offered to prove this:

What This Did for an Old Lady.

Coshocton Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1884. GENTS.—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very beneficial effect on her that one bottle improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own household, and for my neighbor's and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY, Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

Gorham, N. H., July 15, 1886. GENTS.—Whoever you may, I don't know, but I thank the Lord and am grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago, I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this, now if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, your neighbor's and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

TIM BURNH.

A Husband's Testimony.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I traveled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars, in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience and stay at home.

A LADY, AUGUSTA, ME.

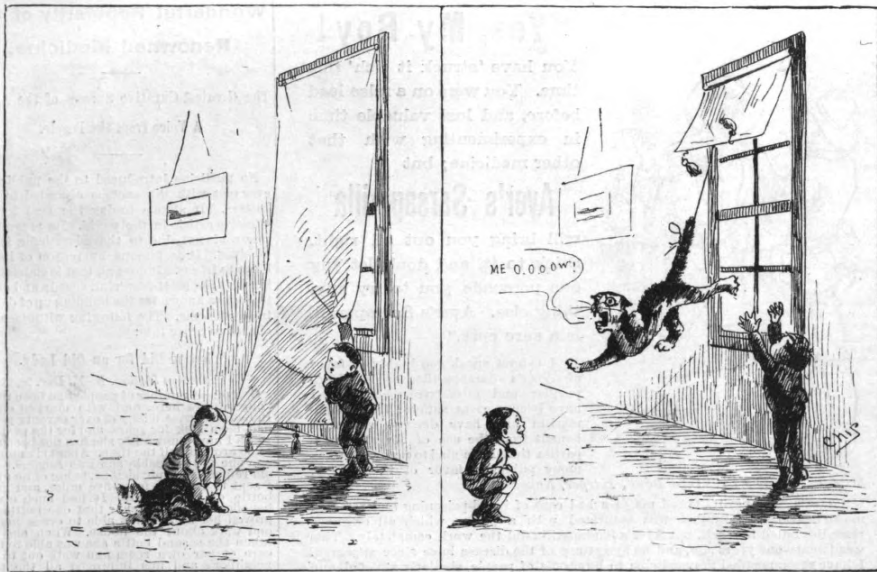
A TUB OF GOLD

can be made in three months by any one sending us the names of 15 persons, and a CASE of COBB'S will be sent you FREE. If you enclose to cents, silver, to help pay for this adv. you will get your own copy absolutely sure. BROOKLYN MFG. CO., 377-9 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS Free. Nicest styles you can see. Send 10c. for catalogue and 2 stamps for mail. Big very 15 GOLD LEAF CARDS, NEW STYLE, 20c. per 10c. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Advertisement for Dr. Scott's Electric Curler, featuring an illustration of the device and text describing its benefits for styling hair.

Advertisement for Dr. Scott's Electric Tooth Brush, featuring an illustration of the brush and text describing its effectiveness for oral hygiene.



Quiet Gray.

Loud Yellow!

SPRING SHADES.

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

Shot Guns Revolvers,
Rifles, Etc.
Send stamp for Price List. Green Western Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE NEW MODEL
-OUR-
LATEST AND BEST
MOWER.
For Simplicity, durability, and quality of work it is unequalled, while for lightness of draft it excels by a large percentage, any other Lawn Mower made.
CHADBORN & COLDWELL MANUF'G CO.
NEWBURGH, N.Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



"I have just received the Price List and Samples of Lumborg's Perfumes, for which I sent the manufacturers fifty cents a few days ago. Everybody says they are the best, and everybody is right. I must get a large bottle of one of the odors the first time I go out."

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 manufacturer.
YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN.
24 Barclay Street, New York.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

MAGIC FRECKLE CURE
Promptly eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Moth Patches, and all discolorations without injury, & imparts to the skin purity & velvety softness. Sent by mail to any part of the world for \$50. **The W. HILLMAN CO., 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.
BOTTLE AND BOTTLE OF BALM, \$2.00.
Sent to any address, express paid on receipt of price. **REV. T. F. CHILDS, Troy, O.**
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Gluten Flour and Special Diabetic Food, are invaluable waste repairing Flours, for Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Debility, and Children's Food. No Bran, mainly free from Starch. Six lbs. free to physicians and clergymen who will pay express charges. For all family uses nothing equals our "Health Flour." Try it. Samples free. Send for circulars to **FARWELL & RHINE, Watertown, N.Y.**
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3 Printing Press
For cards, etc. Size for Circulars. Press for small newspaper, \$4.
Send 2 stamps for catalogue, type, etc., and sample cards, to factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS

(WEEKS TO MATCH, CUT TO ORDER, \$2.25).
It is apparent to every thinking person that our continued success must arise largely from steady customers and repeated orders from the same buyer. When we send out a pair of pants, it is our earnest desire that it shall be so pleasing to the buyer that he will order again, and we try our best to make it so. That we succeed in a marvellously large proportion of cases, is shown by our established success and growing popularity among buyers from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But every one who knows the customer's good misdeeds sometimes occur, and so they do with us. It is, in such cases, of great importance to us that the buyer shall be satisfied, and unable to complain of our methods, and that is why, in such cases, we are not only willing, but anxious, to make that man another pair or return his money, which we do without regard to the fairness of the complaint. We say to all, we do not wish to keep your money unless you are satisfied to keep our FAMOUS PANTS. How CAN WE BE SO WISE? **THIS IS THE SECRET.** Our goods are a wonderful bargain at the price, and buyers won't return them, provided they fit in all, and it usually is. Send 6c. for package of samples and self-measurement rules, to which we will add a linen tape-measure, provided you mention this paper. Or, if you cannot wait to see samples, mention the color you prefer, send us **MEASURE** for NECK, WRIST and WAIST measures, together with \$3, and 35c. for postage and packing, and we will send them, nicely packed, by mail or prepaid express. **The American Express Co., Boston** (capital twenty million dollars), will reply to all letters addressed to them asking about the Plymouth Rock Pants Co.—its methods and reliability.
PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,
81 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Ladies! Attention!!
NEA SETS, Etc., given away to ladies who act as agents for us. Send for Premium List and full particulars. **ATLANTIC TRADING CO.,** Fitzburg, Mass.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

HOW TO BUILD HOUSES.
A book giving plans and specifications for 25 houses of all sizes, from two rooms up, sent postpaid upon receipt of 25 CENTS.
GILLYE & CO., 31 Rose St., New York.

SHORT-HAND
College pamphlets with full set self-completing lessons in either art. 10 cts.; both arts, 20 cts. No stamps.
Haven's College, New York, N.Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; San Francisco, Cal.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A HANDSOME WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR
Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking, Reclining or Invalid Chair, **THE LUBURG, BED or COUCH.**
Price, \$7.00 and up. Send stamp for Catalogue.
SHIPPED in all parts of the world.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES
All furnished with the Automatic Coach Brake, and Retailed at our Wholesale Factory Price. Send stamp for Catalogue and mention Carriages.
THE LUBURG MANF'G CO.,
145 N. 8th St., PHILA., PA.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET PERFUME

In the category of luxuries there is none among the number at once so harmless, inexpensive and gratifying to the senses as a perfectly prepared perfume. **COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET PERFUME** for the Handkerchief satisfies the most exacting and fastidious.

1887-BABIES-1887
To the mother of any baby born this year we will send on application a Cabinet Photo, of the sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country. It is a beautiful picture, and will do any mother's heart good. It shows the good effects of using **Lactated Food** as a substitute for mother's milk. Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth.
Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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 BATTING as well as PITCHING. By mail, \$5. **A. J. REACH,** 23 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CURE FOR THE DEAF
FEE'S PATENT IMPROVED CURVED EAR DRUMS PREVENT BEFORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invaluable, comfortable and always in position. All conventions, even when the hearing is lost. Send for Illustrated Book with testimonials, **FREE.** Address, **F. HICKS,** 324 Broadway, N.Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING
The Original! Beware of Imitations!
Awarded Highest Prize and Only Medal



Paris Exposition, 1878.
Highest Award New Orleans Exhibition.

A NEW BIG GLE,
The YOUTH'S PREMIER.

Has Tangent Spokes, Hammock Saddle, Valiant Handle, and other features possessed by no other boy bicycle. Genuine. **KNOWS FIRST** and is the best price than the inferior goods offered by other makers. Send stamp for catalogue.
A. G. SPALDING & BRO.,
241 Broadway, New York; 108 Madison Street, Chicago.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

LADIES!
"Doubt not the day of small things." It is the small things that make an everyday life one of pleasure or of trial. One of the everyday necessities of every lady, at least, is a safe, reliable, and useful lamp. To hold the burner with one hand and the oil with the other and fill the lamp without getting oil where it is not wanted is not easily accomplished. If you be in the habit of removing the burner and wick from the lamp, no wonder we needed to help you realize the convenience of such a lamp as this.
WHITES LAMP is the use of which is recommended by the **REV. DR. J. H. FOLGER** and **REV. DR. J. H. FOLGER** as a life-saver. **WHITES LAMP** upon **ALUMINUM** stands and is the only one in the U.S. for only 10 cents each, those for 25 cts. silver. Don't fail to send for one at least, or send this out for future reference. Please give name of paper you saw this advertisement in. **Write to DR. J. H. FOLGER, 108 Madison Street, New York.**
Agents Wanted!
We pay \$500 per month by the gross. Sample sent to any part of the U.S. postpaid for \$5. 1 doz. for \$1. Don't send stamps. Send Postal Note, or U.S. Reg'd Letter. The fastest selling article ever marketed. **MEMBER!** no talking is required to sell it. Put it on a lamp and it is sold. Send at once while your field is clear. Those sending 50c for sample can get 100c for 100c. Those making large sales, send for 50c. Once sold, send for 50c. New Illus. Cat. and Cash-Orders. Price List of all my new Patent Household Appliances. Write for free with order for 50c. **QUICK SELLER!** \$25 to \$50 per cent profit. Address plainly.
GEO. S. WHITE, Specialty Mfr., Box A 16, Danbury, Conn.
IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.