

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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Whole No. 233.



MR. BARNUM SAW DAN MANNERING RISE SUDDENLY FROM HIS SEAT, AND FOLLOW THE MOVEMENTS OF ONE OF THE PERFORMERS WITH BREATHLESS INTEREST.

Dick Broadhead;

A STORY OF WILD ANIMALS AND THE ARGOOSY

By P. T. BARNUM.

Author of "Lion Jack," "Jack in the Jungle," "Struggles and Triumphs of P. T. Barnum."

CHAPTER I.

AT THE GREAT SHOW.

"ARE all these elephants yours, Mr. Barnum?"

"They all belong to me and my partners," I replied, enjoying the look of wonder so distinctly pictured on the boy's face.

"It must have taken you a long time to get together so fine a herd."

"Yes, it did. It has taken years."

"And cost something too, I guess."

"Yes, enough to make you very rich, my boy."

"And they have made you very rich, too, Mr. Barnum," he replied, with his bright blue eyes laughing.

"I must admit that they have added a good deal to my wealth," I answered, wondering to what his boyish fancy would lead him next.

"I should think so, for you couldn't run a show like this, with all of these animals, if you hadn't a big lot of money, Mr. Barnum."

"But you must remember that I have not made all of my money on elephants. Here is nearly every kind of wild animal known to the world."

"I know that, Mr. Barnum, but after all they do not draw like elephants, now do they?" said he, seriously.

"No, they do not, but I am surprised at the keenness of your observation, Dan. I will call you Dan, if you do not mind."

"Certainly not," laughed the boy; "I like to be called Dan. It has more snap about it, you see, than Daniel. My name is just Dan Manning and not Dan Manning."

"I like your taste, Dan," I replied, and we passed out of the menagerie into the circus amphitheatre of the Madison Square Garden, where our great show was at that time being exhibited.

A vast audience of human beings packed the building on either side of that portion set apart for the performance. Dan looked about him with a good deal of surprise, as he saw so many people gathered under one roof.

"And all of these people come here to see your show, Mr. Barnum?" said he, as if doubting his own senses.

"Yes, the garden is never less crowded, during my exhibition here, than you see it now," I replied, while leading the way towards my box.

By the time we had reached our seats, the great show was well under way, presenting a bewildering display of startling stage performances, daring feats of horsemanship and magnificent exhibitions of mid-air acts. It was a dazzling scene that met Dan's boyish eyes as he tried to look at all the wonderful sights at once.

I watched his face while he gazed at the performance with open mouth and staring eyes, and it seemed to me that my pleasure was almost as great as his. But mine was drawn from him—a reflection of his radiant enjoyment.

Presently I saw him lean forward, and then suddenly rise from his seat and follow the movements of one of my performers with breathless interest.

"Oh, Mr. Barnum!" he exclaimed, catching me at the same time by the arm, as if to keep himself from spinning through the air as did the performer at that instant.

"Well, that beats the world," said he, resuming his seat with evident relief.

"It ought to, Dan," I replied, smiling at my young friend's excitement. "Yes, it ought, for he's the best performer of that kind in the world. Some of his feats are simply marvelous."

"I should think so," said Dan, with enthusiasm. "I never saw anything like that before."

"But wait a little, my boy," I replied. "You have not seen him do anything yet. Why, even that plunge from the top of the building, through all that space, is but the commencement of yet more extraordinary feats."

"There he goes again," I cried, finding myself almost as enthusiastic as Dan. "Watch him closely now, and see how he climbs that rope like a cat. Oh, what a leap! and he caught the bar—see how he swings away up there in mid air, and now—oh, wasn't that an act to make one's hair stand?"

"Who is he, Mr. Barnum, who is he?" said Dan, the minute he could get a long breath. "I'd like to watch him a month. I've seen lots of circuses, but I never saw anything like that before."

"No, I am sure you have not, and it is doubtful if you will ever in your life see another performer do such seemingly impossible feats."

"But you have not told me his name, Mr. Barnum," pursued Dan.

"His name is Richard Broadhead, but he is usually called Dick."

"Richard Broadhead!" exclaimed Dan, interrupting me.

"Yes," I replied, with no little surprise, seeing how my young friend started on hearing the name. "And why this start?" I said to myself, growing curious, while I saw Dan look into space blankly, as if searching for some almost forgotten memory. It seemed strange to me. "A coincidence of some sort," I said to myself. "But it looks like a mystery, and what can be the mystery connected with Richard Broadhead?"

"Is that his circus name, Mr. Barnum, or

his real name?" asked Dan, a sudden thought occurring to him.

"That is his own name," I replied, "or at least the one by which I have always known him."

"What is his circus name, Mr. Barnum?"

I answered this question, but it did not seem to give any satisfaction.

"The myriads of clowns played their jokes and made merry; our trained elephants did wonderful tricks; daring riders flew around the rings, almost standing on air as it seemed, but none of these could rouse young Dan Manning's spirits, and when Richard Broadhead concluded his marvelous feats, and left the ring, bowing his thanks to the applauding audience, my young friend followed him with his eyes till he had passed completely from view. And then a look of disappointment showed distinctly in his face."

CHAPTER II.

THE MYSTERY OF RICHARD BROADHEAD.

"Do you know Richard Broadhead, Dan?" I asked, feeling, I must admit, not a little curious to know why my young friend should appear so strangely moved.

"No, I cannot say that I do, Mr. Barnum," replied Dan hesitatingly.

"Have you ever seen him before?" I inquired, wondering why he hesitated to explain.

"No, I never have," he answered with a sigh.

"But you seem to take an unusual interest in him, Dan," I said, watching his face closely. "Perhaps you have heard of his wonderful experience in Africa?"

"Was Richard Broadhead in Africa?" asked my young friend suddenly, not as if prompted by mere curiosity, but rather like one whose whole soul was in the question.

"He was."

"When did he return?"

"He came to America about a year ago."

"Was he ever in America before?"

"He might have been when very young, but of this I am uncertain."

"Do you know anything of his history, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan eagerly.

"Yes, I know a great deal, and he has a wonderful career—one of the most marvelous I have ever heard of or read of," I replied.

My young friend's face brightened up as if he had been personally complimented by my statement.

"Oh! won't you tell me something about him, Mr. Barnum?" he said imploringly.

"It would be a long story, Dan," I replied.

"He went through so many strange and stirring incidents in Africa."

"But you will tell me how he came to be in Africa, if no more, won't you, Mr. Barnum?" said Dan, placing his hand on my arm and drawing up closer to me.

"Well, my boy, I cannot refuse you," I replied; "but first you must tell me why you show such a strange interest in Richard Broadhead."

"I feel an interest in him because I once had a brother of the same name," answered Dan, with an expression of sadness quite unusual for a boy of his age.

"But your name is Manning," I replied.

"How came you to have a brother named Broadhead?"

"My mother was married first to a man of that name."

"And they had a child to whom they gave the name of Richard?" I asked.

"Yes, Richard Broadhead; that was the name of his father, who died when he was but a few months old."

"Oh, I see; and your father was her second husband?"

"Yes."

"But what about the boy—Young Richard?"

"Ah! there is the mystery," he sighed.

"He was not kidnaped, I hope," said I, anticipating the answer, and too much interested to wait for an explanation.

"Yes; mother and father have always believed so."

"Of course every effort was made to find him?"

"Yes, thousands and thousands of dollars have been spent in searching for him, but we have never got any clew to him—until today," added Dan, doubtfully, as if afraid even to hope that Richard Broadhead, my wonderful performer, would prove to be his long lost brother.

"Where did your mother and father live at the time?" I asked.

"They lived in New York City."

"And afterwards moved to Philadelphia?"

"Yes; father's business called him there, but he and mother have never stopped look-

ing for little Richard, as we always call him."

"Then they still have hopes of finding him?"

"Hope never dies so long as there is a doubt, does it, Mr. Barnum?"

"You are right, my boy," I replied; "it certainly never dies in a mother's breast when her love goes out to a lost child."

"But, Mr. Barnum, isn't it strange that this Richard Broadhead should not have made himself known to us?"

"No, not especially strange," I replied, thinking over the circumstances carefully.

"But he was a little more than three years old when he disappeared."

"Well, a child of that age would not remember much about his old home—especially one who has had such an experience as Richard Broadhead has," I replied.

"But it seems strange, Mr. Barnum, that we have not heard of him before—you say he has been here about a year?"

"Very true, my boy, but you see he does not appear in public under the name of Broadhead."

"Oh, I forgot that; he goes by his circus name, doesn't he?"

"Yes, always; and then too you must remember that he went on the road with our show as soon as he came to America, and was traveling all last summer."

"But where has he been all the present winter?"

"He went with a company to the Pacific coast and did not return until we opened in Madison Square Garden a few weeks ago."

"Then, Mr. Barnum, you do not think it improbable that he is my brother?" said Dan eagerly.

"I would not say that, my boy. I was simply aiming to show that he might be, yet I must confess that there is little probability of it—in fact to my mind there is hardly any cause for believing so."

The look of disappointment that settled on my young friend's face made my heart ache. With boyish enthusiasm, he had allowed his hopes to bound ahead of his reason and had thus almost brought himself to believe that Richard Broadhead was little Richard, his long lost brother—lost even before he himself was born.

CHAPTER III.

SHIPWRECKED ON A DESOLATE COAST.

DAN MANNING called upon me one forenoon at my room in the Murray Hill Hotel, bringing with him a letter of introduction from an old friend of mine, who is now a prominent congressman from the Keystone State.

The letter said that Dan, a young friend of his, was coming to New York purposely to see our great show, and that he especially wanted to see me personally.

This is how I came to know Dan Manning. I found him a bright, interesting boy, fourteen years of age. We spent several hours together, and during this time I related many anecdotes which, I feel satisfied, pleased him very much. At any rate he assured me that such was the case.

After we had eaten our lunch, we went to the Madison Square Garden, to see the animals, the curiosities, and the circuses.

At that time neither he nor I had any idea of his returning with me to my hotel after the performance.

But the coincidence, the mystery, or whatever it was, that stretched like a silken cord between him and Richard Broadhead awakened my interest—or my sympathy, I may say with truth.

So when the show was over, I invited him to go to my hotel with me.

"But I promised father I would return home to-night," he replied.

"I will fix that," I said; and I at once wrote a telegram to Dan's father saying that he was with me, and that I desired him to make me a few days' visit.

Thus it came about that within half an hour after the closing of the Madison Square performance Dan and I were alone by ourselves in my room at the hotel.

"Now, Dan," said I, settling back in my big arm chair in a comfortable position, "I suppose you are anxious for the story of Richard Broadhead."

"I guess I am," replied Dan, in a manner that encouraged me to commence at once.

"Well, I must disappoint you at the very start, Dan," I said.

"How is that, Mr. Barnum?" he asked anxiously.

"I have no knowledge at present of his history previous to the time when he was wrecked on the coast of Benguela in Southern Africa."

"How old was he then, Mr. Barnum?" ques-

ried Dan, with a look that showed a mixture of hope, doubt and disappointment.

"He was fourteen years of age, or about as old as you are now; but he was said to be a wonderfully strong, athletic lad. He swam ashore, and indeed was the only one among all the crew and passengers to reach the land alive."

"And he was left all alone on that African shore, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan with a shudder, his eyes dilating with excitement.

"Entirely alone," I replied.

"Of course there were men on board?"

"Oh, yes, a large number of them; but all perished in the angry waters. It was a barren portion of the country where the vessel was wrecked. No civilized inhabitants were within a hundred miles, and no life-saving apparatus, as you may readily imagine, was there to rescue those upon the wreck."

"Several boats were launched, and with their precious freight were headed for the shore, but all were capsized. Strong men, powerfully built fellows, battled with the waves and were tossed about like playthings, till at last their strength gave out and they were dashed to pieces on the beach by the great rushing breakers."

"How did little Richard ever make the shore, Mr. Barnum?" said Dan, who in his excitement assumed that our young hero was really his lost brother.

"I cannot explain how he did it, Dan," I replied. "It was one of those marvelous triumphs for which it is hard to account. To his wonderful strength, however, I presume he owed his life—to his strength, a cool head, and abundant courage."

"He showed that he had a good deal of strength to-day in his mid air feats," remarked Dan.

"Yes, and a cool head," said I; "for no one could do the marvelous acts that he performs without absolute confidence in himself."

"I should think so too, Mr. Barnum," returned Dan, with growing admiration for Richard Broadhead.

"But tell me," he continued, "what did he do when he found himself alone, away off in Africa?"

"What would you have done, Dan, had you been in his situation?" I asked, to draw the boy out.

"I should not have known what to do," answered Dan, frankly.

"Well, that is just about the way Dick Broadhead felt; or at least that is what he told me," I answered.

"But he had to do something, for he had nothing to eat, I suppose?" said Dan, trying hard to think just what the best thing would be for a boy to do under such circumstances.

"No, he had nothing to eat, and was entirely at a loss to know which way to turn or what to do. Moreover, he had heard many stories about the dangerous wild animals of Africa, and he realized that he was at their mercy, as he had no means of defending himself against them."

"The storm had abated, and the bright sun now shone down upon him, and warmed his chilled limbs."

But it was a desolate outlook, Dan, that this young boy had to face. Before him, now and again, dead bodies of the ship's crew would be thrown up on the beach. Several of them he secured, and laid out reverentially side by side.

Then he covered their faces with broad fronds of seaweed to keep the hot sun from burning them. This he did with the hope that something from the wreck might be washed ashore that he could use to dig a grave for the unfortunate victims of the stormy ocean.

While thus engaged, he thought less of his own desperate situation, but in course of time the pangs of hunger caused him to wonder if the sea had or had not been merciful to him in allowing him to escape unharmed.

"He sat down near the dead bodies, and tried to think. The strain upon him had been so great that he was exhausted, and in a little while his head dropped upon his breast, and he slept soundly."

CHAPTER IV.

ALONE AND IN PERIL.

"HOW long did he sleep, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan impatiently, interrupting me.

"Like most boys he could hardly wait for the story to be told in an ordinary way."

"I think he said he slept about four hours, as near as he could tell," I replied.

"Had any more dead bodies come ashore?" asked Dan, who seemed deeply impressed by

what I related about Dick's tender care for those that were washed up on the beach. "No, no more bodies, Dan, but some portions of the ship had washed upon the sands, and Dick immediately secured them, thinking, vaguely perhaps, that they might prove serviceable in some way.

"Then he noticed that the tide had gone down, and that the hull of the ship, which had not yet gone to pieces, was keeled over slightly upon one side, but in an easy position for him to board."

"And did he board her?" asked Dan, eagerly.

"Yes, he threw off his clothes, and now that the waves had subsided he had little difficulty in reaching the wreck."

"And what was the use of his going out to the wreck, Mr. Barnum? I suppose it was full of water?"

"No, it was not. It seems that a big hole had been knocked in her side, and through this the water drained off as the tide ebbed. "Thus Dick was able to make his way below, and search for such things as he most needed."

"A gun, I suppose, he thought he needed most, to protect himself from the wild animals," said Dan.

"Well, no, for just at that time he thought more about procuring food than protecting himself from any outside enemy."

"But of course, Mr. Barnum, everything to eat was spoiled by the salt water."

"Wouldn't the salt water prove as injurious to the gun, Dan?" I asked, wondering why he had overlooked this point.

"But a gun might be packed in a water tight case," returned Dan, sustaining his position. "It is sometimes done."

"So it is, Dan, and it proved so in this instance, for Dick found a water tight box that contained a fine outfit, consisting of a breech-loading rifle, a brace of revolvers, a belt, and two keen long bladed hunting knives."

"There was a large supply of cartridges for the rifle and revolvers packed in the case, so in point of arms and ammunition Dick Broadhead was well supplied."

"After this his search was rewarded by finding a good supply of canned goods—meats, vegetables and fruits. All these things he took ashore, making several trips, and placed them far up on the bank, where the tide could not reach them."

"He was in luck, wasn't he, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan, looking far less anxious now that he felt young Broadhead had some means of protecting himself from savages and wild beasts."

"Yes, if one could be considered lucky to be left thus entirely alone on that wild African coast," I replied.

"But he was lucky in being saved at all, I should say, Mr. Barnum, when every one else on the vessel was lost."

"Was it luck, or pluck, together with superior strength and skill?" I asked, with a view to learning my young friend's idea of "luck."

"Well, it might have been some of both, I suppose," admitted Dan; "but you must confess, Mr. Barnum, that he was lucky in finding the things he so much needed."

"Yes, it was fortunate for him, as you will realize when you learn more of his experience."

"Was he attacked, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan, anxious to jump ahead in the story.

"But you must wait, Dan," I said. "You will never know the experience Dick Broadhead went through if you wish me to hurry on at that rate."

"Pardon me, Mr. Barnum," he said, in a polite, manly way that pleased me.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Did he go back to the wreck again?" asked Dan, with the evident purpose of starting me on the story where I left off.

"Oh, yes, as soon as he had eaten a hearty lunch from the canned food, he at once commenced preparations for making a raft."

"What did he want of a raft, Mr. Barnum? He could reach the wreck easily enough, couldn't he?"

"He could reach it at low water, but the tide had already turned and was now rising."

"But he had everything that was worth saving from the wreck, didn't he?"

"Oh, no. There were many things that would prove useful to him—in fact, almost everything, for you must remember, Dan, that he was in a wild, uninhabited country."

"I know, but I should think he could have got everything ashore before the tide had time to bother him."

"But you see he had another reason—a most important one—for wanting the raft."

"What was that, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan, with his usual boyish impatience.

"He wanted it to serve him as a refuge during the night."

"I don't see why, when he could sleep on the ground."

"But if he had attempted to sleep on the ground, he might not have been there in the morning," I replied significantly.

"Oh, the animals!" exclaimed Dan, seeing the point; "or was it some savage tribe of Africans?"

"Both. He had learned from stories told of him aboard the ill-fated ship, that bands of savages wandered over that part of the continent, and he knew only too well that the monster who stalked there would reasonably be numerous there. So he argued, and very wisely too, that he would be much safer on the water than on land, providing he could construct a raft that would reasonably dry, and sufficiently buoyant to sustain him."

"But I should think he would have preferred the wreck to the raft," said Dan.

"No, that would not have done at all, for at high tide it would have indicated waiting for the morning. He did not know when it would go down. The only thing, therefore, for him to do was to construct the raft; and he was fortunate in finding an axe, saw, hammer, nails, etc. These he took to the beach, and immediately commenced work upon his raft, which was made of spars and planking from the wreck."

"It was now nearly sundown, and he commenced to feel very uneasy, fearing the approach of some of those dangerous enemy, either man or beast."

"An anchor was the next thing necessary. This Dick immediately procured, and fastened to the top of the wrecked hull, and Dick launched his raft and paddled, somewhat proudly, out to the wreck to get a small yawl anchor that he had seen previously stowed away on the lower deck."

"It had not occurred to him to take it out on his first trips, and now it was under his feet of water."

"What to do he did not know. An anchor he must have, or his raft would prove almost useless. He could not remain afloat all night, to keep the raft from drifting out to sea, or upon some fatal reef."

"It was almost dark when he could have no hope of finding a suitable rock or anything that could serve his purpose. He stood still to think—his hand placed upon his forehead. How could he seem to remain afloat all night upon him! The breakers still ran high, and the ominous roar of the sea—that angry monster who had out a few hours before swallowed up his companions—sent a chill to his very heart. While thus thinking, meditating upon his loneliness, a coldness that pressed in upon him with almost crushing force, he almost despaired. But he strove manfully against this feeling, and brushed it away with a will. He remembered that he had piteously down his young cheeks."

"Suddenly he was startled by a movement of the wreck which indicated that it would not hold out long against the power of the mighty breakers that were once more hurling themselves angrily against it. Seeing no way to escape, he pulled off his jacket, preparatory to diving for it."

"He gave a hark, what is that noise—that roaring sound! and the boy cranes his neck and holds his breath, that he may catch it the more distinctly. Ah, there it is again, the roar of a monster's fount! How it freezes the boy's blood and blanches his cheek!"

"But without waiting an instant he plunged into the water, which he felt as if it froze the moment it forced its way through the side of the wreck. Into this boiling, turbulent mass young Dick Broadhead threw himself with a reckless daring that would have taxed the courage of a man of iron nerve."

"Once, twice, he came up to the top of the wreck, which he believed he was using as a regular employment of a score of men. Even this is not all, for in the present spring months extra help is engaged to be put on the mill, a mighty structure, with the required four thousand pounds of paint.

"A bridge painter's vocation is one that bristles with danger, and he needs the greatest care to avoid falling into the river when at work on the central span, but he has also to look out for the cable cars, which pass at intervals of less than ten minutes, when he is obliged to cling closer to the guard rails in order to escape being crushed."

A BIG JOB AT PAINTING.

ALTHOUGH the big bridge between New York and Brooklyn was practically completed four years ago, there is always work to be done on it. The one item of painting alone comprises millions of superfluous work, and necessitates a regular employment of a score of men. Even this is not all, for in the present spring months extra help is engaged to be put on the mill, a mighty structure, with the required four thousand pounds of paint.

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A NEW USE FOR MONKEYS.

WE dare say that mourning in the ranks of the organ-grinders over a prospective increase in the cost of a valuable adjunct to their profession. For some months past a farmer out in Kentucky has successfully employed a force of seven large monkeys to work in his hemp fields. They break up the soil, and mark the rows, and do the work more quickly and better than the negroes he formerly employed, and at about one-fourth the cost. It required about four months of patient work to train them, but they now accomplish their tasks with rare intelligence.

The monkeys were sent to the farmer by a brother who he had seen in Cape Town, South Africa, and who had seen the animals put to similar uses there.



CORRESPONDENCE.

We have on file a great number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

J. F. C., New York City. Each volume of the ARGOSY consists of fifty-two numbers.

G. E. R., Jamaica Plain, Mass. Yes, the story you mentioned will be published in book form.

B. D., Burnham, Me. The United States receiving ship North Carolina is no longer in existence.

W. J. S., Canton, Me. Persons born deaf and dumb are taught by the sign language on the fingers.

W. B., New York City. The new Jewish theater, the Koumanis, is situated at the corner of Grand Street and Broadway.

W. H., Philadelphia, Pa. "Tom Tracy" began in no. 109 and ended in no. 214. You can obtain these numbers for 86 cents.

H. West Chester, Pa. The best way to learn the trade of a watchmaker is to enter a shop and thus gain a practical experience.

A. C., Bridgewater, Mass. See answer to "Bob Burton" in no. 228. Many thanks for your good work.

W. J. M., New Orleans, La. The so-called trade dollar was not coined in 1860. The silver dollar of that date is redeemable at par.

F. B. S., Utica, N. Y. The numbers of the ARGOSY cover the "London Cave," by George H. Coomer, will cost you fifty cents.

SEBAST THE SAILOR, Roanoke, Va. We know nothing of the St. Andrews Land Company, or of the small matter of advertising. We cannot recommend their enterprise.

J. L., New York City. 1. You are probably troubled too with vivid imagination. Avoid quack doctors. 2. A preparation of rosewater and glycerine is good for the skin.

W. L. W., Philadelphia, Pa. The number of English speaking Episcopians in the world is put at 21,306,000; the strength of the denomination in the United States at 388,900.

K. McK., Chicago, Ill. 1. Many parodies have been written on Coleridge's famous poem, the "Ancient Mariner." 2. All the numbers of vol. II of the ARGOSY are out of print.

GRASS-FY-PAY, Washington C. H., O. 1. No, we do not publish a monthly edition of the ARGOSY. We may perhaps issue quarterly parts. 2. Flying Eagle cents of 1856 are quite common.

CONSTANCE CLAREN, New York City. 1. Manhattan is from the Indian word "mannaham," meaning "the town on the island." 2. We believe a large eagle is used in the play you mention.

TEXAS RANGER, Nebraska City, Neb. No, had the bridge been passed, it would not have been entitled to receive that soldier's pension after his death, unless he was helpless and had been so dependent on him.

FRANK B., New York, N. Y. 1. Apply to some large hardware house for the catalogue you wish. 2. A bowie knife is from ten to fifteen inches long, and about two broad, and is named after its inventor, Colonel James Bowie, a Southerner.

FIRELY, Bridgeport, Conn. 1. Yes, for sums less than one dollar, postage stamps are received. 2. The United States was never at war with France. 3. We hope to print a serial by the author named in the course of the year. 4. Some of them are published in book form.

ANXIOUS ANGELENO, Los Angeles, Cal. We should advise you to remain in school a year or two longer, if you have time yet, before you enter one of the other of the occupations you mention will be so marked, that you will no doubt be put in the way of doing a profession.

J. H. S., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. About 72 degrees of heat are required to run an incubator. The temperature should never be below 68 nor above 78. 2. The eggs should be a moisture pan. 3. A smaller incubator requires a smaller degree of heat as a large one. 4. No, the eggs do not need light.

A SUBSCRIBER, Talcoottville, Conn. 1. The navy of Great Britain possesses 246 vessels, that of Germany 109, and the United States 89. Your second and third questions are too vague to admit of answers. 4. Crittenden's. 5. You write a very good book, but for business fewer flourishes are preferable.

GEOMETRY, Baltimore, Md. 1. We hope before long to publish a story by the first named author. 2. We have at present has no gunboats, although two are in course of construction. The Franklin is the largest war ship. 3. Certainly, you are at perfect liberty to send your story to this office.

J. T. I. It is not absolutely necessary that a sail boat should have a keel, although it would be much better to have one two or three inches in depth. If you have a deep keel, or a center-board, your boat would require a 12 foot mast and a 13 foot boom, with a jib of 10 foot loist and 8 feet stretch at the bottom. A "leg of mutton" rig would be the best to try first, with a 15 foot mast and 12 foot boom, carrying a triangular sail. 3. It is more convenient, of course, to steer direct than to use the rudder, but the use of a rowlock at the stern can be made to answer the purpose.

R. O. C. HESTER, Rochester, N. Y. 1. Photo graphics may be removed from the card by soaking it in warm water for some time, and then washing it by no means an easy business. 3. Good engravers average very fair incomes. How they are paid depends upon the arrangements they may make with publishers. 4. Your handwriting is good.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot accept of any newspapers, magazines, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for other than magazines of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We must be supplied with the names of the exchanges made through this department. All who intend to publish in this column should be sure to write for particulars to the address given.

We have on file a large number of exchanges, which will be published in this column as soon as space permits. Leon H. Brand, Silver Creek, N. Y. Tin tags, for the same.

G. W. Farnsworth, River Str., O. wishes to correspond with some ARGOSY readers who studies Spanish, George Anthony, 508 Washington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. A piece of colored silk, for every tin tag or stamp.

Charles Coleman, 132 Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. A pair of all-clip ice skates, for stamps or a small printing outfit.

F. Doubledt, 1143 West Whatcoat St., Baltimore, Md. 100 different stamps, for a Nickel without the word "cents."

Snyder S., Reuham, Wassaic, N. Y. A font of fancy type, for 500 postmarks; 60 Northern postmarks, for 50 Southern ones.

T. Shell, 59 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "The Arctic Cruise," by the "Advent Explorers," and "Wing and Wing," for a good football.

A. F. Hager, 716 John Street, Elmira, N. Y. A 20-line printing press, with rosewood sticks, for a printing press or stamps in an album.

Pearl O. Robinson, Plain City, O. A quarter dollar of 1860, for stamps of the 7 and 90 cent Navy department stamps.

Horace L. Palmer, Frenchtown, N. J. 50 different stamps, for a U. S. special delivery stamp, or a red cent stamp in an album.

David Martin, 173 Morris Ave., Tremont, New York City. Two bound volumes, and a magic lantern with 12 slides, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Horace C. Willis, 1420 Bouvier St., Philadelphia, Pa. A spy glass, a pair of Raymond extension roller skates, and a pair of Indian clubs, for stamps in an album.

F. J. Kiernan, Drawer I, Albany, N. Y. A pair of all-clip ice skates, for stamps of the 2 and 3 cent, and a pair of all-clip Eureka 10 1/2 inch roller skates, for a banjo.

Ray Jackson, 45 Emerald St., Boston, Mass. A small magic lantern, with 6 slides and ticks, and a "Golden Library," for a book by Alger, Optic, or any popular author.

W. Griffin, Sandor, N. Y. A silver watch, Waltham movement, valued at \$16, for a telegraph key and sounder, bicycle, or upright steam engine of not less than 2 horse power.

Charles E. Bush, 122 Syracuse, N. Y. A Waterbury watch, a fountain pen, an All in a Nutshell printing outfit, and a pair of catcher's gloves, for a still press, or a pair of roller skates.

J. E. Hartman, 1435 State St., Chicago, Ill. 60 different stamps in an International album, a pair of ice skates, no. 10, and 4 books, for a printing press, chase not less than 5-1/2 by 7-1/2, with outfit.

George S. Walsh, care Lincoln Gas Light Co., Lincoln, Neb. A magic lantern, with polyopticon attachments, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and several other books, for type 11-1/2 inch long, with or without cases.

Charles E. Bush, Box 958, New York City. A pair of Union Hardware roller skates, to fit a No. 8 shoe, and a zither, for an accordion or some musical instrument.

Frank B. Hunter, 925 North Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa. 15 books on natural history, for a self-inking printing press, with type, or Indian roller skates.

George D. Reid, 243 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn. An International stamp album, for U. S. Department or local stamps. Correspondence with collectors solicited.

Mrs. J. N. Johnson, Smithfield, Va. A new Model hand-inking press, with complete outfit for printing, valued at \$30, for a photographic outfit of equal value.

Harry G. Miller, 274 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A magic lantern, with 11 slides, "Robinson Crusoe," and a hand color saw, for a photographic camera and lens, 4 by 5 preferred.

W. E. Leach, West Newton, Mass. A magic lantern, cost \$6, a football, a zither, and a dark lantern, for a snare drum, or any 3 vols of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound.

George R. Townsend, Box 10, Chace, N. Y. "Romance of the Revolution," "Cook's Voyages," and "Knockabout Club in the Woods," valued at \$2.50, for vol. I of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Robert C. Street, Crawfordville, Ind. A silver watch, in good order, cost \$35 when new, a set of boxing gloves, and 10 books by Optic and others, for a bicycle lamp, or rubber tire pump.

H. Cole, 716 State St., Erie, Pa. A patent Ruby magic lantern, with slides, tickets, etc., and "Spanish at a Glance," for a printing press, chase not less than 12 by 12, with outfit.

C. G. Elliott, 60 West Fourth St., St. Paul, Minn. "Tom the Bootblack" by Alger, for "The Telegraph Key" or "Clare's History of the United States," for "Frank on the Lower Mississippi," for a book by Alger.

George W. Farnell, Box 104, North Tarrytown, N. Y. A pair of roller skates, valued at \$2, and foreign stamps, valued at \$3.50, for a violin, with box, bow, and instructions, or a 14 horse-power steam engine, or a bicycle.

Bert Estabrook, Box 957, Marlborough, Mass. Ten different postmarks, for every Indian arrow head or spear head. Also a magic lantern, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and two postmarks for every different stamp.

W. O. Rankin, Wooster, O. A pair of all-clip ice skates, for stamps of the 2 and 3 cent, and stamps in an album, 10 standard books, a gold chain, and a watch, for a bicycle with rubber tire and steel spokes, Star or Columbia preferred.

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Popular Military Instructions.

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

CHAPTER IV.

THE SPRINGFIELD RIFLE.

OW in order to thoroughly understand how to drill with the gun, we must first learn its construction, and the use of the different parts and their names.

Figure 1 represents the Springfield breech-loading rifle gun—the arm used by United States troops.

All guns are composed of the barrel and the stock. The barrel is made of hard metal, and is the part that fires the bullet, while the stock is the wooden frame that holds it. In Figure 1, the barrel runs from 1, which is called the muzzle, to 2, and the stock runs from 3, which is termed the butt, to 4. The barrel is held upon the stock by means of two iron bands, 5 and 6.

7 is a ramrod, or rather cleaning rod,

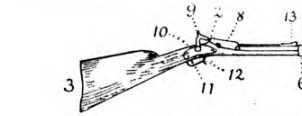


FIG. 1.—THE SPRINGFIELD BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

since the gun, opening at the breech, needs no ramrod.

8 is called the breech block. It is fastened on the bottom of the barrel by a strong, tight hinge, around which it turns when it is opened. The cartridge is then shoved into place, and the block shuts down, and holds it firmly. The block is fastened when shut by means of a catch called the *cum*.

Through the length of the breech block runs a tube, in which is a needle-like piece of steel held by springs. It projects just outside of the block, and you can see the end of it at 2; the other end rests on the top of the cartridge.

9 is called the hammer. It is a small hammer against which a strong spring presses. This spring is inside the wood of the stock.

By putting your thumb on the hammer you can draw it back, and a catch holds the spring. But by pulling 11, called the trigger, the spring is released, and the hammer pressed down on the needle, which in turn strikes the cartridge with such force as to explode it. The trigger is protected by means of the iron guard 12.

10 is called the lock plate. It is a plate to which the hammer and springs are fastened, and it in turn is held firmly to the stock by means of screws.

13 is a sighting arrangement for aiming.

MANUAL OF ARMS.

Having learned the different parts of the gun, or piece, as it is called, we can go on with its drill, or manual of arms.



FIG. 2.—CARRY ARMS.

The first position is called the *carry arms*, and is shown in Figure 2. The piece is in the right hand, the barrel vertical, muzzle up. The barrel rests in the hollow of the

shoulder, the guard (trigger) to the front. The arm hangs nearly its full length, near the body, the hand grasping the piece at that part of the stock just under the hammer, called the *small of the stock*. The thumb and forefinger embrace the trigger guard, the other fingers are closed behind the stock.



FIG. 3.—RIGHT SHOULDER ARMS.

The *carry arms* is the habitual position when at a *halt* and *attention*. From it the other movements are made.

There are quite a number of movements with the gun, but we have no space in this chapter to do more than hastily explain a few of the principal ones.

When on the march, the gun is carried

on the right shoulder. To get it there from the *carry*, the captain commands "1—*Right shoulder*—2—*Arms*." At the second command raise the piece vertically with the right hand, grasp it with the left at the lower band, the left hand being at about the height of the chin. Then shift the right hand until it is under and around the butt. Make a slight pause in this position,



FIG. 4.—SUPPORT ARMS.

then raise the piece, place it on the right shoulder, the lock-plate up, the muzzle elevated and inclined to the left, and slip the left hand down to the lock-plate, which should be directly over the right shoulder. Make another slight pause, and then drop the left hand. Figure 3 represents the gun at the *right shoulder*.

To resume the *carry* from the right shoulder, the command is "1—*Carry*—2—*Arms*." At the word *arms*, carry the butt slightly to the left, and lower the piece with the right hand; grasp it with the left at the lower band, and at the height of the chin, with the barrel to the rear and vertical. Make a slight pause, and then bring the gun to the *carry*, keeping the left hand opposite the right shoulder, and the fingers extended and pressing against the barrel. Make another slight pause, and then drop the hand by the side.

Another position in which the gun may be carried at either the *march* or *halt* is represented in Figure 4.

The command is "1—*Support*—2—*Arms*." The first motion is to grasp the piece (presuming it to be at the *carry*) with the left hand at the lower band; then carry the piece in front of the center of the body, the

left hand at the height of the chin, the right hand grasping the small of the stock. The second motion is to carry the piece with the right hand, barrel vertical, opposite the left shoulder; at the same time turn the barrel to the front, then pass the left forearm extended between the right hand and the hammer, and let the gun rest by the hammer on the left forearm. The third motion is to drop the right hand by the side.

To resume the *carry* the command is "1—*Carry*—2—*Arms*." Grasp the piece with the right hand under and against the left forearm; turn the piece with the hand till the barrel is to the rear, and carry it to the



FIG. 5.—PRESENT ARMS.

front of the center of the body; then grasp it with the left hand at the lower band, the left forearm being horizontal. Make a slight pause, and then bring the gun to the *carry*, slipping the left hand up against the barrel and opposite the right shoulder. Make another pause, and then drop the left hand by the side.

When a company is at the *halt*, in order to salute a person the movement of *present arms* is executed.

The command is "1—*Present*—2—*Arms*." Carry the piece with the right hand in front of the center of the body, at the same time grasp it with the left hand at the lower band, the forearm horizontal and resting against the body. Make a pause, and then grasp the small of the stock with the right hand. Figure 5 represents the *present*.

The *carry* is resumed in just the reverse order.

When at a *halt*, to lower the guns so that their weight will be on the ground, the captain commands "1—*Order*—2—*Arms*." At the word *arms*, grasp the piece with the left hand, the forearm horizontal; let go with the right hand; then lower the piece quickly with the left, and grasp it again with the right above the lower band. The right hand must now be near the thigh, the butt about three inches from the ground; the left hand steadying the piece, near the right. Make a slight pause, and lower the piece gently to the ground with the right hand, dropping the left hand by the side. Figure 6 represents the *Order Arms*.



FIG. 6.—ORDER ARMS.

At the command "1—*Carry*—2—*Arms*," raise the piece vertically with the right hand, at the same time grasping it with the left just above the right; resume the *carry*, make the pause, and then drop the left hand by the side.

If, when at the order, the captain desires to rest the company, he commands "1—*Parade*—2—*Rest*."

At the command *Rest*, slip the right hand up, and carry the muzzle in front of the center of the body, turning the barrel to the left. Grasp the piece with the left hand just above the upper band, the right hand being just below it. At the same time, carry the right foot three inches to the rear, and bend the left knee slightly. Figure 7 represents the *parade rest*.

The attention or order is resumed in the reverse manner, at the command "Attention."



FIG. 7.—PARADE REST.

The foregoing are the principal movements in the *manual of arms*; and though there are quite a number of others, yet any company that can do these well in two or three drills is doing something wonderful.

The pauses made between motions are in common time, that is the nineteenth part of a minute. The movements must be executed sharply and briskly, and with a good deal of snap. The other movements will all be found in the "Tactics."

CARE OF GUNS AND EQUIPMENTS.

Now I want to tell you how to take care of your guns and equipments.

The guns should be kept in a rack against the side of the wall in your drill hall. It would be a good thing and save lots of work, if every boy had a canvas or sheeting cover made for his gun.

On the outside of the rack is a peg, on which are placed the waist belt, cartridge box and bayonet and scabbard. A little piece of paper with each boy's name, and the number of the gun, should be placed over the rack. Then you will always know your places, and be able to keep the same gun all the time. Every gun made is numbered, and you will always find the numbers on military guns either on the breech block or the butt plate.

When not at drill, always have in the muzzle of your gun a wooden plug or a cork, to keep out the dust.

Now to clean the gun, you must first take the barrel off the stock. Slip off the two bands, and then with a screw driver take out the big screw at the bottom of the breech that holds it to the stock. The barrel is then loose, and comes right off.

The hammer and locks are in the stock. Now open the breech block, and let water run gently down the gun inside, for say two or three minutes. Then take a cloth and fasten it to your cleaning rod, and carefully dry out the inside. Then pour a little oil into the muzzle, and put a piece of linen on the rod, and work it gently up and down until all the inside is oiled nicely. Then carefully wipe out the oil with another linen cloth. Rub the outside of the barrel, as well as the stock, the hammer, lock and breech with oil, until all rust disappears, and the gun looks shining and clean. Spermin oil is the best to use.

The gun, when once thoroughly cleaned, will be easy to keep in that condition, if, every time you go to drill, you take a small oiled rag with you, and pass it through the barrel two or three times, and rub the outside slightly also. Then you must keep your cartridge box and belt, with your care of leather, nice and clean also. A good soldier always has his arms and accoutrements, at all times, in the highest state of efficiency, ready for use, and serviceable.

And now we have learned the preliminary drills, and we can go on nicely with the rest. Any boy will easily learn from the "Tactics" how to drill the company, as soon as he has learned what has been explained in these chapters.

But there are many things to learn that are not in the "Tactics," and if you care about them at all, and learn well what has already been explained to you, I may go on and tell you about them. They are such things as how to go out into camp, how to put up and take down a tent, and fold it; how to lay out a camp, how to load and fire with your gun, and have target practice, how to fence with the bayonet, how to purchase and wear uniforms, how to get up a drum corps, and so on.

In fact, so many things are there, that I am afraid, if I told them all to you at once, you would be weary in the beginning, and not wish to have them explained. So we will leave them all till you have learned the drill first.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON: or THE PERFORMER OF THE NEW-YORK BEESTBLACK

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,
Author of "Tom Tracy," "Number 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XX. HOW MADGE FARED.

IT has already been mentioned that Mrs. Bridget McCurdy was forced to leave her home for a season, and spend two months in retirement at Blackwell's Island. The landlord was informed of his tenant's departure, and prepared to resume possession of her room. A few of Mrs. McCurdy's belongings, of no great value, were found in the apartment.

"Has the woman got any friends to take care of these duds, or must I pitch them in the street?" he asked.

Mrs. Rourke, who was within hearing, told him that Mrs. McCurdy's niece was under the care of Mrs. Newton, and that she knew of no other relation.

"Call the girl."
Madge was called, and with the help of Mrs. Newton removed Mrs. McCurdy's scanty property. Among the articles was found a wooden box, black with age, containing a letter partly torn, and an old-fashioned daguerrotype, representing a sad-faced woman, somewhat over thirty. There was a marked resemblance in the picture to Madge.

"Madge, this must be your mother," said Mrs. Newton with interest.

Madge looked at it eagerly, but shook her head.

"I don't remember my mother," she said. "Aunt Bridget has often told me that I was but three years old when she died."

"There's a strong likeness to you. Don't you see it?"

"Yes," murmured Madge, "my mother. I have been afraid she was like Aunt Bridget. I should not be ashamed of such a sweet mother as this."

"Did Mrs. McCurdy ever tell you how you were related to her?"

"She said my mother was her sister."

"I am sure this was not a sister of Mrs. McCurdy. She has a sweet, refined face and looks like a lady."

"Do you think she is an any relative of Aunt Bridget?" asked Madge eagerly.

"I don't think you are. I think in some way you came into her possession, and that she had a reason for calling you her niece."

Madge brightened up at this suggestion. Child as she was, she had been repelled by the coarse manners and appearance of her so-called aunt, and felt ashamed of this relationship.

Besides the daguerrotype there was a small wallet. In this there was no money, but a few lines, evidently a part of a letter, written on a torn half sheet of note paper.

Mrs. Newton opened it in the hope of finding some clue to the mystery of Madge's history. Written in a delicate feminine hand, they read these words: "I am not afraid to die, but it is a great grief and sorrow to me to feel that my little Madge will be without a friend, an heir to poverty and privation. Who is there in all the wide world to sulk and care for her? If my brother Rupert should ever come back, and alas! I do not even know if he is still alive—"

Here the manuscript broke off abruptly. The closing lines and the signature, if there was one, were in the portion of paper which had been torn off. It was certainly very tantalizing. There seemed absolutely no key except the picture and the two names that were mentioned, and they seemed unlikely to lead to any further information.

Madge waited anxiously for Mrs. Newton's comment on the letter.

"My child," said the widow, "this paper gives me very little information. It seems clear, however, that there is no relationship between you and Mrs. McCurdy."

"I am so glad of that," exclaimed Madge, clasping her hands, "used to blame myself for not liking her, though she was my aunt, but now it is not wicked, is it?"

"Don't say that," said like her, my child. Apart from her ill-treating you, her drinking habits made her repulsive. Have you no recollection of the time before you came to Mrs. McCurdy?"

Madge shook her head.

"I don't think I have," she answered. "As far back as I can remember I was with Aunt Bridget. At first she did not drink so much as she has lately, and she used to work harder, and we lived better. But many a time in the last three weeks she has come to bed hungry, and sometimes been beaten if I did not bring back as much money from the matches as she thought I ought to do. I can't bear to think of her in the old life."

"But you won't have to go back to it, Madge."

"But," said Madge, doubtfully, "in two months Aunt Bridget will come home from the Island. Then she will want me to go back and sell matches for her."

"Neither Ned nor I will consent to it. If you were really her niece it might be different, but now we know that you are not."

"And I may stay with you and Ned?" asked Madge, her face showing the pleasure she felt.

"Yes, if you care to."
"I could ask nothing better. Here I am treated kindly, and I am learning something every day."

Madge had changed for the better since she came under Mrs. Newton's care. Her old dirty dress had been thrown aside, and Mrs. Newton had made her one from an old garment of her own. Now, too, she was kept scrupulously neat, a thing which had been impossible during her stay with Bridget McCurdy.

"Really, Madge is looking quite pretty," said Ned one day, as if the fact had just struck him. "I never used to think so before. How has it, come about?"

"It is easily explained. Now she is neat and clean. Besides, she has the look of a happy child, while formerly she was sad, thin, and anxious."

"I suppose that is it, mother; at any rate she seems like a different girl. I wish we didn't need to send her out to sell matches. When I get a better salary it won't be necessary."

"I wish it was not, Ned, but you cannot."

"I am sure this was not a sister of Mrs. McCurdy. She has a sweet, refined face and looks like a lady."

"Do you think she is an any relative of Aunt Bridget?" asked Madge eagerly.

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"But you won't have to go back to it, Madge."

"But," said Madge, doubtfully, "in two months Aunt Bridget will come home from the Island. Then she will want me to go back and sell matches for her."

All three laughed at this idea, and Ned said that under the circumstances he was satisfied to remain with his mother, notwithstanding the superior attractions of Mrs. McCurdy.

About a month passed, when one day a stout, bloated young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, found his way to the tenement house.

"Does Bridget McCurdy live here?" he asked of Mrs. Rourke, whom he met in the street.

"She did live here till lately."
"What has become of her?"
"First tell me, are you kin to her?"
"I am her son."

"Then I am sorry to tell you that she is spending a few weeks on the Island."
The young man burst into a laugh, which showed that his feelings were not very keen.

"She is under my protection. She is living with me."
"Much obliged to you, I'm sure, but I've come for her."

"You have come for Madge?" repeated Mrs. Newton, much alarmed.

"In course I have. You see I'm married myself, and we're ready to take care of her."
"But you have no claim upon her."
"Haven't I though? Isn't she my cousin?"
"I have reason to believe that she is not related either to you or your mother."

"What are you givin' us, ma'am? But I see your game."
"Game!" repeated Mrs. Newton, with dignity. "I am unaccustomed to such language. Oh, you're a mighty fine lady, to be sure, but you're keepin' her to make money out of her."

"She costs at least as much as she brings in. Why do you want her?"

"To get her to work, to be sure. I'll send her out every day wid the matches. As me-widder is away, it's my right to make all I can out of her work."

At last Mrs. Newton penetrated the man's mercenary object in trying to take Madge away. It was not from any affection for the girl whom he claimed as his cousin, but merely to make money out of her. Mrs. Newton was exercised in mind. She did not know whether she could prevent this Tom McCurdy from taking away the little girl in whom she had come to feel a tender interest. She would try, at least.

"Can you prove that the girl is your cousin?"

"Didn't she call my mother her aunt?"

"Yes, but since your mother went away I have discovered evidence that leads me to believe that she is not in any way related to either of you."

"What is it? I don't believe a word of it."

"I intend to show it to a lawyer, and get his opinion."

"You can't frighten me by such talk, ma'am. Where's the gal?"

"I have sent her on an errand."

He walked into the room without an invitation, and coolly sat down in the rocking-chair. Mrs. Newton, who was nervous, left the door open into the hall, and seated herself, regarding the intruder with a troubled face.

"You're pretty comfortable here," said Tom McCurdy, familiarly.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Newton, briefly.

"How much does the gal bring in every day?"

"About thirty cents profit."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Tom, with a look of disgust. "She must be a troubled soul, she was a bit smart, she ought to make twice as much."

"Only send her out in the forenoon."

"She'll have to be out all day when she lives with me."

"Poor Madge!" thought Mrs. Newton, "her lot will indeed be hard if she falls into the hands of this man."

"What's the good of that?"

"She has never had a chance to obtain an education, and I spend a part of the afternoon in giving her lessons."

"That's all bosh!" said Tom McCurdy contemptuously. "What does the gal want wid lessons? Can she sell any more matches by the masses?"

"If not, she can earn more in other ways."

"Look at me, ma'am! I can't hardly read, let alone the writin', but I ain't any the worse for it, am I?"

"Then you don't know what you're talking about. I've always got along without, and so can the gal. Who do you expect her to?"

Mrs. Newton was tempted to say that it might be a long time, in the hope that her visitor would get tired of waiting, but she was a woman of no mean courage, and she said, "she went out on a little errand for me, and I don't think she will be long."

"If you'll excuse me, ma'am, I'll take a smoke, while I'm here, and I'll be right back."

"But I cannot excuse you, sir," replied the widow, with some energy. "I cannot allow any smoking in my room, and I am surprised that you should think of it."

"You're mighty particular!" said Tom, disgusted, and putting up his pipe with evident disappointment. "My mother never complained of my smokin'. The old woman wouldn't mind a whiff herself when she felt like it."

"Your mother and I are unlike in many respects," Mrs. Newton felt provoked to say. "So I see, ma'am, more's the pity!"

"Do you live in the city?" asked Mrs. Newton, desiring to know where Madge would be located in case this man got possession of her.

"I live in Avenue A," said Tom. "Was you wishin' to call?"

"I seldom call any where."



NED RUSHED UPON THE RUFLYANLY VISITOR, AND SENT HIM SPRAWLING ON THE FLOOR.

earn enough to support all three of us. It is only right that Madge should bear her part. By going out in the morning she can earn thirty cents a day, or nearly two dollars a week, and that is a decided help to us. With your six dollars a week it gives us eight dollars weekly to live upon. It is not much, but it enables us to live in comfort."

"You are right, mother, and I am sure Madge is much better off than she was in Mrs. McCurdy's charge. She is positively getting stout and plump."

"I weigh five pounds more than I ever did before," said Madge, who overheard the remark. "I weighed myself yesterday at the grocer's round the corner."

"It will be some time before you are as stout as Mrs. McCurdy," remarked Ned, with a twinkle in his eye. "If you want to you might take to drink. That is said to be fattening."

"I don't want to look like her—ever!" said Madge, with emphasis. "I like you mother's looks much better, and she isn't fat."

"Mother, that is indeed a compliment," said Ned, gravely. "Madge actually thinks you better looking than Mrs. McCurdy."

"I infer that you don't, Ned," returned Mrs. Newton, with a smile.

"You see I haven't seen Mrs. McCurdy for so long. I don't exactly remember how she does look. Anyhow, there is considerably more of her. Then she has a fine, healthy bloom on her face, while you are pale."

"Very well, Ned, when Mrs. McCurdy returns I will propose to her to take you in place of Madge. That arrangement, I suppose, will suit you."

"That's a good joke," he said. "Well, it'll keep her away from the drink, any way."

"I am glad you take it so well, Mr. McCurdy."

"It's no use cryin' for split milk. The old woman won't be none the worse when she comes out. Where's the little gal that used to stay with her?"

"You mean Madge?"

"She's staying with Mrs. Newton."
"And where's that?"
"Third floor front."
"I'll go up and see her."

A few minutes later Mrs. Newton, hearing a knock at the door, opened it, and admitted Tom McCurdy.

CHAPTER XXI. TOM MCCURDY.

MRS. NEWTON regarded her visitor with a look of inquiry.

"I don't think I ever met you before," she said.

"It's all the same. You know the old woman."

"What old woman do you refer to?"

"Mrs. McCurdy. She's my mother."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Newton, with a look of sympathy. "She is in trouble, I am sorry to say, but she will soon be restored to you."

"Oh, she'll get along! I don't worry about her," said Tom McCurdy, carelessly. "I want to know about the gal."

"You mean Madge?" said Mrs. Newton.

"Yes, I believe that's her name—the gal that sold matches."



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

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

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

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

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The Courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible for the amount of arrears on their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

In ordering back numbers add 6 cents for each copy.

Not rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

The subject of next week's Argosy's special sketch will be Congressional Candidate, Estelle, editor of the Bangor "Whig and Courier."

This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 390. Back numbers can be had.

GOOD NEWS FOR WATER DRINKERS.

ONE by one the beliefs, legends, and superstitions of bygone days are being snatched away from us. Pochontas and Captain Smith, George Washington and the hatchet, William Tell and the apple episode, each in turn is declared to be a tale without foundation. And now comes Professor John Rhin, of microscope (but not microscope) fame, who not only asserts that clear well and brook water is almost entirely free from the infinitesimal animalcules vividly described by popular lecturers, but actually charges these learned gentlemen with wantonly introducing such organisms into the liquid by artificial means, and then throwing horrible portrayals of the same upon the magic lantern screen, causing all beholders to writhe in wardly for days afterwards whenever they feel thirsty.

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

AN ASIATIC EXPRESS.

A WEEK or two ago the ARGOSY made mention of a train of cars jostled together as completely as a box of household goods. Mr. Pullman, in his own car, calls them "vestibule cars," and it now appears that they will be used for a fortnightly or weekly express service between London, England, and Yokohama, Japan.

The plan is to sell through coupon tickets, entitling the holder to one continuous passage, with only two changes, that from the steamers at Jersey City to the vestibule cars, which will be in waiting within ten yards of the wharf, and the other from the train to the Pacific steamers at San Francisco, where the transfer will be equally convenient.

It is believed that the run across the American continent can be made in a hundred hours, and the whole trip completed within thirty days.

The service will probably be established within a month or two, and the Jersey City small boy will doubtless experience strange sensations if he hears the cry: "Change for Asia! All aboard for China and Japan!"

TRUE MANLINESS.

ACCORDING to a computation made by an evening paper of this city, some forty thousand New York boys, from the ages of twelve and fourteen upward, wholly or in part earn their own living. They are employed in various capacities as office boys, messengers, newsboys, bootblacks, and so on.

Of course among such a vast number there are boys of all grades, good and bad. In alluding to the latter class, the article to which we refer adds that their evil ways are directly traceable as the results of keeping bad company.

It is the old story over again. Some boys, and men too, seem obliged to go the same road as the rest, like so many sheep. They hate to be thought eccentric for refusing to do what "the other fellows do," and imagine

that it is the manly thing to contract the habits and customs of the majority, even when convinced, in their better selves, that these are wrong and hurtful.

On change them to the boys, when confronted by temptation, is this: be really and truly brave by asserting independence of action. Be slaves to nobody, for what else is it but slavery to blindly follow in the footsteps of others, just because we happen to be thrown in their company?

A BOYHOOD MEMORY.

As was noted in these columns last week, every mail brings us letters from our readers, expressing in most flattering terms the pleasure the ARGOSY gives them, coupled in very many cases with an allusion to the eagerness with which they look forward, all through the week, to Saturday.

These cheering words of praise recall to mind our own boyhood, when Wednesday was to us the red-letter day of the week.

Our home was in the country, and the juvenile weekly in which our soul delighted was brought on this day by the river steambot from the city. And how impatiently we were wont to watch and wait for her to shoot into from behind the point! All other enjoyments for the time were forgotten. In the excitement of receiving "the next number," And yet, although coming to us by boat, our favorite journal fell far short of being an ARGOSY. The boy of to-day may well be excused for growing enthusiastic over the treasures offered him in this bright and shining epoch of young people's literature.

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

SOME STRIKING STATISTICS.

If we could gather together all the copies of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY which have been printed and sent out from our publishing house in the last six months, some remarkable things might be accomplished with the enormous mass of papers.

If spread out on the ground they would cover a nice estate of 2,066 acres—nearly as large as Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and between two and three times as large as Central Park, New York.

They would cover a track five feet wide from New York to San Francisco; or if opened and placed in line, the papers would stretch, twenty-two inches in width, from Washington to China. If cut to nine inches wide, they would go round the world at the equator; and in strips five-sixths of an inch in width they would reach from the earth to the moon!

If laid out flat and piled one above the other, the papers would form a stately column 25,000 feet high, which would soar more than 10,000 feet above the summit of Pike's Peak, and rival in altitude the Andes and the Himalayas.

These facts will give our readers and the public some idea of the vast extent of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY'S business.

BEWARE OF HASTY SPEECH.

How true it is that the spoken word can never be recalled! No matter how humble the apology, how complete the reparation, the echo of a hasty retort, or an unfounded accusation, can never quite be hushed.

Only the other day we read of a case where a family, leaving their home for a month, requested permission to store some valuable silverware at a neighbor's. This was readily agreed, and the transfer effected. When the travelers returned and resumed possession of their property, it was discovered that a small tea service was missing. Suspicion fell on the neighbor's household, one member of which was a son with an unfortunate reputation for fastness. Whispers began to go forth connecting this son with the disappearance of the tea-set; a coolness sprang up in consequence between the two families, extending in time to their respective friends, so that in the end not only the church which both parties attended but a large part of the village was involved in a quarrel, which was every day becoming more serious.

Matters had reached this crisis when the missing property was suddenly discovered in a drawer on the owner's premises, where it had been placed months before and forgotten. Of course apologies were made, but words had been uttered which could never be unsaid, and the memory of which will doubtless linger for years to come.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE, The Humorist of the Press and Platform. Mr. BURDETTE would hardly classify himself as an editor; but humor is so characteristic a feature of the American press, and among humorists his position is so prominent, that we must not pass him over in our series of journalistic sketches.

He was born on the 30th of July, 1844, at Greensborough, in southwestern Pennsylvania, but very early in life moved with his parents to Cincinnati, and thence to Peoria, Illinois, where he grew to manhood.

He went through the grammar school and the high school, but if we can credit his own statements, he was not a brilliant academic success. He hated mathematics, couldn't declaim, didn't stand very high in his classes; but he had a taste for history, and was especially fond of

writing compositions.

"Whatever his talents," he says in relating the story of his sinful youth, "he treated it lightly. He soon learned that what was such an easy task for him some of the boys most dreaded, and he established a little contraband traffic with them: 'I'll write your composition if you'll do my algebra.' This arrangement was not conducive to all-round scholarship, and when he graduated from the high school

it was with the high distinction of being second—in a class of two.

In the summer of 1862, when he was eighteen, and five feet three inches, he accepted President Lincoln's invitation to come forward and save his country, and entered the Forty-seventh Illinois Infantry as a private soldier. He served with General Banks in the Red River expedition, "on an excursion ticket good both ways, conquering in one direction and running in the other, his pay going on all the same."

About that time he made his first appearance in print as the author of a letter to his reader, which contained such patriotic sentiments so magnificently worded that it was published in the columns of a local journal—the Transcript. The young soldier was proud, and wished he had made the letter longer.

After the close of the war, the battle-scarred warrior laid aside his sword, and gave active support to his country's government as clerk in the post-office at Peoria, and on some of the railway mail routes. Then he went to New York, and while there he wrote letters to the Peoria Transcript. Of course they were amusing, though he was not paid for them at his present rates. One of them caught the eye of Enoch Emery, editor of the Transcript, and he sent for Burdette, saying he would make a journalist of him.

So Mr. Burdette went back to Peoria, and was set to reading proof and editing dispatches. He did his work well, and was promoted to the position of night editor. This was no small feat, as you know, and he started a paper of his own.

The one step proved a great success, the other a failure. The Peoria Review, his journalistic progeny, died an early death, and Mr. Burdette never repeated the experiment. But his marriage had a great influence upon his career, and to his wife's wise and gentle aid he ascribes much of his success. Her long illness and recent death form a touching episode in the humorist's life, and have thrown a pathos into the comedy of his writings.

In 1874 Mr. Burdette joined the staff of the Burlington Hawkeye, first as city editor, then as leader writer, and at length becoming the managing editor. But as his wife's health failed he gradually did less and less office work, and wrote more and more at home.

The humorous sketches that he contributed to the Hawkeye were very popular, and made him the writer and the paper famous. Mr. Burdette began to deliver lectures, and he found it more profitable than journalism. He

published some books, too, but saw that he was most successful on the platform, and for several years this has been his chief field of work. "Nine winters of lecturing at night and writing newspaper sketches on the railway trains by day have given me all I want of it," he says; "and I am anxious to leave the platform and return to the desk."

This pressure of work is not wholly unpleasant penalty of success. "The critics have always dealt very gently with me," he modestly says; "possibly because I am scarcely worthy of the envied success."

Meanwhile he severed his connection with the Hawkeye, and now writes only for the Brooklyn Eagle. He came to the East, and settled at Ardmore, near Philadelphia. We may add a few particulars which we give in the humorist's own characteristic words:

"Politics? Be a publican after the strictest sect, Religion? Baptist. Personal appearance? Below average. Medium height and weighs 135 pounds, no shillings, and no pence. Rich? Not enough to own a yacht. Favorite Reading? Poetry and history—knows Longfellow by heart almost. Write for the Magazines? Has more "declined with thanks" letters than would fill a trunk. Never able to get into a magazine with a line. Care about it? Mad as thunder.

Thinks of starting a magazine himself, and rejecting everybody's articles except his own."

RICHARD H. TITTERTON.

DEBTS OF DISHONOR.

EVERY debt is a debt of honor, in the sense that honor calls for its prompt payment; but the term is usually reserved for debts which are improperly incurred, and legally void, and which might be more appropriately called debts of dishonor. Of course we refer to gambling debts.

There are a good many so-called or would-be fashionable young men who thus persist in calling black white. They will strain every nerve to pay their losses incurred at cards or in betting on horse races, while their tailors and their shoemakers call in vain for payment. They do not mind deceiving an honest tradesman, but they would not for the world tarnish their honor by neglecting to settle with the fools or knaves with whom they gamble and bet.

Their solicitude for their honor is entirely superfluous. It is needless to protect a sooty kettle from smuts. Their perverted morality is a curious instance of the ethical degradation which results from gambling.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THE man who procrastinates struggles with ruin. WELL arranged time is a sign of a well-ordered mind. THE smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.—Asterbury. A NOBLE nature can alone attract the noble, and alone knows how to retain them.—Goethe. HE that does a base thing in zeal for his friends, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.—Jeremy Taylor.

A MAN'S nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—Bacon. SO our lives glide on; the river ends we don't know where, and the sea begins, and then there is more jumping ashore.—George Eliot. CARE stars, like our shadows, when our day is in its glory, scarce appear. Towards our evening how great and monstrous they are!—Sir J. Suckling. SOME men are, in regard to ridicule, like his roofed buildings in regard to hail; all that their bounds rattling off, not a stone goes through.—Becher.

RELIGION is within a man, even as he is gifted with reason; it is associated with your mother's chair, and with the first remembered tones of her blessed voice. IT is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary it increases by the multiplicity of its conquests; all its attainments help to new conquests.—Daniel Webster.



ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



P. T. BARNUM.

P. T. BARNUM.

A Sketch of the Great Showman's Life.

IF the President of these United States were chosen by the votes of citizens under twenty-one, instead of those over twenty-one, we believe that Pines Taylor Barnum, of Connecticut, would be nominated by acclamation, and elected without opposition. Mr. Barnum deservedly holds the first place in the hearts of his juvenile countrymen. He has given boundless and healthful gratification to several generations of them. In spite of his seventy-seven years, his heart is still young, and he finds his greatest pleasure in watching the rows of happy faces that gather to see the "Greatest Show on Earth."

A brief record of his struggles and triumphs will no doubt be interesting to the readers of *The Golden Argosy*.

He was born in the little town of Bethel, Connecticut, on the 5th of July, 1810, and comes of an old and respectable, though neither wealthy nor pretentious, New England family. At six years old, he went to the public school, where, as he says, the ferule was assistant teacher. He did not stay there very long before he went to work, riding the horse which led the ox team in the plow, and earning the magnificent sum of ten cents a day; but he was naturally quick at figures, and learned one important lesson very early in life—the value of money.

In 1823 his father's death left him to face the world, alone, and without a penny in his pocket. He went to work in a little country store near Bethel, where his wages were six dollars a month and his board.

The next year he moved to Brooklyn with his employer, and was soon intrusted with the purchasing of all goods for the store. But he was not content to work for a salary. He was determined to find a position which would give a freer scope to his own energy, calculation, and business ability. He opened a small store on his own account, first in New York, and then in his native Connecticut village.

He opened his modest establishment in Bethel in May, 1828; his capital, he tells us, was \$120, and he dealt in fruit and confectionery, afterwards adding the sale of lottery tick-

ets, which was in no way condemned by the public opinion of that time.

In 1829 he married, and two years later boldly launched forth into journalism, starting a weekly newspaper at Danbury, called *The Herald of Freedom*.

As an editor he had more zeal and vigor than experience and discretion, and the career of the *Herald* was a troublesome one. Three times in three years libel suits were brought against its publisher. He denounced a usurer, and on the principle of "the greater the truth the greater the libel," he had to endure sixty days imprisonment, though he received an ovation from his fellow townsmen when the term was over.

His journalistic life was one of perpetual conflicts, and meanwhile his store lost its trade. In 1834 he gave up both store and newspaper, and came to seek his fortune in New York.

He found it up-hill work. Such a position as he desired could not be obtained. For a time he had an interest in a grocery store on South Street, but a few months later he left it, and entered the business in which he has achieved fame and riches.

The great showman commenced by exhibiting one Joice Heth, a colored woman, said on credible authority to be a hundred and sixty years old, and the original claimant for the honor of having nursed George Washington. When this lady died Mr. Barnum took up a performer named Vivaldi, whose feats were displayed in several States, until he joined Aaron Turner's circus, and in the fall of 1836 he started on his own account with a traveling show called "Barnum's Grand Scientific and Musical Theater."

Mr. Barnum had now at length found his true vocation. He gauged the popular taste as if by instinct, and had a wonderful capacity for arousing interest and curiosity. In the art of advertising he is a past-master; indeed, his skill and success in catching the ears and eyes of the public have made his name a household word all over the world.

He made two tours in the South, meeting with a good deal of hardship and ill-luck. At a South Carolina town, where his negro singer deserted him, Mr. Barnum blacked his face and sang "Zip Coon" himself. After the performance he tried to settle a dispute between some of his men and the citizens, and came within an ace of being shot by a fellow who resented the interference of a supposed negro.

For some time the show was on the Mississippi, in the steamer *Corcoran*; then Mr. Barnum returned to New York, and invested and lost his savings in a manufacturing scheme. About this time he heard that the American Museum, a building at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, where the *Herald* office

now stands, was for sale, and he resolved to become its proprietor.

"What, you buy the American Museum?" said a friend who knew his aspiration and his lack of funds; "what do you intend to buy it with?"

"Brass," answered Mr. Barnum; "for silver and gold have I none." But if he had not cash, he had credit, for he had by this time earned a good reputation, and made many friends. A few weeks later he was in formal possession of the Museum, and before another year was over, by a strict economy and attention to business, he had paid the whole of the purchase money, and planted his foot firmly upon the ladder that led him to success.

For two years Mr. Barnum remained at the American Museum, constantly adding fresh curiosities to his collections, and endeavoring to give the best twenty-five cents worth in the country. The most attractive feature of all was the famous dwarf, Charles S. Stratton, whom Mr. Barnum "discovered" in a Connecticut village, and introduced to the public under the name of General Tom Thumb.

Sighting for fresh continents to conquer, in 1841 Mr. Barnum and the general took ship for Liverpool, and traveled through Great Britain, France and Belgium. General Thumb was presented to Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe; and the tour, which lasted three years, was a brilliant success, and exceedingly profitable.

Mr. Barnum's next enterprise was that of bringing Jenny Lind to America, and on its success he staked almost his entire resources. The result was not long in doubt; the vocalist's extraordinary powers, and her manager's talent for awakening public curiosity, created a tremendous sensation, and made Jenny Lind's tour a triumphal progress.

Her first appearance was in the old building at Castle Garden, where one ball was held in honor of Lafayette, Jackson and Tyler, and where now each day a thousand immigrants enter the New World. Such an audience assembled to greet the Swedish nightingale as has rarely been seen in this country, and the receipts were nearly eighteen thousand dollars.

When the contract with Jenny Lind terminated, Mr. Barnum projected a great traveling museum and menagerie, and laid the foundation of his present "institution" by chartering a ship which was despatched to Ceylon, and brought ten elephants to New York. After exhibiting all over the country, these beasts were sent to Mr. Barnum's farm at Bridgeport, with a certain purpose. He was soon trained to draw a plow, which was followed by his keeper, dressed in an oriental costume.

The scene of operations was a six-acre lot close to the tracks of the New York and New Haven railroad, and the keeper was supplied with a time table, and instructed to be busily employed in passing a passenger train, as die, Of course this novel method of agriculture

was duly reported all over the country, and proved to be one of Mr. Barnum's most successful advertisements. The six-acre lot was plowed over more than sixty times, and then the elephant was sold.

Over several years of Mr. Barnum's life we must pass rapidly in this brief sketch. We can only mention the heavy loss he suffered through his connection with a clock company; his second and third visits to Europe; the burning of his house at Bridgeport, and his subsequent purchase of land on which the town of East Bridgeport grew up.

In 1865 he was nominated for the Connecticut legislature, and was elected. He served as chairman of the committee on agricultural matters, and was very active in resisting the agents of railroad corporations. The next year he was re-elected, and in 1867 he was nominated for congressman on the Republican ticket, but was defeated by his namesake, Ex-Senator William H. Barnum.

During his first term in the State legislature, he was in the middle of a speech when a dispatch was handed to him which announced that the American Museum was burned to the ground. It was a heavy blow. The collections which he had been years in forming were utterly destroyed in a few moments.

Mr. Barnum went to work at once to repair the disaster, and soon opened a new museum further up Broadway, selling the lease of his old property for \$200,000 to James Gordon Bennett, who built there the office of the *New York Herald*.

Three years later the new museum shared the fate of its predecessor, and Mr. Barnum decided not to rebuild it. He traveled to England and to California, lecturing on thrift and temperance, and enjoying a much needed rest.

But a life of leisure proved distasteful, and he found that work was a necessity to him. The result was the organization of the "Greatest Show on Earth," which commenced its brilliant career in Brooklyn, April 10, 1871, and has become, as the late Henry Ward Beecher termed it, a national institution. No doubt every reader of *The Golden Argosy* knows its assemblage of wild beasts, marvelous performers, and curiosities gathered from all parts of the globe; nor need we relate the tragical history of its brightest star—the famous Jumbo, Greatest of the Great.

Mr. Barnum has served a third term as member of the Connecticut legislature, and has been elected mayor of Bridgeport. Tall, portly and erect of figure, firm of step and voice, his quiet old age is divided between Waldmere, his beautiful home in Bridgeport, and the journeys on which he carries holiday around the country. He is honored by his fellow-citizens, who owe largely to him the prosperity of their town, respected by all his countrymen, and famous throughout the world as a conspicuous instance of American enterprise, pluck and energy.

RICHARD H. TITHEBINGTON.

GROW LIKE THE OAK.

BY CLARA F. AMBROS.

How shall we grow? Not like the vine,
Though clinging to its neighbor's grace,
Close clinging to its resting place,
Where leaf and blossom interlace.
Its tendrils snap when winds blow high;
The strongest props in time will fail;
What can the frail vine's strength avail
When bruised and torn on earth it lies?
Grow like the oak tree, tall and fair,
With roots deep fastened in the ground,
With branches spreading far around,
Drawing all good from earth and air.

[This story commenced in No. 226.]



BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

"A THIRD PARTY ARRIVED ON THE SCENE."

ENOUGH has been said to give you an inkling of the reason why The Serpent waited by the deserted campfire for the coming of the young Shawanoe, who never suspected that fact until he had watched the Winnebago scatter his own captives.

When the Moravian held his last brief talk with The Serpent, he was astonished and delighted to find how thoroughly the heart of the warrior had been changed. By this I do not mean that the transformation was like unto that of the great apostle after the light had shined upon him while on the road to Damascus. That wonderful, mysterious, divine new birth does not follow so soon upon the blind groping of him who is searching. But The Serpent had been conscious for a long time of the tugging of something within him which prompted him to reach out for help. Having resolved to obey the strange whisperings, he straightaway became more resolute in clinging to the hand which seemed to be reached down for his guidance.

The Winnebago, therefore, told the missionary that having liberated his own captives, he now meant to make his way to the band of Ap-to-to, and risk his life to set free Linden and his wife and daughter.

This was a task prodigiously greater than that which he had just performed, and, though the will of the Winnebago was firm, yet he himself could not see the way by which it was to be done, or in fact to be attempted.

The missionary impressed upon The Serpent that he must not take the first step until he had seen Deerfoot, and had an understanding with him. The Shawanoe had some scheme of his own, and two such wise men as he and The Serpent were certain to have their ideas brightened by mutual discussion.

It mattered nothing that The Serpent and Deerfoot were strangers. They would have no trouble in coming to an understanding, since the Shawanoe spoke the tongue of the Winnebago as well as did The Serpent himself.

The Winnebago, instead of attempting to overtake Deerfoot and his companions, hastened through the forest ahead of them. Striking the trail of Ap-to-to's party, it did not take him long to learn that he was between the warriors and the white men. Accordingly he set out over the back trail, and followed it until he reached the deserted camp. By that time it was so dark that he decided to stay where he was until Deerfoot and his friends should reach the spot. He knew they were not far off.

He made the brief search for the footprints, which he failed to find. Then he started a blaze, in the hope that it would bring the Shawanoe to him.

In taking this course, The Serpent was well aware that he was exposing himself to some danger, but the missionary told him enough to give him confidence. He knew that Deerfoot would not fire upon him, unless he believed it necessary; and, since Deerfoot was the leader of his party, the risk after all did not seem to be so great.

The slight noise which the Shawanoe purposely made in advancing from the gloom was heard by the keen ear of the Winnebago, who instinctively raised his gun, and looked searchingly out in the darkness.

"It is Deerfoot," were the words of the Shawanoe, uttered in a low voice.

The gun of the Winnebago was lowered, and he replied:

"The Serpent has waited long for Deerfoot."

"Why does the Winnebago look for the Shawanoe?"

"The good man who tells us about the Great Spirit sent The Serpent to talk with Deerfoot."

This was pleasant news, if true. The Shawanoe would have been glad to believe it, but he was too cautious to give this warrior his full confidence without further evidence. While not showing any distrust, he kept several steps away from him, and held himself ready to meet any sudden leap he might make. Unquestionably the Winnebago was the stronger of the two, but in activity and subtlety he was not to be compared with the Shawanoe.

In the conversation which follows, I seek to make clear only the substance of what passed between these two warriors, met under such strange circumstances.

"Is The Serpent the friend of the pale faces?"

"Yes" was somewhat abrupt, and Deerfoot regretted the question the moment it passed his lips. The Winnebago hesitated so long before answering that the suspicions of the young warrior were increased.

"The words of my brother sound strange in the ear of The Serpent," finally replied the Winnebago, as though talking with himself. "When the sun went down behind the woods, The Serpent hated the pale faces; now he does not."

"What has made this change?"

"The Great Spirit," said the Winnebago, looking reverently toward the stars. "The good father with the gray hair has talked many times with The Serpent, who would not hear his words. To-day he sprang at the good man with a knife, but the good man threw him down, and then, when The Serpent's life was his no more he gave it back to him. He felt sorry for his enemies, just as he told me there was. One who once gave his life for the whole world. When the good father did that, the heart of The Serpent became like the heart of a papoose."

"What did my brother do?" asked Deerfoot, who, as you can well understand, was profoundly touched by the story of the Winnebago.

"He went back to his warriors; he took away the captives, and brought them to their friends. They are free."

Deerfoot was astounded. He recoiled a step, and looked at the Winnebago a full half minute without speaking. The Serpent seemed to enjoy the sensation he had produced, and looked calmly at the youth in silence.

"Can it be he is telling the truth?" was the query which the Shawanoe asked himself. He was inclined to believe the amazing story, but his caution bade him go slowly in that direction. Some could know better than Deerfoot the intricate treachery of his own race, and he still kept the little fire between him and the Winnebago, who, however, showed no wish to approach closer.

"Why does The Serpent seek Deerfoot?"

"He will give his life if it will save the captives who are with the party of Ap-to-to. The Serpent wishes to talk with Deerfoot, for the Shawanoe has a mind full of light. He may give some of the light to The Serpent."

This statement was too clear to be mistaken. The Winnebago was eager to prove his change of sentiment toward the white race by still greater service than he had already given. He was ready to go among Ap-to-to's larger war party, and risk his life in the attempt to free George Linden and his wife and daughter.

Surely no stronger proof could be asked for or given, but the difficulty, even in the eyes of Deerfoot, was insurmountable. It was well enough to resolve that the prisoners should be rescued, but who should answer the question as to the means of effecting that rescue?

Deerfoot was certain that never in all his life had his brain been in such a haze of doubt. He wanted to believe the words of The Serpent, but they were too extraordinary to be credited, or at least he could not free himself of several doubts while seeking to credit them.

One of the embers composing the fire between the feet of the two warriors fell apart. The twist of flame that curled upward for a moment brought the face of The Serpent in plainer view than at any time since the meeting of the two. Deerfoot looked keenly at the painted countenance, and for the first time became certain that he had seen it before that evening.

The Serpent was one of the warriors who, about four years before, had made a raid through the valley a hundred miles to the southward among the Ozarks. Deerfoot saw him at that time, and knew even then that he was one of the fiercest braves of the

tribe. He had recognized him among the most demonstrative mourners that afternoon at the burial of Black Bear.

While the Shawanoe in his devout faith in the Great Spirit could set no bounds to its power, nevertheless he knew how hard it was to interpret the divine purposes at all times.

The recognition of The Serpent produced such a disquieting effect upon Deerfoot that he felt like doubting his story altogether. He had opened his lips to do so, when most unexpectedly a third party arrived on the scene.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"HE WILL SHOW THE SERPENT THE RIGHT WAY."

HOW when The Serpent parted company with the Moravian missionary, after Hank Grubbens and Molly Bourne were restored to their friends, he had said nothing about the course that the other party was to follow. Indeed he seemed to feel no interest in anything except his own success, and, as you will recollect, left Mr. Griffiths without learning what he meant to do.

The Serpent took a shorter cut through the wilderness to the party of Ap-to-to, while the others, as you have been told, found the trail left by their friends, and kept it until they caught sight of The Serpent.

They pushed on with much vigor, and only a few minutes after the appearance of The Serpent, and his odd movements before Deerfoot's party, the missionary and his friends appeared upon the scene. They were taken for Indians in the gloom, but Fred Linden overheard some words, spoken in a low voice, which made known that they were white men. Thereupon the two youths, Bowly, and Harding, advanced the shock hands with those from whom they had parted but a few hours before.

You may imagine the astonishment when the new arrivals told their story. A brief while before there seemed not the remotest hope of saving Grubbens and Molly, and now they were free. The maiden was well on her way home, if not already there, and here was Grubbens as proof of the wonderful deliverance.

"Wall, that beats anything I ever heard on," was the exclamation of Bowly, who almost felt faint over the news; "if the dominie hadn't told us, I wouldn't believe a word."

"Ain't I here?" demanded Grubbens.

"That don't make no difference," was the sturdy response of the hunter, whose opinion of the fellow was anything but complimentary; "I wouldn't take your word for it, but you was alive if that warn't somebody else to back it up."

"It's all right," said Terry Clark, as if anxious to have the dispute settled; "that's Hank, Mr. Bowly; don't ye observe his bootful rid hair shining through the gloom? He's alive, though I had a little doubt myself whether the spalpeen was telling the truth when he remarked that he wasn't somebody else."

"And so that Winnebago called The Serpent 'you free'?" asked Fred Linden, deeply moved by the narration.

"He was the identical chap," replied Grubbens, who felt it hardly prudent to play the role of a hero before those who knew his real character.

"Didn't the other warriors make any opposition?"

"They would have done so had they known the truth," said the missionary, who saw that Fred "did not fully understand the story," but The Serpent made believe that Ap-to-to had sent for the captives. It would have been very strange had the warriors suspected his motives, for he has been one of the most terrible Winnebagoes that ever lived. The marvelous part of the business is that Gauma should have done that which you can see was easy for him to do."

"You say that he has set out to meet Deerfoot?"

"Yes, and doubtless they have met before this."

When the Moravian learned of the signal emitted by Deerfoot, and of the strong Indian whom his friends had seen advance to where they stood and return, the good man saw what it all meant.

"The two are within a hundred yards of us; stay you here, while I go forward and join them."

Thus it came about that the missionary party, consisting to the two warriors at the moment when the younger was on the point of telling the elder that he was sure he spoke with "two tongues."

The Moravian shook hands warmly with

both, and since the Shawanoe spoke Winnebago as well as a native, that tongue was used by all three, for the reason also that The Serpent might have suspected the sincerity of one of them at least, had a language been employed with which he was not familiar.

"Deerfoot," said the Moravian, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the young warrior in his affectionate way, which was always pleasing to the youth, "I suppose that Gauma has told you of the wonderful events that have taken place this afternoon."

"He has told Deerfoot that my good father spared his life—that he has freed the captives—and that he is now on his way to Ap-to-to's camp to see whether he can do the same for the pale faces there; but—"

Before Deerfoot could say more the sagacious Moravian broke in:

"Answer me every word that he has told you is true; the Great Spirit has given him a new heart, and he is now as anxious to do his will as he was a few hours ago to do his own pleasure. I asked him to seek you out and to talk with you, for if there is any hope for George and his wife and daughter, you and he together will find what it is."

This brushed aside the mists that had gathered before the eyes of the Shawanoe. Moving around the edge of the fire he extended his hand to his brother, who returned the warm pressure. They were now friends, and trusted each other.

You would grow weary if I should give you the whole conversation that followed among these three remarkable persons. They had but one purpose, and that was to secure the liberty of the captives with Ap-to-to's band; but such had been their object all along, and the question remained still unanswered.

Here are a few facts that must be stated:

Ap-to-to and his men were in camp a mile to the northward, and, as I have already made mention, the two war parties were to reunite at the close of the following day. There was no special reason why they should have divided at all, but The Serpent said the idea was Ap-to-to's, who hoped to draw the white men into a trap, and thought he could do it better by that means than if they stayed together.

If nothing should be accomplished within the following twenty-four hours, then it was folly to hope for success. By that time the treachery of The Serpent would become known, and he would become an outlaw to his people. As soon as Ap-to-to and the rest learned what he had done, his life would not be safe for a minute in their hands.

None knew this better than The Serpent, but he took his step deliberately, and did not intend to sacrifice himself to the vengeance of his brother warriors. He had counted the cost of his change of base, and he was ready.

It seemed idle to hope that the same means could be used in the second as in the first instance. What plea could the sergeant make to Ap-to-to for the transfer of the three captives to his own party? The request itself would excite a curiosity which could not be satisfied without a revelation of the truth.

Although Deerfoot had played so well the part of a Winnebago warrior early in the day, he could not do so again. Ap-to-to knew all his men too well to be deceived. Besides, there was nothing to be gained by acting such a part. None but a zany would have hoped thus to outwit the vigilant Winnebagoes.

The result of the conference, which lasted half an hour, was assumed to be a deepening of the despair that all felt, when The Serpent striking his companions by striking the butt of his rifle on the earth with a thump which all heard.

"What is the matter?" asked the Moravian; "what does that mean?"

"The Serpent has sharp eyes, and he sees something."

"What is it?" asked Deerfoot, sharing the agitation of the other two.

"You know that as a rule the American Indian is master of his emotions, but for two or three minutes the Winnebago walked back and forth, and moved around, just as you do when you hear some news that takes away your self-possession."

His companion watched him with strange feelings, but they did not question him further. If he chose to keep his secret they were willing, though their curiosity was as great as Gauma's, and might have been under similar circumstances.

Stopping abruptly before his two friends, with the small fire burning at their feet, the warrior said:

"The Serpent must go to Ap-to-to."

"When will he come back?"
 "He cannot say; perhaps before the rising of the sun—perhaps after it has risen—perhaps never."

"But," interposed the Moravian, who checked himself, uncertain what he ought to say in the face of such a singular situation.

"The Serpent cannot tell," remarked the Winnebago, looking off into the gloom, as if communing with himself; "he has thought of a way that may bring back the captives, but it may not."

"Can we do anything to help you?" asked the missionary.

"My father and brother may ask the Great Spirit to hold up the hand of The Serpent."

"You may depend upon our doing that unceasingly."

Deerfoot, as well as the Moravian, were eager to have their new friend make known something of his plans, but, as before, they refrained from questioning him, knowing that if he wished to inform them he would do so, without any inquiry from them.

For a full minute the Winnebago stood in his thoughtful position. Several times he seemed on the point of saying something; but if he was, he changed his mind, and held his peace. Then, with the same abruptness as before, he walked off in the gloom and vanished from sight.

Left alone, the missionary and Shawanoe looked in each other's faces in silence. The elder was the first to speak.

"It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he, reverently; "only a few hours ago, Gauma was the fiercest warrior of the Winnebagos; now he is the friend of the white man."

"Great is the power of Him," said Deerfoot, softly, looking upward; "He will show The Serpent the right way."
 "Let us pray that He will, for if he fails, then must we believe that, for reasons of His own, God wills that our friends shall suffer torture and death."

Saddened and oppressed, despite the actions of The Serpent, the two turned about, and, taking the opposite course from that of their friend, they quickly joined the rest of the party, who were impatiently awaiting them.

Fred Linden was thrown into a flutter of hope and expectancy by the story which the missionary told, but neither he nor any of his companions could form the faintest conjecture of what scheme had entered the head of the Winnebago.

Not if they had been given a week could they have guessed his line of action, for it bore no resemblance to anything of which they had ever heard, or that had ever entered their minds.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

SI I have told you, the larger party of Winnebagos went into camp at a very great distance to the north of the spot where the Moravian and Shawanoe held their conference with The Serpent. As is the practice of their people, they chose a site near a stream of running water, and all the game that was needed for supper was easily obtained by several of their hunters before the set of sun.

While there was nothing in the scene, at least for a time, different from those which I have described to you more than once, yet the leading incident was of a new nature altogether.

Black Bear, the war chief of the Winnebagos, was dead and buried, and it was felt that a successor should be chosen without delay. Just as when our President is called away, the vice-president steps into his place, so it was decided that the great Winnebago nation should not be long without a head and leader.

The decision was reached that the new chief should be chosen that evening, and it was this fact which gave the encampment an unusual character.

Now you must think, from many references I have made, that there was but one warrior thought of for this honor, and that of course was Ap-to-to. Had Black Bear been given a voice in the matter, he would have named that wily fellow with the twisted nose, for the latter had long cultivated his good will.

There had been a general feeling among the warriors that Ap-to-to was the next in order in the presidential succession, but that sentiment had undergone a change during the last few days, especially since the attack on the settlement.

You know that all through that fierce fighting, Ap-to-to and several of his warriors remained among the rocky hills to the

north of Greville, while the chief lost his life during the contest. This fact, being generally known, deepened the feeling against Ap-to-to to such an extent that a strong opposition developed during the journey homeward and in the encampment, and he was frightened by the fear of being defeated.

The dearest dream of Ap-to-to's life was that he should go back to his villages as the successor of the great war chief, Black Bear; the prospect, therefore, that another would be chosen to the honor filled him with chagrin and dismay.

Not only was the opposition to Ap-to-to strong, but it was dangerous, because it had settled upon the one who should receive the honor in his place: he was The Serpent.

It may be said that he made his reputation that day in the attack upon the settlement. He had been known for years as without a superior among his people for prowess, daring, and readiness of resource, but the fame of the brave Indian was completed by the leadership of the band that attacked the house of George Linden with such courage and success.

The plan of making The Serpent chief had been named to him before that day, but he was one of those rare persons who shut their eyes against political preferment. He insisted that the honor belonged to one warrior only, and he was Ap-to-to.

This refusal would have been decisive but for the events of the day. They lowered Ap-to-to and raised The Serpent so much in the estimation of the other warriors, that the current was setting irresistibly against the former.

Now it was the custom of the Winnebagos, in choosing a chief, to call all the warriors together, and to give them a voice in the question. It was decided, however, to vary the custom in the present instance.

It was agreed by a majority that they should not wait until the next night when the rest of the war party would join them. These two together formed a large majority of the warriors of the tribe, and the party which had taken the matter in charge constituted less than half of those entitled to vote, so that it would seem they were assuming more privileges than belonged to them.

The cause of this was the impatience which a number felt with Ap-to-to since his performance of the day, and his persistency in pressing his claims for the chieftainship.

Thus you will understand that the wily warrior was the most uneasy of the two scores, when they went into camp for the night and the question came up for decision.

Nothing could more strikingly prove the contempt in which the Winnebagos held the wily chief than the events of that night. They did not send any one back over the trail, as was done by The Serpent, to find out whether the settlers were following them, nor did they even place sentinels around their camp to guard against any attempt at rescue by the friends of the prisoners. It was a matter of indifference to the Indians what was done or attempted to be done by the pioneers. And you cannot wonder that such should be their feeling.

Early in the evening, Linden, his wife, and his daughter, were sitting on a fallen tree, and doing what they could to cheer one another. The settler, of course, was without his weapon, and in no form to make a fight, had the chance presented itself. The Winnebagos had offered them no indignity, for they could well afford to wait until the arrival at the villages. Not only that, but each of the three hapless ones had been presented with a piece of the half-cooked venison for supper, and they were allowed to drink from the clear running brook near them.

Had George Linden been alone when the latter privilege was given, he would have made a break for liberty; but in that case it is not likely the temptation would have been put in his way.

As I have said, the three who were seated on the log did what they could to encourage each other, but it was very little they could do. Bright-hearted Edith, seeing how utterly her parents were depressed, assumed a cheerfulness which she was far from feeling, and which could not deceive them. Even the maiden herself was compelled to see how vain her efforts were, and she finally gave them up.

From several expressions in broken English, and from the action of the warriors themselves, George Linden was able to fathom the cause of the stir among the Winnebagos.

You will find that persons, at the most

serious crises of their lives, often become interested in trifles which they would not notice at other times.

Thus it was that Linden, although unable to understand an expression in Winnebago, was able to keep a fair run of the aboriginal ranting and electioneering. Nearly every warrior carried a pipe in his mouth, and some of them smoked so vigorously (just like their civilized friends on similar occasions) that the smoke which curled upward rivaled that of the campfire itself. Here and there were groups squatted on the ground, or sitting cross-legged like so many tailors, talking and gesticulating as though the fate of all their beloved hunting-grounds was dependent upon the issue, while others walked back and forth, discussing the question with the same earnestness.

It might well be wondered how there could be so much argument, when the sentiment was so strongly in favor of one man—The Serpent. It may be answered that most of the talk of the warriors was on the same side of the question. Thus three Winnebagos, who stood so far back that they were barely visible by the reflected glow, simply strengthened each other in the view that no one except The Serpent was to be elected.

You would say that there was no possible chance for Ap-to-to, and that he ought to have withdrawn from the contest, resigning in favor of some one else, as the expression goes. But you know how hard it is to convince an aspiring politician that the people prefer another to him. Ap-to-to continued moving hither and thither, discussing, promising, pleading and, when it was prudent, threatening those who opposed him.

The strongest argument used by him was that The Serpent would not accept the honor if it were offered to him. This statement was not without its weight, for there was more than one warrior who had heard him utter the declaration.

The explanation by Ap-to-to of his absence among the hills was that he and several braves were engaged in a sharp fight there, but since none could show any trophy of the victory they claimed, the statement was not satisfactory by any means.

Ap-to-to could not fail to see that the current was setting too strongly against him to be resisted. As a last resort he asked that the matter should be postponed until the next night, when the two companies would reunite, and all could have a voice in its settlement.

The majority refused to concede this, inasmuch as Ap-to-to had been quite willing that the question should be disposed of until he found that another than himself was agreed upon.

Finally, Ap-to-to begged that they would wait till The Serpent could be sent for. If he agreed to accept the chieftainship, then Ap-to-to would yield, as of course he would be compelled to do.

While this request was under consideration, The Serpent himself quietly walked forth from the wood and joined the astonished assemblage.

(To be continued.)

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

A LITTLE BOAT'S BIG VOYAGE.

THERE is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, London, a small sail boat named the Homeward Bound. Her claim to removal rests on the fact that although only twenty feet long, four and a half wide, and with a draft of but four feet six inches, she successfully accomplished a ten thousand mile voyage from Natal, Southern Africa, to London. Her crew consisted of three persons, and ten months were required to make the journey.

The most dangerous part of the passage was at the very beginning, from Durban, where the start was made, to Cape Town. The little craft left port on the 2nd of May, 1886, and set out on her voyage down this stormy coast, where the waves not seldom run fifty feet high.

But after some rather rough experiences, covering two months of the ten, the brave voyagers succeeded in doubling the cape of storms, and after refitting at Cape Town, started pluckily on again for England.

A London paper, in describing the boat, says that her rigging consists of a mainmast, a foremast, and a mizzenmast, and a square gaff topsail, with two jibs, or one foresail and one jib. After the trip from Port Natal to Table Bay a topmast was added, and the captain carried three square sails for running, a square topsail for fine weather, and in the trade winds top sails were put out on both sides. Lumps of granite and sandbags were used for ballast, and seven twenty-gallon casks of fresh water were stowed away below

the main deck, each barrel being filled with salt water as the fresh water was flushed.

It must be understood that the boat was an open boat in the sense that it is little more than a shell covered over with a thin canvas deck, well oiled, and divided into two air-tight compartments; it has only room for storing the provisions, spare sails, and other material, separated by a well from the larger portion forward.

This was used as a cabin and general storeroom. It is entered from the well, and the height is about 2 ft. 4 in., so that it is impossible to sit up and there is no room for the crew to lie down, the third man being at the helm. Some blankets, rotten with salt water, covered the floor, and coats, oilskins, trousers, boots, and shirts were piled up on either side. The cabin is lighted by a little window about a foot long and six inches wide, the compass being inside, the man at the helm being able to see the needle from above. A little aneroid barometer is nailed up close to the lamp.

The other damage was a curious mixture of odds and ends, such as a sextant, a little mahogany sea chest, strings of candles, bread bags, rusty seissors, knives, forks, and spoons stuck into the beams overhead, a long line, log-glass, fog horn, charts, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Imagine the state of the tropics, with the sun overhead, and not a breath of wind; or in a hurricane with great seas beating down on the canvas and driving the frail craft almost out of sight by their whitecaps in the hot weather the deck was kept cool by buckets of water, but in bad weather the door was closed by a heavy iron bolt and the gales that only about half a dozen times was it found necessary to shut the doorway.

If the well filled, as it sometimes did, the man at the helm could not get a jar and as much water out as possible, and then all hands turned to and bailed. The men suffered from want of food, and the only well was the only space they had in which to move about. The galley stood here, a little paraffin stove, in which everything was cooked. The coffee and supplies of tea, coffee, a few bottles of rum for medicinal purposes, sugar, biscuit, flour, and a variety of canned meats and vegetables, and other things, were stored in the well. The crew was divided into two watches, the captain taking the first four hours, the other two taking the next four, and so on. They suffered much from want of sleep, the longest spell being three days and three nights.

They shipped a rat on board somewhere, and only got rid of him after a long chase, driving him out overboard. A shark followed them for a week, which was a little uncomfortable, but it sheered off eventually.

LAMPLIGHT FISHING.

In this age of patent improvements and "how-to-make-it-easy" contrivances there is real danger of the element of suspense and uncertainty that forms the chief charm of many out-door sports and recreations will be "improved" out of existence. For example, the St. Louis *Republican* not long ago printed the following account of what may not inappropriately be termed a fish-trap:

A number of lawyers, insurance men and others made up a party to go down to Crève Coeur Lake and see the famous fish-trap. They mean trick upon the unsuspecting fisherman, those placid waters, as soon as the darkness of night favored their treacherous design. One of the party was chuckle-headed and was going to fool the bass, the catfish, the logheader chubs, and all other things that swim with in the lake.

"Come round and see my fish lamp," said the fisherman, to a reporter.

Upon the top of a desk in an office near by a queer-looking object was fixed. At first sight it might easily have been mistaken for an infernal machine, consisting of a two-inch tin tube about twenty-four inches long, with a bulb at each end for the lamp.

"On closer inspection, however, the lower bulb proved to be a small lamp with a blue glass globe; the tin tube was merely a supply pipe to feed the lamp with air as it floated some two feet under water, while the upper bulb was simply a sort of buoy to add to the floating power of the whole. Inside of the larger tube was a smaller one to carry off the smoke and gases from the burning lamp.

The lamp and all its parts were perfectly water tight, and in use the upper ends of the air pipes will be above the surface. The most noticeable thing about the whole arrangement is a square box built up at the top. This box admits a free circulation of water through it; it is the minnow box.

"When you go down to do your work," asked the reporter, after mastering the details, "do you wait?" "Do with it? Wait till you see the fish we bring back! But if you can't wait, I'll tell you."

"After dark the lamp will be lighted. Half a dozen minnows will be shut up in the glass box, and the whole thing will be floated in the lake, and all its parts are perfectly water tight, and in use the upper ends of the air pipes will be above the surface. The most noticeable thing about the whole arrangement is a square box built up at the top. This box admits a free circulation of water through it; it is the minnow box."

"About the time they begin to be real scorable with the minnows, we drop in our hooks baited with a square of minnow and other delicacies. It won't be long before we land fish enough to feed a regiment. Alladin's lamp was not a circumstance to this, but a deception. Don't you think you've seen me mean after catching a boat load of fish by such a deception?"

"Oh, no, no! Not at all. We don't propose to take any unfair advantage of the fish. You see this is merely a device to save rowing; it brings the fish to us instead of our having to paddle around after them. They needn't be if they don't want to."

THE WINTER IS PAST.

BY MARY CARLEILE.

When the robins make melodious
The twilight dusk, when scaly leaf buds swell,
When mosses in the swamps grow living green,
When downy catkins suit the willow well;
When golden warm the sunshine glows at noon,
When earth its bounty thankfully receives,
When in the woods the Indian minkedoes
Hangs its pink bells above the last year's leaves;
When blackbird concerts in the elm tree tops
Foretell the summer's carnival of song,
We'll smile and say, "Dear heart, the spring is here;
And after all, the winter was not long."
So will it be, when life's long journey o'er,
Its storms all braved, its thorny pathways trod,
Some day of days, our happy eyes shall open
On the fair city built and kept by God.
And gazing on its radiant spires and turrets
And listening to the burst of heavenly song,
We'll smile and say: "Eternity is dawning,
And after all, dear heart, life was not long."

(This story commenced in No. 218.)



BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE FATE OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THROUGHOUT the progress of this story I have aimed to say as little as possible in my own words. My purpose has been rather to present the various characters, entering into this drama, in such a light that all could see them and feel that they knew them as they acted their various parts on the broad stage of actual life—life, too, in a great metropolitan city. But the play has already extended far beyond my anticipations, and for this reason I feel that it should be cut short, not wishing to weary all those who have followed it faithfully week by week for four full months.

Acting on this conviction I shall now draw the curtain on the scene, and tell you in my own way, and in a few words, the fate that awaited the conspirators.

Scrubb and Pettibone were each convicted of conspiracy to defraud Mr. Goldwin. Theodore Tanglegrave testified in court essentially as he confessed to the banker.

Mr. Goldwin having satisfied himself that Tanglegrave was but the victim of two scheming villains, did not prosecute him. He was therefore allowed to escape the punishment which, but for the banker's kind heart, would surely have been meted out to him.

Christopher Gunwagner, the notorious fence who conspired of conspiring to kidnap young Randolph. He was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment at Sing Sing.

Captain James Snyder, of the Sharksfin, was likewise convicted on a similar complaint, only the cause against him cited Bob Hunter as the victim of his evil designs. Together he and Gunwagner entered New York's famous prison, to pay the penalty for their unwise and villainous purposes.

Then came Felix Mortimer's turn. But for him Herbert Randolph would never have fallen into the trouble that seemed to await him on his arrival in New York. Young Mortimer, however, overreached himself. He was not a match for Herbert Randolph and Bob Hunter together—neither he nor all of his disreputable cronies.

His plans miscarried woefully, and now, after many long weary days of confinement in the Tombs, he found himself sentenced to the House of Correction for nearly four years, or until he reached the age of his majority.

Felix Mortimer was splendidly endowed by nature for a brilliant man. He had great ability, and was unusually bright and prepossessing. But unfortunately for him, and for the community in which he lived, he commenced life in the wrong way. He failed to recognize the fact that no true success can be attained except by operating on the solid principles of truth and honesty. His envy of Herbert Randolph had at last brought him disgrace and humiliation, while the young Vermontor now occupied the position of head clerk for the new banking house of Richard Goldwin.

How bitterly he must have regretted his

own foolish and evil acts, when he realized fully to what they had brought him!

He could look upon Herbert Randolph and say to himself, truthfully, "I had the ability to succeed as well as you have, to fill as honorable a position as you now fill, and to be as much respected as you are to-day by your employer and by all who know you, if I had only made the right start in life."

Alas! how many human wrecks scattered all along the pathway of life could say the same thing, as they compare their present wretched condition with that of the prosperous and honored citizens—the solid men of the community—who were once their schoolfellows, and whose early career was perhaps less promising than their own.

And all this difference, or nearly all, has grown naturally out of the right or wrong start—out of the course they took in life.

Peter Smartweed alone among the conspirators remains to be accounted for, and this is something that the police could not do.

They made a careful search throughout the city for him, but his presence could not be discovered.

It was believed that, fearing arrest, he suddenly left his home and the city in which he had spent his life, when he learned of the imprisonment of Snyder—Snyder of the Sharksfin.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LAST SCENE.

NOW that Gunwagner, Snyder, Mortimer, Scrubb, Pettibone, Tanglegrave, and Smartweed, have passed out of this story—for they are so situated that their acts would not be especially interesting hereafter—I would like much, had I the time and space, to follow up the careers of our young friends, in whom I for one have become much interested.

I should like to know how the three boys succeeded with their venture, *The Newsboys' Herald*, and whether Bob and Tom entered the printing business with old daddy Masterson, as really seems to me probable.

That they will do well in life I have no doubt, for Bob especially has ability and push enough to make his way against the keenest of our American boys. And the bond of friendship between him and Tom is of so fine a character, and so firm a texture, that it is safe to assume that they will both remain together and share alike the prosperity which I confidently believe and sincerely trust will be theirs.

I can imagine many amusing incidents with which they and Herbert will meet from time to time during the coming summer months—incidents that would, no doubt, be quite as interesting as any I have narrated in the previous chapters of this story.

How long Herbert and Bob will continue to room together in their inexpensive quarters, is a matter over which I have found myself speculating not a little, for the former, in his new position of head clerk for Mr. Goldwin, is now getting a very fair salary.

I should be sorry to think, however, that they would separate, and I am sure each would be loath to do so. Moreover, the influence of Herbert upon Bob is of the best possible character. It has had the effect of stimulating his ambition and lifting him into a higher plane of life in education and refinement. This influence has extended to Tom, and he is already showing the result of associating with one whose thoughts and acts were so commendable as those of the young Vermontor.

And now to draw the curtain for a moment, and steal a last glimpse of our young hero. There he sits, intently studying a game of chess. His partner is a beautiful young girl, who, having made a skillful move, is laughing at his perplexity. Ray Goldwin, for it is she, never looked prettier or more attractive than she does now. Her father and mother sit a little way off; he contentedly reading his evening paper, and she industriously engaged upon some fancy work.

But occasionally each would cast proud glances at their pretty daughter, and perhaps it is not too much to believe that not a little of this admiration was shared by our young hero, whose fine appearance and attractive face were scarcely less noticeable than those of his fair young partner. Upon this charming picture of a happy family circle I will once more draw the curtain, hoping that the full measure of happiness they now enjoy may continue with them to the end of life.

THE END.

SELF-ACTING SHOES.

DURING the past winter visitors to the well-known hotel which stands opposite the New York Public Library might have noticed on the left of the entrance hallway, a glass-covered model of a locomotive and tender, some four feet long and complete in all its parts. At one end of the tender rested upon a small, brass-bound silt, capped by a notice to the effect that the dropping of a five-cent coin into the silt would cause the engine to flash brightly, and a music-box concealed in the tender to play a lively air.

This curiosity, a somewhat modeled on the automatic vendors, lately introduced in England.

These are small boxes, containing cigarettes, cakes of chocolate, and the like, which are put up at railway stations and at convenient points along the streets. Any one who so desires, and who possesses the necessary change, may make purchases at them, without the intervention of a second party in the shape of a salesman.

A regular company, under the name of the Automatic Box Company, has been formed in London, and the manager, in an interview with a representative of the *Illustrated London States* that there are already some 7,000 of these odd little shops in use all over the kingdom.

Have you not been bothered by mischievous boys dropping in bogus coins or otherwise fooling with the machines?" asked the "yes."

"Yes, we had a lot of trouble at first with the boys," was the reply, "and we had to sue for damages in two cases as a warning. In consequence we had the curfew stipulated of six judges gravely considering whether it was theft to extract the cigarettes by dropping in pieces of brass or lead instead of pennies."

We are hardly ever troubled now, but at the outset we had a curious assortment of coins, medals, and pieces of metal, and a collection of specimens, which would highly amuse an antiquarian. There are some genuine old coins among them, and the majority is English, but florins, American cents, medals, and a heterogeneous mass of discs. We have improved the mechanism of the box that nothing but the exact size can be inserted. By an ingenious twist we have also put an end to the tricks of the rascals who bored a hole in the cover, and slipped a coin into it, and, after securing their cigarette, withdrew the penny. There can be no more of that little game.

There were some curious things besides those I have mentioned. For instance, we found that a doctor in the army, and so presumably an educated man, had dropped a sixpence into the hole, expecting to get his cigarette and fivepence change. Angry at his disappointment, he wrote on his card how he had been wronged, and placed it in the box with the result that it stopped the working."

We regret to say that these little machines are at present out of use for the sale of cigarettes. The largest boxes contain two hundred, the medium one hundred, and the new boxes for bansom cabs a dozen. In the larger boxes the cover after the machine has a knob has to be pulled, but the latest development dispenses with the knob, and the cover is simply stamped and pressed into its purpose, so that it is automatic in the fullest sense of the term. When the box is emptied the orifice closes so that the public cannot see the contents.

When once the cigarette branch is in full swing, attention will be directed to other articles for sale, such as soap, and the like. It has been drawn up, comprising photographs, cigars at twopence, ounces of tea, bottles of perfume, voice lozenges, candy, pins, needles, and other stamped and pressed articles, matches, drugs and mineral waters. It is the intention of the company to place the boxes in all public places, such as streets, parks, and, in fact, wherever the public are moving.

AERIAL LETTER CARRIERS.

We wonder how many of our readers are interested in the raising and training of carrier pigeons. They should surely find them more fascinating pets than rabbits, guinea pigs, or squirrels, as the pigeons are capable of making themselves very useful as message bearers between the owner and his friends.

On the fifth floor of an old building on the corner of Cortlandt and Washington Streets, New York, may be found a person, whose name, Starr, appears on the tag attached to each carrier pigeon. He is the proprietor of the business, and in the evening, according to the *Sun*, all pigeon flyers send their accounts of their birds—for the "pinner" referred to in the *Sun*—and in the morning the birds themselves are sometimes sent also to be registered. But as a rule she is notified as soon as a bird is hatched, and when it is sent out in the morning, the record books as fix that bird's identity until the day of old age, or by a shot from a careless hunter.

Starr thinks that pigeon flying has come to be a standard gentlemen's sport in America. At present the amusement is free from all taxable features, and as each year passes improvements are made in the method of keeping the records of the birds.

Some books have been prepared for this spring, which in a few years will be of great value to lovers of the sport, for they will contain the minutest details of all birds that live long enough to make a record in a race.

But the most important change this season is in the device for marking the birds. It was formerly done by making the feathers of the wings and tail stiff with a light seamless band of silver-plated nickel will be put around the bird's leg, every band sent out with a set of numbers, the numbers having a different number inscribed on it.

The band is slipped over a pigeon's foot as tight as it will stretch, and is applied to the bird as it is hatched, and in eight days the band can neither be removed nor a similar one put on. Yet it is never too small for the leg, and in no way does it act to the discomfort of the flyer.

Speaking of the general subject of pigeon flying, Mrs. Starr said:

"I think you will be surprised if you know how many people keep birds for the actual work of carrying messages. A great many men in all the large cities take birds with them to their offices, and some persons of the day, when they have occasion to go to work home, they attach a message to the pigeon, and send it."

"But I suppose the principal incentive to the cultivation of message birds is for racing. Although young birds, those hatched within the year, of their own accord, and some inclined to think that a pigeon does not become fully mature until it is ten years old. They then seem to have the maximum of sense and speed."

"In this country we have a great deal of trouble with hunters. If they would only let the birds alone, we should lose very few from any other causes."

HOW SCULPTORS WORK.

ALONG with the blotting out of the time-honored legend of the woodruff, the work done by famous men of old, allusion to which is made on our editorial page, it seems that even orthodox ways of doing things have also become obsolete. First a sculptor, reported by a representative of an evening contemporary, it appears that the modern Michael Angelo seldom touches hand to chisel.

All the stone cutting is done by an artisan hired at about four dollars a day. The models, of course, are wholly created by the artist. In making the statue of to-day, the sculptor first constructs a rude wooden skeleton for his figure, or, if the parts are of some other's establishment. He has to use this skeleton to support the figure, because the clay in which it is first modeled is not capable of sustaining its own weight, and the skeleton the figure is built by the sculptor.

When completed, the clay figure is first thoroughly dried, and then the artist, who has been at work on the mechanical aid, proceeds to take a mold of the figure in plaster of paris. If the statue is not intended for a public building, it is taken in two parts; but if the artist wants to put copies on the market he makes the mold in small sections, which can be removed without injury to the model.

If a two-part mold is taken it is thoroughly colored with ochre inside, and then the interior is carefully smoothed. The two parts are set up on end and filled with liquid plaster of paris. When this hardens, the workman attacks the molds with chisel and hammer and cuts them away until he reaches the statue inside.

The ochre coloring on the inside of the mold is left when the chisel and hammer are concealed statue, and care is taken to avoid injuring the cast. The soap prevents the liquid plaster of paris from assimilating with the mold, and usually the latter is all cleaned off as neatly as one takes the shell from an egg.

This completes the plaster of paris statue. If the artist now wishes to have it perpetuated in marble he dismisses the workmen who made the casts, and calls in the marble worker.

This last mechanic has a talisman which makes him master of the hardest marble and the most intricate carving. It is called a "pointer," and is a delicate and accurate instrument for measuring concave and convex surfaces, lines, curves, and distances.

With this as a guide, the mechanic places his marble on a bench beside the plaster of paris model, and proceeds to put the artist's ideas into an enduring and marketable form.

The model is reproduced with an exactness of form and color that is equal to that of equal without the aid of the "pointer."

FAR AWAY TELEPHONING.

It seems strange that it should be easier to talk through the telephone from New York to a friend in Philadelphia than to a neighbor across town. And yet, according to an article in the *Mail and Express*, such is the case. The reason for this apparent anomaly is that these long circuits are made entirely of wire of the best hard drawing copper. The ordinary telephone lines are wire, grounded at both ends, and the circuit of the electrical current is completed through the ground. The earth is a pretty good conductor of electricity, especially as a copper wire. The circuit is apt to be disturbed by what are called "ground connections."

In order to get from here to Philadelphia, the wires must be carried, not only through the air, but under water and under ground. Where they are under water, they must be covered with an insulator that is waterproof and rustproof. Through the air, they go on poles. Under ground, in Philadelphia, they are laid in a conduit.

Until very recently long distance telephoning has been experimental only. It has been tried many times, and has met with fair success.

The West is ahead of the East in the practical use of telephones. On the Chicago and St. Louis line, every prominent point within a hundred miles as readily as in the city itself. The conveniences of the machine seem to be better realized in that part of the country. Most of the Chicago business men have instruments in their houses, and a large amount of business is done in a quiet conversation, is conducted over the wires.

Within a year, probably, communication will be established in New York with Baltimore, and with a friend in Pittsburgh, of course, it is expected that the whole country east of the Mississippi will be covered, so that one may talk with a friend in St. Louis, Cincinnati, or Chicago, or even in St. Louis, as easily as a man can now tell his wife from the office that he will be detained by a little business, and can't come home to dinner.

[This story commenced in No. 230.]



By HORATIO ALGER, Jr., Author of "Bob Burton," "The Young Circus Rider," "Ragged Dick Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

KIT FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

Aaron Bickford expected to frighten Kit by his threat, he was destined to find himself badly mistaken.

Kit was startled at first, not having anticipated that the blacksmith would get upon his track so soon. But he was a boy of spirit, and had no thought of surrender.

Kit turned, and began to continue his journey. "Hallo! Stop, I tell you!" shouted the blacksmith.

"Have you got any more to say? If so, I'll listen." "What more I have to say, I shall say with a horsewhip!" retorted Bickford, grimly, preparing to descend from his wagon.

"Come, William, we must run for it," said Kit. "Are you good at running?" "Try me!" was the laconic reply.

By the time Aaron Bickford was out of his wagon, the boys had increased to a distance between them by several rods.

"Oh, so that's their game, is it?" said the blacksmith. "If I don't overhaul them, my name isn't Aaron Bickford."

Kit was a good runner—quite as good as his pursuer—but he had one serious disadvantage. His valise was heavy, and materially affected his speed.

Moreover it was getting heavier and heavier. He had carried it several miles, and though he had shifted it from one arm to the other, both arms were now tired.

"Let me take it, Kit," said his companion, who was now on intimate terms with him.

"I'll be just as heavy for you as for me." "Never mind! he isn't after me."

"Well, if you don't mind carrying it a little while." "The advantage of the change was soon apparent. Kit increased his speed, and William, whose arms were not tired, was not materially retarded by his burden.

"If I had no valise, I would climb a tree," said Kit, while running. "I don't believe Mr. Bickford is good at climbing."

"We haven't got far to go to reach the circus tents," returned William. "But, though the boys held out well, Aaron Bickford gradually gained upon them. Many years at the mill had given him plenty of wind and endurance. Besides he was entirely fresh, not having taken a long walk already, as the boys had done."

"You'd better give up!" he cried out, in the tone of one who was sure of victory. "It takes more than a boy to get the best of Aaron Bickford."

It did indeed seem as if the boys must surrender. Within a few rods, Bickford would be upon them. Kit came to a sudden determination. "Jump over the fence!" he cried.

"What right? Your uncle's given me the charge of you." "That is something he had no right to do." "Why not? Ain't he your guardian?" "No." "Who is then?" "I have no guardian but myself."

"That's a likely story. I can't listen to no such foolish talk." "While I lived with my uncle, I obeyed him. Now I've set out to provide for myself."

"You can't do it. You'll starve." "I'll risk it." "What does a boy like you know about the law? Just get over the fence in short order. I ain't had no breakfast, and I can't waste time parleying."

"You can go back to breakfast as soon as you like, Mr. Bickford, but it will be without me." "Will it? That's where you're mistaken, Kit Watson."

Aaron Bickford felt that it was time to move upon the enemy's entrenchments, and, putting one leg on the lower rail, he proceeded to climb over the fence.

"Good for you, William!" exclaimed Kit. "You won't earn ten cents any easier," persisted Bickford.

"I wouldn't do such a mean thing for a dollar, nor five dollars," replied William. "Kit's a friend of mine, and I'm going to stand by him."

The blacksmith was made angry by this persistent refusal. Then again he was faint and uncomfortable from having missed his breakfast, which seemed likely to be indefinitely postponed.

"I'll lick you, Bill Morris, as well as Kit, when I catch you," he said. "Probably you will—when you catch me!" retorted William, in an aggravating tone.

"Run faster, Kit." The boys ran, but again they were impeded by the heavy valise, and slowly but surely the blacksmith was gaining upon them.

Kit, who was again carrying the burden, began to show signs of distress, and dropped behind his companion.

"I can't hold out much longer, Bill," he said, puffing laboriously.

Aaron Bickford heard these words, and they impelled him to extra exertion. At last he caught up, and grasped Kit by the collar.

"I've got you at last!" he cried, triumphantly.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. BICKFORD'S DEFEAT.

AARON BICKFORD was a strong man. By his work at the forge he had strengthened his muscles till they were like iron. So was Kit a strong boy, but it would be absurd to represent him as a match for the sturdy blacksmith.

"I've got ye at last!" repeated Bickford, tightening his grasp of Kit's coat collar. "Let go my collar!" cried Kit, not struggling, for he knew that it would be useless.

"I'll get your collar when I've got ye in the wagon," answered the blacksmith, "and not till then. You, Bill, bring along his valise. I'll take ye home in the wagon, though it would be only right if I let ye walk."

"Mr. Bickford," said Kit, "you have no right to touch me. You have no authority over me."

"I ain't, hev? Well, we'll argy that matter when we get home." "And do commenced dragging Kit in the direction of the wagon."

It certainly seemed as if Kit's plans were destined, if not for defeat, to postponement. Unconditional surrender was his only choice against the superior strength of Aaron Bickford. It was certainly very vexatious. Kit had no idea of remaining with Mr. Bickford,

even if taken back, but it would be mortifying to be carried back as a captive. But help was nearer than he anticipated. They were now within sight of the circus tents, and Kit, to his joy, descried the giant, Achilles Henderson, taking a morning walk, and already within hearing distance.

"Mr. Henderson!" he called out eagerly. "Who's that you're calling?" asked the blacksmith, sharply.

Achilles heard, and instantly recognized the boy who had talked with him at Smyrna. "My young friend seems to be in a scrape," he said to himself. "I must look into this."

It took but a few strides to bring him to the spot where Kit was held in captivity. "What does this mean?" he asked.

"This man is dragging me away without authority," answered Kit.

"Who is he?" asked the giant. "He is a blacksmith, and claims me as an apprentice, but I never agreed to work for him."

"That's a lie," said the blacksmith. "He's my runaway apprentice."

"I would believe the boy sooner than you," said Achilles, not favorably impressed by the blacksmith's bull dog look.

"It doesn't make any difference what you believe," said Bickford, rudely; and he began to pull Kit in the direction of the wagon.

"Let go that boy's collar," cried Achilles, sternly.

"I won't!" retorted the blacksmith. "I advise you to mind your own business."

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"Let go that boy's collar," cried Achilles, sternly.



THE GIANT WAS JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT AARON BICKFORD DRAGGING KIT TO HIS WAGON.

But the boys had anticipated this move, and were prepared for it. By the time the blacksmith was inside the field, the boys, who were considerably lighter and more active, had crossed to the reverse side.

"Here we are again, Mr. Bickford," said William Morris. "The blacksmith frowned.

"Don't you be impudent, Bill Morris," he said. "I haven't anything to do with you, but I sha'n't let you sass me."

"What have I said that is out of the way?" asked William. "Oh, you're mighty innocent, you are! You're aidin' and abettin' Kit Watson to escape from me, his lawful master."

"I have no master, Mr. Bickford," said Kit, proudly. "Well, that's what they used to call 'em when I was a boy. Boys wer'n't so pert and impudent in them days."

Meanwhile the blacksmith was recrossing the fence. Kit and William took the opportunity to run, and by the time Mr. Bickford was again on the roadside, they were several rods away.

This naturally exasperated the blacksmith, who felt mortified at his failure to overtake the youngsters. A new idea occurred to him.

"You, Bill, do you want to earn a dime?" he asked.

"How?" inquired William. "Just help me catch that boy Kit, and I'll give you ten cents."

"I don't care to earn money that way, Mr. Bickford," responded William, scornfully.

impelled him to extra exertion. At last he caught up, and grasped Kit by the collar.

"I've got you at last!" he cried, triumphantly.

"I've got ye at last!" repeated Bickford, tightening his grasp of Kit's coat collar.

"Let go my collar!" cried Kit, not struggling, for he knew that it would be useless.

"I'll get your collar when I've got ye in the wagon," answered the blacksmith, "and not till then. You, Bill, bring along his valise. I'll take ye home in the wagon, though it would be only right if I let ye walk."

"Mr. Bickford," said Kit, "you have no right to touch me. You have no authority over me."

"I ain't, hev? Well, we'll argy that matter when we get home."

"You have chosen it," said Kit.
 "Yes; but what could I do—a man of my size? I must earn more than a common man. My board and clothes both cost more. What do you think of my suit?"
 "I couldn't tell, sir."
 "Seventy dollars. The tailor only charges thirty-five dollars for a man of ordinary size, but I am so absurdly large that I have to pay double price."
 "Why don't you buy your suits ready made?" asked Kit, smiling.
 "Achilles laughed heartily at the idea."
 "Show me a place where I can get ready made clothes for a man of ordinary size, and I will gladly accept your suggestion."
 "That might be a little difficult, I admit."
 "Why, you have no idea of how difficult I find it to be so large. I can't find a bed to suit me in any hotel. If I go to the theater I can't crowd myself into an ordinary seat. I have to have all kinds of clothing, inside and outside, made to order. My hats and shoes must also be made expressly for me."
 "I suppose you get very well paid," suggested Kit.
 "Seventy-five dollars a week sounds pretty large, and would be if my expenses were not so large. You wouldn't be a giant for that money, would you?"
 "I am not so ambitious," replied Kit, smiling. "But that is a moment when I wished myself of your size."
 "When was that?"
 "When the blacksmith grasped me by the collar."
 "You don't have to work very hard," said William Morris.
 "Oh, boy, it is pretty hard work to be stared at by a crowd of people. I get tired of it often, but I see no other way to make a living."
 "You would make a pretty good blacksmith."
 "I couldn't earn more than a man of average strength, and that wouldn't be enough, as I have expenses to pay."
 "Were your parents very tall?" asked Kit.
 "My father was six feet in height, but my mother was a small woman. I don't know what put it in my head to grow so big. But here we are at the lot. Will you come in?"
 "When can I see Mr. Barlow?" asked Kit, anxiously.
 "He is at the hotel. He won't be round till half-past nine. Have you two boys had breakfast?"
 "No," answered Kit; "I'm nearly famished."
 "Come round to the circus tent. You are to be one of us, and will board there. I guess we can provide you with breakfast."
 "Never was invitation more gladly accepted. Both Kit and William felt as if they had not broken their fast for a week."

CHAPTER XIII.

BREAKFAST IN THE CIRCUS TENT.

ACHILLES entered the circus enclosure—the "lot," as it is generally called—and made his way to a small tent situated not far from the one devoted to the performances. An attendant was carrying in a plate of hot steak and potatoes from the cook.
 "Is breakfast ready?" asked Achilles.
 "Yes; any time you want it."
 "Is anybody inside?"
 "Only Mademoiselle Louise."
 "Well, I want three breakfasts—for myself and my two young friends here."
 "I didn't know you were so big. Said Mike the attendant, regarding Kit and William with some curiosity.
 "I haven't. One of those young men is an acrobat, who will be one of us. The other is his friend. Bring along the grub as quick as possible—we are all hungry."

All right.
 Running the length of the tent, which was about twenty feet by ten, was a long table surrounded by benches.
 The giant sat in his seat and placed the boys one on each side of him. Just opposite sat a woman of twenty-five, or thereabouts, who was already eating.
 "Good morning, Mlle. Louise," said the giant.
 "Good morning, Mr. Henderson," responded the lady. "Who are your young companions?"
 "I don't know their names, but this one," placing his hand on Kit's shoulder, "has been engaged by Mr. Barlow as an acrobat."
 "Indeed, he looks young."
 "I am sixteen," answered Kit.
 "What circus have you traveled with before this season?" asked Mlle. Louise.
 "I have never traveled with any, madam."
 "But you are a circus man?"
 "I have had my practice in a gymnasium."
 "How came Mr. Barlow to engage you?"
 "At Smyrna. I practiced a little with the Vincent brothers."
 "At Smyrna? Why, that's where the lion dashed into the arena!"
 "Yes."
 "Do you know the boy who had the courage to face him?"
 Kit blushed.
 "I am the boy," he said.
 "You don't mean it?" exclaimed the lady, vivaciously. "Why, you're a hero. I must shake hands with you, and she reached across the table and gave Kit a hearty grasp of the hand.
 "Is that so?" interposed Achilles. "Why, I didn't know you were the boy. I was not present at the time, and only heard of it afterwards. Mlle. Louise is right. You are a brave fellow."

"I am much obliged to you both for your favorable opinion," said Kit modestly, "but I didn't realize my danger till afterwards."
 "Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the lady, "that wicked beast!"
 "I was nearly scared out of my senses. Didn't he look wonderful?"
 "You gave the lion a very good dose," said Achilles, addressing Kit. "He has been mauling ever since, and his eyes are very much inflamed."
 "I was sorry to give him pain, but I knew of no other way," said Kit.
 "You would have been justified in killing

him, so don't trouble yourself about that. As for poor Dupont, he was nearer death than I ever want to be till my time comes."
 "The lion roared at the clown," said Kit.
 "Yes. The lion held him down, with his foot upon the poor clown's back, and but for your brave act he would have torn the poor fellow to pieces."
 "Mr. Henderson, you missed the most thrilling act of the evening."
 "So I begin to think. By the way, boys, I ought to have introduced this lady. She is the famous aerial artist, whom you saw the other evening in her wonderful feats upon the trapeze."
 "Yes," said Mlle. Louise, complacently. "I think I have a pretty good act." "I get plenty of applause, eh, Mr. Henderson?"
 "I think so," said Kit, "but I should leave the circus if I had to appear in your act. I never could summon up courage."
 "The lady laughed.
 "Monsieur Achilles," she said, "I wouldn't advise you to emulate me. I don't believe you could find a rope strong enough to support you, and if you should fall, I pity the audience."
 "You have convinced me. I shall give up all thoughts of it," said the giant, with mock indignation. "I shall suit myself to my young friend here, who is an acrobat."

"Did you ever practice on a trapeze?" asked Mlle. Louise.
 "Yes, often," answered Kit, "but never at a great height."
 "I don't frighten you to find yourself so high?"
 "No, I don't think so; I have a cool head."
 "You must practice. I will give you a few lessons from a professional. Still, I don't like to see you so courageous, as I judge, you would soon learn."
 "Did it take you long to learn?" asked Kit, with interest.
 "It required some practice, of course. I found it difficult, for I had to manage it on the sly. All my friends were opposed to it, but I have introduced my family to it. I am pretty well socially. They tried to make me a proper young lady, but I was always a tomboy at heart. So I stole away and took lessons from a professional. Still, I don't think of joining a circus till the sudden death of my father left the family poor. I was obliged to sell my dollars as a working man's season, and that helped my mother a great deal more than if I had been limited to the salary of a teacher or a seamstress."
 "You were soon able to earn more?" suggested Achilles.
 "Yes, Mr. Barlow heard of me, and sent an agent to see me perform. He liked my act, and ever since I have traveled with—"
 "The Great North American circus," said Achilles, finishing out the sentence.
 "Precisely."
 "The greatest show on earth," added Kit, smiling.
 "That's what we all think. At any rate, I don't care to leave it for any other. Why, last year I took my mother a thousand dollars, besides providing comfortably for myself. I have two younger brothers, one of whom is at school and the other at college. The younger will be of your size. By the way, what is your name?"

"Kit Watson."
 "He is something else when you begin work."
 "Do all performers have assumed names?"
 "Generally. Here, I am Mademoiselle Louise Lefroy, but it isn't a bit like my real name."
 "Before this the boys had been served with breakfast. The coffee was of the best quality, but Kit and William thoroughly enjoyed it, and thought it the best breakfast they had ever eaten. Mlle. Louise seemed to converse with them, and was very gracious.
 "Are you too an acrobat?" she asked William.
 "William became so confused that he swallowed some coffee the wrong way, and came near choking."
 "No, no, no," he answered bashfully, "but I'd like to go round with the show."
 "You'll be better off at home if you've got no work," said the giant. "You are not a performer; you are too small for a property man, and not strong enough for a razerback."
 "What's a razerback?" asked William, in amazement.
 "Achilles smiled.
 "It's a boy or man who helps load and unload the circus vans. He answers to a razer, a heavy work, and you would be thrown among a low lot of people—canvasmen, and such. If you young friend here, on the other hand, will do a good sleeping berth, out at the first table, and be well provided for generally."
 "William looked disappointed. He had never thought particularly about traveling with a circus till now, but his meeting with Kit had given him a circus fever.
 "Two or three steady butchers and one ticket seller joined them before the close of the meal. Kit was introduced to them all, and they all seemed to be of the same opinion. It was learned that he was the young hero who subdued the lion."
 At ten o'clock Mr. Barlow came to the great tent, and Achilles volunteered to go with Kit to speak with him about his engagement.
 (To be continued.)

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THE RACE FOR THE ANTIQUE.

FARMER Photographer (to farmer)—"Will you get the signatures of the circus men for me?"
 Farmer—"Yes, sir, if you kin find 'em."
 Amateur Photographer—"Room?"
 Farmer—"An't I you one of them amachever?"
 Amateur Photographer—"Yes, sir."
 Farmer—"Well, there are twenty-seven down there now."

[This story commenced in No. 224.]
PIRATES OF ISLAND
 A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.
 By HARRY COLLINGWOOD.

CHAPTER XXX.
 THE FLIGHT AND THE PURSUIT.
 IT was now a desperate race between the two parties as to which should reach the boats first. The pirates were poor runners, not being much accustomed to that kind of exercise; but so unfortunately were two out of the three fugitives of whom they were in chase. Dave Legerton was fleet as a deer for a short distance, but he was far too loyal to leave his two friends; and they, poor fellows, weak and cramped as they were with their recent confinement, already began to feel their limbs dragging heavily as they moved over the ground.
 The pirates galloped upon them rapidly. Presently one of the fugitives came to near that they could hear him panting heavily behind.
 "You keep steadily on," murmured Dave, as he ran on in front of him, "and you'll get your companions; 'Til stop this fellow."
 Then, allowing the skipper to pass ahead of him, he sprang down and grasping one of his pistols by the barrel, brought down the butt of the weapon heavily upon the pirate's head as he rushed past.
 The other two staggered a pace or two further and then fell heavily to the ground, where he lay face downwards and partially stunned with the blow. The other came to him. As, fortunately, they all stopped and gathered round the man, raising him to his feet and eagerly questioning him, the diversion thus created gave the fugitives time to reach the boats without further molestation.
 Here they were, of course, received with greetings before the boat had time to half-exchanged the armed guard had turned to the boats, and exerting their whole strength, shot them out upon the glassy water. Some of the pirates, at the same moment and taking to their oars without an instant's delay.
 Meanwhile the boat's heads were turned round and fairly pointed away from the shore and toward the shipyard, Dickinson taking off his hat in salutation to Captain Staunton, who in a loud voice so that all in the boats could hear:
 "Now, sir, we're fairly launched upon this here ocean, and we'll make a good press of it. We want you to understand as we go that I look upon you as our lawful leader and captain, and that from henceforth all you've got to do is to give your orders, and we'll obey 'em."

Captain Staunton's first act, after suitably acknowledging the compliment, was to inquire how the crisis had been brought about.
 The explanation made his eyes flash fire; he ground his teeth and clinched his fists with rage as he thought of how he would have punished the ruffian who had laid such brutal hands upon his friend. As, however, the explanation was complete, he rung Dave's hand until it fairly ached as he thanked him for what he had done.
 Meanwhile Mr. May still lay in her mother's arms moaning with pain; and when the skipper took her on his knee the little one opened his eyes, and out, and complained that it hurt her shoulder.
 Upon this, Lance, thinking that something must be wrong, made a careful examination of the child, and found that the blow which had resulted in the dislocation of the shoulder. It was of course at first a great relief to the poor little creature's ears at the pain, and the operation were terrible to hear; and Captain Staunton in the hastiness of his anger registered a vow that he would show that Mr. Ball he would make the wretch pay dearly for his brutality.
 How little he dreamed of the terrible circumstances under which he would next see this miserable man.

The two whale-boats sped swiftly across the ground, and Captain Staunton gave orders to stalwart oarsmen each, a little jet of phosphoretted water spouting up under their sharp oars, a long ripple spreading out and uniting with the other water. The boats had a dozen tiny whirlpools of liquid fire swirling in the wake of each as their crews manœuvred at the stout ash oars until they bent again.
 The night had grown black as pitch, not a star being visible, and the boat was so intense as to be almost invisible. The old fishermen thought nothing of this in their eagerness and zeal now that they had taken the pirates in chase. Captain Staunton's old life of crime and had fairly enrolled themselves once more on the side of law and order.
 In very short time the boats had made the pursuit. The pirates lay, and were brought with an easy graceful sweep alongside the landing at the shipyard.
 The pirates were thickly disembarked; and while the ladies proceeded at once under the care and guidance of Lex and Dave to safe and comfortable quarters in the schooner's stowage cabin, Captain Staunton gave orders that two large fires should be immediately lighted, one on each side of the landing, for the purpose of affording the pirates a way to work by and of enabling them to perceive the approach of their enemies.
 "For," he remarked to Lance, "you may depend upon it that their eyes are already thoroughly aroused by this time, and it will not be long before they are after us to see what it is all about."

A couple of huge heaps of stavings, chips, and ends of timber were speedily collected and ignited, the blaze soaring high in the motionless air and throwing a strong ruddy light for a considerable distance round.
 Then Lance, with Bowles, Dickinson, Poole, and three of the most energetic of the armed men with torches, went carefully round the schooner, inspecting the crew.
 It was unfinished; but Lance thought that a couple of energetic look-outs depended upon it would make it sufficiently secure to enable them to effect the landing. Time was also given to the pirates, and they could not afford to be very particular, and so long as the cradle would serve its purpose that was all they cared about.
 They accordingly set to with a will, and very soon the yard resounded with the harsh rasping of saws and the heavy blows of nails wedging the cradle to the schooner's side. In the meantime Captain Staunton with the rest of the party went on board the schooner, and after fully arming themselves with cutlasses and revolvers opened the magazine, passed a good supply of ammunition on deck, cast loose the guns, and carefully loaded them, examining them almost to the muzzle with bullets, spike-nails, and anything else they could lay hold of.
 This done, the skipper, unwilling to leave the ship unprotected for a moment, ordered the battery, spike the guns there, and lay a fuse in the magazine. Dave at once stepped forward with a hammer and a sufficient length of fuse, and set out upon his errand.
 He had scarcely disappeared in the gloom when the fire of the two boats was again looked-out, gave warning of the approach of two boats—the launch and the pinnace—full of pirates.
 They were observed almost at the same moment by Lance, who hailed:
 "Schooner ahoy! Do you see the boats coming?"
 "Ay, ay," answered Captain Staunton. "We see them, and we'll give them a warm reception presently."
 "Very well," returned Lance; "we shall stick to our work and leave you to do the fighting. If you require any assistance give us a word."
 "All right!" answered the skipper. Then turning to the men on the schooner's deck, he shouted:
 "Run those two guns out of the stern-posts there, and train them so as to sweep the boats just before they reach the landing. So! that's the word. Now wait for the word, and when I give it, fire!"

CHAPTER XXXI.
 A HAND TO HAND FIGHT.
 THE boats, however, were meantime lying in the water, their crews apparently only holding a consultation. The bright light, which revealed their approach, revealed to them also the fact that the occupants of the schooner plied their tools with a dispute any attempt on their part to land; and the sight brought vividly to their minds the words which "discretion is the better part of valor."
 At length, after some twenty minutes of inaction—during which the workers underneath the schooner's bottom plied their tools with a skill and energy that was truly astounding—the two boats were once more put in motion. Their crews directed their courses toward the landing, each boat having a rude substitute for a white flag reared upon a boat-hook in the bow.
 The moment that they were near enough for their occupants to hear him Captain Staunton hailed them with an imperative order to keep off or the schooner would fire.
 They at once lay upon their oars, and a man, rising in the stern-sheets of the launch, returned an answer, which was, however, quite unheeded.
 Meanwhile the boats, still having way upon them, continued slowly to approach.
 "Back water," shouted the skipper, seizing the trigger line of one of the whist. Brook stood manfully at the other. "Back water, all of you, instantly, or we will fire."
 "The men in the stern-sheet of the launch waved his hand; the oars again flashed into the water, and both boats dashed at the landing-place.
 "Wait just a moment yet," said the skipper, raising a warning hand to Brook and squinting along his gun at the same time. "Now, fire!"
 The report of the two brass nine-pounders rang sharply out at the same moment, making the schooner quiver to her keel, and sending the water flying in every direction. A crash was heard, then a frightful chorus of shrieks, yells, groans, and execrations; and in the next moment the boats were seen with their planking rent and penetrated here and there, and their occupants scrambling and snatching each other in their anxiety to get at the oars, and to which had been suffered to drop overboard—and withdraw as quickly as possible to a somewhat safe distance.
 A heavy cheer was raised by the party in possession of the shipyard. Those on board the schooner waved their guns in all haste, and the hammering down below went on, if possible, still greater energy.
 The boats were suffered to retire unmolested, and the schooner's crew were still for over half an hour. Then Dave, who was still maintaining a careful look-out, suddenly gave notice that they were again approaching.
 The two foremost guns were accordingly once more very carefully pointed and fired. Captain Staunton giving the order as before. But by some mischance the muzzles were watered a trifle too high, and both charges went harmlessly over the boats, tearing up the water a few feet, and causing a great deal of splashing.
 The pirates, upon this unexpected piece of—to them—good fortune, raised a frantic cheer, and, deluged with water, their oars until they seemed about to snap them, dashed eagerly at the landing-place.
 There was no time to reload the guns, so seizing his revolvers and cutlasses, the men had to follow him, the skipper hastily scrambled over the schooner's bulwarks, and



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