

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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

Vol. V.—No. 26.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 181 WARREN ST.,
PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1887.

TERMS \$3.00 PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 234.



Dick Broadhead;

A STORY OF WILD ANIMALS AND THE CIRCUS

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

CHAPTER V.
DANGERS ON SEA AND LAND.

AND what became of Dick, Mr. Barnum? "broke in Dan, leaning forward with intense interest depicted on every line of his bright young face. "How was he saved? I should think some timbers of the ship would have struck and killed him even before he had a chance to drown."
"Well, his escape was certainly little less than miraculous," I replied. "He has told me himself that when that mighty wave swept over him, carrying all before it, he as certainly expected that his last minute of life had come as he knew that darkness would follow sunset. Like a swiftly mov-

"DICK HAD THE HUNTER'S INSTINCT STRONG WITHIN HIM. HIS RIFLE WAS ALL READY, AND, DROPPING HIS PADDLE, HE SNATCHED UP HIS WEAPON, TOOK CAREFUL AIM AND FIRED."

20

ing panorama all his former life passed before his mind's eye, and deeds that he had done years before, and long since forgotten, rose up in his memory with a vividness that was startling.

"But how long was he under water, Mr. Barnum?" Dan interposed, with all a boy's eagerness to get at the actual situation of affairs.

"He was not in a position to take out his watch and time his immersion, "I laughingly responded; "but he was buried under the crest of the big wave long enough to lose consciousness, for the next thing he remembers was finding himself lying on the bench, with the ship's carpenter's chest on one side of him and a great water cask on the other. Had either one of these struck him in that wild rush of waters, my show would have been deprived of a strong attraction."

"And where was the raft?" inquired Dan.

"It was nowhere to be seen, and for a while Dick was so astounded over his escape that he forgot all about the raft and the object for which he had built it. He crawled higher up on the beach, for, as you may imagine, he was very weak after the experience through which he had gone. When he felt pretty certain that he was beyond the reach of the breakers which were still rolling far up the shore, as if unwilling to let him escape them, he stretched himself out on the dry sand, at the same time breathing a silent prayer for aid. His hand holds the waters in the hollow of His hand."

"No storm was raging. Overhead the sky was clear, only tinged here and there with the rosy clouds lingering after a tropical sunset, so Dick was forced to the conclusion that the mighty breakers, which he could already perceive were gradually diminishing in size were the effect of some distant mid-ocean tempest."

"Then that biggest wave of all really saved him, didn't it, Mr. Barnum?" exclaimed Dan; "for a little one wouldn't have had strength enough to carry him clean up on the shore, but would have dropped him half way."

"Correct, my boy," I replied, not a little surprised at the lad's acuteness. "That is the very conclusion to which Dick himself came."

"But what about the lion whose roar he heard, Mr. Barnum?" interrupted Dan, who was evidently more eager to hear further accounts of my trapeze artist's adventures than to receive compliments on his own powers of discernment.

"The sudden recollection of such an inhospitable neighbor," I resumed, "was the very thing that reminded Dick of his temporarily forgotten danger. Already dusk was beginning to settle upon the earth, and the hum of thousands of insects among the stunted trees and bushes that fringed the shore made him shudder, as he realized that the night which awoke those myriads of harmless creatures to life and action, was also the waking time of all the ferocious beasts of prey."

"He struggled to his feet, and leaning against the water cask looked about him."

"The daylight had faded with startling rapidity, but the moon was shining brightly in the eastern sky, and Dick could see that in every direction the shore was strewn with the remnants of the wreck."

"After waiting till his dizziness had passed away, he started out on a tour of exploration. But he had scarcely taken a dozen steps before a faint, but unmistakable sound from among the trees caused him to lose the power of movement for an instant."

"Although he is, as you can easily imagine, one of the bravest fellows in the world, at this moment terror to which he had been a stranger throughout all the incidents of the wreck took complete possession of him, for in that sound Dick recognized the one that he had heard while on the raft. He knew it to be the roar of a lion."

"What should he do? Where should he go? On one side of him was the ocean, its waves still beating angrily at his feet; on the other a vast unknown wilderness."

"The dread notes of the king of beasts were every instant becoming louder. But only for an instant did Dick remain inactive through terror."

"But what could he do, Mr. Barnum?" broke forth Dan. "Where could he run to?"

"He simply didn't run anywhere," I replied, "for at his feet there lay something which suggested to him a means of deliverance."

"Oh, what was it?" exclaimed my boy

friend, leaning forward in his chair with breathless eagerness.

"Only a box, a broken and battered one at that; but Dick remembered having come across it before he went to sleep and finding it full of matches."

"Matches!" exclaimed Dan. "Why, how did they get there on the coast of Africa?"

"Very easily," I responded. "The box was among the many things washed ashore from the wreck, and Dick had himself broken it open in order that the contents might have a chance to dry in the sun. Now, as soon as he caught sight of it the idea flashed across his mind that wild animals are afraid of fire, and that if he could build one he might succeed in keeping his dreaded foe at bay till morning."

"But I thought he had a rifle and a couple of revolvers, Mr. Barnum," said Dan at this point. "Couldn't he protect himself with these?"

"I am quite sure of his ability to do so in the dark," I responded, "but then he did not have these with him now. You remember I told you that he brought the firearms ashore early in the afternoon, and placed them with the provisions, high up on the bank, where they were now far more convenient for the lions than for himself."

"However, matches were not the only things needed for a fire, so Dick glanced hurriedly about him for material with which to kindle a blaze. And no time was to be lost either, for the first lion's roars were now beginning to be answered by others of an equally dreaded tone."

"The moon had gone behind a cloud, and young Broadhead experienced considerable difficulty in finding any wood sufficiently dry to burn. However, by dint of racing wildly up and down the beach, picking up here a board, there a box lid, and in another place a lot of straw from a mattress, he succeeded finally in heaping up quite a respectable pile."

"But by this time his terrible foes were close at hand."

CHAPTER VI.

BESIEGED BY DEADLY FOES.

DICK must have been pretty nervous when he went to strike his kindled matches, wasn't he, Mr. Barnum?" said Dan, as I paused an instant in my story.

"I can assure you, Dan," I returned, "that he was more than nervous; he was terrified, when the lion's roar sounded so close at hand as to convince him that the beast was certainly within a few yards of him."

"Luckily the wind had almost entirely died down, so dropping on his knees behind the water-cask, Dick took out one of the matches, struck it sharply against the staves, and then, shielding the tiny flame with his hand, crept to the pile of kindlings he had collected, and thrust the match among the straw."

"At the same instant another roar broke out upon the stillness of the night, so close at hand that Dick did not dare to turn around, lest he should confront two fiery orbs fixed upon him out of the night. He crouched over the nursing blaze until he almost scorched his hair, and until the wood was crackling merrily, and the flames began to cast a lurid glow against the sky, did he draw a long breath, and throw himself back upon the sand with a feeling of at least temporary security."

"At the same instant long, angry growls came to his ear, but from a direction which satisfied him that he had been successful in frightening the beasts back from the point to which they had but lately advanced."

"But, Mr. Barnum," my young listener interposed at this point, "why does a fire keep off wild beasts?"

"That, my boy," I made answer, "is an interesting question, and one to which no definite reply can be made. Fire is supposed, however, to have a mysterious influence over all animals. Horses, when they become perfectly frantic when confronted by it. It is something they do not understand."

"At any rate, whatever the cause of the influence that fire possesses, it proved to be a valuable aid to our friend Dick. For ten minutes or so he sat there on the beach, his hands clasped around his knees, gazing at his leaping tongues of flame with thoughtful earnestness."

"He was wondering how he could maintain the fire all night long."

"It's lucky I took that nap this afternoon," he said to himself "for if I should drop asleep now, I am afraid I should have

a rough shake to wake me when the blaze dies down."

"The fire was beginning to burn low, and the question of obtaining a fresh supply of fuel was every moment becoming of more and more serious import. He had already made use of all the available material to be found within a safe radius of the spot, and now he saw himself confronted by the necessity of venturing further."

"But even should he succeed in chancing upon what he wanted, it was doubtful whether he would be able to drag it back to the fire without being intercepted. And while he was debating this problem in his mind, his eye fell upon the water cask, which was an empty one."

"If I only had my axe I might chop that up," he reflected; and he glanced anxiously towards the spot where he had left the rifle and the other things he had brought from the wreck. But at that instant he heard another low growl, which proceeded from the very spot towards which he was looking."

"Master Lion has taken possession it seems," muttered Dick, but as he told me afterward, he felt there was something to be grateful for in the fact that the beast wasn't likely to run off with the gun and provisions."

"But meanwhile the fire was fast burning itself away, and something must be done immediately towards renewing it, and speedily, as he stood watching the flames, an idea struck him."

"Stooping over, he seized a blazing stick by the end that projected towards him, which the fire had not yet reached. He whirled it about his head and then flung it with all his might towards the spot where he had heard the growls."

"But I should think he would have been afraid of making the lion mad, Mr. Barnum," exclaimed Dan. "He might have rushed right down on him."

"He might indeed, if Dick had thrown a stone, or a plain, simple bit of wood. But you must remember the lion's fear of fire, and reflect what he would be very apt to do when he saw a firebrand come flying through the air directly at his head."

"Well, I suppose he would run," laughed Dan.

"That's exactly what he did, and what Dick himself would do."

"And then Dick ran up to the top of the bark himself and got the axe," eagerly interposed young Manning.

"Not so fast, my boy," I replied. "Our friend Broadhead was not so thoughtless as all that. He felt pretty confident that the lion's curiosity would lead him to return very soon, and prowl about the spot in the endeavor to find out the meaning of the mysterious noise."

"I have said, Dick Broadhead was very courageous, but he was also cautious, and had an excellent head for planning out a line of action. In a word, he did not act from impulse, but according to a well-considered purpose."

"So now he waited a few moments, selecting meanwhile two other brands from the bonfire. Presently, with one of these in either hand he began to walk deliberately towards the spot where he had left the axe."

"Slowly and cautiously he advanced, keeping an eye on his improvised torches, to see that they would last until he had accomplished his purpose. When half the distance had been accomplished, he selected the stick that was the most nearly consumed and hurled it in among the trees."

"Then waving the other wildly above his head, he made his bold rush."

"Up!" shivered Dan. "What if he had run right into the lion? I should say he was a brave fellow."

"Most certainly he is, but then, you see, all that he did on the occasion I am telling about was in self-defense. If he had remained inactive on the beach, and allowed the fire to burn itself out, the chances are that he would never have seen the light of morning."

"He did not get the axe without the lion seeing him, Mr. Barnum?" queried Dan, in intense excitement.

"Whether the lion saw him or not we have no means of knowing. Certain it is that Dick soon found the axe, and picking it up, made all haste back to the bonfire."

"He wished he could have taken the rifle along with him, but he did not dare do so at that moment, and he could not very well carry both and still retain possession of his burning stick."

"He was pretty tired, but there a man's life—or a boy's—is at stake, what are times when excitement keeps him up. So it was with our friend Broadhead."

"He knew that it would be fatal to permit that fire to go out, so he labored on with all his might, and soon had the satisfaction of beholding the flames once more uplift their long red tongues towards the sky."

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING APPEARANCE.

DICK did the fire last all night, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan. "Didn't he have to put on any more wood?"

"Most certainly he did, and not one instant's sleep did he get."

"But when he had used up the water cask for firewood, what else had he to burn?" persisted the boy.

"Now that he had found a way to frighten off the lions, he had the whole stretch of beach at his command. When the fire required replenishing, he simply lighted one end of a stick, and with this as a safeguard, went out foraging for fresh fuel. He took the axe with him, so that in case the timbers he found should prove so large as to be unwieldy, he could split them up."

"But didn't he have to drop his torch while doing the chopping?" Dan wanted to know.

"Well, no, he didn't exactly drop it, but stuck it up in the sand, and when he noticed that it was burning out, he lighted one of the strips he had cut, in its place. And so the night passed."

"After he had collected a good supply of wood, he stretched himself out on the beach, propped up his head with his hand, and rested. Somehow, as he told me afterwards, he could not realize his situation and the perils that surrounded him."

"All had happened so suddenly—the storm, the wreck, the breaking up of the stranded vessel, the loss of the raft, and his own marvelous escape from the engulfing waters."

"Now and again, a sullen, angry growl would come from the direction of the woods, and once or twice an outburst of fierce roars and snarls sent a thrill through Dick's heart."

"How they would like to get at me!" he murmured. "They seem to be getting very much provoked, so I think it would be as well for me to have a reserve fund to fall back upon."

"So, seizing a moment when the bonfire was at its highest, he possessed himself of one of his firebrands, and inside of two minutes had secured the rifle and its case."

"By this time the tinge of coming day began to paint itself across the sky, and when at last Dick saw a ray from the welcome sun shoot out over the desolate landscape horizon, he sank down in utter weariness, and in an instant was asleep."

"He was awakened by the intense heat, for, as I have said, he was so exhausted after his night's vigil that he had lain down on the open beach without seeking any covering or shelter from the sun's rays. As soon as he regained consciousness, he sprang to his feet and looked about him."

"His first glance was directed out across the waves in search of some passing ship. But all was one vast glistening mass of water."

"There was scarcely a breath of air stirring, and the waves had subsided to mere summer's day ripples. What a contrast to the afternoon before, when it seemed as if some submarine monster had lashed the ocean into fury!"

"But Dick did not long stand to gaze on the wondrous transformation. He was too hungry."

"Picking up his rifle, he speedily repaired to a shady spot above the beach, and proceeded to make a hearty breakfast of oranges, crackers, and canned beef."

"These were part of the supply of provisions that he had brought from the ship. He certainly needed the fresh infusion of life with which an unstinted meal alone could furnish him."

"While he was taking this much-appreciated breakfast, Dick made a discovery. Every one of the bodies he had tried to care for on the previous afternoon had been washed away. And he had scarcely realized this fact, when his eye, wandering along the beach, caught sight of something that caused him to start up with an exclamation of joy."

"It was his raft, stranded on the shore about a quarter of a mile away. This was a lucky find indeed, and when he had fin-

Popular Military Instructions.

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

CHAPTER V.

MARCHING AND CAMPING.

As the weather gets warm and pleasant, it is better to do the drilling of the company out of doors, on a piece of level turf.

Boys will take much more interest in military instruction when they have become proficient to the extent that they are willing to have spectators. And there will never be a lack of them; they will be glad to turn out to witness the drill, and will always appreciate also.

Having our company and fairly drilled in company evolutions and the manual of arms, the very best thing that can be devised, to perfect it in drill and discipline, will be a march, and camping out for several days.

The best times of the year to march and camp out are in the months of June and September. Then the nights are cool but not cold, the days pleasant and balmy, and the sun not uncomfortably hot. Suppose we determine to go out in the month of June, what do we wish to prepare, and what steps must we take?

The first thing is to settle the time of going, and the length of absence. This latter ought not to exceed a week all told. That will allow us two days for going, two for returning, and three days in camp. And in that time we can learn more of practical value and good than in three months spent in the armory; and it is such great fun, besides, that all boys are eager to join in it.

Then we want to select the camping ground, and the routes to and from it. The things to be considered in a good camping ground are: First, good water to drink, cook and bathe in, close at hand; second, plenty of dry wood or fuel to cook with; third, shelter from sun; fourth, a healthy locality.

So the committee having in charge the selection of the camp and the marching routes should select a wooded grove, having plenty of old dry wood. A stream of water near by to bathe in, and a spring or well of good drinking water should be close at hand.

Do not select low ground, or ground that is near a swamp, or near slaughter-houses, or anything that is apt to be unhealthy. The gentle slope of a hill side is the best.

While selecting the camping ground, the committee should also select the routes over which the company is to march to it, and return from it. To boys not used to marching, it is best not to try and make more than ten or twelve miles a day. That would, in two days' march, make the camp about twenty-four miles from the starting point.

As the company would be one night on the road, a good camping place for that night should be chosen, having in view the same conditions of wood, water, and health, as in selecting the regular camp.

The return route from camp should be a different one from the one leading to it. Permission to use the land, the fuel and other privileges should all be secured before starting, as this will obviate trouble and expense.

Among the necessary preparations we must procure the camp equipage, and the quartermaster and commissary stores.

One of the lieutenants should be appointed quartermaster and commissary, and his duties will be to look after all the common property, as the tents, the wagons, the cooking apparatus; to procure the rations or food, and the fuel; in short, he is the one to look after the well being of the company in everything except what pertains to

its drill and discipline. He is, however, under the orders of the captain at all times, and must be governed by him.

Suppose we have thirty boys, all told, that are going into camp. Each boy, when he has his gun issued to him, will also have a haversack, or bag to hold his rations, a canteen, or metal bottle to hold water or coffee, and a knapsack to hold a change of clothing.

He must provide himself with a pair of blankets. He should carry in his knapsack a change of underclothing, and two pairs of woolen socks. Better not wear white shirts, but get dark blue flannel ones.

Carry nothing more in the knapsack or about the person than you can help, as after four or five hours' marching things begin to weigh heavily. Wear woolen socks, and easy thick-soled shoes.

If you are determined to go out in a purely military style, then you will have to do your own cooking, but if there should not be any boys in the company who know how to cook, then you must hire a man to do it for you. However, I am going to tell you how you may do your own cooking, so that you can dispense with any help or suggestions, and be entirely independent.

Now the quartermaster must hire a large wagon, a strong team of horses, and a driver. This wagon will carry all the tents, rations, and other baggage.

for the first day, and there should be enough in the wagons to provide for three days out of the seven, at the rate of 12 oz. for each day, for each boy.

Fresh meat should be bought by the quartermaster in the same way as he buys the fresh bread. If he cannot make arrangements for it, then put in the wagon bacon, hams, saltfish, canned beef, salt pork, and about 15 lbs. of dried beans. There must be salt pepper, vinegar, and lard, matches, and a few towels.

One wagon will easily carry all the above, with the tents, and also a few camp chairs and tables for the officers' tents, and the officers' baggage, and a bag of oats for the horses.

And now, behold us already to go. We have met at our armory at seven o'clock on a bright June morning. Every boy has had a good substantial breakfast at home, and is now ready, all equipped for the march.

The wagon is loaded. At the forward end we put all the rations except some coffee and sugar; then come the tents, each nicely rolled up around its own set of poles. On the top are the tables and chairs, officers' baggage, one coffee kettle, coffee and sugar, axes, spades, and whatever else we shall wish to use the first night.

Each boy has his knapsack on his back; on his right side hangs his canteen, on his left his cartridge-box and bayonet; around

and. By eleven o'clock we can stop for our noon rest. Then we take off our knapsacks and accoutrements, go to the nearest brook or stream, and wash our faces, hands, and feet. The two boys detailed as cooks do nothing to do at noon except what the rest do.

Then we take out our lunch of cold bread and meat and cheese, and eat it; wash it down with cold water, feed the horses, and wash them, stretch out on the green grass and rest till two o'clock.

Then the drum beats again, we re-form, and continue our march again till about half past four, when we strike our camp ground for the night. The arms are stacked, and the knapsacks and equipments taken off and put near by, a sentinel selected to guard the stacks, and then the rest of the company go to the wagon and unload it quickly.

The cooks things, and rations, axes, and spades are taken out and one tent also, near the place selected for the kitchen. The two cooks stay with this lot, and immediately prepare the kitchen. The wagon then drives along the ground selected for the tents, which are taken off, and deposited where each tent is to be put up.

Then a party of four, under a sergeant, is told off to procure wood and water. They take the two axes, jump into the wagon, drive to the nearest pile of dry brush and wood, and return as quickly as possible to the camp, where they leave the finer wood at the kitchen, and the larger trunks and branches in the company street for the camp fire.

The cooks with the spades dig a trench eighteen inches deep, a foot wide, and three feet long. They put the upright iron bars in the ground, one at each end of the trench. The upper ends of the uprights should be made like the letter Y, so that the other bars can rest on these two. The camp kettles, filled with clean water, are then hung on this bar, and a fire built in the trench underneath.

And now we will wait till the next chapter, and then tell what follows in the preparation for the supper and night.

(To be continued.)

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A CHECK AND CASH.

Boys and girls who are supplied with pocket-money by their parents for the asking, are, in many cases, far more ignorant as to the real worth of a dollar than are the bootblacks and newsboys of the streets, with whom every penny tells for meat, drink, lodging and clothes.

To the former class belonged the woman of whom the Buffalo Courier relates the following incident: A man having large business interests and a handsome income married a lady who, accustomed all her previous life to the luxury of wealth, had never formed any clear conception of the value and purchasing power of money. For some months every whim, no matter how extravagant, was cheerfully gratified by the indulgent husband, who always gave his check for any amount asked.

One day the bride-to-be carried out some caprice, requested a check for so large a sum that the gentleman was somewhat staggered thereby. He drew a sun prodigality, if persisted in, meant ruin, but not wishing to grieve his wife by a downright refusal, he determined to give her an object lesson in the financial life of a man, with a smile of seeming acquiescence, he remarked that the supply of checks was exhausted, but he would send up the money. About noon the promised money came, not in crisp \$500 bills, as was expected, but in silver dollars, the sum total filling several specie bags. The wife was at first vexed and then became deeply thoughtful.

When her husband came home to supper she took him gently by the arm and leading him into the hall where the ponderous bags of specie were still standing, said:

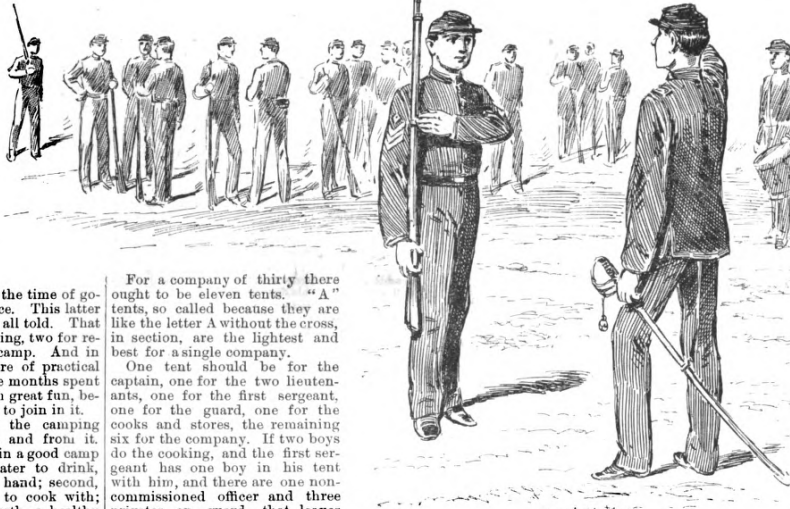
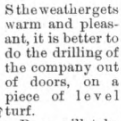
"My dear, is this the money I asked you for this morning?"

"It is, my love," was the reply.

"And did you have to take this all in, dollar by dollar, as the terms of your business?" was the next question.

"Yes, my dear; it represents the results of many weeks of hard work."

"Well, then," she said, with tearful eyes; "send around a man to take it back to the bank in the morning, so I can use so much money for so trivial a purpose."



For a company of thirty there ought to be eleven tents. "A" tents, so called because they are like the letter A without the cross, in section, are the lightest and best for a single company.

One tent should be for the captain, one for the two lieutenants, one for the first sergeant, one for the guard, one for the cooks and stores, the remaining six for the company. If two boys do the cooking, and the first sergeant has one boy in his tent with him, and there are one non-commissioned officer and three privates on guard, that leaves nineteen in the company, or one more than three to a tent, which is not much. I have often seen four and five men in the army in an A tent.

The cooking apparatus should consist of one large kettle for coffee, two for food, two upright bars and a cross bar of iron. There should be two spades, two axes, a hatchet, a saw, a few nails, ropes and a pickaxe included in the quartermaster's stores. The camp equipage should be a tin plate and cup, a knife, fork, small spoon and large spoon for each boy, and a dozen extra in case of loss, or guests; three or four large tin pans, and a couple of buckets.

And now for the most important part—the rations or food; what shall we take, and how much?

Well, the first thing is coffee. A ration is the amount of food allowed a soldier in one day. Now since there are thirty boys, who are to be out seven days, there will be 210 rations to be procured, and since we want some extra in case of guests, we will say 225 altogether.

Of roasted coffee 18lbs. will be plenty, as that will give every boy more than half a pint twice a day. Now the next thing is the bread. We will start out with fresh bread in our haversacks for the first day, and enough more in the wagon to last through the second day. That would be, all told, about 75 loaves. If the quartermaster is able he ought to make arrangements to have fresh bread baked in the nearest village, and brought to the camp during the stay of the company. If not, then we must put 150 lbs. of hard bread, or hard tack, in the wagon.

There must also be 35 lbs. of sugar for the coffee. It is best to carry canned meat

THE FIRST SERGEANT MAKING A REPORT TO THE CAPTAIN.

after I have had a chance to watch the dancing. If you will favor me, I will try not to disgrace you."

"Very well, I will put you down for the third quadrille."

Up came Dunbar Carlton with an ingratiating smile.

"If you are not engaged, Miss Turner, may I have the pleasure of dancing with you?"

"Thank you," said Daisy.

Dunbar led Daisy to her place with head erect, and a very pompous air, as if to call attention to the fact that he presented himself as Sir Robert Carlton was about to tread a measure, Daisy on the other hand, was smiling, and occasionally glancing at her partner with a comical look in her eyes.

Ned gave his whole attention to the movements of the dancers, and when the third quadrille came in order he presented himself to Daisy. She took his arm, and at the end of the dance complimented him on the correctness with which he had gone through his part.

Later in the evening Fred came to Ned's side.

"I have five minutes to spare," he said, "and I want to show you a letter."

CHAPTER XXV.
THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

FRED turned into a little room adjoining, and was followed by Ned.

"Have you an enemy?" he asked.

"Why do you ask?"

"Have you any idea who wrote me this letter?" asked Fred, producing the anonymous document sent by Leon Granville.

As Ned read the letter his face flushed, and he looked serious.

"It is true," he said slowly, "about my former business, and I really ought not to have accepted your invitation."

"Don't be foolish, Ned!" said his friend.

"Do you think I value you any the less for that you couldn't read it?"

"I showed you the letter. I wanted you to tell me, if you can, who wrote it?"

"Do you remember the boy who was with me when we met on Broadway, and you gave me the invitation?"

"Yes, a boy rather taller than you."

"He is a boy employed in the same store with me, and I have reason to think, dislikes me."

"What's his name?"

"Leon Granville."

"Have you ever seen any of his handwriting?"

"No."

"Then you can't identify this as his?"

"No; but I cannot think of any one else likely to write in that hand."

"I used to use black boots in front of the Astor House."

"He refers to a boy named Sam Trent, working at Thorne & Co.'s."

"I know the boy. I have seen him with Leon Granville. That satisfies me that it was Leon who wrote it."

"Suppose I write to Sam Trent and arrange an interview. I may be able to learn something about this affair."

"I wish you would."

"Very well, I will write to-morrow. By the way, the writer says you obtained your place by misrepresentation of your position."

"He may think so, but Mr. Simmons knew very well what my business had been. He has seen me in front of the Astor House himself."

"No doubt this Leon will tell him, and find that he has wasted his time."

"I hope he will. I have nothing to fear on that score."

The next day the disclosure referred to took place. Mr. Kimball went into the main office where Mr. Simmons was, and called his attention by a preliminary cough.

"Have you anything to say to me, Mr. Kimball?"

"I wished to say a word in reference to the new boy, Ned Newton."

"Very well."

"I presume you are not fully acquainted with his history?"

"Perhaps not; what do you know about him? If it is anything likely to affect his usefulness, or anything against his character, I shall be glad to hear you communicate it."

"It is not exactly against his character; but still, considering that he is a high-toned sloop, I think it worthy of attention."

"Proceed!"

"Do you know that this boy formerly, indeed recently, as I learn, was employed as a bootblack in front of the Astor House?"

"Kimball expected to see his employer show signs of astonishment, but in this he was disappointed."

"Yes, I am quite aware of it," answered Mr. Simmons, "and I am very much interested."

"Kimball's countenance fell. His terrible disclosure had fallen flat."

"Oh, if you know it already, that is sufficient," he stated, "I didn't know you would like to employ a boy likely to be recognized by some of our customers as a bootblack."

"That is not likely to affect his usefulness as a clerk. If he were dishonest now, or were caught stealing from the store, that would be a different thing."

"He fixed his eyes upon Kimball, in a manner which the latter did not understand. He could not, of course, comprehend that Mr. Simmons was desirous that a charge of dishonesty should be brought against Ned. The merchant wanted that for his own sake."

"I don't suppose it is any of my business," said Kimball hesitatingly, "but I wonder that you should pay him so high a salary. It is as good as my own, and I don't see how it is possible."

"I am quite aware that it is more than the boys earn, but I have my own reasons for giving him as much."

"Kimball was not satisfied, but did not venture to make any further objection. He resorted to Leon as they were returning home that evening."

"Simmons knows all about the boy having been a bootblack," he said. "He told me that

he had himself seen him at work in front of the Astor House."

"And yet he engaged him to come into the store! I don't understand it."

"Nor I," said Kimball, shaking his head.

"But he must be a favorite with you."

"He didn't speak as if he were. He said if the boy were guilty of dishonesty he would discharge him."

"Perhaps he will prove so," said Leon significantly.

"I shouldn't be surprised. A boy in his former position is very likely to steal."

This remark of Leon's, however, casts undesired censure upon a class of boys, many of whom are exposed to strong temptations without yielding to them.

During the morning Leon had watched Ned curiously. He was anxious to find whether his letter had produced the effect he anticipated. He hoped that the revelation of Ned's humble antecedents would chill the friendship of his fashionable friends.

"How did you enjoy yourself?" he asked, as soon as he had an opportunity. "Was the party a pleasant one?"

"Very much so. I had a splendid time."

Leon arched his brows in surprise.

"I thought you would feel like a cat in a stew, but instead he remarked that he enjoyed it."

"So I should, if it had not been for the kindness of Fred Stanhope," Ned replied.

"He can't have received my letter," thought Leon.

"Were you introduced to any girls?" he asked.

"Yes, I danced with Daisy Turner, the daughter of General Turner."

"Yes, you did!" said Leon, in an incredulous tone.

"I don't doubt my word?" said Ned, quickly.

"Oh, I suppose it's all right. But I shouldn't tell her to get in with such people."

"Why not?"

"They are so much above you, you know."

"Would you consider them above you?" asked Ned coolly.

"I suppose so," said Leon, hesitating. "I am not the son of a general."

"I don't see how you can be your associating with them, if they are friendly."

"Will you get me an invitation to visit Mr. Stanhope's family?"

"Ned was about to decline, but a diplomatic answer suggested itself which need not give offense."

"I will mention the matter to Fred," he said.

"Thank you."

Leon began to be sorry that he had written an anonymous letter to Fred. Though serious of putting a spoke in Ned's wheel, he had no objections to climbing into good society through his good offices. He rather hoped now that the letter would miscarry. He was socially ambitious, but his uncle was not in a social position to help him, and though it was welcome to his pride to depend upon an ex-bootblack, he was polite enough to do it if there were no other means.

"I don't know what he means. He fell in with Sam Trent, who had revealed to him Ned's secret."

"What do you think?" said Sam. "I just got a letter from Fred Stanhope, appointing to meet me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel this evening."

"I must be about the letter. I referred him to you. I say, Sam, contrive some way to give me an introduction to the Stanhopes. And as to Ned Newton, say all the bad you can."

"I don't know what there is any bad to tell, except that he is a bootblack. He seems a few fellow-catchers."

"Tell them that he is of a low family. I don't want them to notice him. When are you to meet him?"

"About seven o'clock. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

THE HAPPY MONTH.

Max, with all her happy voices, laughter in the very air—with a thousand blossoms springing, budding everywhere.

[This story continued in No. 221.]

NATURE'S GUNG NOBLEMEN

By BROOKS MCCORMICK.

CHAPTER XLIII.
THE NAME OF LONCLIFFE.

THE Mabel stopped her scrow alongside of the Ironbank, and in a few moments she had made fast to her. Mrs. Farnburn and Mabel had come into the pilot-house, and so had Morris and Spink, for they were privileged to enter there when they pleased. It was perfectly clear to all that the ship would be captured by the pirates if they were not taken care of. The plan adopted was to have the crew if he went to sea without a fresh supply.

Farnburn solved the difficulty by offering to tow the ship up to the spring, and take her out of the bay when her water casks were filled. The plan delighted Mr. Loncliffe, and it was put in operation at once. The ship was towed alongside, and after the two vessels were filled, the plan adopted was to have the crew on board again, and went into the pilot-house, where the family and the officers were taking over the events of the day.

"I am sorry to see you again, Captain Cliffe," said the owner, as he entered.

"Thank you, sir; but as I was saying when that second squadron of pirates lay in sight, my name is not Captain Cliffe," replied the master of the ship. "There seems to be a good deal of difficulty about the name, but I shall stick to the two cadets, for I saw that Mr. Ruby had been misunderstood. My name is Loncliffe, and not John Cliffe, as you all call me."

"Loncliffe!" exclaimed the owner, glancing at Morris.

"Loncliffe!" repeated Mrs. Farnburn, also looking at her husband.

"That is my name, certainly," added the captain, laughing at the apparent surprise of the magnate and his wife. "It is a very unusual name, I grant you, but I think my father was the first one that ever bore it. His true name was Muzzlewick; and he changed it to Loncliffe, for his officers."

"He had a sufficient excuse for doing so," laughed the owner.

"I agree with you, sir. I left out the G myself to make it shorter."

At this moment the cabin steward came to call the family to dinner, and the captain of the Ironbank was obliged to make haste with them. Morris and Spink were asked to come with him, and they followed the captain, who took his meals in the saloon.

"I am glad to see you, Loncliffes, but the members of my family," said the captain when the subject was resumed.

"I am glad to see the cadet who had been sitting at your side," said Mr. Farnburn.

"Is his name Loncliffe?" demanded the captain, dropping his knife and fork.

"Yes, it is," said Morris, "and it always has been," added the owner of that name.

"Morris Loncliffe!" exclaimed the venerable old master, springing to his feet in his excitement.

The gaze of all at the table were fixed upon the captain of the Ironbank, and their surprise was touched before the name of Morris seemed to come up into his throat and choke him. Spink did not know what to say, and the owner was quite as much astonished as his fellow cadet.

"I humbly beg your pardon," said Captain Loncliffe. "I shall contrive myself after this. I am very sorry that I have lost so many memories that rushed through my mind. I will explain my conduct at another time, for you are entitled to an explanation of my strange behavior. If you please, let nothing more be said about the name."

"I am sorry that anything has occurred to give you pain, captain, and we will let the matter drop," added Mr. Farnburn.

The conversation, by the skill of Mrs. Farnburn, was turned to the tales which had been fought in the river, and in a few minutes the captain, so great was his control over his feelings, was able to discuss all the incidents of the pleasant incident. But Morris could not drive the strange conduct of his newly-found namesake from his mind. It was plain steady as the captain, and when they were in some way connected with him.

By the time the dinner was finished, the Ironbank was under way, and the captain, Captain Hawk detailed a large body of his crew to assist in watering the ship, and the steady as the captain, and when they were in some way connected with him.

By the time the dinner was finished, the Ironbank was under way, and the captain, Captain Hawk detailed a large body of his crew to assist in watering the ship, and the steady as the captain, and when they were in some way connected with him.

"That is my name, sir; and I never bore any other," answered Morris.

"Where does your father live?" asked the captain.

"I have no father now, and I never saw him. He died before I was born, or at least before I was old enough to know him."

"Where does your mother live?" asked the captain, with a comical expression, as he struggled to suppress his emotion.

"I have no mother now, sir," answered Morris, sadly.

"But you had a mother: where did she live?"

"At Glenbush, on the Hudson, in the State of New York."

"And she is no longer living?"

"She died a year ago last June."

Captain Loncliffe wiped the tears from his eyes, and turned away to all in the saloon. For several minutes he struggled with his emotions, and Mrs. Farnburn was so moved by his grief that she could hardly restrain her tears of sympathy.

"This young man is my grandson!" exclaimed the captain, turning again to the owner and his wife.

"Your grandson!" ejaculated Mr. Farnburn, who thought the captain had not conducted the inquiry with the care which he himself on so important a point. "You may be mistaken, sir."

"I am not mistaken, Mr. Farnburn. I knew he was my grandson, as you have said, but he had always borne the name of Morris Loncliffe," replied the old gentleman, very decidedly, but in a quiet tone.

"Do you see anything about him to convince you that he is your grandson? This is a very important matter, captain," added the owner.

"I am aware that it is a very important matter; and it will shake one of the wealthiest houses in England, and I am sure that you will look into the matter, and give me a final decision on the merits of the case," suggested Mr. Farnburn.

"There may be some mistake, and I hope you will look into the matter, and give me a final decision on the merits of the case," suggested Mr. Farnburn.

"There may be no mistake, though I may not be able to prove in a court of justice all that I assert. No inquiry can make me any more certain that this boy is my grandson than I am now."

"But it will be interesting to you, and certainly to Morris, to compare the facts both of you can bring together," said Mrs. Farnburn, speaking for the first time.

"You are quite right, madam," replied the old gentleman, with something like a smile on his tawny face, "and I will do so."

"I find the boy in the cabin of this magnificent steam yacht, on the best of terms with the crew, and I am sure that you have all been very kind to him. I thank you with all my heart and soul for what you have done for him."

"He has done more for us than we have done for him," answered the lady, referring to the services of Morris and Spink on the Hudson.

"I am glad to find a good and noble boy in my grandson, and I am sure that he will make a better man than his grandfather. Now I will tell you the history of his mother, and you may judge for yourself," said the captain, as he seated himself in an armchair, while the family and the boys gathered close around him. "They are getting along very rapidly in watering my ship, and we have not much time to spare."

"Morris Loncliffe began at once with his narrative.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE TALE OF A GRANDFATHER.

HAVE been a sailor since I was a child, and have served on board of every vessel for the last thirty years," began Captain Loncliffe. "Seventeen years ago, I was residing in the city of London, and I have lived in many parts of England before and since. I had a wife and two daughters. My wife died twelve years ago; my two daughters died by a curfew of water."

"Constance!" exclaimed Mrs. Farnburn.

"That is the name of your sailboat, Morris."

"She was named after my mother," added he.

"I know who his mother was very well," said the captain, with a faint smile, and he did not seem to be at all strengthened in his belief by this little confirmation of his statements. I should not say it of myself, but Constance and I were very close friends, and I have known her when she was eighteen."

"It happened that the two sons of Sir Loftus Barmingham came to spend some weeks with the family of the Earl of Eldredale at Wiltshire, in the shooting season. I don't remember just how it happened, but Morris Barmingham was very much attracted by her. He saw her often, and in the end they were secretly married at the parish church in Wiltshire, by the rector, who was shooting with the party, and kept the fact a secret."

"Constance was a girl of sense, and not romantic. Jenny was her waitress, and she obtained her name, as you are aware, and she was very well recorded in the parish books. I knew of the marriage, and so did my wife. My wife went often to my house, and was welcome there."

"For about four months everything went well with them, so far as I could see, and then letters began to come instead. Keep the husband himself. Constance seemed to be troubled, but she would not say a word to her father, and she went on to a voyage to Valparaiso at the time, and I did not hear of her again."

"One day Morris came in a carriage to my house, and Constance went out to meet him. She never returned to her home. My wife did everything she could to find her, but she was not to be seen. My wife had been obliged to take a train, and had seen her home in the carriage. He made a great stir about it, but nothing came of it."

"On my return to my home after her disappearance, I did all that could be done to find my daughter, but with no better success.

TWO WONDERFUL CLOCKS.

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

ABOUT a month ago the ARGOSY printed an account of a remarkable clock in which a skeleton played a prominent part. Herewith we give descriptions of two still more singular timepieces, of French and American origin respectively.

The one, made by a Parisian, consists merely of a glass dial and two hands, which are balanced each with a ball on the other side of the center. The balls are about an inch in diameter, and they are connected all the machinery that turns the hands about. The back of the dial is a perfectly smooth surface. You may turn the hands round with the roughest tool that can be imagined, and they will swing back and forth for awhile, and then they will stop at exactly the right spot to the minute.

The other was constructed by a miner in the Hallenback colliery at Wilkes-barre, Pennsylvania. This clock was made out of bits of board and iron, with the roughest tools that can be imagined, and nearly half a mile under ground. It occupied the same three years before he could say it was done. The clock is about nine feet high, and there are sixty-three figures that move by machinery. There are only twenty-two moving figures in the famous Straker's clock.

On the front of the Wilkes-barre clock there are three shelves or balconies. Along the lower balcony a mounted general leads a file of continental soldiers. A liberty bell rings and a sentinel salutes the procession. A door in the upper balcony opens and shows Molly Pitcher, who fires her histoiy of the clock, of which it is a fine example, from the interior of the clock by a fan. Then the portraits of the first twenty Presidents of the United States are shown in a kind of panorama, the Declaration of Independence being held aloft by Thomas Jefferson.

On another of the balconies the twelve apostles go to the cross, and the cock crow, and there is a benefit of Peter. When the Savior appears a figure of Justice raises a pair of scales, while a figure of Death tolls the minutes upon a bell.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 per year, payable in advance.
Club rate.—For \$1.50 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.

All communications for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.
Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

The number (whole number) with which one's serial story expires appears on the printed slip with the name.
Renewals.—Three weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the expiration of the time paid for.

In ordering back numbers enclose 6 cents for each copy. No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for the privilege.

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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be *George William Curtis, editor of "Harper's Weekly."*

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE GOLDEN ARGOSY forwarded to him every week by his newsdealer from whom he is now buying his paper, or he can get it direct from the publication office by remitting the proper amount for the time he wishes to subscribe. Four months, one dollar; one year, three dollars.

THE COMPARISON CURE.

How true it is that we do not appreciate the great majority of our blessings until we are deprived of them. Then how we grumble and bewail our fate, and wonder why we were not the happiest of mortals when we had the health, the friends or the position of which we have since been deprived.

Now why would it not be a good plan to take time by the forelock and think of these things before the blessings vanish. Such a habit will do much to counteract the irritation caused by little temporary discomforts of the hour which we too often magnify into trials.

Sound of limb, clear of vision and rugged in health as so many of us are, surely we should possess as the ability to rise above petty annoyances by constantly remembering that our mercies far outnumber our miseries.

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

A SWINDLER JAILED.

NUMEROUS complaints have reached us during the past few months of swindling agents trading on the popularity of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

We quote the following from the Richmond (Va.) Star, which shows how one of these fellows has been brought to justice:

For some weeks past a man giving the name of George Riley has been in the city soliciting subscribers to THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. The annual subscription was one dollar, and Riley agreed to furnish each subscriber not only with the paper, but eighteen chronos handsomely framed in heavy gilt molding. The fellow did a thriving business and reaped a harvest. The subscribers, after waiting three weeks and not receiving their paper and pictures, complained to the chief of police that they had been swindled. Maj. Poe detailed Policeman Lamkin to look for Riley. The officer ascertained that he boarded at the St. Charles Hotel and went to the hotel and arrested him on the charge of being a suspicious character. In his possession were found several stamped receipt books containing the names of persons whom he had swindled and also \$12.50 in currency. The book showed that Riley had been traveling all over the country plying his unlawful trade. Riley was arraigned and was held in the police court this morning. Riley admitted that he was engaged in the "crooked" business, and offered to return to all subscribers the money he had collected from them.

Justice Richardson committed him to jail in default of surety.

If the victims of this swindling agent had taken the trouble to examine the ARGOSY they would have seen that the yearly price is THREE DOLLARS. Moreover, had they stopped to think for a moment they would readily have seen that a weekly paper of the excellence and high character of the ARGOSY could not be sent for such a sum as one dollar, to say nothing of throwing in eighteen chronos, as this agent agreed to do.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY gives no premiums. It

does not need to be bolstered up in this uncertain and unsatisfactory manner. It is, however, growing in circulation and public favor as no other paper ever grew, and this growth rests solely upon the solid foundation of undoubted merit.

TO FORM A MILITARY COMPANY.

THE series of "Popular Military Instructions," by Lieutenant Hamilton, the well-known authority on army matters, which is now appearing each week on the fourth page of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, has given rise to a good many comments on the part of our readers.

One of them writes that it is hard for most boys to find the necessary spare time, or the requisite number of associates, to follow out Lieutenant Hamilton's directions for getting together a company.

Now there is some truth in this, but among the great multitude of ARGOSY readers there is, no doubt, in many towns a sufficient number of boys who could give the time, to make a creditable organization. One of our friends in Brooklyn writes that he has long desired to form a military company of this kind, and would be glad to hear from boys in his city or New York, aged from thirteen to sixteen, who would join him in doing so.

We print his request in our correspondence column, and should be glad to see our readers form themselves into a company, a regiment, or even an army. If all of them took up their rifles and stood ready to come forward at their country's call, we should indeed snap our fingers at the foe's man's taunts.

A COUNTY FAIR ON WHEELS.

WE hear that a town in Alabama is to send out a railroad train to make a tour of the country like a circus company or theatrical combination. But the special object of the trip is to be neither to display the abilities of trained horses nor to entertain delighted audiences with superior renditions of Shakspeare's works.

The train itself is to be one of the main features of the "show," for the cars of which it is composed have been built in the town already mentioned, and are to be sent out as specimens of what fine work in that line Aniston can do. Then each man of the train's crew is to be dressed in a suit of clothes made from wool grown on the backs of his own country sheep, woven at Aniston mills, and put together by Aniston tailors.

For the rest, the cargo will consist of samples of the industrial and natural products of Aniston and vicinity. Nearly fifteen hundred miles will be covered by the tour, in the making of which a little more than two weeks is to be consumed.

This is certainly a novel method of calling attention to the superior attractions of a particular region, being somewhat on the principle of bringing the mountain to Mahomet. If it prove successful, we may expect to see other cities follow the example of Aniston, so that in course of time, instead of being obliged to cross the ocean to behold the sights of Paris and London, we may stay quietly at home and have samples of the most wonderful features of both places exhibited on special trains passing through our native town.

FIFTEEN SPLENDID STORIES.

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

MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF.

BOB BURTON.

LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE-OUT.

THAT TREASURE.

TOM TRACY.

The following stories have been commenced:

THE CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ALWAYS IN LUCK.

THE BOY BROKER.

NATURE'S YOUNG NOBLEMEN.

PIRATE ISLAND.

THE LAST WAR TRAIL.

NEW NEWTON.

THE YOUNG ACROBAT.

DICK BROADHEAD.

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

CONGRESSMAN CHAS. A. BOUTELLE,

Editor of the "Bangor Whig and Courier."

THE Whig and Courier of Bangor, Maine, published in a city which is neither centrally situated nor populous, is, in spite of its high character, less famous than its editor, Congressman Charles A. Boutelle. Most of his life has been devoted to the service of his country in war and in peace, and his brilliant record as sailor, journalist, and legislator, will no doubt be interesting to the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

He is the son of a New England sea captain, and was born at Damariscotta, Maine, on the 9th of February, 1839. After attending the public schools at Brunswick, Maine, and passing through Yarmouth Academy, he went to sea, and followed his father's profession for several years.

Early in 1862, he returned from a foreign voyage and entered the United States Navy as a volunteer; and after a short course of instruction at the navy yard of Charlestown, Massachusetts, he was assigned, with the rank of acting master, to the Paul Jones, a side wheel steamer carrying a heavy battery of guns.

The Paul Jones belonged to the South Atlantic Squadron, and Mr. Boutelle saw a great deal of active service, taking part in the blockade of Charleston, the Peconic expedition, and many other operations. At the capture of the Confederate battery on St. John Bluff, at the mouth of the St. John River, Florida, he was in command of a howitzer battery manned by marines; and with the same battery he was present at the occupation of Jacksonville.

After two seasons on board the Paul Jones, Mr. Boutelle was appointed navigator and ordnance officer of a fine new steamer, the Sassacus. The vessel had not been on duty a week, when, on May 5, 1864, she had a desperate engagement with the Confederate iron-clad Albemarle, which had been inflicting great damage on the Federal fleet. Both vessels suffered severely in the struggle, which ended in the retreat of the Albemarle beneath the guns of a land battery, where she remained till she was blown up by a torpedo some months afterwards.

Besides driving off the Albemarle, the Sassacus captured one of the Confederate steamers; and among those who received special commendation for their share in this brilliant success was Charles A. Boutelle, who was officially recommended for promotion. Within three weeks he received a commission as lieutenant, the highest rank which was at that time open to any volunteer in the navy.

After serving for a time on the Eutaw, Lieutenant Boutelle was placed in command of the gunboat Nyanza, stationed on the Louisiana coast; but a few months later, eager for active service, he obtained a transfer to join the attack upon Mobile, Alabama. His was the first vessel of the fleet to break through the obstructions laid down in the channel, and Admiral Thatcher at once dispatched him up the Tombigby River in pursuit of the Confederates. On returning, he went up the Alabama River, through the heart of the enemy's country, bearing important dispatches to General Sherman.

Lieutenant Boutelle was present at the final surrender of the Confederate fleet, in May, 1865, and then was placed in charge of the coast from New Orleans to Mobile, with headquarters at Pascagoula. But he did not care to remain in the navy when the war was concluded, and at his own request he received an honorable discharge on the 14th of January, 1866.

For a few months he commanded a passenger steamer plying between New York and Wilmington, North Carolina. Then he went back to his native State, was married to a daughter of General Hodsdon, of Augusta,

and joined a New York firm in the shipping commission business.

It was in 1870 that he first engaged in journalism. He had always felt a strong inclination towards it, and had contributed many articles and letters to the press; but he had no office experience, and it was a very bold step when he accepted, for three months on trial, the position of managing editor of the Bangor Daily Whig and Courier.

When he reached Bangor, to take up his new duties, he found himself in a difficult situation. The publisher and local editor had been called away, and Mr. Boutelle was obliged to carry on the paper without assistance. To do this he had to work day and night, writing the editorial matter, arranging the news, and reading the proofs. So rapidly did he master the details of the profession that he was soon able to introduce improvements in the Whig and Courier, and to extend the good local reputation it already possessed.

His temporary engagement was of course made permanent, and lasted till 1874, when on the death of Mr. Lynde, publisher and proprietor of the Whig and Courier, the establishment was purchased by Mr. Boutelle and Mr. Benjamin A. Burr, who had long been connected with the Bangor Jeffersonian; the former, who held a majority of the

stock, remained at the editor's desk, while Mr. Burr became business manager.

Mr. Boutelle's management of his paper was energetic and successful. It gradually gained a leading position among the Republican journals of the State, and in 1880 its editor received the compliment of a unanimous nomination, at the first ballot, for congressman from the Fourth District of Maine.

From this time politics have occupied most of Mr. Boutelle's time. He made a vigorous but unsuccessful canvass of his own district; then he took the stump for Garfield and Arthur, addressing large meetings in New York State and Ohio. Four months of this exhausting work broke down his strong constitution, and he went through a long and severe illness.

In 1882 he was nominated and elected as congressman-at-large from Maine. He took a prominent position in the house, as soon as he entered it, serving with distinction on the committee on naval affairs. To the next congress he was chosen as a member from the northern district of Maine, and last year was again re-elected to the house, where he is regarded as one of the very ablest members of his party.

He is a very effective speaker, brilliant and forcible in style, straightforward and outspoken, with a fund of humor and sarcasm. Amid all his hard work, political and journalistic, he finds his chief relaxation at home, in the society of his wife and daughter.

In appearance, as may be seen from the portrait on this page, he is tall and handsome, with a dignified and expressive countenance.

RICHARD H. TREMPER, TOR.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Avoid the company of those who talk unkindly of other people.

Religion directs us rather to secure inward peace than outward ease.

Men are apt to play with their health and their lives as they do with their clothes.

It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his helper is omnipotent.

He that does a bad thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties his hearts together.

Let patience have her perfect work and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet.

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market cart into a chariot of the sun.—Emerson.

The fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation than the fruits of our mind and substance, than our faculties demand instruction and regulation in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves.



CHARLES A. BOUTELLE.



SKETCHES ON THE LAWN TENNIS COURT.—SEE PAGE 411.

SOMEWHERE.

BY ALBERT COPPEL SHAW.

SOMEWHERE the wind is blowing,
I thought as I toiled along,
In the burning heat of the noontide,
And the fancy made me strong.
Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing,
Though here where I stand and sigh
Not a breath of air is stirring,
Not a cloud in the burning sky.
Somewhere the twilight gathers,
And weary I passed away,
The burden of the daytime,
And wrapped in slumber lie,
Somewhere the dawn is breaking,
And gloom and darkness flee,
Though storm our barriers are tossing,
There's somewhere a placid sea.
Somewhere the things that try us
Shall all have passed away,
And doubt and fear no longer
Turbid the perfect day.
O brother, though the darkness
Around thy soul be cast,
The earth is rolling onward
And light shall come at last.

[This story commenced in No. 226.]

The Last War Trail.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SERPENT'S SKILL.

THE American Indian has many traits in common with his civilized brother. For a long time after the arrival of The Serpent the Winnebago encampment was a political meeting, in which the lines were drawn very sharply.

Before advancing from the gloom, Ganna carried long enough within earshot to get a fair knowledge of what it all meant. The surprise which he showed in his restrained way was assumed, for you do not need to be told that he was one of the shrewdest and most cunning of his kind.

The instant he was recognized, most of the others crowded around him, grunting their pleasure, which was so deep that it seemed hard for them to refrain from embracing him. He saluted all pleasantly, and explained his presence by saying that since his own party went into camp, he decided to come through the woods to ask the advice of Ap-to-to on several matters.

Ap-to-to perhaps was the most demonstrative of all in his delight over the arrival of The Serpent. His welcome was like that extended to one who had come back from the dead. He knew that the visitor had but to say a single word to become the successor of Black Bear, but a deep-laid scheme was in his mind.

Indeed the feeling was so high among the Winnebagoes that it pressed inside all others. It was almost unanimously decided that the election should be held at once, and The Serpent was told that he was the one fixed upon for the leadership of the Winnebagoes.

During these exciting moments, Ap-to-to was the most wretched of men. He passed to and fro, not daring to make the appeal to The Serpent, which more than once was upon his tongue; but his eyes told that which he did not dare put into words.

There was no stopping the proceedings, and, when the Winnebagoes gathered in a large circle, which extended near enough to the log whereon the captives were sitting to shut out all thought of escape on their part, The Serpent suggested another comparison with the policy of white men under similar circumstances. He meant to make a speech.

"Brothers," he said in a deep rich voice, and instantly every eye was fixed upon him; "the heart of The Serpent is full of light, as are the clouds when the sun shines from behind the clouds. You loved Black Bear, our great chieftain, and you love me; therefore the heart of The Serpent is full of light, and he is glad.

"Brothers, The Serpent is a warrior like you, but he is no greater than you. He is no braver; he fights by your side; he does not fight at your head, as did Black Bear."

It must be said at this point that The Serpent modestly presented him doing himself justice. Even Black Bear had not shown such conspicuous bravery as Ganna or The Serpent. So marked indeed was his courage that it looked like hypocrisy on his part to deny it; but his object was a deeper one than that of warding off the compliments of his friends.

"Brothers," he continued, "The Serpent is no braver than The Buffalo, The Antelope, Rolling Thunder, The Panther, or Ap-to-to."

As the orator uttered each of these

names, he indicated them by his finger, making a little extra gesture when he pointed out the last. There was a series of grunts and shakes of the head by way of protest, and those who were named were the most vigorous in parrying the compliments.

"Brothers, you shut your eyes to many things. Our chief must be brave like Black Bear, and he must be wise like him, for bravery without wisdom is like the buffalo bull when the wolves have torn out his eyes. He will fight hard, but he cannot see where to drive his horns.

"Brothers, Ap-to-to has the eyes of the eagle; he can see further than The Serpent or The Buffalo, or The Antelope or Rolling Thunder; he must be your chief."

The speaker saw the storm he was raising. It may be said that he was springing Ap-to-to's candidacy upon them too soon; they needed to be educated up to the point of acceptance. But The Serpent had uncovered the snare, and he could do nothing less than fire.

"My brothers, if you love The Serpent, listen to his words. Do you not love the memory of Black Bear?"

The enthusiastic response to this was enough to make that old chieftain smile in his grave.

"Then, brothers, listen, for The Serpent now speaks the words of Black Bear. He loved Ap-to-to, for he knew the Great Spirit meant he should be chief of the Winnebagoes; he said so often; could he speak now those words to his brothers?"

This was a telling thrust, and it produced its effect. Ap-to-to seemed aware that it was his strongest weapon. None of the hearers could doubt that what The Serpent said was the truth, and that for some reason, which the rest could not explain, Black Bear always had a partiality for Ap-to-to.

A thrill of pleasure went through the heart of the wily schemer, for it was plain enough that The Serpent was his friend, and meant to insist on his choice for the chieftaincy. If he should do so it must be decisive.

You would have smiled, could you have been present to watch the next step in the proceedings of this singular meeting. You know that at many of our political gatherings the orator is often interrupted by some one who desires to ask him a question. Precisely the same thing now took place. The warrior known as Rolling Thunder said:

"When the fight was hot this morning, and the Long Knives were falling like leaves in the autumn wind, where was The Serpent?"

"By the side of my brothers," replied the speaker, who saw what was coming.

"The Serpent was not at our side; he was at our head; will my brother tell me where was Ap-to-to?"

The heart of The Serpent is glad, for he can speak to his brothers. He will tell them truths which will open their eyes wider than when the Great Spirit speaks from the sky.

"Brothers, you ask me where Ap-to-to was, when the fight was going on around the cabins of the Long Knives. I will tell you.

"Brothers, who is the most terrible enemy of the red men? He is not a Long Knife; he is one whose skin is red like ours; he is a Shawanoc, and his name is Deerfoot."

"When The Serpent was fighting with his brothers, Ap-to-to was hurrying to join them. Among the hills he came face to face with the panther they call Deerfoot. He was painted like a Winnebago, and some of our warriors thought he was a friend; he was more subtle than they. He closed at their eyes but those of Ap-to-to.

"Brothers, Ap-to-to met the Shawanoc, and he would have torn the scalp from his head, had not the Shawanoc, who runs faster than the antelope, fled in terror before him. Deerfoot fears no one but Ap-to-to; when he sees Ap-to-to he runs as do the deer before the wolves."

Now, I am sure I need not tell you that this story of The Serpent was one of the most outrageous yarns that a writer of romance could have put together. Among all the Winnebagoes there was not one who held Deerfoot in such dread as did the warrior who was so anxious to step into the moccasins of Black Bear.

But the story of the audacious Serpent was believed by every one of his hearers, except Ap-to-to himself. He knew he had no right to glory thus given to him, and it was so well put by his friend that the scamp began to wonder whether after all there was not a grain of truth in it. It must be, thought Ap-to-to, that he was a

better man than those who knew him best believed him to be.

"Brothers," resumed The Serpent, seeing how truly he had struck the mark, "why did not Ap-to-to tell you the reason he could not be where his heart was—with us in the fight? He was fighting a worse foe than the Long Knives. When the Shawanoc ran, then Ap-to-to turned to join us, but the battle was ended."

Had The Serpent told the exact truth, he would have said that the individual under discussion took good care not to hasten to join the rest until the furious contest was over. But the pleader chose to put the silence of Ap-to-to to the credit of the most worthy of all motives—his modesty.

"Brothers, Black Bear loved Ap-to-to because he knew him better than we. He wanted him to be chieftain; Black Bear never wanted The Serpent to be a leader of his braves. Had Black Bear said so, then would The Serpent be glad to be your chief; but we all love Black Bear too much to do anything which would disgrace him.

"Brothers, The Serpent cannot be your chief; Ap-to-to must be; if you think as does The Serpent, cheer his heart by saying so."

The shrewd orator had won the victory, and he proved his tact by seizing its fruits without delay. Had he waited until the feeling had subsided, a discussion would have followed, full of danger to the project The Serpent had in mind. Instead, therefore, of joining in a council to consider the matter, as was the almost invariable rule among the Indians, he wound up his oration by putting the question to a vote.

The response was unanimous. Every warrior signified his wish to follow the counsel of Black Bear and The Serpent. Ap-to-to became war chief of the Winnebagoes so suddenly that it almost took away his breath.

The political work was done by The Serpent alone, and without him it never could have been accomplished. Having been elected, it devolved upon Ap-to-to to thank his constituents for the honor, and he did it with no little skill.

"Brothers, the heart of Ap-to-to bounds with joy, and he asks the Great Spirit to make him worthy to lead you as Black Bear has done so many times. The Serpent is better fitted to be your chief than is Ap-to-to, but he will not consent. Ap-to-to is when you think of the bravery and virtues not only of Black Bear but of The Serpent."

The Serpent had scored his first point, but how about the second and decisive one?

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SERPENT'S STRANGE REQUEST.

YOU know enough about the political history of our country to recall that when two leading candidates are before a convention for nomination, and one of them withdraws in favor of the other, the latter, in case of his own election, is quite sure to remember the other in the making up of his cabinet or in distributing the choicest plums of patronage.

So it would seem that Ap-to-to, knowing in his own heart that his election was due solely to the grace of The Serpent, would be more than glad to do anything he could for him. When it fell to him that that was the very thing for which The Serpent had striven from the first, you will begin to see his line of policy, which he adopted without explaining, at the time he was holding converse with the Moravian and Deerfoot.

But with the subtlety of his nature, The Serpent carefully waited before pushing his advantage. He joined with the others in congratulating the new chieftain, and there was a general two leading of pipes, and conversation for a full hour.

From the moment of The Serpent's arrival in camp, he had not shown the least attention to the three captives who were still sitting upon the fallen tree, occasionally exchanging a few words, and feeling a languid interest in the strife for the selection of a chief.

It was not necessary that The Serpent should manifest any interest in the helpless prisoners. He could not help observing them now and then, as he moved to and fro. On their part, it could not be expected that they should have any idea of the plot that had been formed for their benefit.

By and by matters cooled down, as may be said. The Serpent found the means of taking Ap-to-to to one side for a little private conversation. Several observed it, but since they were making inappropriate in the proceeding, they took care not to interrupt the speakers.

A liberal interpretation of the conversation may be given:

"Ganna, you did Ap-to-to to the greatest favor of his life."

"The Serpent made Ap-to-to war chief of the Winnebagoes; but for him, he never would have been chosen."

"My brother is right. Can Ap-to-to do anything to prove his love for The Serpent?"

"Yes, he can."

"Tell Ap-to-to what it is."

"The chief Ap-to-to has three Long Knives in his captivity."

"Yonder they sit on the fallen tree," said the chief, turning his head as though afraid they had slipped away during the late excitement. "We shall take them to the villages. The squaws shall become the slaves of our squaws, and the warrior shall run the gauntlet, and then we will burn him to a tree."

"That is good."

"Does my brother want to burn him now? If he does, the wish of his heart shall be gratified."

The Serpent looked steadily at the little group seated on the log, and though he half disposed to claim the favor promised, but he shook his head.

"No; but Ap-to-to did not make them captive; it was The Serpent who led the way."

"The Serpent speaks words that are true."

"The Serpent asks the chief to give him the captives."

"What will my brother do with them?" asked Ap-to-to, plainly surprised by the request.

"He will take them with him through the wood to The Serpent's encampment. Then, when we reach our lodges, the five captives will be with Ap-to-to as well as with The Serpent and his warriors."

Now, this may seem to have been a slight request, but it was manifest that Ap-to-to was much opposed to granting it. Among his warriors were a number who had taken part in the brilliant raid already described, and to them the transfer of the captives to the other party would be without reason. Possibly they might not make objection, if they believed the change was honestly intended, but Ap-to-to suspected that his loyal subject meant to give all three over to torture at the hands of the other company.

However, you can well understand the desire of the new chief to please The Serpent, for he knew that if this doughty follower should wish to do so, he could overthrow the election, have Ap-to-to deposed, and himself chosen in his place.

The Serpent saw the hesitation of the chieftain, and suspected its meaning, but refrained from letting it be seen that he thought anything of it. Instead of looking in Ap-to-to's face, as was his custom when talking with him, he seemed to be interested in a group of smoking Winnebagoes on the other side of the fire.

"Where does The Serpent wish to take away the captives?" asked Ap-to-to, as though he was entirely willing to grant the request.

The Serpent, as you can well see, wanted above everything to take them with him at once, for the hours were beyond value. If he could get them back to the spot where their anxious friends were waiting, the journey to the settlement could be pushed so vigorously that it would be reached shortly after sunrise, and before the Winnebagoes could take any steps in the way of pursuit.

Between the evening and daylight fatal complications were likely to arise. Nevertheless, The Serpent kept his head. The hesitation of Ap-to-to, slight though it was, awakened a misgiving that increased his caution.

"Ap-to-to is chief. He shall say."

"It shall be as The Serpent wishes. At the rising of the sun, the captives shall be his."

This gave the permission asked, but the delay promised to be fatal, or rather it threatened to be so, for having gone too far to retreat, The Serpent's nerve was sure to carry him to the end, whatever it might be.

Affecting to be pleased with the permission, The Serpent talked of other matters, and by and by sauntered off among the other warriors. He was held in such high esteem by all, that he was welcome wherever he went, and was treated with great consideration.

During his strolling to and fro, The Serpent passed near the captives, looking at them with such close attention that all three noticed it.

"What a fine-looking warrior," said Linden, in an undertone, to his wife and daughter, between whom he was sitting.

"He is the Winnebago who joined them a little while ago," replied the wife, she having been a close observer of the proceedings. "He made the speech which caused so much excitement."

"Yes, father said his speech was in favor of Ap-to-to, who wanted to be chief." "So it seems to me, though I may be wrong. You know the Indians use a great many gestures, and their looks helped me to understand the meaning of all this rumpus."

"I wonder why he is so much interested in us," was the wondering remark of the wife. "He has stopped over there again, and looks as though he would like to say something."

"If he wanted to say it, what is there to hinder him?"

"Perhaps he can't speak English."

"There must be some of the warriors who know enough to translate what he desires to say, that is if he desires to say anything, which I don't believe is likely. There!" exclaimed the pioneer, "I knew I had seen that fellow before. He was the leader of the band that burst through our door, and gave us such a fright."

"I recognized him while he was making his speech," said his wife, "and supposed that you did also."

"Well, there is only one warrior that's his equal in that kind of business, and that's Deerfoot."

"But Deerfoot isn't nearly as large or strong as he," ventured Edith.

"That may be, but he is lightning itself in a fight. A man that can strike hard enough to bury his knife in your body, strikes hard enough for all purposes, and his blow is as effective as if made by one of double his strength. It's quickness that counts in this dreadful work. I Deerfoot and that fine looking warrior were set against each other, the Shawanoe would kill him in the twinkling of an eye."

"But suppose the Winnebago should catch the Shawanoe in his grasp?"

"Ah," said the man, with a smile, "you are supposing that which is impossible. But where has our friend gone?"

The three turned their heads in different directions, and scrutinized each warrior in turn, until quite sure they had seen all. But among them was not the one in whom they had become so interested.

"We shall find him before long—"

"Oh!" whispered Edith, "I think I see him!"

She was looking directly behind her, out among the trees, where everything was shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Some one had stirred the big mass of sticks burning in the open space, so that they threw a glow a little further into the gloom than before. The gleam of the water was plainly seen in one direction, while the features of most of the warriors, as they lolled on the ground, were as distinct as at noon tide.

Beside the trunk of a large oak, several yards to the rear of the prostrate tree on which the captives were sitting, Edith was sure she distinguished the faint outline of an Indian warrior. The light was too dim for her to make out the form, but she was convinced that it was the tall Winnebago, and that he was studying them with a closeness for which they could not account, and which filled all with unspeakable dread.

CHAPTER XXVIII. HOPES AND FEARS.

YOU can understand how trying was the situation of our three friends sitting on the fallen tree. They were on what may be called the outer rim of the circle of light thrown out by the campfire, so that while looking behind them, they could see only a very short distance into the forest. But when Edith told her father and mother about the strange figure, they also discerned it.

Remembering The Serpent as the leader of the band which burst with fury into the cabin, it was inevitable that the captives should regard him as a mortal enemy. Indeed the belief was that his hatred was so venomous that he was seeking a chance to deal them some treacherous blow before the arrival of the party at their villages.

How strange would have been the emotions of the three, had they but known that the presence of the warrior in the camp was for the purpose of befriending them!

Linden became so uneasy that he was on the point of proposing that they should leave the log and approach closer to the fire, when Edith said that the Indian was gone. He was certainly invisible, though it was doubtful whether he had done more than merely shift his position. So the

captives kept continually glancing behind them, until half an hour had passed, and they could see nothing more of the Indian. Then they agreed that he had left the neighborhood.

Yes; The Serpent had departed. While Linden and his fellow captives were peering into the gloom behind him, he walked over to Ap-to-to, and said he would go to his own camp, returning at daylight for the prisoners. Had he pressed his request, The Serpent could have gained permission to bind the arm of the captives, and to take them with him, without waiting for daylight. Unfortunately the warrior's excessive caution prevented him making the request.

The Serpent had no thought of going to his own camp, though the distance was not great, and he could have done his own case service by the journey. But his anxiety now was to see his new friends. The delicate business for which he had already risked his life had reached the point where he needed the counsel of the sagacious Shawanoe. Indeed the Winnebago was determined to go no further without help or advice from him.

This it came about that within a short time after his withdrawal from the camp, The Serpent joined the Moravian and the Shawanoe, who were waiting for him near the deserted camp of the Winnebagoes. Since the business had now reached a point in which it was safe to consult all, the three, after talking a few minutes, moved further back along the trail until they reached the rest, who, you need not be told, were in a state of expectancy.

It would have been unwise to start a fire, even though The Serpent assured them that none of the Winnebagoes were coming in that direction. So the party stepped aside until they found an open space where there was enough moonlight for them to dimly see each other's form.

Here they sat on the ground close together, and held the most important conversation of their lives.

First of all, the Moravian interpreted the remarkable story of The Serpent. The fact that he had been promised the custody of the captives at daylight stirred the hearts of every one, and sent such a thrill of hope through poor Fred Linden that for a minute or so he was too faint to speak.

"It is wonderful! wonderful!" said the missionary in an awed voice; "I never have known of anything so amazing; the hand of God is so plain in it that who shall deny it? Him praise! I am growing to be an old man, and I have been a humble follower of Him from boyhood, but never were his mercies and goodness so clear to me as they are this minute. Thanks be to Him! I thank be to Him!"

The last ejaculations were uttered with a bowed head and in a low voice, showing that they came from an overflowing heart. But all heard the words, and every heart echoed the theme.

"But," said Bowly, "in the general hurrahing we mustn't forget one thing—which the same is that George Linden and his wife and darter are with the Injuns yet." "Ye are correct," said Terry Clark, whose whole being was throbbing with hope; "but the same are in much better shape than they were before."

"That's all true," remarked Hardin, the others listening to every word; "and, as the dominie says, the exploit of The Serpent is simply wonderful. Twelve hours ago he was a raging wildcat in his efforts to take our lives; now he is risking his own, to save those whom he sought to destroy. To me it is marvelous—it is miraculous!"

"It is simply the hand of God, with whom nothing is impossible," said the Moravian; "but," arising to the situation, "we must not forget that much yet remains to be done, before they can be safely plucked from the danger. It may be that He means to bring them thus close to deliverance, but will not allow them to be saved. We must not lay aside our armor until our work is done."

During the early part of the conversation, which of course was unintelligible to The Serpent, though the Moravian occasionally interpreted a word, the two Indians were silent. More than once, the others looked through the gloom at the graceful figure reclining on the ground close to the Winnebago, but he remained still. Every one felt that with him rested the decision as to the line of action to be adopted.

But Deerfoot was not ready to speak. He would do so when he thought best, and it was idle to try to force him.

"My friends," said the missionary, addressing himself directly to the work before them, "the situation, though more hopeful than we ever dared to expect, is attended

by much danger, and more than one complication is likely to arise. First of all there is a danger which The Serpent doesn't seem to see as plainly as I do. The two Winnebago camps are within such easy distance of each other that it is quite probable other messengers will pass back and forth before morning. The Serpent has done so, and why should not some one else do the same? If a single one of the Winnebagoes crosses through the woods to the other campfire, the starting act of The Serpent must become known, and then, as you can see, scarcely a word remains."

"There is truth in what you say," remarked Hardin; "and it strikes me that while we are talking, The Serpent ought to go to his own camp, and take steps to prevent any of his own warriors leaving to visit Ap-to-to."

"You hear that, Deerfoot," said the Moravian, turning towards the Shawanoe; "what do you think of that?"

"The words of my father are wise." Changing to the Winnebago tongue, he told The Serpent that he had already waited too long before performing his duty.

The warrior proved his confidence in the judgment of his friend, by leaping to his feet and plunging into the wood without a word. "Beggarr, but whin the swate-looking gentelman makes up his mind it don't take him long to act," laughed Terry, "which was the remark they used to make about me grandfather whin he was invited to take something that wasn't exactly wather."

"He won't be gone a great while," said the missionary; "for he is eager to be with us and to hear our conclusion. So long as he is unsuspected, he can do the work which even Deerfoot dare not undertake."

"You spoke of other complications," said Fred Linden, who was anxious to get a true idea of the situation.

"If the decision of Ap-to-to becomes known—and I can't see why it should not—some of the other warriors may object. You know that it will be a great honor to carry prisoners back to their villages, for I don't believe the Winnebagoes ever secured so many white captives at one time before. Some of Ap-to-to's men have helped to capture them, and they will not be willing that it should appear that the entire glory belongs to The Serpent and his party."

At this point Deerfoot interrupted the Moravian to remind him that the arrangement of the two wings of the Winnebagoes was hazardous, but that long before reaching the lodgings.

"I think The Serpent did tell me that, but it had slipped from my memory. The peril from that cause, then, is not so great as I thought. Still there is peril," insisted the good man, "for when The Serpent was asked for his reason, he could not refuse to answer, and what should he say? He couldn't say anything that would satisfy them, for the request is so singular that the only sufficient explanation is the true one."

"That, however, is a difficulty which would have to be met under any circumstances," said Linden.

"Yes; the delay cannot affect that point one way or the other."

"I've been thinking," remarked Bowly, "that when The Serpent starts through the woods with George and the rest, that is if he ever does start, that twisted-nosed Ap-to-to won't be so apt to do half what is expected of him."

This was the only occasion ever known wherein the hunter tried that sort of witicism. Having committed it, he waited a minute to see how it was received, but not a single person, not even Terry Clark, gave it the least notice. So, without daring to call attention to it, the hunter continued: "They'll give The Serpent an escort to make sure that the folks don't get away 'rom him on the road."

"They will give him an escort, but not for that," said the Moravian; "but to see that The Serpent doesn't put them to death before reaching his own camp."

"And that'll make more trouble," was the disgusted remark of Hardin, who began to feel that, after all, the outlook was not so rosy as it had seemed a short time before.

(To be continued.)

ALL ON A NEEDLE.

LITTLE things are, in their way, as remarkable as great ones. For instance, there is the needle owned by Queen Victoria, which resembles the column of Trajan in miniature. This Roman shaft is adorned with many scenes in sculpture, which tell of the heroic deeds of the Emperor of Trajan. On the top of the shaft are pictured scenes from the life of Queen Victoria, but the pictures are so small that it is necessary to use a magnifying glass in order to see them.

The needle can also be opened. It contains a number of needles of smaller size, which also bear microscopic pictures.

LAWN TENNIS.

(See illustration, page 408.)

THOUGH lawn tennis is not, and never will be, the rational summer game, and though a tournament never draws thousands of spectators, as does a baseball match, yet there are few sports that are so enjoyable in themselves and in their surroundings, so healthful, and so wholly free from objectionable features as the game of the racket and racquet. Its devotees claim that its wonderful merits are proved by its marvellously rapid growth. It is a favorite all over the world wherever the English language is spoken, though in point of popularity it is only reaching, some thirteen or fourteen summers old.

Ball playing seems to be almost as old as mankind. At any rate, it dates back to the time when shipwrecked Ulysses saw Princess Nausicaa and her maidens tossing the flying sphere backward and forward. The variations that have been introduced are countless, and from a common original have sprung baseball, cricket, lacrosse, racquets, fives, lawn tennis, and "volley" by Major Wingfield, an Englishman, about 1872.

Its great popularity is in all probability due mainly to the fact that it is almost the only game in which both sexes can join on a footing of tolerable equality. Its chief rival in this particular was croquet, which is generally voted intolerably slow, and insupportably stupid. The struggle between the two games was of short duration, and ended in the complete triumph of the younger. On every lawn, wherever there is a very reasonable quantity, and the tennis court was marked out; and croquet is now almost as much a relic of the past as hoopskirt and the corset.

The peculiarity which fits tennis to be a ladies' game as well as a gentlemen's game is this: while it requires practice, dexterity, judgment, and endurance, it does not require any violent exertion of strength, and involves no risk of bodily injury. During ten or eleven seasons, the accidents the writer ever saw were two; on one occasion, a spectator, in picking up a ball with his racquet, stumbled and fell, and on the other one of his ribs against the handle. On the other occasion, after the hard-fought final round of a gentlemen's single tournament, the loser's fox-terrier, disgusted with the result, flew at the winner and bit him in the leg!

The present season promises to be a busy one in the world of tennis. The courts are all ready for play, the champions have got into practice, and the dealers are out with their usual spring catalogue of improved racquets, new balls, perfected mallets, and improved marking machines, and previously unheard-of coats and caps. Of course it is to these gentlemen's interests that the writer will purchase a new outfit at the beginning of each season, but in reality this is highly unnecessary.

A good racquet, carefully kept, will last through three or four seasons of pretty constant play. An inferior one, however cheap, is not worth having. But a standard article at a fair price, but do not throw away any extra dollars on one of the fancy articles with a high-sounding title, and strong like the muzzes of a snuff-box.

The tennis player strives to overpower his adversary principally by these three devices: firstly, by hitting hard; secondly, by hitting out of his opponent's reach; and thirdly, by putting a twist on the ball. The beginner, however, will be wise if he makes it his sole aim to put the ball over the net with certainty and regularity, and without attempting hard hits or fancy strokes. Placing the ball away from his feet, and reaching out should be the next point studied, and as he begins to gain skill in this he may, on the proper occasions, begin to strike with more force, and practice the various "cuts," "screws," and "twists."

A WISE WOMAN OF CHINA.

THE Chinese have acquired a reputation for doing things in quite an opposite fashion to the rest of the world, examples of which were given in the Angost a few weeks ago.

The London Academy, however, now comes forward with a story of a Chinese woman's astuteness in solving a difficult problem, which deserves to take rank with the famous judgment of Solomon: Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighborhood.

She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time she spoke to the women, and requested them to bring a fish in "be river," she said, "and let it be brought to me alive."

This was done. "Bring me now the infant," she said, "but leave the women in the outer chamber."

This was done, too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed and its clothes put on the fish.

"Carry the creature outside now, and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women." The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, no doubt, by the wrapping in which it was encased.

Without a moment's pause one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child. "Without doubt, she is the true mother," declared the mandarin's wife, and commanded that she should be rescued, and the child given to her. The mandarin aside, the other woman, who was the wisest woman in the Flowery Kingdom,

meanwhile the false mother crept away. She was found out in her imposture, for the mandarin's wife forgot all about her in the occupation of nursing the little baby in the best silk she could find in her wardrobe.

THE REVIVAL OF LIFE.

BY MATTIE BONKER.

I HOLD within my hand a chrysalis,
It is not fair or pleasing to the eye;
Oh, no, far from it, but I tell you this
It shall not wither and it shall not die.
When bitter storms have fled,
And winter winds have sped,
To the far north,
When spring in beauty kneels,
And earth her soft touch feels,
And Blossoms forth,
This chrysalis will open and behold!
A living butterfly shall be set free;
It may be gayest blue, or brown, or gold
We cannot tell, nor know the change will be,
And when human life
Is done with war and strife,
And silent lies,
Wrapt in the mysteries of death,
Then on some coming day,
When earth shall melt away,
In mute surprise,
Beneath the great Jehovah's breath,
Then each dumb, lifeless form that cainly lies
Within the grave, in nations far and near,
Shall burst death's fetters, and triumphant rise
Around the mercy seat their doom to hear.

ON THE LEDGE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

FROM the nature of my calling, that of assistant professor at Old Orange college, my summer vacations are very long ones.

Alone in the world as I am, without father, mother or any near relatives living, I am in the habit of passing the most lengthy holidays in roaming from place to place, staying as long a time in each one as my mood dictates.

In this way I have visited nearly all the more prominent summer resorts in the northern half of the country, but I am sure none of them will linger longer in my memory than Tenbrook Falls, where I met with the adventure I am about to relate.

It was the last place on my vacation list, as autumn had already set in and I was due back at my post in the college within the week. But so charmed was I with the spot that I wished to tarry some time there in June and remained straight through till October.

To be sure, the falls could in no sense compare with Niagara for grandeur, being but a succession of comparatively tiny cascades occurring at intervals in the course of a stream almost narrow enough to be leaped. But the setting of the scene!

Towering on either hand were lofty, rocky walls, while arching the space between them at the top, boughs of birch and maple, now radiant in their autumn garb, formed a canopy to the glen, the most picturesque description. Along one side of the cliff, a pathway had been hewn out of the rock, and as the canyon was diversified with many turns, a walk along this narrow footway was a continual revelation of new beauties. But to go on with my story.

The last day of my stay had arrived, and after the one check-out on my overcoat, for it was always cool in the glen, and started to take a final stroll from the foot of the stairway leading from the hotel, to the quarry at the other end, some two miles off, where the pathway came out at the top of the chasm.

The air was somewhat hazy, but the weather had of late been so beautiful that no thought of a storm entered my mind. Slowly, so as to enjoy every step of it, I made my way along the now familiar path, lingering awhile at the point where it wound around a sort of cove formed by a widening out of the gorge.

Arrived at the quarry, I sought out a little nook from whence a superb view down the ravine was to be had, and settling myself comfortably fell to reading of many things until at last I dropped asleep.

I was awakened by a fearful crash, and spring up with a start I perceived a terrible thunder-storm raging. At the same instant I saw the figure of a boy moving along the perilous path above me.

"How foolhardy!" I exclaimed to myself. "The rocks are slippery with the rain, and the slightest misstep would be fatal."

A second glance revealed the fact that the boy was a young fellow of fourteen, whose bright face and cherry manners had attracted my notice more than once in the dining-room and on the piazzas.

"I must try to catch him," I suddenly resolved. "Perhaps I can induce him to wait with me."

So turning up my coat collar, I dashed out into the storm and was soon picking my way over the rocks towards the gorge. But presently the boy passed around a bend and was out of sight.

Each moment the storm was increasing in fury, until it finally passed from a summer thunder-shower into a raging tempest. But I'll not pretend to have been terrified. I must see that that boy gets through safe.

However, I could move but slowly, with the wind whistling down the chasm like a collection of turps, and the rain falling into my face with almost blinding force.

a sudden I heard a sharp report on ahead of me, followed by a peculiar swishing sound.

Fearful of I knew not what, I quickened my steps as much as possible, and five minutes afterwards almost ran into the boy, who was coming back.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, looking up at me as he clutched my arm to steady himself, "we can't get by. Look there," and he pointed a few feet beyond the spot where we stood to a tree that had grown on the opposite edge of the gorge, but which the wind had just blown down. It now lay in such a way that its upper branches completely blocked our path.

"Come back with me," I shouted in reply. "Nothing less than a shout could be heard above that turmoil of falling waters, dashing rain and rush of wind. I know of a sheltered spot where we can wait and then get over to the hotel across the fields."

"That's good," cried the boy, adding, "only I don't mind getting wet, and if you'll show me the way, I'll just put for it and end mother's worrying."

I liked the young fellow for that, and told him that I'd get him back to the hotel within half an hour.

But the words fairly died on my lips. We had been slowly making our way towards the quarry in the teeth of the driving storm, and had the cove I have already mentioned to pass before reaching it. But as we came in sight of the latter, to my horror I discovered that the strip of beach was quite covered by the river, which the rain had already swollen

but a little while before was bare, hard rock.

Instinctively the next instant I transferred my glance to the distance between the ledge on which we stood, and the hissing, foam-wrapped waters that chafed against its sides.

There was barely three feet to spare, and the rain was still falling with unabated persistency.

And glancing on ahead to where the tree lay prone across the chasm, I saw that the path took a dip which brought it still closer to the rapidly rising stream.

Suddenly Bert clutched my arm and pointed up the apparently sheer height of rock to our right.

"Isn't that a ledge up there?" he cried in my ear. "And yonder is a sort of path leading up to it? Do you think we can make it?"

"We must make it," I replied between set teeth.

It was indeed an appalling undertaking, to follow a footway not so wide as the one on which we already stood, up a dizzy height amid raging storm and with the awful roar of the falls ringing in our ears. But I did not dare to look down, and on hands and knees began the ascent.

Nor perhaps on an afternoon one; for it was not possible that the stream would remain at its present height for several days to come.

And still the rain kept on falling as gently now, but yet with hopeless persistency. My clothes clung to me like wax, and I was compelled to hold my arms tightly open to keep my teeth from chattering.

As I gazed over into the impenetrable blackness of the opposite bank, I recalled, with a bitter smile, how often I had visited the neighborhood for its very isolation and wildness. I knew there was no human habitation nearer than the hotel, which was a mile and a half away.

But what was that. A shout, repeated again and again, of Bert, Albert and Albert.

Quickly I roused the boy at the same time shouting back with all my might: "Here he is! help! help!"

The rest is briefly told. With the aid of lanterns and the rope with which the searchers had provided themselves, we were both speedily restored to the upper world, and three-quarters of an hour later, clad in dry garments, were doing ample justice to a late supper. Mrs. Dudley, Albert's mother, insisted upon my remaining as a guest of her boy, although I explained as clearly as I could, that I had time for nothing but follow him up.

"Indeed," I added, "I think I am the indebted party for had I not been in company with somebody who had friends to be anxious about him, I might still be on the ledge."

Finally we decided to call it a night, and the unpromising matters by becoming as fast friends as though we were of equal age, and as such have continued ever since.

A RAILROAD HERO.

For some reason or other the railroad has never succeeded in attaching to itself that romance which justifies the poet in alluding sentimentally to ships in his verse. Nevertheless, the matter-of-fact iron horse has been the means of bringing to the front heroes of a stamp, that the average reader need not have blushed to own.

An example in point was recently furnished near Brookfield, Massachusetts, when a courageous man lost his life while striving to prevent a disastrous collision between a freight train and East Brookfield and Albany road. The fact that other hands were the ones to accomplish the task does not detract from the self-sacrifice with which James Deblois made the attempt.

On the afternoon of April 27, a freight train, climbing the long steep grade between South Street and East Brookfield, broke apart near the former station, and the rear cars started off at a speed that became terrific. There was no one on board the runaway cars to set the brakes.

The grade continuing upward more than five miles to Brookfield, and if the cars could not be stopped before reaching the station, they were sure to crash into an east-bound passenger train which was almost due.

James Deblois was the conductor of the broken train, and he immediately reversed and ran back at full speed in pursuit of the runaway cars. The chase was instantly begun, and the distance between the sections of the train rapidly lessened. The speed was so great, however, that conductor Deblois dared not run up close enough to couple on to the flying cars, for the shock would probably have detailed both sections of the train and resulted in a general wreck.

Brakemen partly controlled the speed of the pursuing cars when the runaway section was almost reached, and Deblois prepared to jump over the space between the two runaway cars and get them under control while the other section of the train was being slowed down in the same manner.

The two sections came within a few feet of each other in their mad race when Deblois decided to jump. He leaped with all his might across the chasm, but he fell short and dropped to the ground, now a level of ground to pieces by the pursuing cars. The chase of the flying cars was abandoned by the horror-stricken crew, and the speed of the locomotive was checked.

The runaway cars kept on with still increasing speed toward Brookfield. It was chance and prompt presence of mind that averted a great calamity. The wild cars had almost reached the East Brookfield station when a baggage-master standing on the platform, happened to catch sight of them.

He took in the situation in an instant, and thought of the approaching freight train, only two miles further on. He was within a few feet of a switch leading to an unoccupied siding. He ran to it, unlocked it, and threw the lever just as the cars came abreast of him.

The cars took the siding at first, but the speed was so great that they were obliged to the suddenly deflected rail, and they plunged in a heap down the bank and into the marsh meadows.

Ten cars loaded with potatoes, flour, bananas, and general merchandise were wrecked, involving a loss of about \$20,000. Conductor Deblois died in the wreck, where he leaves a widow and two children. He was 34 years old, and had had charge of this train for two years.



THE LEDGE NARROWED TO LESS THAN AN INCH.

to unusual size, and a seething, boiling mass of water, no one could tell how deep, was pouring madly over the path which formed our only means of retreat. And above it towered the clear, unjagged rock, full fifty feet or more!

My first instinctive thought was to prevent my companion from becoming aware of the trap in which we were caught.

"Hold on a minute, Bert," I called out, with a sudden recollection of the name I had heard his mother give him.

"I put out my hand to keep him back, but with boyish curiosity he pressed forward, and the next instant I felt his chin resting on my shoulder.

"Hold on, we are in a fix now, aren't we?" he exclaimed, after a minute's survey of the situation.

"But there's no danger," I made haste to reply. "Oh, for two hours, I guess," answered the boy, so all we have to do is to wait patiently till the storm is over.

"Look there, though," cried the boy. "None of that maple was in the water when we first got here and now it is clear under. The river must be rising."

It certainly was doing so.

"Why, how long has it been raining?" I asked, adding: "You see I have been asleep."

"Oh, for two hours, I guess," answered Bert. "I was exploring the stream clear up, and when it began to rain there wasn't any place to run to. I got wet through in two minutes, I thought I might as well keep right on."

ing the way, and the pelting rain beating down upon us with relentless fury.

Suddenly I came to a halt. Just in front of me the ledge narrowed to less than an inch in width. And the top of the cliff was still some twenty feet above our heads, with the intervening space as smooth as the surface of a lake.

"I almost wish we had stayed down there," muttered Bert, when he saw the state of the case. "Better, but I'm cold. Do you think it is ever going to stop raining? I thought thunder storms were always short."

I glanced anxiously around. There was nothing in the shape of a tiny cavern or an overhanging rock to afford us some slight shelter.

Slowly we made our way back beyond the point where we had ascended from the foot-path, but a few yards farther on the ledge ran abruptly into the solid cliff.

We were both now thoroughly exhausted, and at last sank down close to one another, with bowed heads beneath the storm.

Thus hour after hour passed, while the falls kept up their ceaseless roar, and darkness gradually closed down upon us. The boy, with his head against my shoulder, presently fell asleep, utterly overcome by fatigue. My

eyes in the cave now stood me in good stead, for I was able without difficulty to keep my own open and watch. For what?

In the ordinary course of things nothing could rescue us from our unpleasant situation, but the breaking away of the storm and the abatement of the river. But how long would it be before the plan could be put in effect?

Already I was beginning to feel the need of food. I judged it must be past seven o'clock, and then came the thought that I would not be able to leave on the early morning train.

The Young Acrobat
of the Great North American Circus

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

To New Readers.—We gave a synopsis of the preceding chapters of this story in our special free edition. Those who read it now continue understandingly the story as it appears here.—Ed.

CHAPTER XIV.

KIT GETS ACQUAINTED WITH SOME CIRCUS PEOPLE.

MR. BARLOW recognized Kit instantly. "So you have kept your promise, my young friend," he said. "Well, have you come to join us?" "Yes, sir, if your offer holds good." "My offers always hold good; I never go back on my word."

Kit was glad to hear this, for he would have been placed in an embarrassing position if, like some men, Mr. Barlow had forgotten an offer made on the impulse of the moment.

"Have you any directions to give, sir?" "You may report to my manager, Mr. Bryant. First, however, it may be well for you to see the Vincent brothers, and arrange for a joint act."

"When do you wish me to appear, sir?" "Whenever you are ready. You may take a week to rehearse, if necessary. Your pay will commence at once." "Thank you, Mr. Barlow; you are very kind and considerate."

Mr. Barlow smiled, and, waving his hand, passed on. He was very popular with all who were in his employ, and had a high reputation for kindness and strict integrity.

"I'd like to work for him," said William. Mr. Barlow had listened to the conversation between Kit and the circus proprietor.

"I should like to have you along with me," replied Kit, "but from what Mr. Henderson says there is no good opening."

It was not till eleven o'clock that Kit met his future partners, the Vincent brothers.

"Good!" said Alonzo, in a tone of satisfaction. "We must get up a joint act. I suppose you haven't got a suit of tights?"

"No, I never expected to need one."

"I have an extra one which I think will fit you. Though I am ten years older than you we are about the same size. Indeed, I shouldn't be surprised if you were an inch taller."

Kit had occasion to remark that circus performers are short as a rule. Many of them do not exceed five feet four inches in height, but generally they are compactly built, with well developed muscles, and possess unusual strength and agility.

The circus suit was brought out. It proved to be an excellent fit, and was very becoming to Kit, as the reader can judge for himself, if he will look back to the illustration of the opening chapters.

William Morris eyed Kit with admiration.

"You look like a regular circus chap, Kit!" he exclaimed. "I wish I was in your shoes."

"Wait till you see whether I am a success, William," replied Kit.

"Now, if you are ready, we will have a little practice," said Alonzo Vincent.

"May I look on?" asked William.

"Oh, yes; we don't admit spectators, but you are a friend of the boy."

They all entered the tent, and for an hour Kit was kept hard at work.

In the act devised by the Vincent brothers, he stood on the shoulders of the second, who in his turn stood upon the shoulders of the first. Various changes were gone through, in all of which Kit proved an adept, and won high compliments from his new associates.

"Can you tumble?" asked Antonio. Kit smiled.

"I was afraid I should when I first got on your shoulders," he answered.

"That was what I meant,—something like this," and he whirled across the arena, rolling over and over on hands and feet in the manner of a cart wheel.

"I'll try," said Kit.

He imitated Antonio, rather slowly and awkwardly at first, but rapidly showed improvement.

"In the course of three or four days you will be able to do it in public," said Alonzo. "When do you advise me to make my first appearance?" asked Kit.

"To-night, in our first act." "But shall I be ready?"

"You'll do. We may as well make a beginning."

"I wish I could see you, Kit," said William. "Can't you?"

"I was going to the afternoon performance. It would make me too late home if I stayed in the evening."

"Won't there be some people over from Oakford that you can ride back with?"

"I didn't think of that. Yes, John Woods told me that his father was coming, and would bring him along. I could ride home with them."

"Good! then you'd better stay." "Perhaps I'd better go over and buy a ticket."

But to William's satisfaction he was given free admission as a friend of Kit. Not only that, but he was invited to take dinner and

"I didn't know it, sir." "The greatest service that one person can do to another—you have saved my life." "Then a light dawned upon Kit's mind, and he remembered what Achilles Henderson had said to him in the morning."

"Is your name Dupont?" he asked. "Yes; I am Joe Dupont, the clown, whom you saved from a horrible death. I tell you, when Nero stood there in the ring with his paw on my breast I gave myself up for lost. I expected to be torn to pieces. It was an awful moment!" and the clown shuddered at the picture which his imagination conjured up.

"Yes, sir; I wouldn't see such another moment for all the money Barlow is worth. I wonder my hair didn't turn white."

"Excuse me, Mr. Dupont, but I find it hard to think you are Joe Dupont, the clown," said Kit.

"Why?" "Because you look so grave and sedate."

Joe Dupont smiled. "I only make a fool of myself in the ring," he said. "Outside you might take me for a

"True; but what sort of a life record is it? Suppose in after years, *Katy* is asked, 'Who was your father?' and is obliged to answer, 'Joe Dupont, the clown.' But I ought not to grumble. But for you I should have died a terrible death, and that would be fatherless, so I have much to be thankful for after all."

Kit listened to the clown not without surprise. He could hardly realize that this man was the comical man whose grotesque actions and sayings had convulsed the spectators only an hour before. When he came to think of it, he felt that he would rather be an acrobat than a clown.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BICKFORD DECIDES TO GO TO THE CIRCUS.

WHEN Aaron Bickford, balked of his prey, was compelled to get into his wagon, and start for home, he felt uncommonly cross. To begin with, he was half famished, hungriest harnessed up, and set out on what turned out to be a wild goose chase, without breaking his fast. Yet he could have borne this more equanimity if he had effected the purpose which he had in view—the capture of his expected apprentice.

But he had been signally defeated. Indeed he had been humiliated in presence of Kit and William Morris, by being unceremoniously picked up and tossed over the fence. As William was an Oakford boy, he foresaw that his discomfiture would soon be known to all his fellow townsmen, and that public ridicule would be his portion. There seemed no way to avoid this, unless by begging William to keep silent, and this he could not bring himself to do, even if the request was likely to be granted.

The blacksmith's poor horse was a sufferer from his master's ill temper. Though he was, as usual, he did not go fast enough for the impatient driver.

"Will you never get over the ground, you lazy beast?" shouted Bickford, as he lashed the poor animal.

His brutal conduct attracted the attention of a good Quaker, whom Bickford was trying to pass.

"My friend," he said, "thou art ill using thy horse. He is doing as well as he can."

"What business is it of yours?" roared Bickford.

"These art a cruel and hard-hearted man."

"If you say much, I'll lay the whip over your back," shouted Bickford.

"These would do a very unwise thing," said the Quaker, calmly.

"I thought it was against your principles to resist injury," sneered Bickford.

It is, but I might forget for five minutes that I was a Quaker, and, in the words of Scripture, smite the hip and thigh. Bickford surveyed the tall well-knit frame of the Quaker, who looked to be a powerful and muscular man, and concluded that it might be bad for him if he should forget his Quaker principles.

"So that's the kind of Quaker you are!" he said, scornfully.

"I have very much fear that these speaks the truth. I fear that the carnal man within me might for a time prevail over my good principles, and that I might step on thy neck tie, as the worldly express it."

Aaron Bickford, though brutal, was prudent, and he desisted from his cruel treatment while the Quaker was in sight.

At last he drove into his own yard, and proceeded to unharness the horse.

Then he went into the house. "Where's the boy?" asked his wife.

"I don't know where he is," answered Bickford, in a surly tone.

"Didn't you find him?" "Yes, I found him."

"Wouldn't he come back?" "He didn't."

"I'd have made him if I were you."

"Perhaps you would, and then perhaps you wouldn't. Perhaps you couldn't."

"You don't mean to say, Aaron Bickford, that you let a whipper-snapper like that defy you?"

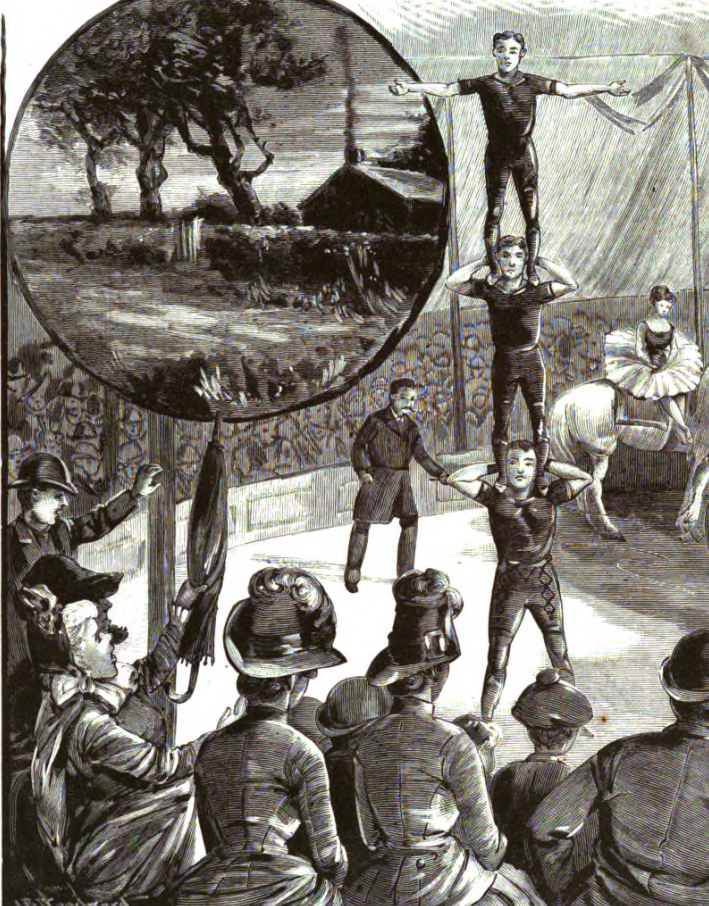
"What could I do against a man eight feet high?"

"Goodness, Mr. Bickford, have you been drinking?" ejaculated his wife.

"No, I haven't been drinking."

"Do you mean to tell me that boy is eight feet high?"

"No, I don't mean to tell you the boy is eight feet high. But I won't answer any more foolish questions unless you give me something to eat. I've been up an hour and a half, and I'm fairly faint with hunger."



MRS. BICKFORD, RECOGNIZING KIT, EXCLAIMED: "LOOK, AARON, THERE'S YOUR BOY, ALL RIGGED OUT IN CIRCUS CLOTHES!"

merchant or a minister. Indeed, I am a minister's son."

"You, a minister's son!" ejaculated Kit, in natural amazement.

"Yes; you wouldn't think it, would you? I was rather a wild lad, as minister's sons often are. My poor father tried hard to give me an education, but my mind wasn't on books or school exercises, and at sixteen I cut and run."

"Did you join a circus then?" "Not at once. I tried hard to earn my living in different ways. Finally I struck a circus, and got an engagement as a razorback. When I got older I began to notice and imitate the clown, and finally I made up my mind to become one myself."

"Do you like the business?" "I have to like it. No; I am disgusted with myself often and often. You can judge from one thing. I have a little daughter, *Katy*, now eight years of age. She has never seen me in the ring and never will. I could never hold up my head in her presence if she had once seen me playing the fool before an audience."

All this surprised Kit. He had been disposed to think that what clowns were before the public they were in private life also. Now he saw his mistake.

"You contribute to the public amusement, Mr. Dupont," said Kit.

"And yet you have done me a very great service,"

supper at the circus table. In fact, he was treated with distinguished consideration.

"Kit," he said, "I was in luck to meet you."

"And it was lucky for me to meet you shouldn't like to have met Aaron Bickford single handed."

"I wish old Bickford would come to the circus to-night. Wouldn't he be surprised to see you performing in tights?"

"I think it would rather take him by surprise," said Kit, smiling.

Kit and William occupied seats at the afternoon performance as spectators, it having been arranged that Kit's *debut* should be made in the evening. Our hero regarded the different acts with unusual interest, and his heart beat a little quicker when he heard the applause elicited by the performances of the Vincent brothers, for he had already begun to consider himself one of them.

When the performance was over, and the audience was dispersing, Kit felt a hand laid upon his shoulder.

He turned, and his glance rested upon a man of about forty, with a grave, serious expression. He was puzzled, for it was not a face that he remembered to have ever seen before.

"You don't know me?" said the stranger.

"No, sir."

"And yet you have done me a very great service,"

aged with water to prevent their being killed.

Gradually, however, the Petrel drew further and further beyond the influence of this danger...

Captain Staunton was at first somewhat anxious about risking the passage out to sea...

Suddenly there was a shout from the lookout forward.

The hoarse angry roar of the breakers over-ruled his warning.

The crew of the schooner had time to note, as the schooner a minute later glided past it.

But where her crew? They had disappeared, leaving not a sign behind them!

The hoarse angry roar of the breakers over-ruled his warning.

Lance accordingly descended, to find the latter sale as they were flying over the horizon.

The most severely hurt were speedily attended to their injuries carefully dressed.

By the time that Lance had fully completed his anxious task...

He found the schooner slipping along at a fine pace under every stitch of canvas she could spread.

As they were passing, the light grew stronger, but could be seen a dark patch of smoke low down upon the ocean.

My story is now ended; very little need be told, and that little must be told as tersely as possible.

The Petrel made a rapid and prosperous passage home, and in due time arrived at Charleston.

Here the craft was safely docked, and the passengers landed.

I must leave it to the lively imaginations of my readers to picture for themselves the rapacious welcome home experienced by the other passengers.

It has been whispered—in the strictest confidence, of course—that in some form of fitting out an expedition to the South Pacific.

whether there is any possibility of working the enormously rich gold-mine, the strange discovery of which is related in these pages.

A BOY AND GIRL POWER MACHINE. We fancy that pleasure and profit were never combined more neatly than in the case of Mr. August Birch.

It seems that Mr. Birch is the owner of a tract of land that could not be used for the want of water.

He had saved on the cost of a well, and found that he could stand one sixty feet in depth.

"Here, you little rascals," said the elder Birch to his children.

In five minutes they were flying back and forth through the air.

The children don't know that they are working, as the swing is some distance from the well, being

connected by an iron rod, which works the pump as the swing vibrates back and forth.

Mr. Birch is positive that the youngsters will pump enough water during the day to irrigate a large tract.

AN EARLY BENT.

It is not often that a boy's predilection for a certain profession or line of business is first fixed at the early age of half a year.

A Wonderful Machine and Offer. To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines.

Coughing, with interludes of sneezing and sneezing, are heard in all public places.

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes.

Snug Little Fortunes may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising.

MAGIC FRECKLE CURE. Promptly eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sun-Burns, Moth Patches, and all colorations.

REMEDIUM CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

MORPHINE HABIT CURED AT HOME. No Pain, No Vomiting, No Discomfort.

DOCKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. Will teach you the double entry system thoroughly for \$1.00.

A TUB OF GOLD can be made in three months by any one sending us the names of 15 persons.

EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee willing to work, until one who is able to do so.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY. We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee willing to work, until one who is able to do so.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY. We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee willing to work, until one who is able to do so.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY. We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee willing to work, until one who is able to do so.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY. We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee willing to work, until one who is able to do so.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY. We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee willing to work, until one who is able to do so.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY. We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

FREE. Sample package of perfume for 10c to cover postage, etc.

40 PHOTOS of Female Beauties, Reel 120 for 25c. FREE in reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE—III Catalogue of 150 BEST-SELLING NEWLITERATURE NOVELTY CO.

18 New Hidden Name Border Cards and Ring, 10c to 19c. FREE in reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

250 Scrap Pictures and VERSES with new samples for 1887, 5c. FREE in reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE A \$250 Gold Ring to all who will act as Agents for our GOLD MINING AGENTS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, REWARD AND VISITING, Lovely Samples, Binns new Catalogue, & Acgt. forms for Fr. stamp.

LADIES! Send 10c for sample of my Embroidered Satin for Patch and Fancy Work.

ALL FREE! 5 & 10c Scrap Pictures, 49 Color Illustrations & Compendium.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, and the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. McNEIL.

FREE (Agent's New Sample Case and Samples of Latest Fringe, Hobbies, Name, Gold Bevel and Imposed Cards).

FREE ShotGuns. Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SHORT-HAIR. A Type Written College pamphlet. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Ladies! Attention!! TEA SETS, etc., given away to ladies who act as agents for us.

Print Your Own Cards. PRESS \$3. Larger presses for circulars, etc., \$8 to \$100.

Cold Air Inhaling Dalm. For Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Cold in the Head, and other ailments.

THE ELECTRIC BUTTON. It is made to pin on your breast when it looks very tempting, and attracts the curiosity.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND FLESH WORMS. "MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KOSMOS, harmless, pleasant and absolutely SURE.

WILL BE PAID. The person who sends in the first edition of THE LITTLE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

CARDS Free. Nest sets you ever saw. Book Free to all.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER. Sent on Trial, Postpaid. 50c.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH OF ALL DRUGGISTS. The finest Tooth Brush ever made.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER. Sent on Trial, Postpaid. 50c.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH OF ALL DRUGGISTS. The finest Tooth Brush ever made.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER. Sent on Trial, Postpaid. 50c.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH OF ALL DRUGGISTS. The finest Tooth Brush ever made.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CURLER. Sent on Trial, Postpaid. 50c.

Dr. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC TOOTH BRUSH OF ALL DRUGGISTS. The finest Tooth Brush ever made.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester GUARDIAN, June 8th, 1883, says: At one of the "Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms!

It included one who had been a "Cotton spinner," but was now so Paralyzed! ! !

That he could only lie in a reclining position. This refers to my case.

I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxy" (A paralytic disease of nerve fibres rarely ever cured) and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although Many things have been done for me.

Two years ago I was voted into the Home for Incubables! Near Manchester, in May 1882.

I am no "advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent" Medicines? And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters.

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d.

So started across the floor and back. I hardly knew how to contain myself.

I am now at my own home, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again.

Royal Exchange. For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going in the room on Thursday last.

One Experience of Many. Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my life!

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most Excruciating pains.

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained! I had to go through, until "At last!"

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen it since!

Hour, from the same cause, since. I have recommended it to hundreds of others.

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen it since!

Hour, from the same cause, since. I have recommended it to hundreds of others.

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen it since!

Hour, from the same cause, since. I have recommended it to hundreds of others.

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen it since!

Hour, from the same cause, since. I have recommended it to hundreds of others.

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen it since!



OUR GAME OF LACROSSE—A HOT CORNER.

AN INDICATOR THAT DID NOT INDICATE

EARTHQUAKES are far more common than is generally supposed, slight tremors of the ground taking place occasionally throughout almost all the world, even in districts where serious damage from this mysterious agency has never been recorded.

In New York we are from time to time reminded, by a trifling oscillation of the solid earth, of the awful disasters that might ensue from a genuine earthquake in this city of lofty buildings. The British islands, too, have their so-called "earthquake backbone," or line of eruptive rocks, which runs from the south coast of England to the Scotch Highlands.

At the kirk, or church, tower, of a little place called Comrie, which is situated in Scotland, and directly upon this earthquake backbone, many years ago there was erected a seismograph. It was an indicator of rudd but effective nature. It was a bank of timber hanging freely close over a sanded floor, and supposed to be suspended in such a way that the slightest oscillation of the wood would be recorded on the sand beneath. Indeed, it was an attempt to wai lay all vagabond earthquakes, and insist upon them placing their outcrop on the kirk tower visitor's sand-album.

Some twenty years ago or more the British Association visited this spot, and were received by the curator of the seismograph, who showed them the instrument hanging, or supposed to be hanging, above a perfectly smooth sanded surface, and pointing to this silent evidence of tranquillity, dilated largely on the respectability of his neighborhood and its unaccountable freedom from disturbance.

The men of science microscopically examined the sand; the curator's words were verified, his surface was unruined.

But then it struck one of their number to touch the beam; it moved not. Others tried it, but it was equally unresponsive—indeed, the united force of Britain's learned men failed to cause the slightest vibration in that most sedate instrument. It was fixed hard and fast; it refused to lend itself to chronicling any unseasoned commotion.

This discovery led to an order for its immediate readjustment, and before the association had time to get to their own homes, the curator of the Comrie seismograph was able to telegraph to them that earthquakes were once more regular visitors at the kirk tower.

A BIGGER ELEPHANT.

It seems that the lamented Jumbo was not the biggest elephant in the world after all. There is an ivory tusk in show window on Broadway, this city, that is eight feet long, nine inches in diameter, and weighs in the neighborhood of 150 pounds. Now Jumbo's tusks had a diameter of but four inches, so presuming that the other dimensions of his unknown rival were in proportion, the latter must have been all of twenty feet high.

However, it should be added on Jumbo's behalf that he was cut off before he had stopped growing, which process in an elephant usually ceases about his twenty-eighth year, the average length of his life being about 150 years.

THE BIG BRIDGE JUMPER.

The last man to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge was sentenced to three months' imprisonment on Blackwell's Island, and it is to be hoped that this example of the prompt meting out of punishment for the offence will result in putting a stop to the folly.

In speaking of the three or four jumpers who have attempted the feat, one of the daily papers notes the curious fact that the only trained athlete among them, O'Leary, was the only one who lost his life in making the leap.

This may go to show that the benefits of a gymnasium education should be devoted to legitimate purposes only.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Reich's Illustrated Book on Curve Pitching



Considered by all competent judges the best work of the kind published. All the curves are plainly illustrated. No base-ball player should be without a copy. It is a beautiful picture, and will do your mother's Much valuable information for the mother given. Give date of birth.

1887-BABIES-1887

To the mother of any baby born this year we will send on application a Cabinet Photo, of a "Sweetest, fattest, healthiest baby in the country." It is a beautiful picture, and will do your mother's head good. It shows the good effects of using **Lactated Food** as a substitute for mother's milk. Give date of birth.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE

Plymouth Rock \$3 PANTS

(VESTS TO MATCH, CUT TO ORDER, \$2.25.)



How foolish it is for any man that wears pants, and likes to save money, not to give us a trial order and settle the question now and forever, when or where you can procure from us pants cut to his own order that will suit him. We most **enormous** beg of you in all good faith both for the sake of your pocket and for ours, to grant us this one trial. We will refund your money promptly if you do not choose when you receive the goods, if you have no other way of ascertaining our standing and the integrity of our promises, write a postal to the American Express Co. (capital \$20,000,000) at Boston and you will receive a prompt reply, if you do not care to do so, send us what colors you like, and send us your waist, hip and inside leg measures, together with \$3, and 35 cts. for postage (or prepaid express) and packing, and we will enter the order measure by prevailing fashions, and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

DO YOU WEAR PANTS

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,
115 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

GOOD BLOOD

Makes the complexion fair and the eyes bright, and gives the freshness of MAY to the countenance of December. Better, therefore, than paint and powder, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

the best and most reliable Blood-purifier ever discovered.

Mrs. S. H. PRAY, E. Boston, Mass., certifies: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a Spring Medicine and purifier of the blood, with great benefit, and would not willingly be without it."

LIZZIE CONNERS, 150 First St., Centralville, Lovell, Mass., writes: "This certifies that my health broke down, and my skin became rough and discolored. The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla caused my skin to resume its natural complexion, and restored me to perfect health."

"I was troubled for a long time, with a humor, which appeared on my face in ugly pimples and blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me."—CHARLES H. SMITH, North Craftsbury, Vt.

"As a Blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is, beyond comparison, superior to all other medicines."—Rev. A. H. HAGER, Lawrence, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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

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

IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

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

\$3 Printing Press
For cards, Ac., 8c. Size for Circulars. New Job Press 9x12 only cards, 10 facings for catalogues, type, Ac., and sample cards, in facings only \$100
KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

FICK'S PATENT IMPROVED COMBINED EAR DRUM PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invaluable, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 583 Broadway, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OSY HOMES!

How to Build Them. Contains 96 pages, showing complete designs of 10 low-cost houses, with valuable information for those who wish to build economically. The book will be mailed, post-paid on receipt of Price, 55 Cents. Postal note or Land 2c stamps. F. L. SMITH, Architect, 235 Washington St., BOSTON. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Gluten Flour and Special Diabetic Food, are invaluable as waste-repairing Flours, for Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Debility, and Children's Food. No Brand mainly free from Starch. Six lbs. free to physicians and clergymen who will pay no extra charges. For all family use nothing equals our "Health Flour." Try it. Sample free. Send for circulars to FARBWELL & RHINEB, Watertown, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A HANDSOME WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR

Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking, Bedchamber or Invalid Chair, LOUNGE, BED or COUCH.
Price, \$7.00
Send stamp for Catalogue. SHIPPED to all parts of the world.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES

All furnished with the Automatic Coach Brake, and Reclined as our Wholesale Prices. Send stamp for Catalogue and mention CARRIAGES. **THE LUBURG MAN'G CO.,** 145 N. 8th St., PHILA., PA. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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



Paris Exposition, 1878. Highest Award New Orleans Exhibition. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

THE NEW MODEL LATEST AND BEST MOWER.



For Simplicity, durability, and quality of work it is unequalled, while for lightness of draft it excels, by a large percentage, any other Lawn Mower made. CHADBORN & COLDWELL MANU'G CO. NEWBURGH, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



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

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME DENIA.
Lundborg's Rhishus Cologne.

If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES AND RHISHUS COLOGNE in your vicinity, send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers. YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.