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GOLDEN ARGOOSY

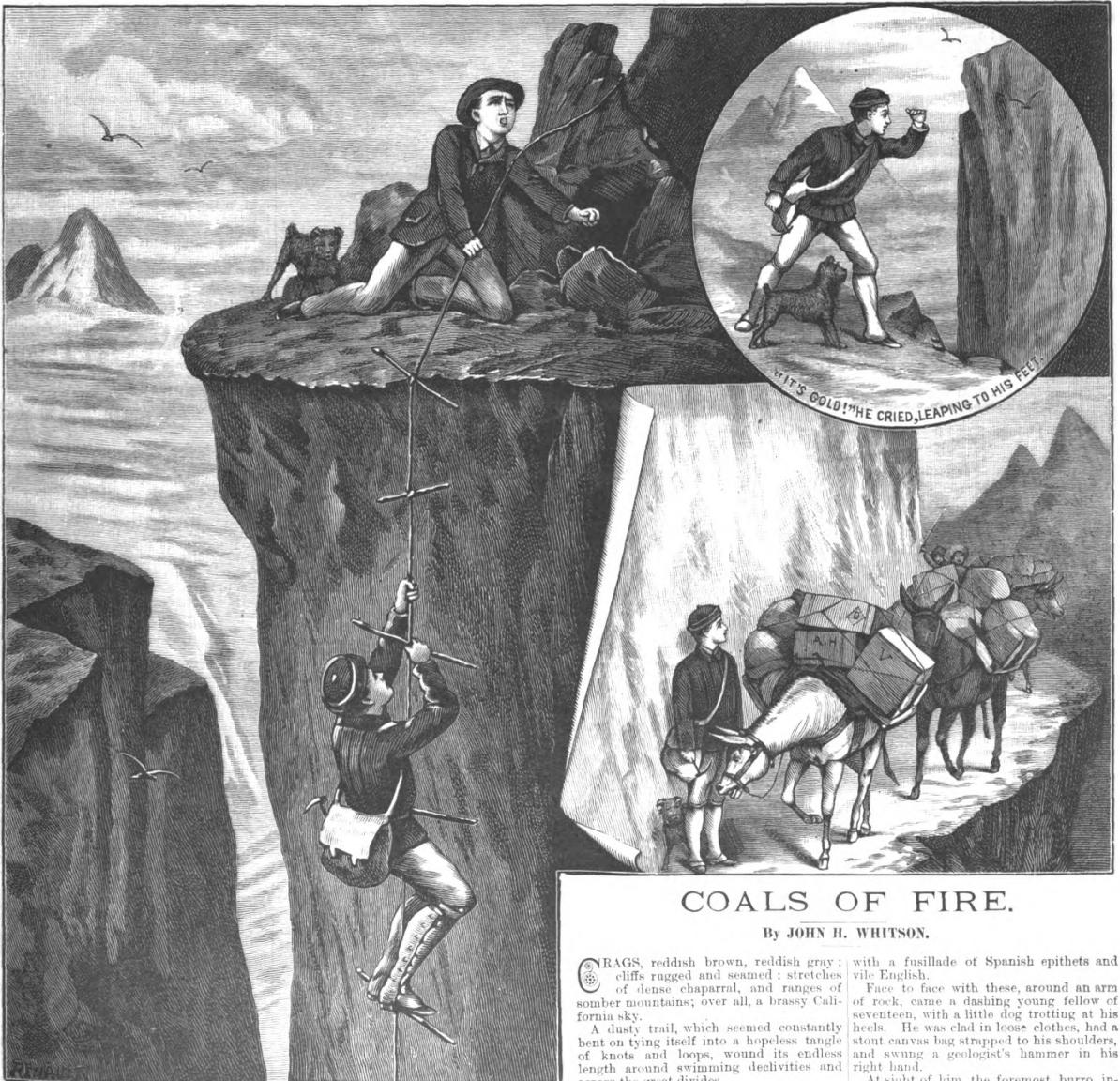
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WITH SUBLIME SELF-FORGETFULNESS, BILLY THRUST HIS ARM BETWEEN THE SHARP POINT OF ROCK AND THE FRAIL ROPE BY WHICH EDGAR WAS CLIMBING FROM THE DEPTHS BELOW.

COALS OF FIRE.

By JOHN H. WHITSON.

FRAGS, reddish brown, reddish gray: cliffs rugged and seamed; stretches of dense chaparral, and ranges of somber mountains; over all, a brassy California sky.

A dusty trail, which seemed constantly bent on tying itself into a hopeless tangle of knots and loops, wound its endless length around swimming declivities and across the great divides.

Down this trail, enveloped in the dust-cloud which their feet had raised, a long file of heavily-laden burros picked their slow way, urged on by Mexican drivers,

with a fusillade of Spanish epithets and vile English.

Face to face with these, around an arm of rock, came a dashing young fellow of seventeen, with a little dog trotting at his heels. He was clad in loose clothes, had a stout canvas bag strapped to his shoulders, and swung a geologist's hammer in his right hand.

At sight of him the foremost burro indulged in a fendish "he-haw" that awoke far-off echoes and brought down on his homely head the maledictions of the drivers. The youth laughed lightly and crowded

himself against the wall. The little dog crept tremblingly to his feet, and in that position they remained until the last burr disappeared around a bend in the trail.

"Come, Snapper," he said, to the crouching dog; then, with an amused smile, moved on up the mountain side.

There wasn't a jollier student in California than Edgar Thornton. Almost everybody in the little college town at the foot of the range said so, and such unanimity of opinion surely ought to reflect the truth.

"Yes, Thornton's popular, I admit," Theophilus Granger assented, when the subject came up for discussion one day in the college grounds. "But then he's rich; and riches always bring popularity on the Pacific Coast. Now there's Billy Branson, whom he fags and abuses constantly. Billy's poor. His father's nothing but a mechanic at Yreka. For that reason Thornton runs over him and makes him his slave, and you fellows— Pah! What if their positions were reversed?"

But then Theophilus himself was only the son of a wharfman, and of course could not be expected to appreciate the peculiar humor indulged in by the hopeful seniors of men who had made their money in the "flush" times, and were now, if not actual residents of "Nob" Hill, on terms of intimacy with the money.

Thornton's father was one of the original gold kings,—a Forty-niner, as he loved to express it. It was a matter of no small pride to him that he had come to California penniless, and was now worth his millions. Many self-made men try to conceal their humble origin, but the old Thornton was not one of them. He had made his money himself, and he estimated his commanding abilities accordingly.

Edgar was early imbued with the wonderful fact that he was a rich man's son, and must so deport himself. If, in the rainy season, he peddled in Thornton with Jones's children—Jones was only a clerk—he was given to understand he had committed a heinous offense. If he ran foot races or played ball with the youthful McSwaggers, whose father was a struggling grocerman, he was sent to bed without his supper, and his play hours cut down for an entire week.

Thus hedged in from the contamination of the common people, he grew up firm in the belief that the world contained no king like a gold king, and that the ordinary herd were only fit to be servants and chore boys. He was generous enough to all who succeeded in breaking through the armor of false pride with which he encased himself. But for the blighting power of these wrong ideas he doubtless would have been kind and considerate to all. No one could pull a better stroke or ride a wilder horse, leap farther or swim more easily. He was free with his money, as the son of a millionaire can afford to be, and, as we shall see later on, possessed a full share of nerve and daring.

Geology was just now a hobby at Montrose College, and young Thornton threw himself into its study with his usual whimsical zeal. He would probably drop it at the end of a month for something newer.

Not content with taking his facts at second-hand from lectures and books, he began a course of original investigations, which frequently led him into the wildest portions of the adjacent mountains. Evil minded persons hinted that a roving disposition and a love of adventure had quite as much to do with these wild rambles as anything else.

Now that the braying burros were out of sight, Snapper became as bold as a lion, and trotted courageously up the trail in advance of his young master.

Edgar occasionally scanned the rocks as he walked on, and sometimes chipped off a small piece and deposited it in the canvas bag. Often his attention was attracted by a distant flight of birds, or the gleam of a sun-kissed valley. Then he would seat himself at the side of the trail and gaze until wearied.

The day was lovely, and on that far mountain height he felt at peace with all the world—and especially in the presence of his dog. If any thought of Billy Branson came to him, he quickly thrust it back into the region of forgetfulness, and continued to admire the beauties of nature and of Edgar Thornton.

Sitting thus, his quick eye caught a peculiar glimmer among the jagged rocks below him and below him. The trail at that point led along the edge of a precipice. It made an abrupt curve a few feet beyond where he was sitting, so that the perpendicular face of the cliff was just opposite.

He was gazing at this and admiring the

blending colors of the rock, when he noticed the peculiar glitter I have mentioned.

"It's gold!" he cried, leaping to his feet in great excitement.

Edgar had been burned for years in the blood of the father took possession of the son. His geological dawdling was forgotten in an instant. He was no longer a strolling, self-satisfied student, but a man of burning pulse and tense energy.

With hurried step and bright eye he hastened around the bend, and was soon above the spot of light which had so wrought on his imagination. His brain almost reeled as he looked over. Fifty feet down, a table-like rock stood out from the face of the cliff; below it was a sheer descent of a thousand feet into a wild canyon.

He started back with considerable trepidation. This feeling passed away shortly, and he drew a carefully wrapped package from the canvas bag. The covering was stripped off, revealing a light rope ladder of the finest texture and workmanship, capable of sustaining an enormous weight.

He looked at it earnestly, evidently debating the question whether he should trust his weight to it or not.

"I don't believe there will be any danger," he mused, as he turned the ladder over and over in his hands. "The steel sustain a dead weight of five hundred pounds. I'll not get dizzy, if I don't look down, and it's only fifty feet to the rock."

He took a stout strap from the bag, and with many loops and turns fastened the loop end of the rope ladder to the strap closely about a small point of rock, that projected from the side of the trail. Then he uncloaked the ladder, tossed the end over the cliff, and to prevent fraying, bound several folds of cloth round the rope at the points where they touched the sharp edges of the granite.

Having done all this to his satisfaction, he tightened the fastenings of the canvas bag, grasped the ladder firmly, and swung himself cautiously over the edge.

The frail support quivered and swayed in a frightful manner, but he shut his teeth hard, and, without once looking down, descended with all the care and caution of a veteran cliff-climber.

It seemed a long time before his feet were stayed on the firm surface of the projecting table. Its unyielding solidity quieted the involuntary trembling that had affected his nerves; and, still clinging to the ladder, he scrambled close up to the wall and ventured to look about.

Snapper was whimpering on the edge of the narrow trail. Far away some great bird wheeled and dipped in never-ending circles. A pebble, loosened by his hammer, rattled against the worn edges of rock, then dropped noiselessly into space. He listened to hear it strike, but no sound came up from the cavernous depths.

Standing thus he for a moment forgot the perilous place he had drawn him into that perilous place. Now, however, he turned and turned toward the spot from which had come that glistening point of light.

He started back with a disappointed cry. A small piece of mica, catching the rays of the sun, had given out that deceptive gleam. He glared at the rock with angry eyes, and, picking up the mica, ground it savagely under his heel.

The exasperating "he-haw" of a senseless burro broke in on his anger from the trail above. A pack-train was crawling slowly around the edge of the precipice. It was certainly the sight of about the most stability, but he could not resist the temptation of the burro was laughing at his discomfiture, and he shook his fist at the creature in a rage.

Snapper dashed between the legs of the burro and scampered down the trail, his fright greatly increased by the yells of the drivers. Their attention drawn to the dog, they failed to notice the ladder, and the train moved on and soon disappeared around a bend. Edgar thrust the hammer back into the bag in a thoroughly disgusted mood, and drew the ladder to him, with the intention of ascending.

To his horror and consternation it slipped from his fastenings above, and, a moment later, fell about him in snaky folds. The buckle was broken! The hoof of the burro had crushed it into a shapeless mass, and the strap, released, had dropped away from the projection to which it had been attached.

For an instant his heart stood still at the calamity; then the blood leaped through his veins with feverish bounds, and he trembled like a leaf. He sank upon the rock, a white, scared look in his face, and

began to shout wildly and incoherently after the receding train.

It had passed out of hearing, and no sound came to him but the hollow echoes of his own voice. A sickening fear swept over him as he realized his abandoned situation, and he crouched in abject terror against the stony cliff.

How long he remained in that position he scarcely knew. With a great effort he finally aroused himself. The peaks were aflame with the glory of the setting sun. Long shadows cast athwart the divides, and, descending into the gloomy gorges, massed themselves for a final onset.

He coiled the ladder in his trembling hands and hurled it at the points of the rocks overhead. Again and again he sent it hissing through the air, only to have it fall back with a hopeless swoosh.

Then the shadows crawled up to the rocky table, and the light slowly faded from the sky. For a little while longer the peaks glowed with a rosy red; but the shadows conquered, and Darkness flung the black banner over the mountains.

The long-drawn agony of that night no pen can portray. Hopes and fears alternated in bewildering confusion. Would the boys of the college search for him when his absence was noticed? Could he attract the attention of the drivers of the next pack-train? Alas! it might not be long for a week. Those trains were noted for nothing so much as the irregularity of their coming and going.

Along with himself and with his Maker, facing death as he feared, Edgar Thornton reaped into the hollowness and baseness of his pride, the emptiness of riches, and his own littleness and weakness.

Then he prayed as he had not done for long years. Prayed, as when a little child he knelt at his mother's knee; and with that prayer came a calmer feeling, and he dropped into a troubled sleep.

The sun was shining when he awoke, and a familiar voice was calling his name. It echoed loudly among the crags, and sent the blood in warm waves to his heart.

It was the well-known voice of Billy Branson—Billy Branson, whom he had never failed to bully and maltreat.

Edgar leaped to his feet and shouted a hysterical reply, at the same time waving his hat.

A moment later Billy appeared on the trail above.

"Why, how in the world did you ever get down there? I've been hunting for you for over an hour. When Snapper came in last night without you I felt sure something had happened, and set out this morning as soon as I could see, to look you up."

Billy rattled away volubly, and only stopped when out of breath.

"I climbed down here, yesterday evening, on my rope ladder. The buckle was broken and I couldn't get back. I will tell you all as soon as I get out of this," explained Edgar, in a tremulous voice.

"How can I help you?" queried Billy, who was one of the kindest and most generous souls. "Can you toss the end of the ladder up here?"

"I have tried it time and time again," responded Edgar. "I can't do it."

Billy scratched his head and for a moment was lost in thought.

"I tell you what!" he said. "You cut your ladder to pieces, and tie the ends together. That will double its length. Then tie a stone to one end, and I think you can throw it up."

Edgar failed to see how that would help him. He was not an expert climber on a single rope; but he obeyed unquestioningly, and Billy soon had one end in his possession.

While Edgar was cutting and splicing the rope Billy had collected a number of stout logs. These he now broke into suitable lengths, and fastened them along the rope at a distance of two feet apart.

When he had arranged these to his satisfaction he lowered the contrivance over the edge of the precipice, tying the end he retained to a point of the cliff.

"I believe you can climb up that, if you are careful. I will steady it as much as I can."

Edgar heard and understood, and at once began climbing up the frail affair. He was a third of the way up, when the sharp point of rock to which the rope was affixed cut through a strand, and it gave with a vicious snap.

Billy saw the danger, and with a desperate effort pulled in on the rope with all his might. But his strength was not equal to the task, and seeing he could not hold it

away from the sharp edge, with sublime self-forgetfulness thrust his arm and shoulder between the weakened rope and the biting rock.

"What's the matter?" asked Edgar, in evident alarm.

"All right! Come on!" Billy called out in reply, and Edgar began once more to climb upward.

The cruel granite cut through his clothing, and tore the quivering flesh. Every step produced the most excruciating agony, but Billy bore it without a murmur.

When at last Edgar dragged himself exhausted upon the rocky trail, he gave a great start and cry of alarm. Billy had faint, poor, frail, human nature could not stand such torture.

Edgar understood it all at a glance. Had it not been for Billy's heroism he would have been lying at the bottom of the canyon a mangled corpse.

He lifted the unconscious boy to his feet, stripped the clothing from his arm and shoulder, and soon staunchly the flow of blood and bound up the ugly wound.

In a short time Billy revived and sat up. He smiled bravely, although his lip quivered with pain.

"It'll be all right directly," he said. "I know you would have done as much for me, Edgar."

A thrill of shame shot through Edgar's entire being.

"Billy," and there was a strange tone of earnestness in Edgar's voice as he spoke, "I only wish I was as manly and good and true as you are. You have taught me a lesson of usefulness and forbearance I shall never forget. I have learned a great deal in the past few hours, and if I live I intend, with God's help, to make a man of myself."

Billy gave him his right hand in encouragement, and I am pleased to record that the vow thus strangely made was fulfilled.

[This story commenced in No. 226.]

The Last War Trail.

By EDWARD S. MOLLINS.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EAVES-DROPPER.

DISCUSSING the critical situation in low voices, the little party of whites saw that despite the astonishing success of the Serpent, there was after all very little ground for hope. If the warrior should be allowed to take charge of the captives in order to lead them through the wood to his own camp, he would be accompanied by an escort of Winnebagos, that, as it seemed to Hardin, would neutralize every advantage gained by The Serpent. The hunter added, "That's enough to shut us out."

"Yes, I don't see as we can do anything," added Bowly, quick to catch the gloom that was settling over the rest.

Deerfoot, who was reclining on one elbow, straightened up as if a knife had pricked his body and demanded in a sharp voice: "Where then will Deerfoot and his brothers be?"

"The question was the sharpest sort of reproach, signifying that the matter of an escort was of little account. It could not Deerfoot and the whites dispose of two or three, or even more warriors sent by Ap-to-to to help The Serpent conduct the party a short distance through the woods?"

Bowly shifted his position so as to bring him a little closer to the Shawano, and extending his hand, said:

"Shake!"

Deerfoot warmly returned the pressure of his impulsive friend.

Hank Grubbens, who had not opened his mouth since the council began, thought it time that he gave the others the advantage of some of his choice wisdom.

"I was just on the pint of sayin' that I hoped they would send an escort along so as to let us have a little fun."

"What fun would it be to you?" was the indignant demand of Hardin; "you would be the first to run."

"Of course it would—after the varmints as I always have done," responded Hank with a laugh for which no one else saw the occasion.

"In the Beaver Moon (November), when the geese fly towards the south, we hear them honking high in air," said Deerfoot;

"their voices sound like that which is still in our ears."

This sally was so appropriate that every one, including Fred Linden and excepting Hank Grubbs, laughed more heartily than they had done since morning.

Grubbs's voice had a disagreeable twang, which closely resembled the cries of the goose. The man was one of those cowards whom Deerfoot despised, but whom he would have led alone, had he not tried to figure as a hero. It may be doubted whether any character was more displeasing to the Shawnee than the one who has named. Only a strong disgust could have led him to utter the direct proof which he did.

Grubbs was angered. Had there been enough light to reveal his face, it would have been seen to flush almost to the color of his hair. Had he dared, he would have attacked Deerfoot for the insult. He thought it safe, however, to use his tongue.

"It's all easy enough for a redskin like you to talk when you're among friends, but if ever I catch you alone, I'll make you pay for this," was the audacious remark of Grubbs, a remark which caused the others to smile again.

"If you're anxious for a tussle with Deerfoot, we'll all step aside and let you have it out," suggested Bowly.

"This ain't the time or place," said the boaster, "cause we've got more important matters on hand, but I'll remember it! I won't take any apology either from the camp."

Deerfoot of course heard all this, but he did not make any answer. He was reclining idly on the ground, as though his thoughts were elsewhere.

The Moravian did not like the unseemly wrangling, but there was enough human nature in his composition to enjoy the discomfiture of the boaster, and so he forced himself to remain quiet for a minute or two longer.

Observing that the Shawnee did not make any reply to his taunts, Grubbs was encouraged to venture further.

"I've heard a good deal about Deerfoot being so mighty smart, but I never seed anything of it. If he ever runs across my path, he'll be mighty sorry."—

"Still the young Shawnee did not move or speak. His contempt for the man was such that nothing that he might say could move him, and he would not so much as show that he heard him.

But Bowly could not restrain his wagging. Leaning over so as to bring his mouth close to the ear of Grubbs, he whispered with much excitement of manner:

"Have you noticed that Deerfoot has drawn his knife and is goin' for yer scalp?"

Grubbs was so terror stricken that he stopped short and was on the point of darting among the trees to escape the wrath of the warrior whom he dreaded like death itself; but, changing his mind, he said in a husky, tremulous voice:

"Gracious! Bowly, I was jest in fun! I didn't mean nothin' to explain to him, wou't you? This ain't no time for fightin'."

The laugh which followed this terrified appeal, and which was heard by all, told Grubbs of the joke played on him; but it was too late to withdraw what he had said and he could only bear his chagrin in silence.

The quiet mirth had hardly subsided, when Deerfoot came to the sitting position with a warning "Sh."

Every one listened, but if the Shawnee heard anything he was the only one whose ears caught it. After a minute of silence, the Moravian was about to speak, when Deerfoot repeated the warning, and in the gloom was seen to raise his hand to emphasize his command.

Still nothing was heard, and the Shawnee rose quietly to his feet. At that moment each caught a faint rattle somewhere along the trail which they had left a short time before. Deerfoot did not move, but stood in the attitude of attention until the slight sound ceased.

"It must be The Serpent," whispered the missionary, "though it seems to me he has hardly had time to go to his camp and back again."

"If it's him," was the sensible remark of Bowly, "why don't he show himself?"

"He may have missed us," replied Hardin; "the fact is I don't see how he could help doing so."

Deerfoot again signed for silence. At the same time, he emitted one of his low, cautious whistles, hardly more than the tremulous call of some night bird.

There was no response, and he glided softly forward through the gloom toward the trail. He had believed at first that it

was their Winnebago friend; but, in obedience to a doubt that rose when his signal brought no response, he set out to learn the truth.

The occasion proved one of those rare ones in which the wonderful young warrior made a blunder. He ought to have known from the brief time that had passed since the departure of The Serpent that he could not have gone to his camp and returned. Deerfoot reproved himself for waiting until the person, whoever he might be, had gone by; but he was still hopeful that he was early enough to overtake the stranger and bring him to account.

But the signal which he had emitted proved to be the greatest blunder of all; for not only did the stranger refuse to answer it, but he was warned thereby to take the very precautions of which he would not have seen the need but for the warning.

Thus it was that listen as closely as he could, and move as silently as he might, he could see and hear nothing of the individual who he was certain was an enemy.

The deserted camp was but a short distance away, and a couple of minutes brought him in sight of the handful of brands burning among the ashes.

Between the Shawnee and the glowing embers of the ground suddenly loomed a grotesque shadow. A man was moving away from the watcher, and in the direction of the Winnebago camp beyond. His soft moccasins made no noise, and he was hardly seen when he vanished on the other side.

Deerfoot bounded as lightly as a fawn after him. Though he, too, moved without sound, some perverse fate must have caused the one in advance to turn his head, after entering the gloom, and just at the moment when the form was revealed for an instant in the dim freelight. It was enough for the stranger, who, favored by the impenetrable shadows among the trees, slipped from view as utterly as if he had dropped a thousand miles toward the center of the earth.

But though Deerfoot found it impossible to locate him by aid of ear or eye, he could not doubt his destination. He was making for Ap-to-to's camp, and he must be prevented, at all hazards, from reaching it.

The theory of the pursuer was that the Indian had stopped moving, intending to remain motionless behind some tree until he believed that the eavesdropper had passed. Then he would resume his fight as noiselessly as before.

This stealth of movement was likely to continue until some distance from the spot, when he would hasten his steps, though not likely to forget his caution. Instead, therefore, of waiting where he was, Deerfoot stole along, never stopping until in sight of the Winnebago campfire. Then he came to a halt, confident that his man would betray himself before coming within reach.

Ten minutes perhaps had passed, and Deerfoot still listened, with his eyes upon the strange group around the campfire, hopeful of outwitting the dusky miscreant after all. Looking steadily at the flames, he saw a warrior emerge from the gloom on the opposite side and join the Winnebagos, who looked at him in a way that showed he was a new arrival.

And then it was that Deerfoot realized he had been outwitted. The warrior for whom he was watching had quietly eluded him by circling around to one side, so as to approach the camp from a point opposite to that where the Shawnee was waiting for him.

CHAPTER XXX. A MYSTERIOUS RIFLE SHOT.

DEERFOOT saw that he had made one of those blunders, inexcusable blunders of his life, and that there was but one way of remedying it: that was to shoot the warrior who carried the fatal knowledge before he could impart it to Ap-to-to or any of his warriors. That would close the mouth of the Winnebago forever, and save the captives.

But you can understand why the Shawnee shrank from such an act. His tomahawk, his knife, his bow and arrow, and his rifle had brought many an antagonist low; but it had always been in fair contest. He had never played the sneak, he had never been guilty of treachery, and he had never taken life wantonly.

It could not be said that it would be a wanton crime if he should bring down the messenger, for more precious lives than his required that his voice should be silenced; but by no trouble lay in the fact that the warrior was an innocent agent. He had

not come into Ap-to-to's camp for the purpose of playing the traitor to his leader. If he was to tell that the two captives of the Serpent had been taken away by The Serpent (as he was absolutely certain to do, if not prevented), it would be only the natural thing for him to do. He could not be blamed, although his announcement would insure the death of George Linden, his wife, and his daughter.

While the story of the new arrival might be told in full it would not necessarily make known the plot which The Serpent had formed. The belief would be that the daring brave had put the two captives to death out of pure feindishness. That being the case, Ap-to-to and his warriors, despite the popularity of The Serpent, would take good care that no chance was given him to massacre the others.

These thoughts ran through the brain of the chagrined Deerfoot, who stood far enough back in the gloom to be invisible, while he kept his eye on the new arrival. The latter did not seem to cause any special commotion, for there was no reason why he should. He was a well-known warrior, whose camp was not far off, and it was not expected that he brought any news of importance.

Closely watching his actions, Deerfoot could read almost every word that fell from his mouth. For some minutes, he conversed with several, most of whom were looting on the ground, though three of the Winnebagos—one being Ap-to-to—were seated on a fallen tree that was almost opposite to where the captives were doing what they could to console each other in the hour of sorrow.

After the messenger, if such he may be called, had talked to his friends in this aimless manner for some minutes, he stepped in the direction of the chief. As he did so, he glanced about him in a way which told Deerfoot that he was looking for The Serpent, and probably wondering why he was not visible.

In walking toward the chieftain, the Winnebago passed in front of the Lindens seated on the log. It was natural that he should turn his head aside to look at them; but his sudden stop and the quick frown of his head made known the alarming truth; he missed the other two captives, and for the first time discovered that they had never reached the camp of Ap-to-to.

The warrior moved a step nearer the hapless group, as if to assure himself that he had made no mistake. No; there were only three instead of the five he expected to see.

He now strolled toward the chieftain, glancing over his shoulder while doing so as if to guard against every possible blunder. No; there was none, and he continued drawing near the chieftain.

The critical moment had come. The fatal secret was about to be told, unless the only method possible was taken to seal the lips of him who carried that secret.

But his sudden stop and the hammer raised, but he did not bring the weapon to his shoulder. His nature rebelled at doing the deed. He could not slay the innocent warrior.

The latter had made a half military salute, for he had learned from the others of the election of Ap-to-to, and then he spoke a few words. Doubtless they were words of congratulation, before the query should be asked respecting the missing captives, to be followed by the revelation that would set all by the ears.

No; Deerfoot could not shoot the Indian. A voice within him whispered that it would be wrong. He lowered the flint of his rifle, but kept his eyes on the warrior. He saw him talking, and then he turned his head toward the log where the captives sat. He was on the point of asking the question.

But before it could take shape on the dusky lips, he flung his arms aloft with a ringing screech and tumbled over dead, killed by a bullet through his skull.

Deerfoot did not fire the shot, but he knew who did. It sounded a little to his right and less than a hundred feet away. The Shawnee needed no one to tell him that the hurried steps which he heard at that moment were those of The Serpent.

Such was the fact. The latter, having delayed his return to his own camp, did what he could to retrieve the mistake by going at his highest speed through the woods. Arriving there, he was chagrined to find that one of his warriors had set out to visit Ap-to-to's camp, with no purpose except to make a friendly call.

The Serpent saw that the situation was desperate. Unless the warrior could be headed off, the game was up. Telling his

men that under no circumstances was a single one of them to leave camp, he set out to overtake the red man who had departed only a short time before.

An instrumentally difficult lay in the path. He could form no idea of the course taken by the other, and all the signals which The Serpent emitted were unanswerable. With that daring which had always been a characteristic of him, The Serpent then made straight for Ap-to-to's camp, in the hope of arriving there ahead of his man. If he could do that, he would be able to shoot him before he could reveal anything. The Serpent did not feel any of the sensitiveness that restrained the arm of the Shawnee.

By exerting himself to the utmost, the Winnebago reached the camp of the chieftain only a few minutes behind the warrior whom he was so anxious to overtake. Knowing, like Deerfoot, the momentous news carried by this savage, The Serpent could also interpret his words as plainly as if he heard them.

At the critical moment, he fired, shooting down one of his own men with no more compunction than he would have felt in slaying the Moravian missionary twelve hours before.

Deerfoot did not turn to flee as did the shot; he waited awhile to observe the effect it produced on the others.

The Winnebagos, like all of their race, were too much accustomed to scenes of violence to feel any of that awe which would have been inspired among white men by such a catastrophe. There was some excitement, and several warriors hastened in the direction whence came the bullet.

These were brave and were eager to find the foe that had dared to do such a thing.

The body of the red man was allowed to lie where it had fallen, while Ap-to-to and his braves discussed what had taken place. Their faces were frequently turned toward the point whence the shot had come, and the reflection of the freelight on their painted visages made the scene striking and impressive.

No parties around the campfire were more startled than were George Linden and his wife and daughter. All three happened to be looking at the new arrival when he fell, and the spiteful crack of the rifle sounded closer to them than to Deerfoot.

The whole thing was inexplicable to the Lindens, as it must have been to every one of the Winnebagos, who could not guess any reason why this particular warrior should have been dispatched. It would seem that if any Indian was selected as a victim it would have been Ap-to-to, the chieftain.

It isn't worth while to put on record the guesses of Linden and his relatives, who of course could not imagine the truth. Edith insisted that the shot had been fired at Ap-to-to, and that the other was hit by mistake. Since the two stood nearly in a line with the shot, Linden was disposed to accept this theory, though it could not explain why any friend should have wished to pick off even the chieftain, when it could not possibly help the captives.

Deerfoot was on the point of withdrawing, when he quietly smiled as he observed, among the warriors returning from their brief search in the woods, The Serpent himself. He played his part well, for, after all, it was not difficult to do so. He asked many questions, walked to where the lifeless body lay, looked at it as though searching for some clew to the author of the dastardly deed, and then he repeated that either Deerfoot the Shawnee or some of the pioneers had followed them on their tramp, and, recognizing the Winnebago as one who had been especially aggressive during the morning, had adopted this means of revenge.

Since this was the explanation which Ap-to-to and all the warriors had agreed upon, I need not tell you that no one suspected that The Serpent had had a hand in the taking off of the victim.

(To be continued.)

WHERE SHE HAD SEEN ONE.

As an illustration of the manner in which children come to know what happens to have a majority of letters in common is furnished by an anecdote, which we clip from the new *American Magazine*.

Some years ago a Miss H. was teaching school in Dixon, Illinois. One day in the reading-class she came across the word "magnet." The teacher asked how many in the class knew what a magnet was, and requested those that knew to hold up their right hands.

All the class was motionless for a moment, and then one little girl rose and said, "Well, my dear," said the teacher, "what is a magnet?" "I don't know," replied the little girl, "as I know what it is, but I have seen 'em at home in mother's cheese."

Popular Military Instructions.

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

CHAPTER VI.

MARCHING AND CAMPING. (Continued).



The party of four, which was detailed to cut wood, brings it into the camp, after digging the kitchen trench and setting up the bars, prepare the evening meal. One of them takes the buckets, and goes to the brook and fills them, and the other kindles a fire in the trench.

What shall we have for our evening meal? Well, we are all pretty hungry after our day's march, and need something substantial. Let us have some good soup, and coffee and bread, for that is a first class military meal for soldiers on the march. No, it will take too long to make soup, and we are all so hungry that we can't wait. So we will have some fried ham and coffee, and bread, and boiled potatoes.

One of the large camp kettles is at once filled with potatoes; these are covered with water, and hung over the fire. One of the cooks goes to the big mess chest, and cuts up several loaves of bread, and then grinds coffee; and while he is doing this, the other slices up ham, and puts it in a great frying pan on the fire.

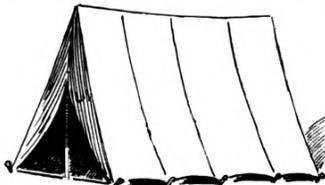
Let the potatoes boil for fifteen minutes, then take them off the fire, and pour in a cup of cold water. Then put them on the fire again, and boil for fifteen minutes longer. Then pour off the water, and they are ready to be served. Cooked in this manner they are delicious.

To make the coffee, let one kettle be filled with cold water, and when it boils the ground coffee is poured in. Let it boil a second time for five or ten minutes, and then take it off the fire, and pour in a dipper full of cold water to settle the dregs. Leave the kettle alone then till the coffee is to be served.

It will take about half or three quarters of an hour to prepare the supper, and while it is being done, the company is setting up tents, and preparing them for the night.

The captain's tent is put up first, and in a line with it, and about a dozen yards from it, is the lieutenant's. Then in front of the captain's tent, but facing at right angles to it, is the line of privates' tents, the first sergeant's being on the left of the line. About thirty yards in front of the right tent is the guard tent, and thirty yards in rear of the line is the cooks' and store tent.

Now to set up or "pitch" a tent, the tent is closed and laid flat, the four corner pins are driven, the front opened, and the poles inserted and raised. Then the other pins are driven. If the poles are too long, dig small holes in the ground and lower them. After the tent is set up, dig a small shallow



AN "A" TENT.

ditch or drain all around and just outside the tent, to carry off water in case of rain.

A look at the accompanying figures will show the arrangement of a camp of one company, and how and where to place everything.

After the tents are up, and the trenches dug around each, then all should go to the creek or brook and bathe. Wash the entire body quickly, and dry it; put on clean pair of socks, wash out the ones worn

during the day, and leave them out till the sun sets, to dry.

By the time this is all done, the supper is ready; the drums and fifes sound the dinner call, and each boy takes his cup and knife, fork, spoon and plate, and goes to the kitchen, where the cook helps him to his share of the meal. He puts sugar to his taste in his cup of coffee, but he has no milk, and to the bread there is no butter. For his potatoes he has salt and pepper.

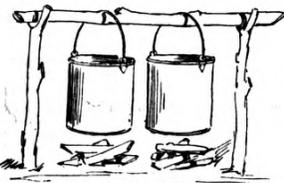
The captain and lieutenants have their meal brought to them at their tents by the cooks.

Everybody ought to be royally hungry, for the march has not been so long that we are completely tired out; we are only nicely tired, and have capital appetites—the best of sauces for our dinner. After the cooks have given out the various portions we go to our tents, or lie down on the ground, and eat.

After dinner we make a rousing bonfire in front of the tents; that is our campfire, and around it we gather, and tell our stories, crack jokes, and sing songs till *Tattoo*.

Tattoo is the call to go to bed, and is sounded by the drummers. The company falls in, the roll is called, and the ranks then broken, and all go to bed, except the guard. Immediately after supper the captain directs the first sergeant to detail one sergeant, one corporal, and three privates as guard. They take their places at the guard tent. Their business is to watch the camp through the night, to see that no thief comes around, that the kitchen fire is kept up slightly, and that none leaves camp or comes in after *Tattoo* without permission.

One private forms the first relief, and he watches for two hours, when he is relieved by the second relief, the second private. He in turn works two hours, and is relieved by Number Three. The sergeant remains awake till midnight, to see that the sentinels perform their duty properly; then he



THE COMPANY KITCHEN.

turns in, and the corporal takes the rest of the night.

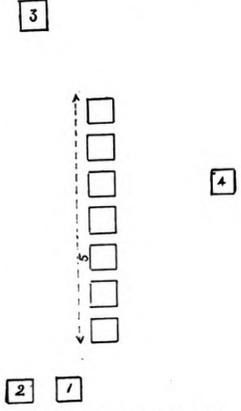
At five o'clock in the morning, the drummer, who has been previously awakened, sounds the *Reveille*, which is the call to get up. Five minutes is allowed to turn out and dress, and at the second call, the company falls in and the roll is called, and the ranks then broken. After that all go to the brook and wash, then go to the tents, roll up blankets, pack up everything, then take down the tents and roll them up.

By six o'clock breakfast should be all ready, and we all go to that, and allow a halting time to finish. Then we take down the kitchen tents, pack up everything on the wagon, hitch the team, and then putting on knapsacks and accoutrements stand ready to fall in when the drum sounds the call. By seven o'clock we are all ready, and in a few minutes thereafter we are on the march again.

The second day is like the first, and so we will skip over to the third day, which finds us in the camp, where we are to remain for three days.

The morning of this third day we reserve for making the camp look pretty. The tents are aligned as perfectly as we can get them, and the tent pins driven solidly in the ground. We collect a great pile of wood for the kitchen and campfires, and off about a hundred yards to the rear of the camp we must construct a sink hole. We dig a hole two feet wide, ten feet long, and three feet deep, and throw the earth up on the side towards the camp. We cut down two small forked trees, and drive them in the ground; the forks are up about eighteen inches above the ground. One is placed at each end of the trench, and across the forks is placed a long round pole. Just in rear of the kitchen, a hole is dug to throw kitchen slops into. Then the ground in front of the tents is raked clear of brush-

wood and rubbish. If we want nice easy, and oh, such deliciously balmy beds, we cut down saplings of pine, spruce, fir, hemlock, or cedar, in lengths of about seven feet each. At the back of the tent we place a log, and lay the saplings on this, the other ends resting on the ground. Then we spread over this inclined plane a few boughs from the saplings, and over all lay



PLAN OF A ONE COMPANY CAMP.

1. The captain's tent; 2. The lieutenant's tent; 3. The guard tent; 4. The cooks' and store tent; 5. The company tents.

the blankets. The bed is a spring bed, and more balmy than anything ever used in the city.

Every night at sunset a fresh guard is mounted, and the old guard becomes the police guard for the next day. Its duty is to clean up the camp, and provide the wood and water.

We will have *Reveille* at 5 a. m., breakfast at 6, drill at 7. From 9 to 12 we rest, then dinner, rest till 4 and drill till 5.30. At 6 p. m. supper, and *Tattoo* at 9. After *Tattoo* fifteen minutes are allowed to undress, and at *Taps* ("lights out") all must be in bed, and no lights allowed in camp except at the guard tent and captain's tent.

We must be very strict in the performance of guard duty, for that is one of the most important parts of the soldier's education, and in a future chapter I will go into the details of it a little more thoroughly.

We can see how much natural ability our cooks possess, in giving us as great a change of dishes as possible out of the limited variety of provisions brought with us.

We must make an oven for them, and this we do as follows: We take a barrel, if possible one with iron hoops. Dig a hole in the ground, so that when the barrel is laid lengthwise in it, it is half covered. Then we knock out one end of the barrel, cover the entire barrel, except this end, with clay from the brook, about six inches thick. On the top we dig a small hole, about an inch in diameter, through the clay, and bore through the barrel. Then we light a fire in the barrel, and keep it going till the staves are all burned, and the surrounding clay baked hard.

Now that we have our oven, to use it we will build a fire in it, till it is very hot, then plug up the hole on the top, rake out the fire and ashes, put what we have to bake inside, and close the mouth up tight. The heat will be retained by the clay and given out very slowly, so that we can bake much better than in a stove.

Pork and beans, and beef, are the dishes we will cook by this oven. For the first, we will soak the beans over night, put them in a pail or camp kettle in the morning, put in a little molasses, season with salt and pepper, and distribute the pork in small chunks through the mass.

To make bean or pea soup, we cut up about 4 lbs. of salt pork, well soaked in water, in small pieces, take 2 lbs. of beans or peas, a little sugar, a teaspoonful of pepper, a few fresh vegetables, and

about 3 gallons of water, and boil for about two hours.

Then we can have a beef stew, or boiled beef and cabbage; in fact there are a lot of plain dishes that taste deliciously enough in camp, and can be made, if the cook has any ingenuity about him.

So the time passes until the fourth day, when we must take down ("strike") the tents, pack up, and march home. We go by a different route than that by which we came, but the incidents of the march are about the same.

Supposing on this homeward march we come to a stream that we have to cross, and that has no bridge near by. If it is only a foot or two deep, with a good bottom, and mild current, it will be great fun to ford it, or wade across. But if too deep for that, we must make a bridge across. As we haven't much time, and but few materials, we can make only a temporary bridge that does not amount to much, but is sufficient to take us over.

If not very wide we can cut down three small trees and lay them across, and cross over these a number of boughs, rails, branches, etc. If the stream is too wide for that, we must make a trestle, or perhaps two, and put them in the stream, and lay the trees or beams over them.

If the stream is very deep, but not very wide, we must make a trestle with legs resting on the shore, as shown by the illustration. In fact there will be an excellent opportunity of exercising any latent engineering talents we may possess.

All through the march we are apt to have opportunities of distinguishing ourselves. The wagon may break down, and will have to be mended; or it may get stuck fast in mud and have to be pulled out. A rain may spoil our clothes and temper for a time, but sunshine will restore it, and at the end of the week, we shall have had enough of camping (but not too much) for one season.

It will do us all good; we shall be stronger and healthier and sunburned and tanned. But more than all, we shall have made a great advance toward learning how to adapt ourselves to circumstances, and relying on our own resources.

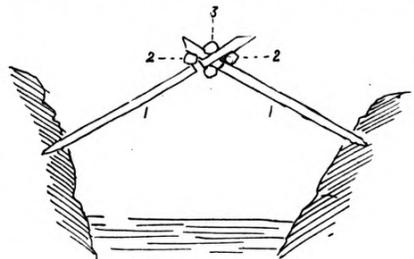
Now in the next chapter I will tell you something about arms and ammunition, their care and preservation and use. This you ought to know, partly at least, before we go out to camp.

(To be continued.)

THE WONDERFUL LETTER BOX.

SUPERSTITION seems to die very hard in India, and in some districts the modern improvements that have been introduced among the natives are regarded with such awe and amazement that they have been enrolled high in the list of Hindoo divinities.

The *Argosy* once told the story of a native who defied a railroad engine, and propitiated it with gifts of coconut, much to the edification of the engineer who appropriated them.



A TEMPORARY BRIDGE.

1. Poles; 2. Cross poles, fastened by ropes to 1; 3. Top pole on which planks may rest to form a roadway.

The post-office, it appears, is also regarded as so miraculous an agency by the more ignorant natives that in some out-of-the-way places the very letter boxes are worshipped. In one case a man posted his letter in the box and shouted out its destination to inform the presiding spirit whom he supposed to be inside.

Another native humbly took off his shoes as he approached the box, went through various devotions before and after mailing his letter, and finally put some coppers before the box as a propitiatory offering, retiring in the same attitude of humility.

A CARNIVAL OF STAMPS.

Boys and girls who are given to collecting postage stamps will be interested in learning that a philatelist's exhibition is shortly to be held in Antwerp, Belgium. It is expected that on this occasion an unprecedented collection of rare stamps will be gathered together, and the awards are to include no less than forty gold and silver medals.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON

Pericles of a New York Bootblack

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

SAM AND FRED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

PURSUANT to arrangement, Sam Trent went up to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the evening, and took a seat near the door inside.

Ten minutes later a handsomely dressed boy entered. He looked about him inquiringly, and when his glance rested upon Sam he concluded that he was the party he came to meet.

"Are you Sam Trent?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Sam, feeling a little bashful in the presence of one whom he regarded as a young aristocrat.

Fred took a seat beside him.

"Have you anything to tell me about a boy known as Ned Newton?" he asked.

"Only that he used to be a bootblack and shine shoes in front of the Astor House."

"I suppose you were not the person who wrote me an anonymous letter?"

"No," answered Sam, hastily. "It was Leon —" and then he paused, for Leon had expressly requested him not to mention that he had written the letter.

"Leon Granville," said Fred, quietly finishing the name.

"Ye-es," answered Sam, reluctantly. "But I didn't mean to tell who it was."

"There is no harm done, that is, unless this Leon is ashamed of his letter. What do you think was his object in writing to me?"

"I—don't think Leon likes Ned Newton," said Sam, hesitatingly.

"So I inferred from the letter. He probably thought it would lead me to drop his acquaintance."

"I suppose so." "He did not know me. I don't think a boy's occupation has anything to do with his merit. Ned Newton seems to me to be a very worthy boy."

"O, I haven't anything against him," said Sam, not averse to ingratiating himself with Fred.

"Isn't this Leon employed in the same store with Ned Newton?"

"Yes." "Does he know that you have come to meet this evening?"

"Yes, I told him."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was very anxious to get acquainted with your family."

Fred smiled. He understood perfectly well what sort of a boy Leon was.

"He isn't likely to recommend himself to me by writing anonymous letters attacking my friend Ned."

"He said he thought you ought to know his past history—that he thought it his duty to tell you."

"Well, he has done so. How old a boy is this Leon?"

"I think he is eighteen."

"Do you know why he doesn't like Ned Newton?"

"Because Ned receives as much pay as he, though he is two years younger than Leon."

"He seems to be jealous, then."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Thank you for all you have told me. Now, suppose we talk about something else. You are in a store on Fulton Street, too?"

"Yes, in a jeweler's." "It may seem presumptuous in my giving you advice, being a boy myself, but—" "I wish you would," said Sam, who had begun to like Fred. "Then don't try to raise yourself at any time by trying to pull any one else down." "I won't. I am afraid I was mean in telling Leon about Ned's having been a bootblack. He didn't know it before." "I think it would have been better not to do it, as it was likely to do the boy injury with some foolish people. If you are

a friend of yours I wouldn't have said a word about him." "When you come to know him you'll have as good an opinion of him as I have," said Fred. "Good night!" "He's a regular tip-top feller," thought Sam, as he wended his way homeward. "I like him a great deal better than I do Leon." It was not till the noon hour on the next day that he and Leon met. It was in a small restaurant on Nassau Street. Sam was already seated when Leon entered.

The latter eagerly joined Sam, taking a seat by his side. "Well," he said, quickly, "did you go to the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening?" "Yes," answered Sam. "Did you see Fred Stanhope?" "Yes." "What did he say? How did you like him?" "I'll answer the last question first. He's a splendid fellow—a perfect gentleman." "So you got along well with him?" "I should smile. Why, he took me

said, in a tone of great vexation mingled with anger. "Then you'd better manage your own affairs next time. I told him you would like to make his acquaintance." "And what did he say?" asked Leon, with a ray of hope. "He said your writing the letter wasn't much of a recommendation to him." "I do believe, Sam Trent, you told him on purpose to set him against me." "Have it so, if you want to. I'll tell you one thing, I don't think it was very nice writing the letter, just to make him and Ned bad friends. Why need you care if he does take notice of the boy?" "So it seems you've turned against me," Leon said, bitterly. "The next thing you'll be trying to get in with Ned." "Perhaps I shall," said Sam, who was becoming rather provoked. "I think he's a good fellow, and I shall be glad to see him get along." Leon was so displeased that he removed to another table. Sam cared so little for his displeasure that when he met Ned in the street as he left the restaurant he greeted him very cordially, rather to Ned's surprise. "I saw a friend of yours last evening," he said.

"Who was it?" "Fred Stanhope. He's a fine fellow." "So I think. Where did you meet him?" "At the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He thinks a sight of you." "I am glad of that. He has been very kind to me." "I want to tell you one thing in confidence. Leon Granville is no friend of yours. He will do you a bad turn if he gets a chance." "I am not surprised to hear that. I suppose he wrote that letter to Fred." "Yes, he did; and now he has quarreled with me because I let it out to Fred by accident. I wish I hadn't told Leon anything about you. I hope you'll forgive me." "Freely, Sam. Shall we be friends?" In reply Sam held out his hand, and the treaty of friendship was ratified in schoolboy fashion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEON'S PLOT.

LEON GRANVILLE was still more incensed against Ned when he found that Sam had deserted, and arrayed himself under his banner.

"If I can only see that young bootblack kicked out of the store, I shall be happy," he said to himself. He had already formed a plan to get Ned into trouble, and resolved to carry it out without delay.

As the youngest clerk, it was the duty of Ned to arrive first and open the store. It was a chilly day in September, and our hero wore a fall overcoat which had been given him by his friend, Fred Stanhope. This he hung up in a closet in the back part of the store, which was specially designed for the hats and coats of the employees.

Later it happened that only Leon and Roscoe St. Clair, a young salesman already referred to, were left in the store. The rest had gone out to dinner.

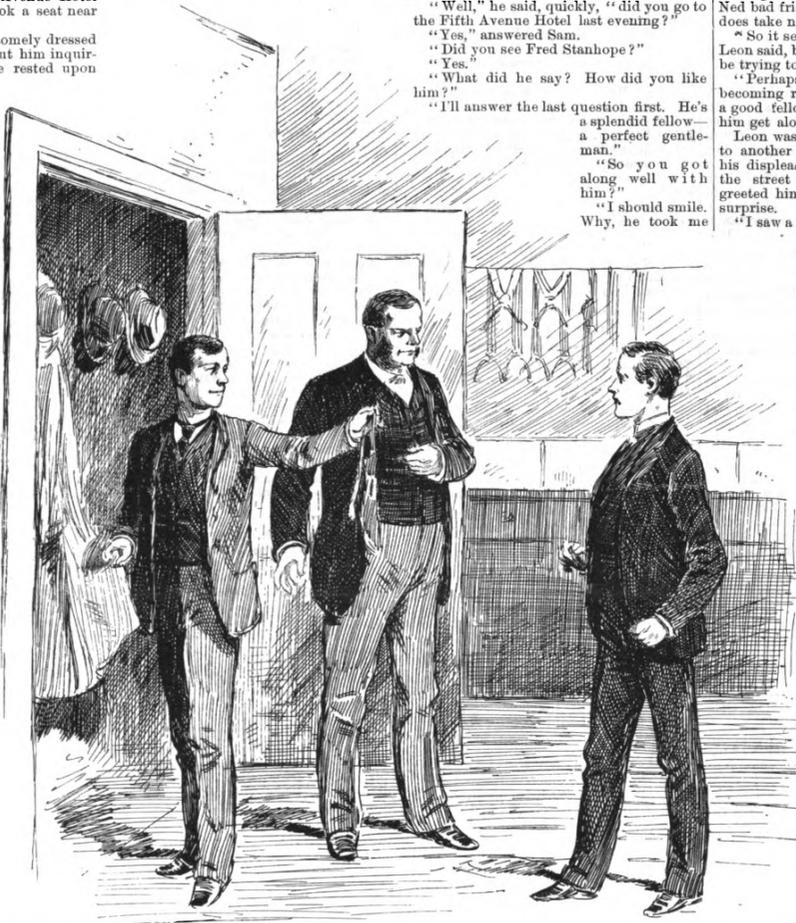
"Are you not going to dinner, Mr. St. Clair?" asked Leon.

"No; I don't care for any lunch to-day." The fact was, Mr. St. Clair had been a little extravagant, having been tempted by a handsome silk scarf, and had resolved to make up for his unusual outlay by abstaining from lunch for a few days.

"Confound him!" thought Leon. "Why won't he go?"

"You'd better go out for a walk, then," he said.

Roscoe St. Clair was not given to suspicions, but it did dawn upon him that Leon seemed unusually anxious to get rid of him. His curiosity was excited, and he



LEON PLUNGED HIS HAND INTO THE POCKET OF NED'S COAT AND DREW OUT THE STOLEN TIES.

not in a hurry, suppose we go over to Delmonico's and have an ice cream."

Sam was immediately fond of ice cream, and he was also curious to visit so famous a restaurant as Delmonico's, and he assented promptly.

The two boys strolled over to Delmonico's, and seated themselves at a table on the Fifth Avenue side. Fred ordered two creams and a plate of cake, and Sam was exceedingly pleased, as he reflected that he was a guest at such a fashionable place.

"I just wished some of my friends could see me here," he thought. "Wouldn't Leon give all his old shoes to be in my place?"

Fred chattered pleasantly, but did not again speak about Ned Newton, or the matter that had led to their meeting.

When half an hour had passed, the boys rose and took a stroll in Madison Square. About eight o'clock Fred bade Sam good night, politely expressing a hope that they might meet again.

"Thank you for all your kindness," said Sam, impulsively. "If I'd known Ned was

Leon could not help wishing that he had been in Sam's place.

"But what did he say about Ned Newton? That's what I want to know," he said, impatiently.

"It's no use trying to set him against Ned. He thinks a sight of him."

"And he don't mind his being a bootblack?" asked Leon, disappointed.

"No; he says that doesn't make any difference to him."

"I don't see how the fellow has got around him so," said Leon, in a tone of annoyance.

"He blamed me for telling you about it."

"What! you don't mean to say you told him I wrote the letter?" Leon asked, in alarm.

"I didn't mean to, but it slipped out before I knew it. I only said Leon, and he instantly finished the name Leon Granville."

Leon looked intensely annoyed. "You've made a perfect mess of it!" he

to Delmonico's and treated me to some ice cream and cake.

"You don't say so!" ejaculated Leon, in a jealous tone.

"Yes; and he was just as pleasant as could be."

answered, "Perhaps you are right, Leon. I will just take the air a few minutes. But it will leave you alone."

"Never mind!" said Leon. "One of the other clerks will be in directly, and we don't have many customers at this hour, you know."

"That is true," answered St. Clair, as he took his hat and left the store.

"Thank Heaven! I've got rid of him. Now I'll do the business for the young bootblack," said Leon.

But Roscoe St. Clair, instead of taking a walk away from the store, stepped into an alley way on one side, on which there was a window allowing an outsider to look into the shop.

He quickly reached the window, and looking in, himself unobserved, watched to see what Leon was about.

He saw his young fellow clerk go to a box containing a dozen new and rich French silk ties, and draw therefrom three or four. St. Clair supposed he was going to appropriate them to his own use, but continued to watch.

Leon, with the ties in his hand, swiftly went to the closet, and slipped them into the pocket of Ned's overcoat. It must be explained that Ned had gone out to lunch without it, the weather having moderated perceptibly since morning. Luckily, from his place at the window St. Clair saw the whole. It is needless to say that the little man, who was himself the soul of integrity, was horror-struck by this evidence of malice.

"He is doing that to get Ned into trouble," he said. "It is lucky I saw it. I would let on till it is necessary."

In order that Leon might not suspect that he had been seen, St. Clair swiftly withdrew from his post of observation, and took a walk as far as the Astor House. There he loitered five minutes at a paper stand, and then strolled back.

After Leon had accomplished the trick he had had in view for a considerable time a complacent smile came upon his face.

"There, Master Ned," he reflected, "I rather guess your kettle of fish is cooked at last. I don't think you will much longer be in the employ of Mr. Elias Simmons. You will have to go back to your old business, if you are lucky enough to escape a four week's residence at Blackwell's Island. I wonder what your fashionable friend, Fred Stanhope, will say when he learns what has become of his bootblack friend."

Just then a clerk came in, and soon all were back at their posts.

Roscoe St. Clair looked curiously at Leon as he entered. A new light had been thrown upon his character, and St. Clair was almost surprised to find that he was looking as usual.

"If I had been up to such a piece of rascality," he thought, "I should show it in my face and manner. How can any one be so wicked?"

"Well, Mr. St. Clair, don't you feel better for your walk?" asked Leon lightly.

"I don't know but I do. Have you been out yourself?"

"No; but I may slip in half an hour or so."

"I wonder how soon he is going to fire the mine, and let us involve Ned in the explosion?" St. Clair asked himself. "Shall I give Ned a hint of it?"

On this point he was undecided, but concluded on the whole that he would let matters take their course, since he would always be able to clear Ned by giving an account of what he had seen through the window. The suspense, however, made him seem unusually nervous.

"St. Clair, believe you are in love," said a fellow clerk.

"What makes you think so?" asked Roscoe, blushing.

"Because you are as nervous as a cat. Just now you started as if you had seen your grandfather's ghost."

"It may be the strong coffee I drank this morning," said St. Clair evasively.

"Oh, that's very well to say. I bet you a new hat that a woman's at the bottom of it. Confess now!"

"I have nothing to confess," said the other, laughing.

Mr. Simmons was out—indeed he had been out for a couple of hours. Leon began to feel anxious for his return. He wanted the grand explosion to come during the presence of the spectators. The situation would be greater, and as Mr. Simmons was rather a quick-tempered man, he thought it probable that in his indignation he would either summarily discharge Ned, or perhaps have him arrested. The last would please Leon best, for his envy and

jealousy had become so strong that mere dismissal did not seem to him sufficient.

He went up to his uncle, the head clerk, whose name, as will be remembered, was Kimball.

"Mr. Simmons stays out a long time," said Leon.

"Longer than usual. I think he will be back soon." Then observing a significant look on his nephew's face, he added, "Did you want to see him about anything?"

"Yes; I've made a discovery about his favorite, Ned Newton."

"I see," Kimball responded, with a look of intelligence.

"And I am waiting till he comes back to tell him."

"You won't have to wait long, for here he is."

In fact Mr. Simmons at that moment entered the store.

"Better wait a few minutes!" whispered Kimball. "It will look better."

"Will you mention to Mr. Simmons that I have something to say to him?"

"Presently, Leon. Leave the matter to me."

Twenty minutes later, Kimball went up to his employer.

"Mr. Simmons," he said, "Leon has something to communicate to you. I don't know what it is, but he seems to think it important."

"Send him to me," said the merchant.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FALSE CHARGE.

LEON entered the presence of Mr. Simmons with a well-assumed air of respectful deference. He was a politic boy, and he understood that the best way to ingratiate oneself with a man is commonly to recognize his superiority.

"Mr. Kimball tells me that you have something to say to me," began Elias Simmons.

"Yes, sir," answered Leon, and then stopped.

"I don't like it?"

"I don't like to tell you, but I think it my duty to do so."

"Why don't you like to tell me?"

"Because it is likely to prejudice you against a person who is in your employ," answered Leon, casting down his eyes.

"To whom do you refer?" asked the merchant. "Don't beat about the bush, but say what you have to say."

"I refer to Ned Newton."

"Ha!" said Mr. Simmons, with evidently increased interest, and for the first time laying down his pen. "What have you to tell me about that boy?"

"Well, sir, I had occasion to examine a box of French ties—those you received by the last steamer—and I found to my surprise that several were missing. Now I knew that there had not been so many sold, and I feared that they had been taken, possibly by some outsider. But I happened to look into the clothes closet this morning, and I saw one lying on the floor directly under the overcoat belonging to Ned Newton. I don't know that I did right, but on the impulse of the moment I felt in his pocket, and found three of the ties there. The one I found on the floor I replaced in the box."

"And you infer that young Newton stole the ties from the box?"

"It looks like it, sir; doesn't it?"

Elias Simmons paused before answering. He did not believe that Ned was a thief, and he had a shrewd suspicion that the boy before him knew more about the ties than Ned, but it suited him to credit the charge. It might enable him to get Ned and his mother out of the city, and this seemed to him even more necessary than ever, as he had just heard that aunt Eunice had a severe cold which in a person of her age might prove serious, possibly fatal.

"Yes," he answered after a pause; "it does look like it. I thank you for telling me."

Leon's eyes glowed with satisfaction. It was evident that his scheme was working well.

"You can send young Newton to me," said Mr. Simmons, "and you may come with him."

"Very well, sir."

Ned was standing behind the counter, quite unaware of the danger that menaced him, when Leon approached and said, "Mr. Simmons wishes to speak to you."

"Very well!" said Ned, thinking that it was upon some business matter.

Leon followed him to the merchant's desk.

"I believe you wish to see me," said Ned.

"Yes, I wish to speak to you on a matter of some importance."

There was something in the merchant's tone that struck Ned unpleasantly, and he waited further words, merely bowing.

"Some French ties recently added to my stock have disappeared," continued Elias Simmons.

"I am sorry to hear it, sir."

"Do you know anything about them?"

"Certainly not," answered Ned, indignantly, for now he understood that suspicion was cast upon him. "Does anybody charge me with it?"

"Yes," said the merchant, curtly.

"Who is it, sir?"

"That young man," and the merchant pointed at Leon, who was just behind Ned.

Ned flashed an indignant glance at him.

"Then, sir," he retorted firmly, "I have only to say that he lies—basely and meanly."

"Of course you'd say so!" sneered Leon angrily.

"Let him prove what he charges!"

"You shall be accommodated," said the merchant. "Leon, lead the way to the clothes closet!"

Behind Leon, Ned started off, Elias Simmons and Ned Newton following close upon him.

Leon pointed to Ned's overcoat which was hanging from a nail.

Then he plunged his hand into the right hand pocket, and drew therefrom three fine French ties.

"You see I told the truth, Mr. Simmons," said Leon, looking maliciously at Ned.

"What have you to say to this?" demanded Mr. Simmons, sternly.

Ned flushed and then paled. He was almost speechless with indignation. But at last he found words.

"All I can say, sir, is that I know nothing whatever of the ties, or how they got into my pocket."

"That is a weak defense."

"It may be weak, but I think I can explain it."

"Do so."

"They were put there by Leon Granville, a boy who dislikes me, with the intention of getting me into trouble."

Leon was prepared for this accusation, and he took it coolly.

"Mr. Simmons," he said, "I have been in your employ nearly two years, and no such charge has ever before been made against me."

"That is true."

"This boy, Ned Newton, has been in the store only a few weeks. I admit that I don't like him, but I don't think that proves anything."

"Certainly not," said the merchant, who had his reasons, as we know, for countenancing Leon, and backing up his charge against Ned.

"Have you anything more to say, Newton?" asked Mr. Simmons.

"Yes, sir; I wish to ask Leon how he found out that the ties were in the pocket of my overcoat."

"I can answer that readily. I had occasion to come to the closet, and saw a tie on the floor just under your coat. It occurred to me that there might be some others in your pocket, and I accordingly put in my hand, and found these three."

"You didn't take them out?"

"No; I put them back, not feeling at liberty to meddle with what did not belong to me. I can only say that I was very sorry to find out that you were dishonest, and didn't like to expose you, but thought it my duty to Mr. Simmons, my kind and liberal employer."

Leon ordered him with undisguised scorn.

"You seem to be a hypocrite as well as a sneak," he said.

"I don't care for your abuse," said Leon, meekly. "Mr. Simmons will understand what it means."

"I wish to ask you one question—did you not send an anonymous letter to Fred Stanhope, hoping to prejudice him against me?"

Leon colored, and looked embarrassed. He could not well deny it, for Sam Trent had revealed the truth to Fred. He took refuge in evasion.

"I don't see what that has to do with the matter," he said.

"It has nothing to do with the matter," said Elias Simmons, decidedly. "I have no concern with the relations of friendship or animosity between you two boys. It is my business, however, to keep thieves out of my employment. It seems clear to me that you, Edward Newton, have repaid my kindness and liberality in the basest manner. Perhaps I ought not to feel sur-

prised, considering your past history and associations, to inquire into your arrest, and proceed against you criminally, but I will forbear, on condition that you will leave the city within a week, and go to some new place where you can lead a more creditable life."

"Mr. Simmons, you are very unjust!" exclaimed Ned. "I am as innocent of theft as you are!"

"What proof can you bring of your innocence? To what witness can you appeal?"

Ned was silent, but he was not called upon to answer. Roscoe St. Clair, who guessed what was going on, and had listened to the last part of the conversation, presented himself boldly, and said, "I am the witness you are looking for, Ned. You didn't take those ties. I know the one who did!"

Elias Simmons looked at St. Clair in annoyed surprise, and Leon was the picture of consternation.

(To be continued.)

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

GETTING UP IN A HURRY.

We dare say many of our readers have witnessed the interesting sight of the horses belonging to our city fire departments leaving their stalls at sound of the alarm, and hastening to place themselves in readiness to be harnessed to the engine. Then there is the electrical apparatus for loosening the halters, lighting the fires, waking the men, and so forth, all tending to reduce the loss of time in getting started to a minimum. Indeed, few believed there could be any further improvement in this direction, but the men of our city fire departments have made a discovery which is correct. The authorities of that city have now perfected devices by which they hope to start nearly even with any fire that can be kindled.

In addition to the best machines of the latest invention, they have a system peculiarly their own for getting the men out of their stalls. The men sleep on the second floor, directly over the patrol wagon and hoses; trap doors open from their room, and stairs, easily sliding into place, conduct the men to the wagon.

The cots on which the men sleep stand in a circle, and from the inner end of each goes a cord over a pulley in the center of one end of the cot, fast to the bed clothes, the other to a weight attached to the pulley; the electric shock which gives the fire alarm displaces this weight, it drops, and the cords snatch the bed clothes from the sleepers in an instant. The same shock releases the catch on the trap doors; they rise as the stairs sink to their place.

The men thus suddenly awakened bound from their beds—they sleep dressed all but boots and hats—go down the stairs and are in the wagon by the time the horses are hitched, putting on their outer clothing as they are whirled through the streets. In Chicago, about a minute from the first alarm they may be on their way to the fire, and it takes very few minutes indeed to make all the difference between saving and losing millions of dollars.

MISSED BY A METEOR.

As though the earth itself could not supply a sufficiency of dangers for man to guard against, importations are now being made from other worlds. At least, this is the natural conclusion after reading the story of one Captain Swart, commanding a Dutch bark which recently arrived at this port. He says that on March 1st his ship, while in mid Atlantic, met a heavy storm. At about five o'clock in the afternoon a meteor was observed flying through the air. It looked like two balls, one very black and the other brightly illuminated. The latter, and as it seemed that it would strike the vessel, she was hoisted to under storm sails.

The meteor dropped into the sea close alongside, making in its flight a tremendous roaring noise. Before reaching the water the upper atmosphere was darkened, while below and on board everything appeared like a sea of fire. The force of the meteor in striking the water caused heavy breakers, which washed over the vessel, making her roll in a dangerous manner.

At the same time the atmosphere became uncomfortably warm, and the air was full of sulphur. Immediately afterwards solid limbs of ice fell on the decks, and the vessel was deluged with water, coated with an icy crust, caused by the immense evaporation.

The barometer during the phenomenon oscillated so violently that no reading could be taken. After close examination of the vessel and rigging no damage was found, and the vessel was hoisted up, the meteor fell into the water the ship appeared all black, and some of the copper sheathing was blistered.

Captain Swart is of the opinion that these aerial missiles may be charged with the destruction of vessels set down in the record as "never heard of again." But why is it that the sun feels safer from space never happen to drop on dry land where they could be examined by scientists at their leisure?

A REGION WITH NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

WESTERN farmer—I want to select a big stock of seeds for my farm.

Dealer—We keep the best. Don't you want some agricultural implements, too?

No—no, not at all, thank you.

Have you one of the new patent double-action plows?

We don't use plows. Cyclones do the plowing for us.

Humph! Well, the ground must be left very lumpy. Don't you need barrows?

No, the carting keeps the soil nicely shaken up.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I NEVER see a young hand hold
The sturdy bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and bright will start
About the region of my heart.

[This story commenced in No. 221.]

NATURE'S OWN MOBILMEN.

By BROOKS McCORMICK.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MR. MILLES SIGFIELD BEATS A HASTY RETREAT.

AS the arrival of the Mabel had been mentioned at a recent gathering in connection with the landing of the distinguished clerical passenger she had brought, it was not surprising that the Farnburn party to Rochester, where they were received with the most gracious hospital-

The rector of the parish church at Wilderbrook was a friend of Sir Morris, and Sigfield might induce him to examine Mr. Farnburn from examining the record. The magnate explained the matter to the bishop, and from the window of the house pointed out the spy to him.

"It is not at all necessary that all of your party should go to Wilderbrook," Mr. Farnburn said to the bishop, "but I do wish to indicate that he did not see any difficulty in carrying out the intentions of his guests. You and I will attend to the matter alone. The boys can go out and take a walk where that man will see them, and we will go to the station for the forenoon train."

"You are very kind, sir, and I did not ask or expect you to do anything more than give me a letter to the rector," replied Mr. Farnburn. "I should be glad to see you if it did not assist you to the best of my ability," replied the bishop; and I charge myself with the duty in the case of any emergency, and I shall be there in less than two hours."

"I will be very grateful to you for your powerful assistance," replied the magnate, as the bishop ran his hand over the carriage. "Morris and Spink came in just then, but they had not had time to amuse themselves for an hour by walking to the cathedral. The carriage departed by a rear passage, and nothing was seen of the magnate until an hour and half the two gentlemen reached their destination."

The bishop's carriage and the dignitary himself were promptly accommodated at the parsonage, and its occupants were treated with the utmost consideration. The bishop called for the records of the marriage, and the first entry was some months subsequent to the date of the marriage of Sir Morris and was traced to him.

The bishop ordered for the earlier records. They were in a safe provided for them, and not easily accessible. The dignitary from Rochester brought the records that should be produced. The rector was compelled to obey, though he did so very unwillingly, and Mr. Farnburn returned to the powerful aid he had secured, he might have had difficulty in executing his mission, though the strong arm of the law could have produced them.

The magnate searched the record, and had no difficulty in finding what he wanted. The marriage certificate was according to the prescribed form in every respect, and Mr. Farnburn asked the bishop to compare it with the original record.

"If I mistake not, this is the signature of the present rector, the gentleman before us, on the certificate," said Mr. Farnburn. "Undoubtedly, Mr. Bridlaw has been the rector here for something like twenty years, and performed the ceremony of which this certificate is the evidence of his return to the first entry was some months subsequent to the date of the marriage of Sir Morris and was traced to him."

"Such a thing would be irregular, and entirely unnecessary, and I object to doing anything of the kind," interposed the rector, and his face was rapidly accented, and he had been caught in the act of sheep stealing.

"It may be irregular and unnecessary, but there is certainly no harm in it," said the bishop, with a pleasant smile, as though he was glad to confer a favor upon his friend. Mr. Bridlaw was obliged, by certifying to the correctness of this paper."

The bishop took a pen and wrote the attestation himself, and signed it, promising to affix his official seal to the certificate. Mr. Bridlaw, although very reluctantly, also signed the paper, and sealed it. The business was happily accomplished, and Miss Sigfield was powerless to do any further mischief. The carriage conveyed them back to the house.

When they entered the house, the spy was still promenaing the street in front of the mansion. He kept his eyes on the boys wherever they went, but he had not attempted to speak to them.

The business is finished, Morris, and you are full of recollections of the day when, as he produced the marriage certificate, after the episcopal seal had been added to it. It is abundantly in evidence, and we can obtain abundant proof that you are the son

of Constance Barningham, formerly Loncliff, and lately known under that name." "I should like to see the certificate," said he, and he might as well leave," added Spink. "I should like to tell him that his pipe is out of the case," said the magnate, with a smile. "I should like to see the certificate," said he, and he might as well leave," added Spink. "I should like to tell him that his pipe is out of the case," said the magnate, with a smile. "I should like to see the certificate," said he, and he might as well leave," added Spink.

"How do you like Mr. Sigfield?" Mr. Farnburn began. "I am glad to see you; and I may add in all sincerity, that this is the first time I ever was glad to see you." "How do you like Mr. Sigfield?" Mr. Farnburn began. "I am glad to see you; and I may add in all sincerity, that this is the first time I ever was glad to see you."

"It was very kind of you to do so," continued the magnate, "and I am glad to be informed of yourself, Mr. Sigfield, I need not explain the relations of my young friend, Morris Barningham, to a certain titled gentleman."

"Morris who?" demanded Sigfield, with a forced laugh that was well done.

"That is funny," and the late spy doubted himself up and laughed heartily. "How do you like Mr. Sigfield?" Mr. Farnburn began. "I am glad to see you; and I may add in all sincerity, that this is the first time I ever was glad to see you."

"What sort of nonsense is this?" demanded Sigfield, restraining his laugh for a moment. "I have been in the market and I ought to understand American ways."

"You ought; but this is an English case, and you ought to know it. However, I have a message for you, and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you," continued the magnate, "and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you."

"There was a fraudulent certificate to that effect, I know; but even that is no longer in existence," said the magnate, "and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you."

"Was this the one?" asked Mr. Farnburn, taking it from his pocket.

"That is the one," said the magnate, "and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you."

"Did you think I was innocent enough to trust your messenger with the original document?" asked the magnate, "and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you."

CHAPTER XLVII.

PLEASANTLY SITUATED AT BARNINGHAM HALL.

THE Americans bade adieu to the bishop, but with the promise to make a longer visit to the episcopal residence before they left England, and took the train for London. Mr. Farnburn had a letter to Sir Morris at Barningham, but he did not present it, using it only to ascertain whether or not the baronet was at his town residence. He was not, and he had to take a party took a train in the forenoon for Ingatestone.

At the station they learned that Sir Morris was in feeble health, though he was able to be about his house and grounds. For this reason it was decided that Mr. Farnburn and his wife should visit him before they were admitted by the footman, and were told that the baronet was in his library. The magnate sent his message, and the announcement that he wished to see him on a very important family matter.

"I will be absent half a minute when he returned, and said that Sir Morris declines to see him. Mr. Farnburn then sent in his letter of introduction from his brother. The footman was longer in coming, and Sir Morris wished the caller to come again in a week, and perhaps he would receive him then."

"On it goes," said Mr. Farnburn, "and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you." "On it goes," said Mr. Farnburn, "and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you."

He finished in a couple of minutes, and this was what he wrote: "If you still decline to see me, I will call on you at Barningham Hall within twenty-four hours." He folded the paper, and asked the man to deliver it to his master. The footman objected, but finally consented.

He was longer this time. The baronet changed his mind, and the visitors were constrained to wait for him. He was ushered into the presence of his father. Sir Morris was not at home, but he was at Barningham Hall, and a man of sixty. On his face was the most uncompromising look of hostility and defiance.

"I presume you are Sir Morris Barningham," said Mr. Farnburn, "and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you." "I presume you are Sir Morris Barningham," said Mr. Farnburn, "and I will keep you only long enough to deliver it to you."

"He has been here, and informed me that you would come to foist a young cub upon me as my son," said Sir Morris, savagely. "The young man is my son, and his mother was legally your wife, and still alive when you married Edith Magford," continued the young man, who had recovered from his anger, and spoke quite mildly.

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of the Mabel around the world. The next morning Sir Morris was really better than he had been for a long time. He was cheerful and happy, and when his physician came he noticed the change at once.

The Farnburns staid at Barningham Hall a month, and then they returned to London. The baronet was so much attached to them. They went to Rochester for a week, and staid there for a week, and then they went to London. The baronet was so much attached to them. They went to Rochester for a week, and staid there for a week, and then they went to London.

It was a sad parting when the family bade adieu to Morris and Spink, as they insisted upon calling the latter still, though his brother had learned to call him Larry. Certainly no two boys ever had better friends, and the friendship was for life, though the ocean separated them. Morris and Larry went to London to see them off when the Mabel sailed; but they all agreed that they should soon meet again.

Before they had been gone a month, the Ironback arrived at Liverpool, and Morris and the boys were glad to see them. The baronet was so much attached to them. They went to Rochester for a week, and staid there for a week, and then they went to London.

The baronet was so much attached to them. They went to Rochester for a week, and staid there for a week, and then they went to London. The baronet was so much attached to them. They went to Rochester for a week, and staid there for a week, and then they went to London.

He was treated like a lord, and if he had lost his daughter, he had found a son-in-law who was as good as a son. He was as generous as a prince, and as long as the captain lived, the baronet and his family fifty pounds a month, the stipend which had been the support of Mrs. Loncliff. He abandoned the Mabel to the captain, and his home where he could often see his grandson.

As soon as he was informed of the return of Spink, or rather Larry, Sir Lawrence Magford hastened to Barningham Hall, and Morris's brother and his grandfather. Larry was as bright and cheerful as ever, and Lawrence soon became very fond of him. The worthy old gentleman wanted to take his grandson to the States, but the baronet would not even consider such a request. Larry did not leave Morris, and both remained at the Hall.

When Captain Winsted Barningham came home in the Edith, a year afterwards, he was not a little astonished to find that he was not standing between him and a possible baronetcy; but he submitted to his fate, and went off to his office in the morning.

Ten years after the opening of this story, the magnate and his family crossed the ocean again, and the baronet was then a beautiful young lady of sixteen or seventeen. Larry almost lost his senses when he saw her, for he had known the very handsome man of twenty-five. Something passed between them which rendered it probable that there would be a wedding before long at Fairlawn on the coast.

Morris Loncliff of the first chapter has become Sir Morris Barningham of the last chapter. He was a very good man, and his wife would have been before this if his thoughts had not persistently wandered over the ocean to Fairlawn, where his wife and his daughter were. His wife and his daughter were. His wife and his daughter were.

He was a very good man, and his wife would have been before this if his thoughts had not persistently wandered over the ocean to Fairlawn, where his wife and his daughter were. His wife and his daughter were. His wife and his daughter were.

THE SIMPLICITY OF CHINESE THEATERS.

It seems that New York is soon to have a visit from a Chinese theatrical company. San Francisco already contains two Chinese theaters, but considering how little it costs to fit them up, it is surprising that there are not half a dozen.

The stage extends across one end of the building, and is devoid of scenery, footlights or drop curtain. A partition divides the stage into two, and two openings is built across the stage about fifteen or twenty feet from the front edge. Curtains close the openings in the partitions, through which the actors make their entrances. The actors always come on through the opening on the left way and go off by the one on the right. Thus the actors are always seen from the front.

No attempts at decoration are visible, the Chinese seemingly being content with the unadorned simplicity of the natural wood. Near the roof there is a third opening in the partition, which is reserved as the patron saint of the drama. The wardrobe unfolds never and greater beauties each time it is examined. Silks and satins are used in profusion, and are of the most delicate shades and of the best quality. The dresses are all made of the finest material, and the cost of the amount of labor they cost comparatively little. The finest of gold lacing and braiding, the most exquisite of embroideries are everywhere to be seen.

Some of the dresses cost \$100 in China, but if bought in this country would cost many times that amount. The costumes of the wardrobe are worth \$6,000. None represents the modern Chinese costume, because nothing is per-mitted upon the stage except the old-fashioned dress. The actors are seen on tea chests, fans, crockery, and screens, with flowing and flowery robes.

The Chinese actors' work is pantomime. There are no waits between the acts, except those occurring between the dates of presentation. These are numerous, for some plays require from one to six months to finish.



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

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

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

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

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

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 end of the time paid for.

In ordering back numbers enclose 4 cents for each copy. No rejected Manuscripts will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be James J. Clancy, editor of the *New York Graphic*.

This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 309. 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 the 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.

Next week we shall begin the publication of a new story by

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

It is called

IN SOUTHERN SEAS;

OR,

Jack Esbon's Eventful Voyage,

and possesses all the fascinating interest with which this favorite author so skillfully invests every creation of his pen. Indeed, "In Southern Seas" surpasses in attractiveness any of its predecessors, and we can assure our readers of much enjoyment in following the strange experiences of Jack Esbon during the coming summer. Our next number will also contain the first installment of

CAMP BLUNDER,

BY

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

the short but interesting serial story which we promised some time ago.

BOOK-KEEPING OR A TRADE?

A NEW YORK CITY boy writes to us: I take THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and am much pleased with it. I like the story "Ned Newton" the best; it is very interesting to read.

I was a booktack myself once, but now I am in an office. I am going to study for book-keeper; do you think it is better than a trade?

We like to receive such letters as this one. They show that the manly and ambitious boys, so well depicted in Mr. Putnam's stories, are to be found in actual life too; and to such boys we are always glad to give the best advice and assistance in our power.

As between book-keeping and some manual occupation, we should strongly advise our young friend to choose the latter. Book-keeping is certainly, at the present time, one of the least promising fields of labor. It requires a good deal of training, and almost always involves long hours, a sedentary life, and small wages. The rush of young men to the cities, and the increasing competition of women, have greatly overcrowded all the lower grades of office work.

A boy who is strong and healthy, and desires to earn his living and become a useful citizen, should grasp the earliest opportunity of apprenticing himself to some trade.

WHAT NOT TO READ IN RUSSIA.

We should think the people of Russia would develop an abnormal amount of curiosity, that is unless the Russians are very different from the rest of mankind, who generally are extremely desirous of seeing that which they find somebody else is trying to keep concealed from them.

One of our New York daily papers has a subscriber in Moscow, who recently sent back to the publication office his number for

March 17, which chanced to contain on the front page a column and a half cable account of a students' plot against the life of the czar. This item of news had been completely obliterated, in compliance with the orders of the Russian censor.

The article had been first daubed over with muckilage and then covered with a coating of fine black sand, in which condition the paper was sent on its way through the postoffice and finally delivered to its owner.

But stay, this very treatment may be meted out to this number of the ARGOSY before it is allowed to come into the hands of those of its readers who may chance to be residing within the dominions of the czar, so we dare not dwell upon the theme lest too much of the paper be blotted out.

We will send THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, postage paid, to any address for three months, for 75 cents; for four months, one dollar.

A CITY TO BE PROUD OF.

NEW YORK, being the acknowledged metropolis of the North American continent, of course does not stand in need of continual trumpet-blowing and panegyrics on the part of her citizens. However, it does seem as if New Yorkers could justifiably manifest more pride in their municipality than they are in the habit of showing.

Boston is not slow to take credit to herself for culture, Philadelphia is noted for the jealous care with which she cherishes her old family names, Chicago is continually boasting of the wonderful strides she has made in wealth and population, and so it goes on throughout the country.

New Yorkers, on the contrary, are very seldom heard to brag of their city's preeminence. We grant that such vaunting is not at all necessary, but it seems to us that the dwellers in the chief town of the New World are almost too apathetic.

Can it be that they are all so busy making money that they fail to realize the greatness of their city? New York possesses the most immense bridge, the largest statue, and the longest continuous street in the world. She is the third port in the world, and as a center of business and population has only one or two rivals. In regard to her water, electric light, and fire services, and expenditures for public purposes, she stands in the front rank. More than this, there is gathered here an amount of wealth, and a refined and cultivated society, with which no other American community can compare.

The citizens of New York may well feel proud of their city.

BETTER THAN EVER.

We have frequently observed that the managers of some papers let their publications run down during the summer months, seemingly with the idea that anything—any sort of story—is good enough to fill their columns in hot weather.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, however, is not managed on this plan. Since last October it has made a greater gain in circulation, and has attracted to itself more new readers than any other paper ever did in the same length of time. And we wish to tell these new readers, who know nothing of our midsummer policy, what may be expected of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY during the vacation months.

Our policy has always been a liberal one. We have aimed to give you more for the money than could possibly be got elsewhere—better stories, more favorite authors, finer illustrations, handsomer print, and purer, more elevating reading. That you have fully appreciated our efforts we are abundantly assured by the thousands of glowing testimonials which have reached us, and by the enormous circulation to which the ARGOSY has attained.

This same system of liberal expenditure on our part will be kept up by us throughout the summer. In fact, a still greater effort will be made to add to the attractiveness of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Good as it was during the winter, we can promise you that it will be still better this summer.

P. T. Barnum, Horatio Alger, Jr., Oliver Optic, Arthur Lee Putnam, Frank H. Converse, Edward S. Ellis, George H. Coomer, and Matthew White, Jr., will all help to produce this result. With such a freight of good things, no reader can afford to give up his paper during the vacation season, and there is no reason why he should do so, for the ARGOSY can be forwarded to him in the country, or wherever he goes.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor of "Harper's Weekly."

A UNIQUE position among American journalists is held by George William Curtis, the subject of this brief sketch. He stands apart from the great body of newspaper men, and the aim and character of his work is different from theirs; yet this essayist and political teacher has an influence as powerful, and performs public services as valuable as any of the keen gatherers of news or managers of great daily papers.

Mr. Curtis never studied at any college, but his knowledge of classics, history, and literature, is such as few graduates possess. He has always been a fervid orator among college societies, and has received honorary degrees from several universities. His connection with Cornell University has been especially close, as he has served both as non-resident professor and as regent.

He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 24th of February, 1824. His father belonged to an old family of Worcester, Massachusetts, and an ancestor was a pioneer settler of that city.

In his early boyhood he was sent, in company with an elder brother, to a boarding school at Jamaica Plain, near Boston,

managed by Charles Greene, and there he spent four years. When he was fifteen, his father moved to New York, and after studying for a time with a private tutor he went to work as a clerk in an importing house.

Before a year was over, he found that mercantile life was not congenial, and turned in quite a different direction, taking part in the famous Brook Farm experiment, which has already been referred to in the sketch of Charles A. Dana. Mr. Curtis was the youngest member; and his association with the great men who were the leaders of that social movement had a strong influence upon his mental development. The attempt to found this ideal community failed, but Mr. Curtis has never lost his belief that society may be lifted to a higher and a purer level nor his zeal in advancing the cause of reform.

In 1844, when the settlers of Brook Farm disbanded, he and his brother went to Concord, Massachusetts, and spent some time in farming and study. Mr. Curtis here became very intimate with the "Concord philosophers," Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, of whom he has recorded many interesting reminiscences in his "Homes of American Authors."

After two years at Concord, he crossed the Atlantic, to make a long tour in and beyond Europe. He went off a sailing ship from New York to Marseilles, and traveled at his leisure through Central and Southern Europe, making long halts at Rome, Venice, and other points of surpassing attractions. Then he sailed by Malta to Alexandria, journeyed up the Nile as far as the second cataract, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His pen was actively employed during these wanderings, which he narrated in "Nile Notes of a Howadij" (or Traveler), "The Howadij in Syria," and in letters to the *Courier and Enquirer*.

In 1850 he was in England, and returned in the autumn to New York, where he was soon busily at work. His books of European travel were edited and published, and he wrote letters and articles for the *New York Tribune* and *Harper's Monthly*. Shortly afterwards he became connected with *Putnam's Monthly*, of which he was the first and only editor. The journal was a literary success, but a financial failure, and a disastrous one to Mr. Curtis. He was not legally responsible for any part of the indebtedness of the firm, but with rare integrity he declined to accept the protection of the law. Like the author of "Waverley," he voluntarily undertook long and arduous la-

hors to pay off the creditors, and years of toil were required before this honorable purpose was achieved. He wrote regularly for the Harpers' weekly and monthly journals, and traveled all over the country to deliver lectures, which were everywhere popular and well received.

Most of his subjects were literary, but he dealt also with practical topics, and held earnest views on the political movements of the times. His strong anti-slavery sentiment led him to join the new Republican party, and in its second convention, at Chicago in 1860, his eloquence played a prominent part in shaping the platform adopted.

In 1863 he became political editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and from this position he spoke with authority on the questions of the day. He had the fullest control of his paper's political

course, and he rapidly gained a very powerful influence in the councils of his party. As a recent writer has remarked, no editor, with the one exception of Horace Greeley, has won and maintained such a devoted and enthusiastic personal support as Mr. Curtis.

The most tempting offers have failed to induce him to leave the editorial chair which he has now occupied for nearly twenty of our years. Mr. Seward, while secretary of state, tendered him

the post of consul-general to Egypt. On the death of Mr. Raymond, editor in chief of the *New York Times*, Mr. Curtis was invited to become that distinguished journalist's successor. Again during Hayes's presidency, he was asked to accept the English and the Austrian missions; but he steadily declined all offers of preferment.

He has long resided at West New Brighton, Staten Island, spending part of his summers in Massachusetts. Of late years he has found but little time for continuous literary effort, although his published works show that he might have attained fame as an author of books; but he is recognized as one of the most enlightened thinkers, and perhaps the most graceful and cultured writer, of the American press of the day.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE NEW CHAMPION.

CONSIDERABLE speculation is current as to the name that will be bestowed upon the new yacht which General Paine is building to meet the Thistle in this year's contest for the America's Cup. The *Boston Globe* suggests Anemone, "wind flower," as being appropriate. As the Puritan and the Mayflower, however, have proved themselves such worthy champions, we are inclined to hope that a third good old New England name will be added to the list of American prize winners; and it is reported that the new craft may be christened Dorothy, in honor of the daughter of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

CHANCE opportunities make us known to others, and still more to ourselves.

NEXT to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.—Colton.

ACTION, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

CONSCIENCE is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.—J. Rousseau.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—Froide.

MODESTY is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.—La Bruyere.

THE most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—La Bruyere.

THE love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life, which come to every one, for hours of delight.—Montesquieu.

WHAT we employ in charitable uses during our lives is given away from ourselves; what we bequeath at our death is given from others only, as our nearest relations.—Asterbury.



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.



THE ELEPHANT SEIZED DICK WITH ITS POWERFUL TRUNK AND LIFTED HIM HIGH IN THE AIR.

Dick + Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HUNTERS AND THEIR CARAVAN.

I THINK my description of the advent of the two African blacks filled Dan with more concern for Dick's safety than even the mention of the close proximity of the lions had done.

"Were they cannibals, Mr. Barnum?" he exclaimed. "I think I'd a good deal rather fall in with a wild beast than a wild man."

"Well, Dick was pretty much of the same opinion when he saw those dark-featured beings spring out of the woods and rush down the beach towards him. Of course, having fired only one of the barrels of his rifle at the lions, he had the other in reserve. At the same time, he could not bear the idea of taking a human life, even that of a benighted African; and then again, as he could shoot only once more without stopping to reload, the chances were that if he should kill one of the natives, the other would in all probability attack him by hurling his spear. So you see our friend was in a pretty ticklish situation.

"The blacks had kept up their jabbering and yelling since their first appearance, while Dick dropped his gun and snatched up his paddle, realizing that flight was his only means of escape.

"But as soon as they saw him urging the raft further out to sea, they began to beckon him back, at the same time yelling more lustily than ever. Naturally enough, this only caused Dick to be the more anxious to

put as much as possible of the Atlantic Ocean between himself and this inhospitable coast.

"At the same time, I dare say he felt that it was adding insult to injury for those jabbering natives to beckon him back to be eaten."

"What did they do when they saw he wasn't going to accept their invitation?" inquired Dan. "Did they rush out into the sea after him, or hurl their spears?"

"Neither; one of them kept right on jabbering and beckoning, while the other suddenly turned around and ran back into the woods.

"He's gone to get help to capture me," thought Dick, and at the same instant he caught up his rifle again and leveled it at the black who remained on the shore.

"He had no intention of really shooting the fellow, for as I have said, he could not bring himself to strike down a fellow-being even in apparent self-defense, but he hoped to frighten him off."

"And did he run?" eagerly interposed Dan, so interested that he wanted to anticipate the points in my narrative.

"Yes, quicker even than Dick had expected he would, which fact convinced him that, cannibals or not, the black men had already had enough intercourse with the whites to understand the meaning of a gun pointed at them.

"But he had scarcely begun to congratulate himself upon this fortunate deliverance, and to apply himself to paddling with renewed vigor, when a fresh outburst of cries startled him.

"Here's the whole tribe coming for me now," he said to himself; and not even taking the time to turn his head, he exerted all his strength in the endeavor to get the raft beyond spearing distance.

"But as you can easily believe, Dan, it was not possible to attain racing shell speed on a heavy raft, with nothing but an unwieldy board for propelling apparatus.

"However, notwithstanding the disad-

vantages under which he labored, Dick struggled on, working as hard to get out to sea as he had labored the previous day to bring himself ashore.

"Then all of a sudden he threw down his paddle and turned short around, with a most peculiar expression on his face."

"Why, had all the cannibals run off again?" asked Dan.

"Not a bit of it. What made him turn about so quickly was something entirely new. Above all the gibbering of the blacks he heard an unmistakable cry of 'Hallo there, hold on! Who are you?'"

"What, in English?" exclaimed Dan.

"Certainly, and it was an American who gave the shout; but I must not anticipate. What Dick saw when he turned around was two white men in helmets and hunting costumes, with one of the blacks trying to hide himself behind them while he pointed out the raft, and the other standing by a yoke of oxen attached to a canvas covered wagon, which had come to a halt near the edge of the woods, and pointed across the front of which Dick could make out the word 'Barnum.'"

"Why, how funny that he should see your name away out in Africa," said Dan.

"Oh, no, not so very strange when you take into consideration the fact that the wagon belonged to me."

"Belonged to you, Mr. Barnum?" exclaimed Dan. "Did you ever send a circus to Africa?"

"No, but I have sent several menageries from Africa to America; that is, I have constantly had men in Africa looking up attractions in the way of wild animals for my show over here, and the two whom Dick saw were engaged in this service. But to return to Dick.

"When he saw this most unexpected sight, he was so utterly astounded, as I have said, that for a moment or two he could do nothing but stand there on his gently undulating raft and gaze. But at last he found his voice, and called out:

'I've been shipwrecked, and was trying to get out of the way of the lions and those black fellows. I guess they're not cannibals after all, though!'

"Cannibals! Well, I guess not," answered the taller of the two white men. 'But come ashore and tell us your story.'

"Feeling that he had found friends where he had most certainly expected to meet with enemies, Dick lost no time in paddling back through the gentle breakers. A moment later he was standing on the beach.

"I suppose we must introduce ourselves, as we don't happen to have any mutual friends handy to do it for us," began the shorter of the two hunters, extending his hand to Dick. "My name is Griswold, Frank Griswold, from Stamford, Connecticut, U. S. A., and my mate here is Hiram Carter. The two blacks are our servants. We call 'em Jingo and Beeswax, which is about as near as we can get to their names in the real Zulu. But they're pretty well trained and have lost their appetite for roasting white men."

"Oh, come now, Frank," interrupted his tall companion. "Don't go on with one of your long strings, till we find out what we can do for this young man. When did you say you were wrecked? and have you had anything to eat?"

"For reply Dick gave his name and a brief account of his recent experiences, and was listened to with close attention by both the hunters. Before he began Griswold had given some orders to the Kafirs, and by the time he had finished, the oxen had been outspanned, a fire built, and preparations for supper were well under way.

"But what are you doing away off here?" Dick wanted to know in his turn, when he had concluded. Then, pointing to the name on the wagon, he added: "Have you anything to do with the Greatest Show on Earth?"

"Well, rather," was Griswold's reply, "seeing that we are traveling at the expense

of Mr. Barnum on a search for the biggest elephant in Africa, and any other curious animals we can capture. But come on and mess with us; then we'll have a chance to talk things over comfortably."

CHAPTER IX.

THE GIANT ELEPHANT.

"Dick had no very pressing engagement to interfere, now that the necessity of flying from supposed cannibals no longer existed, you may be sure that he was not slow in accepting the invitation to take supper with the hunters. Not that he was especially hungry, for you will remember that he had not suffered from lack of provisions, but he was overjoyed to have the opportunity of companionship with something more cheerful than his own forebodings for the future and—the lions of the present.

"Have you caught any animals yet?" asked Dick, when all three were seated around the campfire ready to be served with the delicious antelope steaks which one of the Kafirs no longer existed, in broiling.

"Well, no, I can't say we have," answered Griswold. "That is, unless you choose to count in the deer that Beeswax yonder is cooking in a way to make our mouths water. You see we have only been out four days. Started from San Felipe on the 8th, and are now at Cape Town. Have you any plans made?"

"No, none beyond trying to keep my head on my shoulders and out of the lions' mouth, and watching out for a ship to come along and pick me up."

"You don't much care what kind of a ship picks you up," inquired Carter, and Dick thought that he detected him exchanging a significant glance with his fellow hunter as he spoke.

"Castaways shouldn't be choosers," laughed our hero.

"Good," broke out Griswold. "What do you say to being picked up by a ship of the desert, so to speak? I guess we can make room for you to sleep with us in the wagon, and an extra hand will be no end of a help. You see, I'm frank by nature and as by name, and I don't want you to feel that we can afford to take a fellow through this forsaken country just as a passenger."

"And now I've got you, I ought to be as Mr. Barnum's agent, I'll put in for myself that I'd like immensely to have your company, and so would my friend Carter. Come, what do you say to casting in your lot with us for the next five months or so?"

"I say yes, and thank you with all my heart," was Dick's prompt response. "I don't know whether liking to hunt will make a good hunter of me, but I'll do my best. And there's one thing, after last night's experience, I guess I can stand the roaring of a lion without getting frightened out of his skin. And if you don't mind, I think I'd better hand over to you the provisions and tools that I brought off from the wreck."

"By all means," responded Griswold. "Just tell me where they are, and I'll have Jingo bring them up and put them in your wagon. But by the way you haven't told us your name yet."

"Dick gave it, and before the evening meal was finished, the three were on as intimate terms as though they had known one another for a year instead of scarcely an hour. But meeting as they had, so unexpectedly, in that far-away, half-civilized land, it is small wonder that bonds of sympathy were quickly formed.

"Before dark, all Dick's effects had been transferred from the raft, and by eight o'clock preparations for bed were under way."

"We follow you to roost with the chickens, you see," Griswold explained, "because we like to get up before sunrise, and trek on a few miles in the cool of the morning. So now if you'll just crawl into the wagon you'll find a place next to my mate there that I'll warrant will be a little softer and safer, if not quite as cool as your bed on the sand this morning."

"But where are you going to sleep?" Dick wanted to know. "If I've been the means of turning you out in the cold, or heat, I should say, just please change places with me."

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed this jolly young leader of the expedition—for he looked to be not over twenty-four. "It's my night on guard, and I have the privilege of stretching myself out on the front seat there, where I can get plenty of air. If you're a good boy we'll promote you to occupy this favored spot every third night perhaps."

"But where did the two blacks sleep, Mr. Barnum?" inquired Dan at this point.

"That was the very next question Dick put to Frank Griswold, and the latter's answer was that they slept under the wagon."

"There's another thing I'd like to know, too, if you please, Mr. Barnum," continued Dan. "How could those two hunters capture lions and elephants alive and carry them along with them? I should think it would take a lot of men."

"You are right, Dan," I answered, "it does require a large force of men, white and black, and a great deal of hard work in the way of constructing traps and portable cages, to secure possession of the large wild animals of Africa. But that was not the plan on which my agents were to work on the expedition with which our friend Dick had fallen in, as you will presently learn."

"Having slept so lately, he did not feel very tired when Hiram Carter turned in; so he went to the front of the wagon, he propped his head on his hand and lay there talking in a low tone for an hour or more with young Griswold, for whom he had already conceived a very decided liking."

"In the course of the talk Dick inquired why, if they were in search of animals for a show, they had not attempted to secure any of the lions at which he had fired, and thereby attracted the Kafirs to the shore."

"Why, did you think, with a small outfit like this, we could not merely capture, but transport to some harbor, any of these wild prowlers of the jungle? No, no, my boy; we are embarked on a very peculiar mission, for the success of which skill in handling men is more to be relied on than traps and force of arms. In a word, we are not going to capture anything wild, except, perhaps, a chance parrot or monkey, but hope to secure an immense tame elephant now in your hands, and to use it as a great asset to him with the greatest reverence. Being tame we shall have no difficulty in taking him along with us, if we can only induce his present owners to part with him."

"But how are you going to do that?" asked Dick. "If they worship this elephant, how can you induce them to give away one of their gods to get him. How did you find out about it, though? That there was such an elephant, I mean?"

"Our enterprising chief heard it through one of his agents, who arrived in the States last summer with a cargo of beasts from the East, and he sent a trusted man to look me out on a voyage to the Cape."

"And do you know where this village with its big elephant is?" went on Dick.

"No, not exactly. Sterling had the story only third or fourth hand from some of the natives he met on the Congo. But when Mr. Barnum believed it, he jumped on me on a voyage to the Cape."

"Have you ever been in Africa before?" inquired Dick.

"Once, when I was quite a boy. My father was a soldier, and I came with him on a voyage to the Cape."

"And do you know where this village with its big elephant is?" went on Dick.

"No, not exactly. Sterling had the story only third or fourth hand from some of the natives he met on the Congo. But when Mr. Barnum believed it, he jumped on me on a voyage to the Cape."

"Oh, massa, de lions are 'round. Hear 'em?"

"Of course I do," interrupted Griswold, as he sprang to the ground; "and I'm afraid we'll all feel 'em, too, if this blaze isn't keeping good better."

"A dull muttering of growls came distinctly to the ears of our hero from the more thickly wooded interior, and hastily came coming ever nearer and nearer."

while Dick and the hunter took their places, one on either side of the oxen.

"The fire, which had burst out into a few spasmodic spurts, now burned low again, and a complete darkness was fast settling down upon the little encampment. A crackling of the underbrush sounded somewhere off to the left."

"Was it the Kafirs hunting for fuel or the lions? This was the momentous question the two watchers asked themselves, as, in the dark, they stood by the heads of the oxen, trying to quiet the restless animals, who were becoming unmanageable."

"The next instant the unspoken query was answered in most startling fashion."

"By the light of the fast expiring blaze, one of the blacks was seen to approach the fire with a pile of brushwood in his arms. He was about to fling it down among the embers when a blood-curdling roar woke the echoes of the solitudes, and the horrified watchers saw a huge form bound through the air and light squarely on the shoulders of the poor Kafir."

"He fell forward on his face, on the top of the wood, he had been gathering, and almost into the fire."

"Two shots rang out in swift succession. Griswold had emptied both barrels of his rifle, and then rushed recklessly forward to the scene of the attack."

"Dick was about to follow him, when another shot struck beside him, and turning quickly, he beheld two blazing orbs fixed upon him, or the oxen, he was not certain which."

"You can imagine, however, that he did not wait to find out. He pulled trigger instantly, and at the first shot, the lions' eyes were extinguished, and he gave a wail of mingled rage and pain. Then with a heavy tramping of the undergrowth he fled from the spot."

"Armed by the firing and the loud outcries of Jingo, who came rushing in, dropping in his flight the wood he had collected, Dick sprang on top of the wagon and yelled to know what was up."

"Dick dared not leave the ox-team, and you can imagine his suspense while waiting to know the result of Griswold's shot."

"All right," the latter now called out. "I've done for Mr. Lion. Never was such a lucky shot though. A mighty good one, but something had to be done, and I took the chances, in the dark, too."

"And was the Kafir killed, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan.

"No," answered Dan, "I was pretty badly bruised, and he hit my arm so strained that he lost the full use of it for some time. You see, Griswold's shot happened to take the lion in a vital spot before he touched the earth, and the result was that he dropped to the earth, with only one paw resting on the block."

"Beeswax was almost killed by the fall, and it was late in the night before he came down enough to go to sleep. Hiram, who was something of a surgeon, bound up his arm in a sling, and dosed him with various mixtures from the medicine chest, which had a soothing effect on his imagination, if not on his body."

"Dick was congratulated for the vigilance with which he had guarded the cattle, and while he helped Griswold skin the lion, the two came to the conclusion that they had had a visit from the very same beasts that had attacked our hero the night before."

"The valuable pelt of the forest king having been neatly stripped, Carter, Dick and Hiram stood on the side of the wagon to dry. Griswold insisted that Dick should go to bed."

"I'll watch out here where I can keep the blaze going myself," he said. "I heard a few growls off yonder a minute ago, but I guess I can make it strong enough for the critters in more senses than one."

"The rekindled fire had the desired effect, and presently all was still, if stillness could exist with myriads of insects piping away from their all night concerts. But such noises were quite legitimate, and, crawling round his place beside Hiram, Dick was soon in a condition to dream of lions with a roar like Niagara, or of elephants as big as Mount Washington!"

CHAPTER X.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN ELEPHANT.

"DAY was just beginning to dawn when Dick was roused by a friendly shake and the words 'Come, come, come, I can make you a cup of coffee to keep you up till ten or eleven, when we stop for our regular breakfast.'

"This early French style meal was soon dispatched, the patient oxen inspanned, and while the sun was yet almost on a level with the earth, the expedition started once more on its way towards the south."

"As the wagon moved out from the camping-ground, our hero could not forbear casting a sorrowful glance in the direction of the sea, in whose keeping he was leaving all those friends of his on the ship, who but two days before had been full of life, hope and plans for the future. Was it possible that he, alone of them all, was still privileged to breathe the invigorating air, see the blessed sunlight, and enjoy the varied sights, sounds and experiences of a new day?"

"But I know, Dan, that you are anxious for me to get to Dick's real adventures. I will not stop to describe the details of that novel trip in an ox wagon."

"Although of course the caravan moved at merely a snail's pace, still nobody seemed to be in a hurry, and after a while the even, monotonous tread of the oxen began to have a sort of fascination for the young Englishman. He would sometimes sit in front of the wagon, with his eyes fixed on their slowly swaying bodies, in a state of dreamy content."

"But truth compels me to add that these blissful periods only occurred at the rare intervals when the air was not of a blazing temperature, or the flies and mosquitoes were taking a brief rest. Nor were the only annoyances to which the party of travelers were subjected."

"Sometimes the faintly marked trail would be lost altogether, and progress became a matter of days. In the night, a herd of an African forest. Then all hands were obliged to set to work with axes to clear a passage for the wagon."

"Dick took his turn at keeping guard during the night, but no more was heard from the lions. Indeed, for some days no sound of any kind was to be heard, except of troops of monkeys, who at times seemed to be as plentiful in the tree-tops as sparrows in our New York parks."

"But one afternoon the party had an encounter which served to remind them most forcibly that they were really traveling through a country in which the mightiest beasts held undisputed sway, with many other dangerous animals populating the forests and liable to become hostile at any moment."

"Didn't they meet any of the natives, though, and have trouble with them?" Dan inquired.

"All in good time, my boy. They most certainly did meet plenty of natives, and as for trouble with them is concerned, why—I but I mustn't get ahead of my story."

"As I was saying, it was one afternoon, when all of the pleasures and but few of the annoyances of African trekking were realized and each man enjoyed his hour."

"He and Carter were sitting in the front of the wagon, while Griswold was asleep behind them, as it would be his turn to keep watch that night."

"Beeswax was trudging along by the side of the oxen, speaking of the sun and then in a few moments he was looking towards the west. Jingo was on ahead to see that the trail was all clear, and to keep a lookout for any signs of a village which might prove to be the home of that mighty elephant of whom they were in search."

"What's that noise off yonder?" and then in a few moments he was pointing to the left some distance ahead of them. "It sounds as if somebody was chopping down trees."

"It can't be Jingo," replied Hiram, "for he hasn't got an axe with him. And besides, I don't hear any chopping, only the sound of falling branches." By Jove, Dick believed it can make it strong enough for the critters in more senses than one."

"Hiram stood up fairly quivering with excitement. He told Dick that he had never seen an elephant in the wild state, and then turned to wake up Griswold."

"The latter was fired with equal enthusiasm when informed of the suspicious sounds heard at irregular intervals."

"The party had not gone a dozen yards, however, before they met Jingo, who, with widely dilated eyes and mouth, came running towards them, crying out: 'Oh, Meen Frank, a big, big incubo. Biggest ever see.'"

"Great guns, but we're in luck," exclaimed Griswold. "Jingo says there is an

enormous elephant around. Perhaps it is the very fellow we want. His keepers may have let him out to get a little fresh air.

"And they may be around watching him, too. You'd better be careful, Frank."

"Careful! Why what did we come here for, I'd like to know, if not to seize any chance we could of getting hold of the giant elephant? Dupin, there, he is now!"

"Sure enough, at that instant an enormous slate-colored mass was seen looming up in the trail ahead, and the next instant an elephant at least twenty feet in height was in full view."

"Was he bigger than Jumbo, Mr. Barnum?" asked Dan, drawing his chair a trifle closer to mine in his eager attention.

"Yes, if the hunter's story is true, he must have been. So you can imagine what a contrast he was to those elephants seen in ordinary shows and menageries. He had two large tusks, and the huge ears characteristic of the African elephant, and when he came in sight, he was just putting what appeared to be the top of a tree down his throat with his trunk.

"We must have that fellow sure," cried Griswold, fairly springing up and down in his excitement. "If I had my lasso! Won't Dick? You, Hiram, get off to the right there," and head the fellow off, while Jingo and I keep an eye on him from this side.

"Hurry all you can, Dick! You know where it hangs, on the left hand."

"Yes," cried Dick, and he started off like the wind.

"He nearly knocked poor Beeswax down in the dash he made for the wagon seat. He found the lasso in a trice, and in less than a minute he was back again where he had left the others.

"He beheld an exciting spectacle, which reminded him more of the game Puss-in-the-corner than anything else.

"Griswold, Hiram, and Jingo had managed to surround the elephant, and whenever he came towards any of them would rush out from behind a tree, yell at the top of their voices and wave their arms and guns with all the apparent senselessness of madmen.

"Here, Dick, let me have it quick," cried Griswold, and, taking the lasso from young Broadhead's hand, he started boldly out to confront the elephant."

"But didn't the elephant make a run for him?" inquired Dan.

"No, he suddenly turned and ran the other way.

"Head him off, Dick, quick," cried Griswold, noting that the giant beast was taking a direction where it would be impossible for either Hiram or Jingo to intercept him.

"Dick saw in a flash what was wanted of him. He was the nearest of all to the elephant, and by taking a diagonal cut through a sort of path in the undergrowth, there was a possibility of his being able to reach the trail in time to turn back the prize.

"He started off, not to catch a series of bounds that caused him to clear any stray obstacles in the road, and brought him to the desired point just half a second or so in advance of the elephant.

"He at once turned and faced the latter, yelling as loud as he could, and flourishing cap and gun in a manner calculated to bewilder man or beast.

"The elephant stopped short for an instant and appeared to be undecided what to do next. Meanwhile, Dick saw that Griswold was nearly up to him with the lasso.

"He seems to be tame enough," he said to himself. "I shouldn't be surprised if we captured him."

"The next instant, however, he was surprised by something else. The elephant had made up his mind how to proceed, and suddenly darted down upon Dick with a swoop. Before the boy could make an effort at saving himself, he was snatched up by the powerful trunk, and lifted high in the air."

(To be continued.)

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

A HOME-MADE INCUBATOR.

A REMARKABLE story, for the truth of which the ARGOSY does not care to vouch, comes from Monmouth County, New Jersey. It appears that not long ago a citizen of Red Bank coming home one night with a pan containing a dozen eggs, carelessly set them on the back of the stove.

For some unexplained cause they were forgotten, until three weeks later a succession of peep, peep, peep, and, behold, twelve lusty little chicks were lifting their heads out of the pan in quest of the mother hen.

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CORRESPONDENTS & EXCHANGES

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our ability, not in justice to only our subscribers, but in that of general interest can receive attention. We have on file a great number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

DECLINED WITH THANKS: "Zek's Lottery," "A Dead Hero," "The Breaking of a Colt," "Zek's Fourth of July."

M. C. Scranton, Pa. Your coin seems to be a Turkish piece.

M. C. Sedalia, Mo. Write to *Baldwin's Magazine*, Boston, Mass.

J. P. T. South Brooklyn, N. Y. We fear we could not use the MS.

C. D. Union Mills, Ind. There is no premium on any of the coins.

A. MCG, Detroit, Mich. We do not know any private naval academy.

SPORTSMAN New York City. Trout are in season all through the summer.

J. M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. We are not in need of humorous contributions.

P. H. F., Jersey City, N. J. Queen Victoria was born in London, May 24, 1819.

T. P. Abdon, Minn. We would advise you to apply to a trustworthy physician.

C. S., Cincinnati, Ohio. "Always in Luck" has not been published in book form.

HERBERT RANDOLPH, Baltimore, Md. No premium on cents of 1818, 1845, or 1847.

W. P. B., Philadelphia, Pa. Each volume of the ARGOSY contains fifty-two numbers.

G. F., New York City. The origin of All Fools' Day is in the midst of antiquity.

E. H., Jersey City, N. J. Yes, all the authors named are contributors to the ARGOSY.

E. L., Chicago, Ill., and W. V. F., East Boston, Mass. No premium on any of your coins.

J. Lobo, Cameron, Mo. We may publish another experience of our Captain Ashley's pen during this year.

BERK, Akron, O. As your fifty cent piece of 1836 lacks the milled edge, there is no premium attached to it.

CONSTANT READER, Rockville, Conn. Printers' rollers are made from a mixture of glue and molasses.

R. W. H., Brazil, Ind. Oology is pronounced in four syllables with the accent upon the second: o-o-l-og-ee.

H. K., Carrollton, Mo. We will bind your volume of the ARGOSY for one dollar and expressage both ways.

W. H., Great Bay, Wis. At present Y nickels with "Don Gordon's Shooting Box" price one and their face value.

G. G. G., East Jordan, Mich. Deerfoot will not appear in any more of Mr. Ellis's series after "The Last War Trail."

FRED LINDEN and TERRY CLARK, Tompkinsville, N. Y. We could not reproduce the "Log Cabin Series" in the ARGOSY.

J. L. H. C., Philadelphia, Pa. Yes, Mr. Converse writes under his own name, and has had practical experience in a sailor's life.

M. A. B., Chicago, Ill. "In a New World," by Horatio Alger, Jr. began in no. 150, and "With Fire and Sword" in no. 152.

A. H. G., San Francisco, Cal. The notice referred to will convince advertisers of the *bona fide* extensive circulation of the ARGOSY.

L. O. J., New York City. Inquire at the library you mention for the volume, and if it is not on the shelves, they may get it for you.

R. T., San Francisco, Cal. Yes, you can obtain any number of the ARGOSY you want, with the exception of those comprising vols. I and II.

E. H. J., Hollidaysburgh, Pa. Yes, we can supply you with "Don Gordon's Shooting Box," price one dollar, fifteen cents to be added if sent by mail.

D. J. T., Newcastle, Pa. Messrs. Alger and Optic are regular contributors to THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. "Bob Barton" may be published in book form.

ARGOSY CLUB, Philadelphia, Pa. We should be very glad to oblige you, but the ARGOSY is already put on the market by the lowest rate possible.

H. J. A., Cleveland, O. 1. The average height of a boy of seventeen is 5 feet 4 1/2 inches; weight, about 112 lbs. 2. See answer to second query of J. H. R.

E. L., Tarrytown, N. Y. 1. The mention of the city and state will be sufficient. 2. "The Haunted House" will probably be published during the coming summer.

F. P., New York City. 1. The manner in which the chess automaton Ajeeb is worked has up to the present been kept secret. 2. Your subscription expires with no. 243.

A WEEKLY READER, Amsterdam, N. Y. 1. Philadelphia covers more ground than any other city in the United States. 2. Vol. I can be supplied only in book form, price \$5.

W. H. H., Chicago, Ill. All that is required of an author in order to gain admission to the columns of any paper is that he write and submit a story or article of superior merit.

J. H. R., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. A dime of 1811, if in good condition, is worth from thirty to fifty cents. 2. This question is not of sufficient general interest to be presented in these columns.

FRANK, READER, Portland, Me. The English sparrow was introduced into this country by a gentleman now living at Germantown, Pa. A pair of sparrows will rear as many as thirty young birds in a year.

C. S., Hoboken, N. J. 1. Mr. William B. Astor is still alive. 2. The longest series in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY was "The Boy-Kicker." 3. Mr. Alger has

written more serials for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY than any other author.

LARSEN, Dallas, Tex. An examination, physical and mental is required for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. A cadet must be between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, and the course lasts four years.

PATRY, Washington, D. C. We could not undertake to receive articles intended for exchange. Transactions must be made direct, but you should address your applications to those whose offers you may think of accepting.

A MEMBER OF F. N. R., Prairie City, Ia. 1. We can supply you with any of Harry Castleson's books at one dollar each. 2. We are not prepared to make up the ARGOSY so far in advance of its appearance on the stands, the publication of reports of games, etc., would lack the element of interest. 3. Indicate the name of the STAMP COLLECTOR. 1. It is impossible to say who has the best collection of stamps in the United States. 2. The largest collections are probably to be found in Paris. 3. We expect to publish a new series of "The Young Pilot of Lake Ontario."

W. L. L., New York City. 1. For the value of your Washington letter, we refer you to William Everts Benjamin, 744 Broadway, this city. 2. No license is required to keep a pleasure boat on the river, but it is suggested that you call on the "Manhattan Rangers" as names for your hunting club.

A CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn, N. Y. To remove grease from paper, make fine scrapings of pipe clay, with which the spot to be removed must be completely covered. Next pass a hot iron over it, and with a clean piece of India rubber remove the clay. A similar application will suffice.

HERALDOLPH. 1. There is no train in this or any other country scheduled to run at the rate of ninety miles an hour. 2. We have a large stock of MSS, but are always ready to consider stories of superior merit. Good writing is not necessary to success in literature; many famous authors have possessed an illegible chirography.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER, So. Illinois. 1. No premium on any of the coins of 1812. 2. Half a dram troy of ammonia, two drams lavender, and half a pint of distilled water, applied with a sponge two or three times a day may be used to remove freckles, although there is said to be no preparation that will entirely banish them. 3. At last accounts Frank James was acting as clerk in St. Louis in the store of D. A. Allen, Mass. 4. Colonel William Prescott of Bunker Hill fame, fought all through the Revolution, and died in 1795. 2. Julius Cesar and Napoleon were perhaps the greatest generals of antiquity. 3. Yes, we believe it was when with the Providence team in 1884 that Radbourne led the league in pitching. 4. The ARGOSY is printed in the United States.

STYLES, Lexington, Mo. 1. We have made an arrangement whereby we could procure a bound volume of the ARGOSY if you desire to purchase vols. III and IV, bound, is three dollars each. 3. Perhaps in the course of the year. 4. The exact origin of the Argosy in the United States is not supposed to have sprung from some of the early races of the eastern hemisphere. 5. Yes, if you should obtain six yearly subscribers for the volume, three dollars each, we will send you vol. III, bound.

Mrs. JOHN P. RICHARDSON, North Reading, Mass. wishes to procure the full text of two songs, one of them "My grand old home yonder little green," and the other "When I was a maiden."

"Twas this way and that way."

To any reader who will send her the songs complete, she will present the bulb of a very pretty plant for winter blooming.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We will receive for exchange, for the ARGOSY, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; no exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges for "offers" sent by mail. We will not receive for exchange back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We will not be responsible for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars, and have them given.

We have on file a large number of exchanges, which will be sent you on request. Write for them to Percy Nash, Morrisburgh, Ont. Stamps, for stamps or Indian relics.

W. Chamberlain, Jr., Box 55, Railway, N. J., 564 postmarks, for books or fossils.

William Sears, Delaware, O., curiosities, for arrowheads, Indian beads. Send for list.

Herman Alden, Auburn, Me. A hundred rare postmarks, for ten rare stamps. Send list.

Herbert C. Harding, 40 Essex St., Jersey City, N. J. A printing press, two cases 2 1/4 by 3 1/2, for a telegraph instrument.

Burt R. Stevens, Greenville, Mich., would like to trade on the names which any Argosy readers have to exchange.

Anna Turner, Ransom, Pa. Perforated stamping patterns, for 15516, curiosities, minerals, sea shells, or sea mosses.

Ernest Morsell, 1516 P. St., Washington, D. C. A box of water colors, and "Wonders of the Great

Deep," for "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn."

Theo. H. Pond, San Leandro, Cal. A pack of Chinese chopsticks, with directions, for ten stamps not in his collection.

John D. Allen, Mechanics, Ga. A new pair of rubber roller skates, to fit a 6 or 8 shoe, for books by Alger or Castleson.

C. M. Howard, 47 Sherbrooke St., Montreal, Canada, would like to correspond with stamp collectors in the United States.

B. L. Hawkins, 100 Hudson, N. Y. A pair of patent lever ice skates, size 10 1/2, for nos. 157 to 179 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Chas. E. McCloskey, Lock Haven, Pa. A small silver-leafed comb, with a shank, for a Hall type writer in good condition.

Mac A. Arnold, Box 162, McKeesport, Pa. Foreign coins, postmarks, stamps, and tin tags, for large U. S. copper coins.

S. J. Steinberg, 438 South Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind. Five foreign stamps, for every tin tag not in his collection. Send all roller skates, and Victor Burke, Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N. J. Foreign and U. S. stamps, for tools, books, or electrical apparatus.

T. Maxwell, 505 12th St., Detroit, Mich. A magic lantern, and books, for numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY between 1884 and 1887.

E. B. Leonard, 1000 1/2 South Boston, Mass. A printing press, a writing desk, and 7 books by popular authors, for a good banjo.

John Keyes, 1000 1/2 South Boston, N. Y. A pair of 9 1/2 Acme ice skates, for a pair of roller skates. Brooklyn offers preferred.

Sol R. Smith, Box 440, Lincoln, Ill. Fossils and various curiosities, for Indian relics and Confederate money. Write for particulars.

H. L. Wandell, Box 24, West Troy, N. Y. A pair of 10 of all roller skates, for 25 cents, \$26, for plain leather or fancy script type.

A. E. Hammond, Williamstown, Conn. A set of boxing gloves, for a pair of opera glasses. Mineral water, for mineral, fossils, or Indian relics.

Dewitt Gray, 15 Delaware St., Syracuse, N. Y. The "Sportman's Club Series," by Castleson, for a bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

C. N. Dexter, 185 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y. 280 postmarks, including one from Greece, for 50 foreign stamps not in his collection.

E. E. Marlow, 1000 1/2 South Boston, N. Y. A small dark lantern, 3 books, and over 100 different stamps, for a printing press and outfit.

John Burke, 1000 1/2 South Boston, Mass. "Robinson Crusoe," "Wanderings in South America," and other books, for U. S. and foreign stamps.

W. C. Reynolds, Eagle Bridge, N. Y. Stamps and about 50 foreign stamps, for Indian relics and curiosities, for a fishing rod and reel. Send for list.

G. Medina, Room 360, Produce Exchange Building, New York City. Complete camping outfit, valued at \$40, for a 2 1/2 inch nickel ball bearing bicycle.

Robert McKenna, 1205 Federal St., Philadelphia, Pa. A xylophone, 23 books by O. P. Noyes, and Castleson, for a guitar or a banjo, the former preferred.

George W. Jackson, Grenier, Kan. A Daisy printing press, with two fonts of type, for books of travel and adventure, or a pair of B. & B. all-clip ice skates.

Harry Sexton, Maplewood, Mass. A large magic lantern, with 11 slides, a pair of 9 inch ice skates, a box of Lotto, and 160 stamps, for a card press, Model preferred.

C. E. De Witt, 65 Hawley St., Binghamton, N. Y. A three-jointed hollow butt fishing rod, cost \$4.50, or a Centennial nickel stem winding watch, for a good opera glass.

G. S. Gordon, Meadow Creek, Montana. Petrified and opalized wood, minerals, porcupine quills, a buckskin vest, and a styclographic pen, for books or printing outfit.

John Eichhorn, care Jewel & Co., 45 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa. Two pairs of dumb bells and a pair of roller skates, for a baseball bat and a pair of catclaw gloves.

C. M. Gilpin, 939 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. A magic lantern, 28 Cent. U. S. and out, for an international stamp album, latest issue, or a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

George F. Shade, 43rd St., above Butler, Pittsburgh, Pa. 12 fonts of type, for O. P. Noyes, and a pair of Indian clubs, black, with brass tips, for a banjo valued at \$5.

Albert D., 1000 1/2 South Boston, N. Y. A pair of all-clip, nickel-plated ice skates, and a small printing press, with a font of type and outfit, for a double-jointed fishing rod, or a banjo.

H. Ames, 601 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A 5 by 8 photo view lens, a large ornamental brass inkstand, a patent book carrier, and three games, for a pair of Waterbury lenses, or engraver's tools.

H. C. Brown, Box 318, Madison, Ind. A pair of 10 1/2 all-clip Acme ice skates, a pair of roller skates, a pair of 7 lb. dumb bells, and arrowheads, for a telegraph key and sounder, or pair of fencing foils.

E. J. Stevens, Box 1431, Janesville, Wis. An Indian arrowhead, for 4 Specimens of the O. P. Noyes Department stamps, excepting the 3 cent, post-office, and 3 and 6 cent War and Treasury. Not less than 2 lots taken.

Charles Barber, Box 21, Orange, N. J. An 18 inch turning lathe, with scroll saw, drill, emery wheel and circular saw attachments, a set of tools, 3 printing rollers, 12 fonts of type, 25 books, etc., for a 22 or 24 inch Columbia bicycle.

Harry Smith, Box 1566, West Chester, Pa. A camera, taking picture 3 1/2 by 4 1/2, almost new, and a pair of all-clip roller skates, for 3 persons, for a self-inking printing press, chase not less than 6 by 8, with not less than two fonts of type.

Frank L. O., 28 Central Ave., Albany, N. Y. An International stamp album, containing 130 U. S. and foreign stamps, 200 mixed stamps, "Gulliver's Travels," and a violin and bow, valued at \$13, for a waterproof and leather roll, or 3 persons to sleep in.

Earl S. Edwards, 923 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. A foot power scroll saw, with circular saw, lath attachment, and level, a pair of roller skates, a five watch, a magic lantern, and other articles, for a 50 or 52 inch Columbia bicycle, or a photographic outfit.

H. N. Sweet, B. & O. Telegraph Office, Battle Creek, Mich. Vols. V, VI and VII of *Golden Days*, and a volume of the *Scientific American*, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, in good condition, for a self-inking printing press, chase 3 by 4, with 5 fonts of type, etc., a learner's telegraphic outfit, and books, for a relay, sounder, or electrical appliances, or a bicycle.

AN ADVENTURE IN ALGERIA.

BY D. C. MACDONALD.

THE adventure of which I am going to tell you happened to me a good many years ago in the French colony of Algeria. It was my first serious interview with a lion, and, like most serious things, it had a comic side, too.

I was quite a young man then, and had been some half dozen years in the province of Constantine, farming in partnership with a friend, an old colonist, whose acquaintance I had made on board ship going out from Marseilles. Our business was the raising of cattle, and my French partner and I did very well together, until he died of a fever, and after that I took a dislike to the place. I thought I would shift my fortunes into the province of Algiers, push toward the frontier, get a grant of government land, and make a farm of it. So, getting a neighbor to give an eye to things in my absence, I started on my prospecting expedition. I said "I," but I should have said "we," for there were three of us, sworn comrades as ever were.

First, there was your humble servant, myself; secondly, there was my horse Marengo, and a better never looked through a bridle. He stood about fifteen hands two, carried the Barb head, and the rest of his body was all bone and muscle. His temper was as good as his courage was high; he would follow me like a dog, but he had one failing, and that was an unconquerable objection to the close proximity of anything—except my hat that stood on four legs. We all have our peculiarities, and this was his. Bipedes were all very well, but multiply the legs by two and he let fly immediately, and never missed his aim. Such was Marengo.

Thirdly, there was Scipio—or Scipio—the faithfulest, the most honest, the oddest, and the wickedest little dog the world ever saw. He was a more like a terrier than anything else; with a short yellow coat, a fox's head, very long ears, and a very short tail. The shrillness of his bark pierced your ears like a knife, but the awfulness of his howl—he always howled if left alone—baffles description. During the ten years I had him, he seldom left me, day or night. On a journey he would run beside me, and when tired get up and sit in my wallet. The great pleasure of his life was to steal behind people and secretly bite their legs—in a gentle, unharmed way, however, which was quite his own. By some mysterious understanding, he and Marengo were friends from the first. They now sleep under the same tree.

Well, we started, and after going over a good deal of ground, I thought I had decided on a location, and turned my face homeward. My direction was by Alma, to strike the great road that runs under the Atlas eastward into Constantine. It was about 8 o'clock one morning, when I had been some two hours in the saddle, that I emerged from a narrow valley, or ravine, through which the road ran, upon a sandy plain dotted with bushes and scrub. I had just laid the reins on Marengo's neck, when suddenly he gave a tremendous shudder that pitched me clean off his back. The next moment I saw a horrible roar, a lion sprang at his head. I made sure he was on the top of him, and so he would have been, but as Marengo wheeled round like lightning on his hind legs, the streaming reins caught the brute's forepaw and tripped him, so that he fell sideways on the road. The heavy jerk nearly brought the horse down, too, but the throat-lash broke, the bridle was pulled over his ears, and, recovering himself, he darted away into a grove of trees that stood by the wayside.

So intent was the lion on the horse that he paid no attention to me, lying defenseless before him. Crawling swiftly along the ground he pursued Marengo, whom I gave up for lost—for his chance seemed hopeless. However, as luck would have it, there was an open space about a dozen yards across; and in the center of this Marengo took his stand, with his tail

toward the lion and his head turned sharply back over his shoulder, watching him. He stood quite still, except for a slight shifting of his hind feet and lifting of his quarters, which I knew meant mischief. The lion probably thought so, too, for he kept dodging to try and take his opponent by a flank movement. But the old horse knew his name, and, pivoting on his fore legs, still brought his stern guns to bear on the enemy.

Soon with a roar the lion made his spring, but Marengo lashed out both heels together, with such excellent judgment of time and distance that, catching him full in the chest, he knocked him all in a heap to the ground,

screwed on again. It would have been a handy weapon against a man at close quarters, for it threw a good ball; but for a lion! Besides, the beast was too far off.

Then the thought flashed into my mind, where was Scip? I supposed he had run away and hidden somewhere. If the lion got sight of him it would, I knew, be soon all over with the poor little fellow.

All at once there arose, close at hand, an awful yet familiar yell. It had a strange, muffled tone, but there was no mistaking Scip's voice. Again it came, resonant, long drawn, and sepulchral. It seemed to come from inside the tree. Where in the world was he? The lion appeared utterly aston-

ished, and after looking carefully round for the lion, was smothering me with caresses. The lion was turning toward a bushy clump in a hollow about two hundred yards off. That light green foliage meant—willows, water! Had the cunning brute sniffed it out?

Anyhow it was a relief to stretch one's legs after sitting six mortal hours on a branch. The lion disappeared round the bushes. I strained my eyes over the plain, but could see nothing moving. Then I gave Scip a drink of milk and a few bits of bread-cake, for which he was very grateful. Of course it was no use beginning a race against a lion with only two hundred yards start, in any number of miles.

All the same, he was a long time; perhaps he was really gone for good. Bah! there came his ugly head round the corner again, making straight for us. When he was pretty near, I patted Scip, and threw a bit of cake into the hole. Then I climbed again to my perch, Scip retired growling into his fortress, and the persistent beast of a lion mounted guard over us as before. He looked quite cool and comfortable, and had evidently had a good drink.

Another hour, and he was still there. While I was wondering how long he really meant to stay, and whether I was destined to spend the whole night on a bough, like a monkey, and on very spare diet, my enemy got up, and walking to the foot of the tree, without uttering a sound, suddenly sprang up at me with all his might. He was quite a yard short, but I was so startled that I nearly lost my balance. His stroke having failed, he lay down right under the branch I was on, couching his head on his paws as if to hide his mortification.

Suddenly a thought came into my head: Why not make a devil, and drop it on his back? I dismissed the idea as ridiculous, but it came back again. Probably all of my boy readers who have been to boarding-school will know what I mean—not a fallen angel, but the goodly devil, I mean, lost, in the days when I was a boy, this trick, when played off on cats, and even on more innocent animals, was not held in as bad repute as it should have been.

Now, however, I had something very much worse than a cat or even a panther to oppose, and as the thing seemed feasible, I finally determined to try it.

I had plenty of powder in my flask, and so pouring some of it into my hand I moistened it well, and kneaded away till it came to be a tiny volcano of black paste. Then I formed the little crater, which I filled with a few grains of dry powder, and set it carefully on the branch. My hands shook so with excitement that I could hardly hold the flint and steel, but I struck and struck—the tinder ignited—and now for Vesuvius!

Whiff, whizz! The lion looked up directly, but I dropped it plump on the back of his neck. For an instant he did not seem to know what had happened. Then with an angry growl he jumped up and tore savagely at the fiery flea on his back, which sent a shower of sparks into his mouth and nose. Again and again he tried to rid himself of it, and then raved wildly about, using the most horrible leonine language; and no wonder, for the "devil" had worked well down among his greasy hair, and must have stung him like a hundred hornets. His back hair and mane burst into a flame, and he shrieked with rage and terror. Then he went stark staring mad, and, clapping his tail between his legs and laying his head on the ground, fled to the grove at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and disappeared up the ravine.

Almost as crazy as the lion with joy, and feeling quite sure now that he was gone for good, I tumbled down the tree and ran off along the road as hard as I could, with Scip barking wildly at my heels. Presently I had to pull up, for the sun was still very hot; but I walked as fast as I could, looking out all the time for Marengo, who would not, I knew, go very far from his master. Soon I spied him in a hollow. I whistled, and, whinnying with delight, he trotted up and laid his head on my shoulder.

In my hurry I had forgotten the bridle, but with my belt and handkerchief I extemporized a halter, tied one end round Marengo's nose, and, catching up Scip, mounted and galloped off, defying all the lions in Africa to catch me.

There were still two hours before sunset to reach the next village, and by hard riding I did it. That we all three of us enjoyed our supper, you may be sure.

That is my story. I have often met wild animals since that time, but never was in such a close shave as I was when poor Scip, who is now in his grave—threw defiance at the ugly Algerian lion.



I SCRAMBLED UP THE TREE JUST IN TIME TO ESCAPE THE LION.

where he lay motionless. Then, with a neigh of triumph and a flourish of his heels, away the horse galloped, through the grove out upon the plain, and was safe.

The lion lay so still that I thought he was dead, or, at any rate, quite stunned, and I was just running to pick up the bridle and follow Marengo, when he sat up on his haunches. This made me stop. As he sat there, with his head loosely wagging from side to side, and his mouth half open, he looked quite vacant and idiotic. Suddenly his head stopped wagging, he pricked his ears, and by the flash of his eye and changed expression I knew he saw me.

Only one thing was to be done, and I did it at once. The outermost tree was large and low-branched. To it I ran, and up it I scrambled pell-mell, and had just perched on a fork about fifteen feet above the ground as the lion arrived at the bottom.

Looking up at me with two red hot coals for eyes, his long tail lashing his sides, every hair on his body turned to wire, and his claws thrust out, he chattered at me as a cat chatters at a bird which is out of his reach. His jaws snapped like a steel trap, and his look was perfectly diabolical. When he was tired of chattering he stood and growled. Catching sight of the bridle, he walked to it, patted it, and then came back and lay down and glared at me.

My carbine—I now remembered that my dismay—was slung at my saddle. My only weapon, besides my hanger, was a pocket pistol, double-barreled, and what, in those days, we called a breech loader—that is, the barrels unscrewed to load, and then

ished, and turned his ears so far back to listen that they were almost inside out, when, from some hole among the roots of the tree, out popped a small, yellow head with long ears.

"Down, down, Scip!" I cried in agony; "go back, sir!"

A cry of delight, out short by a piteous whine, was his reply as he spied me, and then dashing fully a yard toward the lion, he barked defiantly. With a low growl and ruffling mane, the great brute charged at the little dog. Back went Scip into his cave as quick as a rabbit, and stormed at him from inside. Thrusting his great paw right down the hole, the lion then tried to claw him out. Oh, how I trembled for Scip! But he kept up such a ceaseless fire of snapping and snarling that it was plain he was either well round a corner, or that the hole was deep enough for his safety. All the same, to see the great cowardly beast digging away at my poor little dog like that was more than I could stand. Cocking my pistol, I shouted, and as he looked up I fired at his bloodshot eye. He shook his head and I gave him the other barrel. With a yell of rage he bounded back, and Scip immediately shot forth his head and insulted him with jeering barks.

But he was not to be drawn again, and after a time he lay down further off and pretended to go to sleep. By and by he got up and sniffed the air all round him, and then, without as much as looking at me, he walked off and went deliberately down the road.

Slipping down to the ground, I caught up

[This story commences in No. 230.]



By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XVII.

KIT MAKES HIS DEBUT.

WHEN Mr. Bickford's glance rested on Kit dressed in circus costume, his astonishment was intense. He had thought it not improbable that he should call him, at the circus, but he expected to find him in the audience. Knowing nothing of Kit's gymnastic education, he thought it little less than marvelous to see him taking part as a performer in the regular entertainment.

"Well, that beats all!" he ejaculated, gazing with open mouth at Kit.

Just then, Kit, reversing his attitude, raised his feet in the air and was borne around the ring, amid the plaudits of the spectators.

"How do you think he does it?" asked Mrs. Bickford in astonishment.

"I give it up," said the blacksmith. "He's a smart critter. Do you think they pay him?"

"I reckon he gets two or three dollars a week, but he hasn't no business to hire out to the circus folks. He's going back with us to-night, and I'll turn him out a blacksmith in two years."

"S'pose he won't go back?"

"He's got to," answered Mr. Bickford, firmly.

"I guess I know my rights."

"Mercy sake! S'pose he should go through them capers in our house?" said Mrs. Bickford, uneasily.

"I'll attend to that, Mrs. Bickford. You needn't borrow no trouble," replied the blacksmith.

By this time the three acrobats had changed their act, and were following each other around the ring in a series of circular revolutions, looking like human wheels.

"Where on 'arth did he learn to do that?" ejaculated Mrs. Bickford.

"Pooh!" said her husband. "I could do it myself when I was a boy."



TO HIS AMAZEMENT AND DISGUST, THE BLACKSMITH SAW THAT THE BOY ON THE BACK SEAT WASN'T KIT WATSON AT ALL, BUT HIS EX-APPRENTICE WILLIAM MORRIS.

"I do believe the critter's bowin' to us," said Mr. Bickford.

"He'll do something more than bow," growled the blacksmith, "when we get him home."

"When do you expect to get hold of him, Aaron? Perhaps you could get him now."

"I'm goin' to sit through the performance, Sarah. I've paid fifty cents apiece, and I mean to get my money's worth. It'll be time enough when the thing closes up."

Meanwhile Kit, who had no more to do that evening, was in the dressing-room exchanging his circus dress for his street clothes.

"I wonder whether the old fellow is after me," he thought. "What could have put it into his head that I was here?"

"But this won't be a full week, sir."

"Never mind! You shall receive full pay. Do you think I forget your heroic act at Smyrna?"

"Thank you, sir. I hope nothing will prevent my continuing in your employ."

"What should prevent?" asked Mr. Barlow, quickly. "Have you had an offer from another show?"

"No, sir; I am not well known enough for that; but I saw a man in the audience who would probably like to get me away."

"Who is it?"

"A blacksmith from Oakford."

"I don't understand. What have you to do with a blacksmith?"

Kit explained briefly.

"When do you think he will try to re-

always makes me dizzy when I have my head down. I don't believe I could ever do anything in a circus."

"Well, William, I won't forget you. If I save money, as I am sure to do, I'll see if I can't do something for you by and by. By the way, did you see Mr. and Mrs. Bickford?"

"No; you don't mean to say they are here?"

"Look over there!"

William followed the direction of Kit's finger, and he easily discovered the blacksmith and his wife.

"By gracious! You're right!" he said.

"It's the first money I've known old Bickford to pay for any amusement for years."

"They came after me, William."

"You won't go back with them?"

"Not much. I don't care to give up twenty-five dollars a week for the privilege of searching the trade of a blacksmith."

"Suppose they try to carry you off?"

"That gives me an idea. With your help I'll try to play a trick on them. It'll be capital fun."

"Go ahead, and tell me what it is, Kit. I'm with you!"

CHAPTER XVIII. WILLIAM MORRIS PERSONATES KIT.

"MY plan is that you should ride home with Mr. Bickford," said Kit.

"But he won't take me. He never liked me very much, and now that he has seen me with you he will like me still less."

"I know all that, William, but suppose he takes you for me?"

"I don't understand," said William, looking puzzled.

"I'll tell you my idea. Bickford has come here with the intention of taking me back with him to Oakford."

"But you don't mean to go?"

"Of course not, but when the show is over I shall put myself

The natural answer was, that he expected to find Kit among the spectators.

As he emerged from the dressing-room he met Mr. Barlow, the proprietor of the circus, who advanced towards him, and shook his hand cordially.

"Bravo, my young friend!" he said. "You did yourself great credit. Are you sure you have never performed in a circus before?"

"Quite sure, sir!"

"You went through your act like an old professional. You did as well as either of the other two."

"Thank you, sir. I am glad you are satisfied."

"I ought to be. I regard you as a decided acquisition to my show. Keep on doing your best, and I can assure you that your efforts will be appreciated. How much did I agree to pay you?"

"Ten dollars a week, sir."

"That isn't enough. I raise your salary at once to twenty-five!"

Kit was dazzled by his good fortune. What! Twenty-five dollars a week and traveling expenses for a boy of sixteen! It seemed marvelous.

"I am afraid I am dreaming, Mr. Barlow," he said. "I can't believe that I am really to receive so handsome a salary."

"You will realize it to-night when you collect your first week's pay."

cover possession of you?" asked the circus proprietor.

"Just after the show is over."

"Has he any papers?"

"Not one."

"Then he has no claim on you. If he makes any trouble let me know."

"I will, Mr. Barlow."

Kit, when dressed, sought the part of the house where he knew that William Morris was seated.

"How did I do, Will?" he asked.

"Splendidly!" answered the boy enthusiastically.

"I felt proud of you."

"I think I have a right to be satisfied myself. I have had my pay raised."

"You don't mean to say you are to get more than ten dollars?" said his friend, opening his eyes in amazement.

"I am raised to twenty-five."

"You don't mean to say that you are to get twenty-five dollars a week, Kit?"

"Yes, I do."

"And your board?"

"And my board and traveling expenses," added Kit, with a smile.

"I wish I were in your shoes, Kit," said William. "Think of me, with only one dollar a week!"

"Would you be willing to go through my acts for the money I am going to receive?"

William shook his head.

"I couldn't do it, Kit," he replied. "It

in his way, and after a little objection agree to go. I will ask for five minutes to get ready. In that time I will change hats with you, and as it is dark you can easily pass yourself off for me."

"Capital!" exclaimed William, laughing. "Won't the old man look foolish when he finds out who is with him?"

"Don't let him know till you arrive, or he would force you to leave the carriage, and walk home alone, and a six mile walk is no joke."

"All right, Kit! I understand, and I think I can carry out your idea. I haven't much love for the old man or his wife either, and I am glad of a chance to get even with them."

The performance continued till ten o'clock. The blacksmith and his wife enjoyed it beyond their anticipations. Amusements of any kind were new to them, and their pleasure was like that of children.

"I begin to think, Sarah, we shall get our money's worth," said Aaron cautiously, as the entertainment neared its end; "this is a great show."

"So it is, Aaron. I don't begrudge the money myself, though fifty cents is a pretty high price to pay. Then, besides, you'll have a chance to carry the boy home."

"That's so, Sarah. Just as soon as the show is over, foller me, and we'll try to find him."

"All right!"

At length the last act was ended, and the crowd of spectators began pouring from the tent.

Mr. Bickford hurriedly emerged from the audience, and began to look around for Kit.

He had little trouble in finding him, for Kit purposely put himself in his way. Aaron Bickford strode up to him.

"Well, I've caught you at last!" he said, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"What do you want of me, Mr. Bickford?" said Kit.

"What do I want of you? Well, I want you to go home with me, of course."

"But I can have work here, and I prefer it to being a blacksmith."

"It don't matter what you want. It's a great deal better to be an honest, hard-working blacksmith, than to go tramping round the country with a circus."

"That's neither here nor there. Your uncle has agreed that you should be my apprentice, and I'm goin' to hold you to the bargain."

"Won't you let me stay with the circus a week?" asked Kit, in a subdued tone.

"No, I won't. I've got the wagon here, and I'm goin' to take you back with me to-night."

"You really think my uncle wishes it, perhaps I had better go," said Kit, in what appeared to be a wavering tone.

Mr. Bickford was quite elated. He feared he should have trouble in persuading Kit to accompany him. He would not have been surprised if the boy had disappeared, and given him trouble to find him, and his unexpected subserviveness was an agreeable surprise.

"Well, boy, it's time to be goin'." Oakford's six miles off, and we won't get home before midnight unless we start right off."

"I'll go and get my things, Mr. Bickford. Where is your horse and wagon?"

"Out by the entrance. It's hitched to a tree."

"All right! You go and unhitch the horse, and I'll be right along."

"But, suppose you give me the slip? You'd better go along now."

"I'll bring him with me, Mr. Bickford," said the giant. "I'm sorry he isn't going to stay with us, and I'll see him off."

Achilles Henderson spoke in so straightforward a manner that Mr. Bickford was deceived.

"Very well," said he. "I'll go along with Mrs. Bickford. Don't you keep me waitin', for it's gettin' late."

The blacksmith and his wife took up their march to the place where their team had been hitched. They found it safe, and untied the horse.

"We're goin' to have a dark ride home, mother," he said.

"Yes, Aaron, but you've done a good evening's work."

"That's so, Sarah. I expected I'd have more trouble with the boy."

"There's nothing like being firm, Aaron. When he saw you were in earnest, he gave up, as I thought he would."

"I mean to keep a tight rein on him, Sarah. He's a boy that likes to have his own way, if I ain't greatly mistaken. We must break his will."

"I guess we can do it between us, Aaron. It would be a pity if two grown people couldn't manage a boy like that."

"He seems good and strong. He'd ought to do a good deal of work."

"How much are you goin' to pay him, Aaron?"

"A dollar a week. That's all I've ever paid to any boy."

It may seem singular that Aaron Bickford, in spite of the liberal wages he paid, had hitherto been unable to keep any boy more than a few weeks. There had indeed been one that remained with him six months. He had been bound out to him by the Overseers of the Poor, the boy being unfortunate enough to be an orphan. But by the end of that time the scanty fare supplied him, and the hard work exacted, had so worn down the poor boy, that a physician insisted on his being removed to an easier place, much to Mr. Bickford's disappointment.

"They took him away just as he was gettin' useful," he complained. "It's all nonsense to say the place is too hard for him. Boys nowadays won't work unless they have to. I had to work hard when I was a boy."

The horse was unhitched, and still Kit had not arrived. Mr. Bickford began to fear that he had been tricked after all, when two figures, contrasting strongly with each other, appeared. One was the

giant, in his ample height, and the other was a boy.

"They are Aaron!" said Mrs. Bickford, who was the first to descry the oddly assorted pair.

"Where is the boy to sit?" asked Achilles.

"In the back seat. Mother and I will sit in front."

"All right! There you are!" said Mr. Henderson, lifting the boy in his arms, as easily as if he were a kitten, and putting him on the rear seat.

"Good by, Kit!" he said. "I'm sorry you're going to leave us. Perhaps Mr. Bickford will let you off if we show anywhere near here."

"The boy will be at work, and can't be let off," said the blacksmith, stiffly. "But it is time we were off."

"Good by, then, Kit!"

"Good by," said the supposed Kit, in a low tone, for he feared that the difference in his voice would be recognized. But Mr. Bickford had no suspicions. He was anxious to get started, for he and his wife were always in bed by this time ordinarily.

So the team started, and Achilles Henderson, suppressing a laugh, strode away to the circus cars, which were already being prepared for a midnight journey to the next place. It may be explained here that the circus of to-day generally owns its own cars, which are used for the conveyance of all connected with it, their luggage, the tents, the animals, and all the paraphernalia of the show. As soon as the show is ended, the canvas men set to work to take down and fold up the tents. All the freight is conveyed to the cars, and the razer-backs, already referred to, set about loading them. The performers, ticketmen, and candy butchers seek their berths in the sleeping cars, and are often in the land of dreams before the train starts.

While Mr. Bickford was driving in the darkness to Oakford with the supposed Kit on the back seat, the real Kit was in his berth in the circus cars, preparing for a refreshing night's rest.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BICKFORD'S MORTIFYING DISCOVERY.

MR. BICKFORD was in excellent spirits. He had enjoyed the evening, and although he had been compelled to disburse a dollar for two circus tickets, a sum which to him seemed large, he was disposed to acknowledge that he had received his money's worth. Besides, and this seemed to him the greatest triumph of the performers, ticketmen, and candy butchers, he had recovered his runaway apprentice, or thought he had. He inwardly resolved that Kit should smart for his past subordination, though he had not yet decided in what way he would get even with him. The unexpected subserviveness shown by Kit elated him, and confirmed him in the idea he had long entertained that he could manage boys a good deal better than the average of men.

"Talk about hard cases," he said one day to his wife. "I'd like to see the boy that can get the start of Aaron Bickford. He'll have to get up unusually airy in the mornin'."

Mr. Bickford felt a little like crowing over his captive, and turned his head partly round to survey the boy on the back seat. Fortunately for William the darkness was so great that there was small chance of his detecting the imposture.

"I reckon you didn't expect to be ridin' back to Oakford along of me this evenin'," he observed.

"No, sir," muttered William in a voice scarcely audible.

"Ho, ho, you feel kind of grumpy, eh?" said the blacksmith. "Well, I ain't much surprised. You thought you could have your own way with Aaron Bickford, but you're beginnin' to see your mistake, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir," replied the supposed Kit, in a meek voice.

"Ho, ho! That's the way boys generally come out when they try to buck agin' their elders. Not but you might have succeeded with some men, but you didn't know the man you had to deal with this time."

There was a sort of gurgle, for William was trying hard to laugh, as he was picturing to himself the rage and mortification of Mr. Bickford, when he discovered the deceit that had been practiced upon him. But the blacksmith misunderstood the sound, and thought Kit was sobbing.

"You needn't take on!" he said magnanimously. "It ain't so bad as it might be. You'll be a good deal better off learnin' a good trade than trampin' round the country with the circus. I hope this'll be

a lesson to you. You'd better not try to run away agin, for you can't be no use. You won't always have that long-legged giant to help you. If I'd done right, I should have had him took up for sault and battery. He needn't think because he's eight feet high, more or less, that he can defy the laws of the laud. I reckon he got a little skeered of what he done, or he wouldn't have acted so different this evenin'."

William did not reply to this. He was rather in hopes Mr. Bickford would stop addressing him, for he did not like to run the risk of answering, as it might open the eyes of the blacksmith to the fact that he had the wrong boy in his wagon.

The distance to Oakford steadily diminished, though Mr. Bickford's horse was notoriously a slow one. At length it had dwindled to half a mile.

"Now I don't care if he does find out who I am," thought William. "It ain't but a little way home now, and I shouldn't mind walkin'. Still his own house was rather beyond Mr. Bickford's, and it was just as well to ride the whole way, if he could escape detection so long."

"Well, Sarah, we're almost home," said Mr. Bickford, in a tone of satisfaction, "and I am glad on't. I've had a pleasant evenin', but it's pretty late for old folks like you and me to go out."

"Speak for yourself, Aaron," said his wife, with some asperity. "I don't call myself old folks yet."

"You're fifty-seven, mother, and that ain't no chicken's age."

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Bickford. I shall not be fifty-seven till September."

"That won't be long a comin'. However, I didn't mean to rile you. I guess the boy's sleepy, too. Have you got his room all ready?"

"Yes, I have, though I herdly thought he would occupy it to-night."

"You didn't, hey? Didn't I tell you he would? and Aaron Bickford generally means what he says. Next time you'll put more confidence in what I say."

"Seems to me you're very fond of talking to-night, Aaron."

"It's generally you that like to hear your own lies, mother."

"The boy don't talk much."

"He don't feel like it, I reckon."

"I hope he won't be tryin' any of his circus tricks round the place."

"That reminds me. I meant to ask him where he learned to tumble round so. He done it pretty well."

"Ask him, then," said Mrs. Bickford, who felt some curiosity herself on this subject.

"Where did you learn them circus performances, Christopher?" asked the blacksmith, turning once more in his seat.

By this time they were within a few rods of the blacksmith's yard, and William became bold, now that he had nothing to lose by it.

"My name isn't Christopher," he answered in his usual tone.

"Your name isn't Christopher? That's what your uncle told me."

"I think you are mistaken," said William quietly.

"What's got into the boy? Is he goin' to deny his own name? What is your name, then?"

"My name is William Morris," was the distinct response.

"What!" exclaimed the blacksmith in utter amazement.

"I think you ought to know me, Mr. Bickford. I worked for you for some time, you know."

"Take off your hat, and let me look at your face!" said Aaron Bickford, sternly.

William laughed as he complied with the request. It was now rather lighter, and the blacksmith, peering into his face, saw that it was indeed true—that the boy on the back seat was not Kit Watson at all, but his apprentice, William Morris.

"It's Bill Morris, by the living jingo!" he exclaimed. "What do you say to that, Sarah?"

"You're a master hand at managing boys, Aaron," said his wife sarcastically. "Didn't I tell you I wasn't sure the bed would be occupied by the Watson boy? You generally mean what you say, Mr. Bickford!" she retorted with meaning laugh that annoyed her husband very much.

"How came you in the wagon, Bill Morris?" demanded Bickford, not caring to answer his wife.

"The giant put me in," answered William.

"Where is that boy, Christopher Watson?"

"I expect he is travelin' with the show, Mr. Bickford."

"Who put you up to this mean trick?" demanded the blacksmith, wrathfully.

"Kilmorey, he says he's the one that set me up."

"I've got an account to settle with you, William Morris. I s'pose you think you've done something pretty smart."

"I think he has, Aaron," said Mrs. Bickford, who seemed to take a malicious pleasure in opening her husband's wounds afresh.

"Mrs. Bickford, it isn't very creditable in you to triumph over your husband, just after he has been spendin' fifty cents for your amusement."

"Goodness knows, Mr. Bickford, you don't often take me to shows. I guess what you spend that way won't ruin you."

While the married pair were indulging in their little recriminations, William had managed to slip out of the wagon in the rear, and he was now a rod away.

"Good night, Mr. Bickford!" he shouted.

"I'm much obliged to you for bringin' me home. It's saved me a long walk."

The blacksmith's reply was one that I do not care to record. He was thoroughly angry and disgusted. If it hadn't been so late he would have got out and tried to inflict punishment on William with his whip, but the boy was too far away by this time to make this possible.

He went to bed sullenly. On Monday forenoon as he was about his work, a carriage drove into the yard, containing Stephen Watson and Ralph.

"Good morning, Mr. Bickford," said Stephen Watson. "I've called over to inquire about Kit. I hope he is doing his duty by you."

(To be continued.)

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

SOMETHING ABOUT MUSKRATS.

ALTHOUGH rat hunting has never attained to the dignity of a gentleman's sport, prefix a syllable to the animal's name and add the word shooting, and you have a pastime which, according to the Baltimore Sun, is at present attracting considerable attention.

Next to the beaver, the muskrat is one of the most ingenious of rodents in the construction of its houses, and its mode of life and habits is very interesting. They select the low river marsh lands as their dwelling place, and there they build their homes. A location is preferred which is flooded at high tide, but which is clear of water at low ebb; and every creek and almost every little inlet to the river affords innumerable positions that are favorable. After determining upon the exact position of their house, the rats burrow leads or miniature tunnels from the water to the floor of the house, a spot upon which the house is to be erected.

They then set about collecting material for their dwellings. The tall reeds and coarse marsh grass are cut down and piled in place, and the marsh mud is used as a kind of mortar. A large circular foundation is laid, and the ground is arranged on the sides of the leads. This completed, an upward lead is made like a spiral stairway to the second floor, which is made of a room similar to the first, but of less circumference. A third and sometimes a fourth floor is built with the spiral lead running from the level of the marsh to the top of the floor of each succeeding room being of somewhat less diameter, up to the roof or dome, which acts as a water shed. The height of the floor from the level of the marsh is regulated by the successive heights reached by the tide, the top floor being always higher than the next, water mark at flood tide. The rats are social in their habits, and at extreme low ebb, when the accommodations are greatest in the houses, quite a number may be found in the same hole. At flood tide fewer are found in any one house, as the accommodation is limited then only to the upper stories, which are free of water, but these are all the more easily secured by the hunter.

There are three ways by which the rats are captured: by shooting, by trapping, and by spearing. A few may be secured at night by creeping as noiselessly as possible along the creek edge, and waiting for the muskrat to come upon the bank to feed. In this they are very dainty. Having secured a favorite route, they approach it at night, the water being in and in and out of the mud, dip it in again, and again until it is perfectly clean and suited to their taste, when it is eaten with evident relish, provided the sportsman is sufficiently interested in the process to wait. A boat, however, is usually used, as the rats can be more easily approached on the water.

In this case two persons occupy the same boat, the sportsman requiring a pusher, as in the case of otterhunts. As this sport can only be engaged in at night, the sky must be comparatively clear in order that the hunter may have the advantage of the moonlight, or, better still, a bright light, which is reflected by reflector is, however, sometimes used on the bow of the boat, and this arrangement is frequently necessary during the winter, when the nights to one insufficiently well acquainted with the hunting grounds.

Trapping is another of the modes by which the rats are secured. The traps are made of boards about six inches wide and three feet long. These are nailed together like an ordinary box, and are provided with a door, which by swinging doors of wire network, fastened to the upper part of both entrances. These doors allow easy ingress to the trap, but



WITH THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT.

Long Island Farmer.—"Hallo! Did the horse throw you?" Sportsman.—"Why not! Can't you see? I threw the horse—threw him clear over the fence."

TALKING THROUGH A MAN'S BODY.

THE success of the experiment described below may suggest to telegraph companies a novel method of keeping up their connections, pending repairs, when a break occurs in the line.

Not long ago, an operator named Nelson Crane moved the telephone at Creek Settlement, New York, from an grocery into a neighbor's sitting room. Just before he took the wires out of the instrument he telephoned home to his sister, telling her to ring Lower Deposit and talk with that station. He ran about a minute after he spoke to her. The ring for Deposit is three short and one long.

Mr. Crane then took the wires from the instrument and held them between the thumb and forefinger of each hand. At the appointed time he received three short shocks and one long one, severe but not painful. Soon after he could feel a very slight pleasant, agreeable sensation in his fingers clear up to his elbows, and he concluded they were talking.

He then put the wires back into the instrument and found that his sister at home, who was a couple of miles distant, had rung Deposit and successfully held a conversation with that station, the whole thing having been done through his body.

AN EIGHT THOUSAND MILE RACE.

THE recent race of the yachts Danvers and Coronet across the Atlantic is dwarfed to a mere bubble, so far as distance is concerned, by the contest over a course of eight thousand miles in which two clipper ships are now engaged.

The ships, named the Charmer and the Seminoles, and they left New York on the 10th of May, bound around Cape Horn to San Francisco. The passage will probably take from 120 to 140 days, more nearly the latter than the former, as it will be midwinter at Cape Horn by the time the vessels get there.

The ships once ran across each other at sea, and raced the remainder of the way to San Francisco, the Seminoles reaching there first. Captain Holmes, who commanded the Seminoles then, will in this race sail the Charmer, while Captain Hatfield, who was his mate, will take his place as master of the Seminoles.

The result will be awaited with interest.

TOUCHING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A RAT

We give the following on the authority of a correspondent of the Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

The writer states that he was once on board a vessel which was wrecked off the English coast. The captain was the last to leave the ship, and as he dropped into the lifeboat a rat ran along the rope, and laid hold of his collar. The captain turned round, and, noticing with what tenacity the rat held on, said: "Poor fellow, like myself, you are making an effort for dear life; come along," and both were safely landed.

AN OBEDIENT SON.

"And now, Bobby," said his mother, as she buttoned her gloves, "be a good little boy while I am out, and do everything you can to amuse the baby." When her return she discovered that Bobby had emptied the contents of the molasses jug over the baby's head, and the happy laughter which came from the infant's lips told her more eloquently than mere words could ever hope to tell how eminently successful Bobby's efforts in the amusement line had been.

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"I see the school teachers are examining our children's eyes. They ought to examine their ears as well."
"Why?"
"Because I saw five boys playing marbles to-day. They all stood within two yards of each other, and yet they had to yell as though they were a mile apart."

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
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