

# GOLDEN ANCHOSEY

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## IN SOUTHERN SEAS; OR, JACK ESBON'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,  
Author of "That Treasure," "The Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A TERRIBLE ACCUSATION.

"WHY, Jack—Jack Esbon!" cried Miss Jennie Darling, just home from a sea voyage with her father, Captain John Darling, of the ship J. O. Kerr; "what is the matter—why are you hurrying by without speaking to me?"

"Hush, Jennie," reprovingly said her aunt, Mrs. Carr, restraining the young girl, who had risen from a piazza chair as she thus called to a straight broad-shouldered young fellow of eighteen or thereabouts, who with downcast eyes was walking rapidly past; "hush, I will tell you about it presently."

IN AN INSTANT JACK HAD TORN OFF HIS COAT AND TAKEN THE NEAREST OF HEADERS INTO THE DARK WATERS WHERE JENNIE DARLING HAD DISAPPEARED.





## Popular Military Instructions.

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

### CHAPTER VII. ARMS AND AMMUNITION.



Y the term "fire-arms" is meant all weapons in which the projectile is discharged by means of gunpowder.

Fire-arms are divided into two classes, cannon or ordnance, and hand-arms. Each one of these classes is subdivided into a number of subclasses. Cannon are divided into Field, Siege, and Sea-coast guns, and hand-arms, which means arms fired by hand, into guns, carbines, pistols and revolvers. Besides the hand fire-arms, there is another class of hand-arms, as swords, lances, pikes and sabres, called thrusting and cutting arms.

Cannon, again, are divided into smooth-bore and rifled cannon, according to whether the bore of the gun is smooth or rifled with twisted grooves; and according to their size, the diameter of the bore, or the weight of the projectile. Thus a 3 inch gun is one in which the diameter of the bore is 3 inches, and a 12 pounder is one throwing a projectile weighing 12 pounds.

Field cannon are those that accompany an army in the field and on the march. They are the lightest of all guns, and run in size from 6 to 20 pounders.

There is now coming into general use a new gun called a machine gun. It is properly a field cannon. The Gatling and Hotchkiss belong to this class.

In the United States service the field cannon used are: the 3 inch rifle, which throws a shot weighing about 10 pounds

behind fortifications that cannot be reached by a direct fire.

The Coehorn is a light mortar weighing only 164 pounds, but throwing a 24 pound shell 600 yards. The 8 inch mortar throws a 46 lb. shell 3,000 yards, and the 10 inch an 88 lb. shell 4,300 yards. Mortars are carried about on a special kind of vehicle called a mortar wagon. The 4-1-2 inch rifle and the 8 inch howitzer are carried about on carriages similar to the field carriages, but larger and stronger.

Sea coast guns are also called "permanent" guns, because they are so large and powerful and heavy that they cannot be carried about from place to place, but are

parts of the gun. In Chapter IV the manner of taking care of the gun was described.

Cartridges come packed in small paper boxes—20 in each box. 50 of the paper boxes are packed in a wooden box, which is sealed up in the same way as the gun box, and must be opened in a similar manner.

For the first three months, the company should never use cartridges, neither blank nor ball. Drill with the gun, and learn the motions of firing, aiming, and loading thoroughly first, and there will be no danger afterward.

Blank cartridges contain the powder and fulminate, or part that easily explodes. They are not dangerous, and should there-

Never allow the muzzle of the gun to point downward, except when loading. And never point the gun, even if you know it to be empty, at any one. In every company there should be a heavy fine against any boy who points his gun at anybody even in fun, and when it is empty, as it is a most foolish and dangerous action.

If now the company be aiming, and the command is "1—Recover—2—Arms" instead of "1—Fire," take the finger off the trigger, and go back to the position of ready.

In the "Tactics" will be found the explanation for the various ways of firing, as the "oblique" firings, fire kneeling and

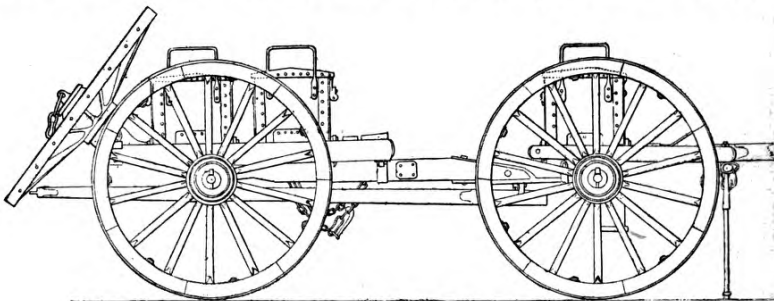


FIG. 2.—CAISSON OF FIELD GUN.

mounted on special carriages of iron and steel which rest on solid beds of masonry. These guns are placed in the permanent or sea coast forts and fortifications at the mouths of harbors and rivers.

The sea coast guns in the United States service are the 8 inch rifle, the 15 inch and 20 inch smooth bores, the 10 inch and 13 inch mortars, and the 12 inch rifle. These guns are none of them so effective as modern guns, except the last named, and they

fore be used before going out to target practice with ball cartridges.

To load the captain commands "1—Company—2—Load." At the second command execute the first motion of *about face*, at the same time drop the piece with the left hand at the lower hand, elbow against the body, the small of the stock two inches below the right breast, the barrel sloping downward at an angle of 25 degrees. Then with the thumb of the right hand open the breech-block, pressing the cam-latch upward, looking towards it if necessary. Then carry the right hand to the cartridge box, take out a cartridge with the thumb and first two fingers, and place the cartridge in the breech, pressing it home with the thumb. Then close the block with the right hand, grasp the small of the stock, and raise the muzzle of the gun to the height of the clin.

At the command "1—Ready," cock the gun by pressing the hammer back with the thumb of the right hand. At the command "1—Aim," raise the gun with both hands, and press the butt firmly against the right shoulder, the right elbow as high as the shoulder, the body inclined slightly forward, the head inclined to the right and downward, so that the eye may glance along the barrel, which is held horizontally by the left hand between the rear sight and lower hand. The right hand grasps the small of the stock close to the trigger guard, the forefinger on the trigger.

At the command "Fire" pull the trigger firmly and gradually by pressing it. Do not jerk it, as that will destroy the aim.

Be sure that the body inclines forward

fire lying down, the firing by file, and the firing by rank.

The first firings should be without cartridges in the armory. After that, a cartridge shell, empty, may be used. Then for target practice use the small cartridge, with a little fulminate and a small round bullet.

Place a target of paper on a wooden backing, at a distance of 50 yards, and raise the gun, taking careful aim. After this practice, which is called "gallery practice," is learned pretty thoroughly, the company may be taken out of doors, and they can go through the firings with blank cartridges. After that, the regular target practice with ball cartridges can be taught.

The whole subject of the making of targets, and of target practice, is an interesting one, and to many boys it is the most attractive part of military matters, but we have not space to treat of it here, although at some future time we may return to it.

If the company cannot go in camp, it will be a good thing for it to take a day's march about once a month. The rations can be carried in a haversack, but the knapsacks can be dispensed with entirely.

Carry along tin cups, plates, and knives and forks. March about five miles, and then halt for three hours. Make a company kitchen, and boil coffee. Roast potatoes and green corn in the ashes; also fish and fresh meat, by wrapping up in wet brown paper.

On such a march as that you can also practice building temporary bridges, and field intrenchments, and temporary fortifications.

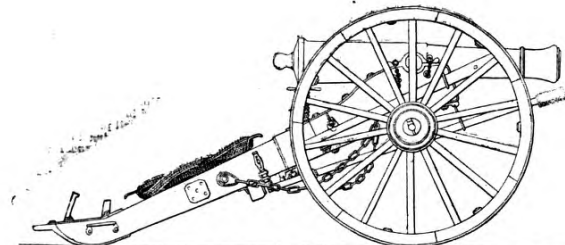


FIG. 1.—FIELD GUN ON CARRIAGE.

upwards of 3500 yards; the 12 pounder brass or Napoleon gun, which throws a shell about 2900 yards; a 3.2 inch rifle, the most powerful field gun in the world, which throws a shot of about 13 pounds, 7000 yards; and the Gatling, the Gardner, and Hotchkiss machine guns. The Napoleon is a smooth-bore, but all the rest are rifles.

The guns are mounted on a two wheeled carriage, and in order to carry them about rapidly, these latter are attached to a second carriage with an ammunition chest on it, called a limber. Another four wheeled vehicle with three ammunition chests is called the caisson, and is shown in Figure 2. To carry these guns around requires about 6 to 8 horses for each carriage.

Siege guns are heavy guns,—too heavy to carry about quickly, as an army moves, but not so heavy that they cannot be carried at all. They are used, as their name indicates, in laying siege to places, such as fortified camps and towns.

The guns of this class in the United States service are: the 4 1-2 inch rifle, which throws a shot of 32 pounds about 6000 yards; the 8 inch howitzer, which throws a shell 8 inches in diameter, and weighing 45 pounds, about 800 yards; and the 8 inch, 10 inch, and Coehorn Mortar.

Now a howitzer is a short gun designed to throw a heavy shot only short distances but with great force, and a mortar is a very short gun, designed to fire a large shell upwards to a great height, so that in falling the shell may penetrate by the velocity with which it falls. This kind of fire is called vertical fire, and reaches those places

will, in a few years, be abandoned for heavier, more powerful, and better ones. The 20 inch throws a 1,080 lb. shell 6,000 yards, the 12 inch rifle a 700 lb. shot about 8,000 yards.

Coming down to hand arms, the thrusting arms in the United States service are the sword and the saber. The swords are different for the different departments of the army. The saber is a heavy curved sword used by cavalry and artillery troops.

The standard gun used in the United States army is the Springfield breech-loading rifle. It takes its name from the place where it is manufactured—Springfield, Massachusetts. It is considered the best single breech loader in the world. Its caliber, that is, the diameter of the bore, is .45 of an inch. The bullet fired weighs from 470 to 600 grains, and the charge of powder 70 grains. Its range is upwards of 3,500 yards.

The carbine is a short gun, having the same caliber and firing the same cartridge, used by cavalry troops. The revolvers used are also of the same caliber, but the cartridge is shorter and lighter.

Guns are packed in boxes, tightly screwed together. Each gun fits in a notch out in a block of wood within the box. There are 20 guns with bayonets in each box, also the bayonet scabbards. Cartridge boxes, belts, and waist plates come in smaller boxes.

In opening the boxes, rub away the sealing wax which will be found on the screw heads on the upper side of the box, and then take out all the screws from the top. At either end of the box will be found little compartments holding small screw drivers, wrenches, spare cam-springs, and other

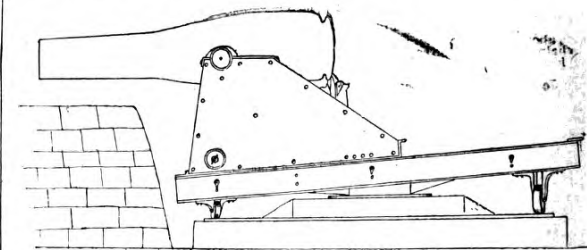


FIG. 3.—SEA COAST GUN.

and the gun is pressed against the shoulder firmly, so that the recoil of the gun may be all taken up, and not allowed to strike or "kick."

At the command "load," after firing, drop the piece to the first position of load.

If the command be "1—Carry—2—Arms" after fire, drop the gun to the first position of load, and open the breech-block so that the empty cartridge shell may be removed, after which bring the piece to the carry.

In the next chapter I want to tell you how to choose a uniform for your military company, and how to get one that will be neat, attractive, and not too costly.

I must also tell you something about West Point, and what cadets have to do there, and their pay, the pay of army officers, and so forth, about all of which many of the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY have asked questions.

(To be continued.)

THE EVENING SONG.

BY FLORENCE TYLER.

O heavy feet! that many a mile Have trudge'd along a stony way. At last ye reach the resting stile; No longer fear to go astray. The gently bending, rustling trees, And back the birds within the nest, And softly sings the quiet breeze; This time for rest—'tis time for rest!

CAMP BLUNDER

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Author of "Knights of Steel," "Rep." "The Heir to Whitecap," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT CAMPING PROJECT.

IT was queer that I should have been the one to propose it, for I had always declared that I didn't see any fun in sleeping on the ground with the loads and grasshoppers crawling over you, owls hooting in their screechy fashion, and katydids quarreling in your ears all night. But boys sometimes do things they can't account for, even to themselves, so I'll start straight off with my story now, while it's fresh in my memory, and perhaps my experience may be worth something to some other boy.

It happened when Phil Cheswick, my cousin, was visiting me. Father and mother were off on a two-day's trip to Boston, and had left us boys to keep house. The camp includes my ten-year old brother Bert. September had come and we were all going back to school in a week, so we naturally wanted to squeeze all we could out of those last few days. Well, it was a boy's idea to go to the morning, father and mother started; we had climbed trees after apples till we couldn't eat another one, then played tennis till we were as hot as the kitchen range, and finally sat kicking our heels on the piazza, cooling off, till I was half wild for something new to get my teeth over.

I suppose it was this desperate state of mind that made me suddenly burst out with: "S'pose we fellows go and camp out somewhere to-night? Just for fun, you know, and to say we've done it."

"Jolly, I'm with you!" exclaimed Phil. "I've always wanted to go Adirondacking."

"We can take the Tub," I went on, "and drift down the river with the tide this afternoon as far as Nock's End. We've none of us ever camped out before, so that'll make it all the more fun."

"Oh, yes, and we can build a fire, and boil coffee, and roast corn, and sit up late! Come, let's begin to get things ready now," and Bert, in a great state of excitement, started for the kitchen.

Phil and I followed, and the three of us soon coaxed the cook into good humor, so that by dinner-time we had stored away in the stern locker of the Tub—the name an uncle of mine had given our boat—the following articles: a candy-box filled with coffee, about a dozen sweet potatoes, and roasting, a box of matches, one of sardines, and a couple of crackers.

"We don't want to take too much," I insisted, "or it won't be at all Robinson Crusoe-like."

The spot I had settled on for our camp was about two miles down the river, and as the tide would begin to come in at four, I announced that we would start at three, so as to be sure of having it with us all the way. But it took us a long time to find an old carriage-box stored away in the attic, and which was used as a trunk for a tent, and then such a hunt as I had for father's army blankets! At last, after each of us had had his turn at falling off the step-ladder, we came across them on the top shelf of the darkest closet; but by that time it was after three, and it was quarter of four before we finally pushed off from the dock in the Tub.

We had barely got under way when Bridget came running down the lawn, waving a coffee-pot in her hand and shouting: "How are ye getting along without this?"

"How stupid in us!" I muttered, as we backed water and took it aboard. Then we made a second start and had got about twice as far as before, when Bert, who was steering with an oar, suddenly cried out: "Oh, Nate, the boat's leaking, and we've left the ball in the bath-house!"

Of course we had to turn around and make for the dock again, where we were obliged to tie up and remain some little time, while we shifted all the provisions, together with Bert, from the stern to the bow, for the leak was caused by the extra weight, and which had brought an uncalked seam below the water-line.

"Now for our third start," I said, when we were all settled in our new positions, Phil and I at the oars.

But we had taken scarcely half a dozen strokes when the boat began to sverve around as though on a pivot.

"It's because we're too light at now to give us steerage way," I explained, when Phil at length dropped his oars in disgust, declaring that we might as well try to row a bowl.

"Bert," I added, "you come back and sit in the stern again. That'll make it all right, I guess."

But it didn't, and I couldn't imagine why, till Phil suddenly laid on his oars again and remarked in an injured tone: "I know what is the matter. It's that anchor you would not let us get rid of, and which is lying on board along with the ball-er, Bert. It must be

and pretty soon I pointed out to Phil the spot where we were to pitch our camp.

"See, there aren't any houses anywhere near," I explained. "That'll make it all the more wood-sy and trapper-like."

"Is there a spring there, where we can get water?" asked my cousin, shading his eyes with his hands to look.

"No, I don't know that there is," I answered in a more subdued tone. I had forgotten all about the water question, and we had not even brought a pail to hold any.

"But we can easily find our way back to Mrs. Tubby's on the road," I added, brightening with the thought. "Mother knows her, and she'll lend us a bucket to carry it in."

"And you were just now bragging, Nate, that our camp would be so nice and far from any human habitation."

Phil's tones had a touch of scorn in them which caused me hastily to change the subject by picking up an oar and suggesting that it was time we made a landing.

In effecting this latter, however, we were forced very keenly to realize the fact that the tide cannot always be compelled to serve you in two ways at once. For the ebbing of it that had brought us over the two miles with such ease, had carried so much water along with it, that soon after leaving the channel, we ran aground. We stopped rowing and began to push, but this soon turned bad into worse, for the "Polo" presently stuck hard and fast, and could not be nudged in either direction.

"And the tide's going out still!" muttered Phil, with a groan.

In view of this fact, all we could do was to sit down and wait for it to come in again; and as we had no pressing engagement to call us ashore within a given time, our predicament was not a desperate one by any means. However, it was too much like being kept pris-

oner for any of us to enjoy it as an adventure, and before long Bert suggested that we all take off our shoes and stockings and wade to land, dragging the Tub after us.

We immediately proceeded to carry this plan into effect, but even lightened of our weight, the boat grounded again when still several yards from the beach. We threw the anchor out, but that only helped matters for a few feet, and we were finally compelled to walk ashore ourselves and leave the Tub where she was till the tide should rise.

"Let's get out of this sun!" I wanted Phil. There was some nice grass and an inviting row of trees at the top of the bank, and under which we made haste to fling ourselves for a rest.

There was some nice grass and an inviting row of trees at the top of the bank, and under which we made haste to fling ourselves for a rest.

But I did not forget my position as captain of the expedition, and presently, noticing that the sun was pretty well on its way down to the point where river and sky met, I proposed that we fill in the time while waiting for the tide by going to Mrs. Tubby's for the water.

But as I wasn't quite positive where it went, it made him feel like a Columbus on a voyage of discovery.

And a tramp of discovery it was, for the path finally brought us out on a road that I did not remember ever to have seen before. I had, therefore, not the faintest idea as to which way to turn in order to arrive at Mrs. Tubby's.

"But Mrs. or Mr. Anybody's house will do, won't it?" said Phil. "Everybody has a well or keeps water on hand in this country."

"But not everybody would be willing to lend us a pail to carry it a mile in and keep all night," I replied. "Besides, I don't see any houses at all, let alone Mrs. Tubby's."

"This was true enough, for on one side of the road was the wood we had just left, on the other a cornfield and a peach-orchard, both of which seemed to stretch out interminably in either direction. In vain I walked three or four rods one way, then turned around and paced as many the other, but could not set eyes upon either a dwelling-house or a single familiar object."

"Let's toss up for which direction to start off in," suggested Phil, feeling in his pocket for a penny.

"No, thanks," I responded, promptly. "I don't want to trust to luck when my legs are as tired as they are at this minute. We'll just sit down here by the side of the road and wait till somebody comes along, who can tell us the way to Mrs. Tubby's."

"Neither my cousin nor Bert had any objection to resting awhile, and we were then in the long grass, with our backs propped against the fence, for as much as fifteen minutes without man, beast, or monkey, as Phil expressed it, putting his head and neck there, just as I was about to lead the way, quite desperate, in the direction I merely supposed might be the right one, we heard voices on the left and the next minute quite a crowd of men and boys came in sight."

"Nor was this all; for although there was no monkey, there were two bears, each being led by a gypsy-looking man."

CHAPTER II.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

OF course the mere glimpse of a bear was enough to excite the curiosity of us to a great pitch, and forgetting all about Mrs. Tubby and the water, we joined the throng that followed the brutes, in the hope of seeing them perform some of their tricks.

"Where are they taking them?" I inquired of a long-legged, slim-necked youth, who was making his way along by my side.

"To the village," he replied, adding: "And as soon as they get there the men are going to make them dance on their hind legs, and to do other things that stand on their heads and all that sort of business. I saw 'em do it when they were here last summer, and I can tell you it's mighty good fun."

"I'm sure they're taking not one of our camping-out party had any notion of missing this show, so we tramped cheerfully on through the dust, and after walking perhaps three-quarters of a mile, were rewarded for our perseverance by the privilege of viewing with our own eyes all or nearly all the wonderful feats my lengthy acquaintance had described."

The exhibition was given on the "green" in front of a small hotel, and when it was over the bears were sent around with their masters' caps.

We each dropped something in, which left our finances at almost a slow crawl, but as we were when we abandoned the Tub.

"And where do you suppose Mrs. Tubby's is now?" Phil wanted to know, when the bears had disappeared.

"In the same place it was an hour and a half ago," I answered, showing him the face of my watch, which indicated twenty minutes past six.

"We've all or nearly all the length of time coming on till I ask somebody where she lives."

"Mrs. Tubby's? Why, just walk up that road about a mile and it's the first house you come to with brown shutters."

Phil and I gave a groan, as one of the loungers on the hotel porch imparted this information, pointing at the same time in the direction whence we had just come.

"She must live on the other side of the point where we left the woods," I added. "But come on, we've got to go back that way at any rate, and I guess the bear-show was worth the extra tramp."

But as may be imagined, we were all three pretty well tired out already, and when we finally got back to where the path through the woods began, Bert declared he couldn't walk another step.

"Can't I wait here till you go to Mrs. Tubby's?" he pleaded.

"You can if Phil stays with you," I answered.

It was growing dark fast, and I began to realize that it was my responsibility for my younger brother's safety.

Phil was glad enough of the chance to rest, although he declared it was too bad to let me go on alone. But I said I didn't mind, and started off at a dog trot.

weigh more than you do, and make the bow too low in the water."

"But if you put that back here, too, the boat'll begin to leak again," objected my brother.

"Well, then, shall we turn the Tub around and row her down stern foremost?" demanded Phil.

"What's the good of rowing at all?" I now interposed. "We can let ourselves float down with the tide, and then we won't have to be hauled in any particular direction. I guess the eb'll hold out till we get there, and we're in no hurry, you know."

Nobody objected to this proposal, so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, hauled our oars inboard, and allowed the Tub to drift slowly down the river.

"I wonder if your mother will mind our going off this way?" Phil remarked, presently.

"I don't see why she should," was my response.

To tell the truth, I had not till that instant given a thought to what the ruling powers might have to say about the expedition when they came to hear of it. Knowing that they were not where it would be possible for me to get their permission, and conscious, also, that camping out was not included in the catalogue of things we had been forbidden to do, the matter had slipped my mind.

Then, after Phil spoke, I remembered how, when Uncle Dick was talking about his Adirondack trip in the spring, and had offered to take me with him, father said he only wished I cared enough about such things to want to go.

This recollection served to save over any qualms of conscience I might have begun to experience; at least, it did so till late that evening.

We were not long in drifting that two miles,



HEEDLESS OF ALL ELSE, WE STOOD AND WATCHED THE BEARS GO THROUGH THEIR WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE.

I soon struck a road which I remembered and in about five minutes more came to Mrs. Tully's. But I did not seem to be the color of fire. "Nate Cheswick," I said to myself, "you ought to have had sense enough to know that you had better not come out here to find home like this while they were away, no matter what was said last spring about the Argosy."

While I was being tormented by these self-accusations, I became aware of a peculiar glow in the sky to the eastward, in which direction I saw a flash of light.

"Perhaps it's a ship on fire," I thought, sitting up to get a better view, for I had been lying flat on my back, and the sand, with my head propped up by my elbow.

Brighter and more extended grew the glow, and it did not seem to be the color of fire. It seemed to have regular shape and became steadily brighter, bigger and more awful.

The creeps came over me again. What could it be? An enormous comet that was going to strike the earth and crush it like an egg-shell?

I hastily scrambled to my feet, for somehow it seemed as if being ready to run when the crash came, would give me a better chance of saving myself.

(To be continued.)

[This story continued on No. 221.]

**NEED NEWTON,** OF THE PERIPATETIC BOOTBLACK OF THE NEW-YORK BOOTBLACK

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEED'S VINDICATION.

"Do you know anything about this affair, Mr. St. Clair?" asked the merchant, after a pause.

"Yes, sir," answered the little clerk, with unusual firmness.

"Did you see young Newton take the ties?"

"No, sir; nor did I any one else see him do it."

"Probably not," said Leon, significantly.

"He wasn't, likely to do it when any one was looking on."

"I saw the ties taken, however," went on Roscoe St. Clair, in a tone quite as significant as Leon's.

"I saw the expression unmistakable signs of nervousness, and fixed his eyes on St. Clair with an expression of evident alarm."

"Explain yourself," said the merchant, coldly.

St. Clair told his story. He dwelt upon the evident desire of Leon to get him out of the way. He said, excitedly, "I saw the ties, and he slipped into the alley-way to watch the interior of the store. Leon became more and more nervous."

"That's a lie!" ejaculated Leon, but his voice trembled. "You couldn't see into the closet from the window."

"Yes," he exclaimed.

"Yes; I became a spy, and events showed that I was justified in doing so," said St. Clair. "I saw the ties, and I saw him, and he was resolved to speak in his favor."

Need grasped St. Clair's hand, and said gratefully, "I thank you, Mr. St. Clair, you have fully done your service. I can't suppose any one plot would be mean enough to get up such a plot against me."

"I am very glad you expect to be paid for this convenient testimony, Mr. St. Clair?" asked Leon, in a tone meant to be scornful.

"I don't care for your money," said the answer, said St. Clair, with unwonted spirit.

"I think, Mr. Simmons, that I don't need to defend myself after this testimony," said Need.

"As for you, Leon, the time may come when you will be ashamed of your meanness."

"Do you believe them, Mr. Simmons?" asked Leon, with bold assurance. "They are evidently in league together."

"Do you deny what I have charged you with?"

"Yes; I do; and I wait for Mr. Simmons's decision."

Elias Simmons paused a moment in indecision. He fully believed St. Clair's testimony, but he did so against his will. It interfered with his plans.

"I will not take the matter into consideration," he said. "The testimony is contradictory, and requires reflection. You can all go back to your work, and when I have made up my mind I will let you know."

The three clerks returned to their duties. Leon, with the consciousness of guilt, felt very uncomfortable. He went to his uncle, and in a low voice acquainted him with the unlucky issue of the conspiracy.

over again that we had never started on this unlucky expedition, on which we had blundered from the first."

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(To be continued.)

[This story continued on No. 221.]

**NEED NEWTON,** OF THE PERIPATETIC BOOTBLACK OF THE NEW-YORK BOOTBLACK

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEED'S VINDICATION.

"Do you know anything about this affair, Mr. St. Clair?" asked the merchant, after a pause.

"Yes, sir," answered the little clerk, with unusual firmness.

"Did you see young Newton take the ties?"

"No, sir; nor did I any one else see him do it."

"Probably not," said Leon, significantly.

"He wasn't, likely to do it when any one was looking on."

"I saw the ties taken, however," went on Roscoe St. Clair, in a tone quite as significant as Leon's.

"I saw the expression unmistakable signs of nervousness, and fixed his eyes on St. Clair with an expression of evident alarm."

"Explain yourself," said the merchant, coldly.

St. Clair told his story. He dwelt upon the evident desire of Leon to get him out of the way. He said, excitedly, "I saw the ties, and he slipped into the alley-way to watch the interior of the store. Leon became more and more nervous."

"That's a lie!" ejaculated Leon, but his voice trembled. "You couldn't see into the closet from the window."

"Yes," he exclaimed.

"Yes; I became a spy, and events showed that I was justified in doing so," said St. Clair. "I saw the ties, and I saw him, and he was resolved to speak in his favor."

Need grasped St. Clair's hand, and said gratefully, "I thank you, Mr. St. Clair, you have fully done your service. I can't suppose any one plot would be mean enough to get up such a plot against me."

"I am very glad you expect to be paid for this convenient testimony, Mr. St. Clair?" asked Leon, in a tone meant to be scornful.

"I don't care for your money," said the answer, said St. Clair, with unwonted spirit.

"I think, Mr. Simmons, that I don't need to defend myself after this testimony," said Need.

"As for you, Leon, the time may come when you will be ashamed of your meanness."

"Do you believe them, Mr. Simmons?" asked Leon, with bold assurance. "They are evidently in league together."

"Do you deny what I have charged you with?"

"Yes; I do; and I wait for Mr. Simmons's decision."

Elias Simmons paused a moment in indecision. He fully believed St. Clair's testimony, but he did so against his will. It interfered with his plans.

into the store. We have lost sight of Eustace for some time, but I the reader will remember that in his leading characteristics he strongly resembled Leon Granville.

Eustace had not been in his father's store since Ned was employed there, being in daily attendance at school.

He caught sight of our hero, and said in a patronizing manner, "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Quite a raise for you to get into such a store as this."

"My father was very kind. There are not many who would take a bootblack into their business."

Ned did not feel called upon to reply.

"How do you do, Mr. Simmons?" said Leon, effusively.

"Very well, Leon," responded Eustace graciously, for he liked to be flattered.

"I see you know the new boy."

"Newton? Yes; I know him slightly. How do you like him?"

"I would rather not say."

"Because he may be a favorite of yours."

"You needn't be troubled about that. He is no favorite of mine," said Eustace, with emphasis.

"Then I don't mind saying that I don't fancy him."

"I am not surprised. Father engaged him out of pity. He is very poor, and has some relation to you."

"And why do you think it is in your father, too? He is a very generous hearted man."

"That's a nice fellow," thought Eustace. "He is always polite, and treats me with respect."

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FRANK A. MUNSIE, PUBLISHER, 41 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Portland "Oregonian."

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 not 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.

Once more we desire to thank our readers for their promptness in complying with our request for their names and addresses. We are also deeply indebted to them for the many and strong expressions of praise with which they have mentioned the ARGOSY.

We should like very much to show our appreciation of their courtesy and kindness by a personal acknowledgment in each and every case, but the vast number of names received renders this impossible, at any rate for the present.

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

CITY AND COUNTRY BOYS.

As was said in these columns a few weeks ago, in these days of modern progress and enlightenment a great many of the old-time notions and ideas are being turned inside out.

For instance, during the late war it was not the stout, broad-built volunteers from the rural districts that bore the rigors of the campaign, but the well-trained young men from the cities, who had learned by their education how to make the very best use of what muscles and powers they possessed.

Look at our police and firemen, many of them splendid specimens of manhood. They were nearly all born and bred in the region of pavements.

Is it not about time to cease comparing the city boy's physical advantages with those of his country cousin, to the discouragement of the former?

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The season of letter writing is now approaching. Friends who have lived near one another in town all winter now separate, some to go to the sea shore, others to the mountains, while a privileged few start out to see the sights across the water.

Thus it comes to pass that more letters—apart from business communications—are written in summer than at any other season of the year.

But we wonder how many of our readers realize, as they seal their envelopes, and affix the two-cent stamp, that they are living in a golden age for corresponding. For no longer ago than 1844 the cost of sending letters any distance was so great that months often elapsed before the nearest relatives heard news of one another.

There died in Boston about the middle of last month a man named Lysander Spooner. He was sometimes called the Rowland Hill of America, as he was chiefly instrumental in obtaining for this country the benefit which Sir Rowland succeeded in securing in 1839 for England—cheap postage.

In order to bring about the reform, Mr.

Spooner established lines of private mails between Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, carrying all letters at five cents each.

Of course the government interfered, but Mr. Spooner managed to keep his system in operation long enough to convince the authorities at Washington that a low rate of charges would support the department.

The very next year the first reduction in the cost of stamps was made; another followed in 1851, and so the good work has progressed, till it seems possible that the rate will in a few years be reduced to one cent an ounce.

ALTHOUGH we may know that punishment is going to do us a great deal of good, it is difficult to keep this fact in mind at the moment of infliction. The benefit is often better appreciated in after years.

A citizen of Augusta, Maine, points with pride to a willow tree growing on one of the principal streets. He says it sprang from a switch which his father stuck in the ground after having used it as a rod to keep the child unspelled.

LAST week we took occasion to speak of the greatness of New York, alluding to her fine record in the line of fire companies, water service, lighting arrangements, and so forth. To this list we must add the public schools.

Mr. J. Edward Simmons, president of the Board of Education, who recently paid official visits to the schools of various countries of Europe, reports that those in this city excel them in the system upon which they are managed and also in the broad fields of study that are covered.

Good luck is a most uncertain factor and extremely exasperating in its fickleness. It is very apt to fly in at our neighbor's windows, where it is not employed, while we sit with open doors vainly wooing it to visit ourselves, who are in sore straits. This reminds us of the story of the woman who, hearing that it was considered "lucky" to have a bird fly into the house, chased a canary in, and in doing so upset and broke a ten-dollar mirror; and of the man who found a silver dollar on the side walk, and spent it and two others in celebrating his good fortune.

Clever planning and industrious working is the most reliable "luck" after all.

THE VALUE OF OBEDIENCE.

A GENTLEMAN who has had a great deal to do with the prisons of the country gives it as his opinion that disobedience is the foundation stone for a life of crime. He says that he wishes he could write it in "Imperishable, glowing letters on the walls of every home—obedience, obedience, obedience!"

And why should we not obey those who are our superiors in age and wisdom? Does not every boy at fourteen know twice, yea three times as much as he did at seven? So does it not naturally follow that his parents and teachers should have learned by experience many times as much at forty as he has at fourteen?

If the players in a baseball nine, or the rowers in a race, did not obey the orders of their captain, the chances of winning would be small indeed. Exercise then, in the sober business of good living, that virtue which is so essential to good playing.

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

A RIVAL PERFORMER.

THE sublime is only a step from the ridiculous after all. At a time when we are all prepared to be properly impressed by a burst of eloquence or a soul-stirring spectacle, then it is that any unexpected and incongruous episode makes the quickest impression upon us and causes us to laugh instead of thrill.

This fact was illustrated on the occasion of Patti's last appearance in this city at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was during the solemn third act of *Aida*, and Signor Nicolini was singing in his most impassioned style.

But what was it at which the audience were giggling? As our readers may know, *Aida* is by no means an opera of the comic order, so the audible uttering of several hundred persons was disconcerting to the tenor, to say the least.

Suddenly Madame Patti chanced to turn her head, and saw a cat making frantic endeavors to leap over a portion of the scenery. The diva whispered to her husband, and the mystery of the giggling was explained.

JAMES J. CLANCY, Editor of the New York "Graphic."

MR. CLANCY is one of the youngest of metropolitan editors, but he has already made for himself an honorable career in journalism, entirely by his own talent and industry, and he may fairly expect to accomplish still greater things in the future.

He was born thirty-six years ago in the small town of Outerard, County Galway, among the lakes and mountains of western Ireland. The Irish language is still spoken in that district, though Mr. Clancy says that he heard more of it in the clubs at Boston than in his native land. He attended the common schools, and then spent a few years at a classical academy, where he worked so hard that he broke down in health.

Mr. Clancy's thoughts turned toward America very early. His relatives were in comfortable circumstances, and he had been offered a place in the British colonial service, as secretary to the governor of Ceylon, but he determined to strike out for himself, and took passage for Boston, where he expected to find a position with a firm of publishers. In this he was disappointed, and he found himself without employment in a strange city. He obtained work temporarily as clerk in a toy house, but was again thrown out of employment, just before winter. Fortunately at this time he gained the friendship of Mr. Ballou, of *Ballou's Magazine*, who generously gave him the news-stand in the St. James Hotel, rent free.

Here Mr. Clancy remained some time, busily preparing himself for his future work. His eyes were already fixed on journalism, and he saw that he must qualify himself for the profession by studying the history and the literature of America. This the nature of his occupation, and constant visits to the public library, enabled him to do effectually.

His friend M. Ballou was one of the founders of the now prosperous *Boston Globe*, and Mr. Clancy applied for a position on the new paper. There was no opening at the time, but he was promised the first vacancy that might occur. Meanwhile, however, he found work elsewhere, and came to New York as general writer and editor on the *Irish World*, an engagement which lasted nearly five years.

In 1877 Mr. Clancy left the *Irish World*, and rose to a higher plane of journalism as night editor of the *Star*, under its old management as the organ of Tammany Hall. Here he gained a thorough acquaintance with almost every branch of newspaper work. Energetic and versatile, he served as telegraph editor, city editor, and representative at Albany, with an occasional trip as special correspondent; and in 1883 he became editor in chief.

But the *Star* was not prosperous, and Mr. Clancy differed from the proprietors on important questions of management. He believed that the paper could only be maintained by a radical change both of policy and price. The directors did not act upon his advice, and the daily issue of the *Star* shortly afterward suspended.

Mr. Clancy transferred his services to the *Graphic*, the well-known illustrated daily, early in 1885, and on the first day of 1886 he became editor. He superintends the news and editorial columns, as well as the illustrations, which are under the immediate charge of M. A. F. Feraud.

Besides his newspaper duties, he has done a good deal of miscellaneous literary work for publishing houses. He is fond of the theater, and has tried his hand at a play, which has not yet appeared on the boards. For success in that profitable branch of authorship a knowledge of stage mechanism and effects is needed, and Mr. Clancy's drama

was declined at a New York theater for reasons not affecting its literary merits.

Mr. Clancy takes but little part in public affairs, but he is a prominent and popular member of the Press Club, of which he has been a vice-president. For seven years he belonged to the Fourteenth Regiment of the National Guard, and enjoyed the service, as every one does who enters it with the idea of duty, and not merely to sport a uniform.

He is fond of athletics, especially rowing, and bears testimony to the value of exercise in promoting health. B. H. THRENTON.

THE RIVALRY OF CITIES.

VOLUMES have been written on the marvelous growth of America and American cities, yet it is a subject that never loses its freshness. The figures given by each fresh census or estimate of population and wealth are more interesting than any romance, and the keen race between the cities of East and West, North and South, is a wonderful spectacle.

New York and Philadelphia at present hold first and second place undisputed, but how long this will be the case none can tell. Chicago, now running neck and neck with Brooklyn for third honors, is bold enough to call herself the future metropolis—a claim which the twin wonders of the Northwest, St.

Paul and Minneapolis, are not slow to dispute. Many years ago the prophetic eye of Seward saw in St. Paul the capitol of a united North America.

Who can tell what the future has in store?

OPIUM WRAPPED IN ARSENIC.

THERE are many who maintain that the injurious results of drinking are due not so much to the excessive quantity consumed as to the horrible adulteration of the liquors commonly sold in saloons. It appears also to be the case that the deadly cigarette owes its destructive powers largely to the vile compounds illegitimately introduced into its manufacture.

The tobacco, which is, in ordinary cigarettes, of a very low grade, is treated with valerian or opium, drugs that make the smoker a slave to the weed. Even the expensive brands are adulterated; the thrifty manufacturers save expense by making the "Havana flavoring" from the tonga bean.

Worse still is the composition of the wrapper of the cigarette. Very little genuine rice straw paper is used, as it is too expensive. It is imitated with linen paper made from filthy rags, and bleached with lime and arsenical preparations, whose combustion is actively injurious to the throat and lungs.

Although the cigarette is a deadly little weapon. It is less swift in operation than a dynamite cartridge, but more vicious and insidious. It ought to go.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

He who forgives is victor in the dispute. Most men know what they hate, few what they love.

The crutch of Time accomplishes more than the club of Hercules.

Those are generally good at flattering who are good for nothing else.

Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.—Comper.

Man must work. He may work grudgingly or gratefully. He may work as a man or as a machine.

A man that stuteth revenge keepeth his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.—Lord Bacon.

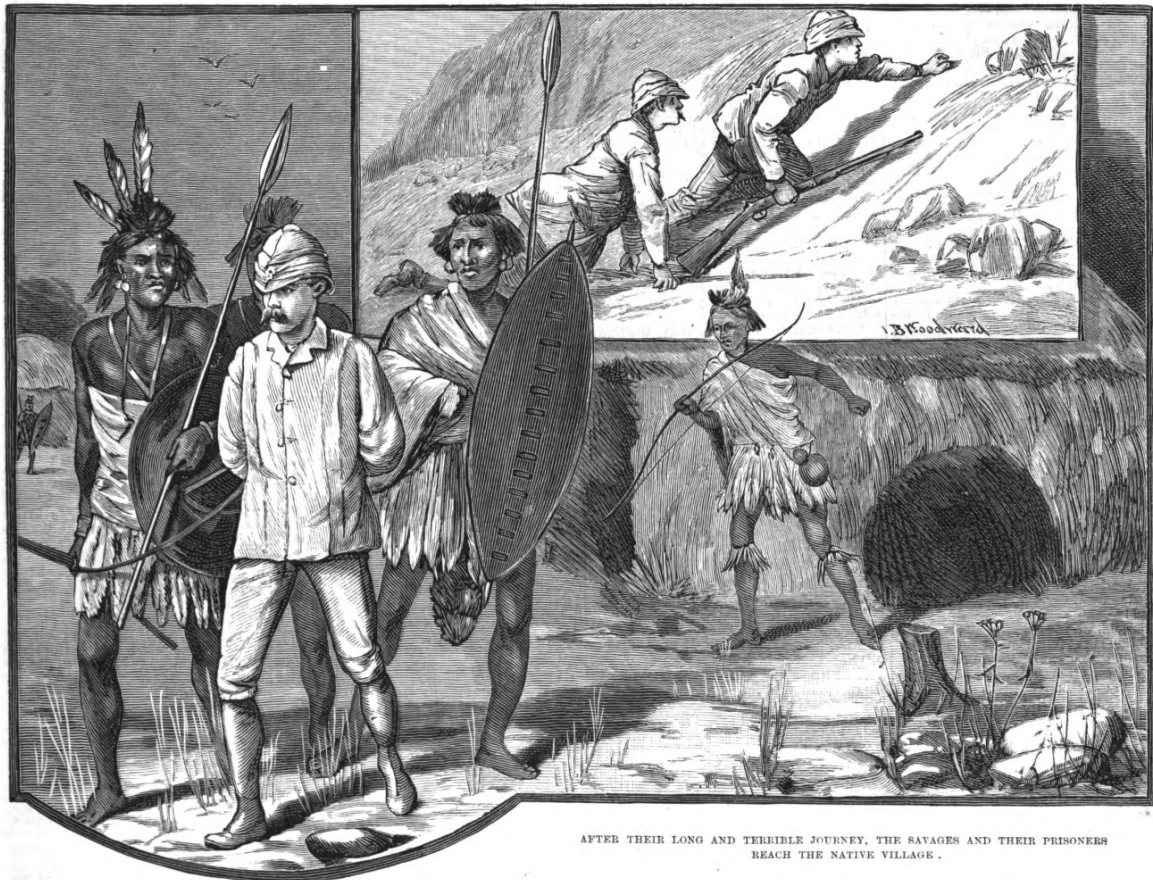
The infinitely greatest confessed good is neglected to satisfy the successive uneasiness of our desires pursuing trifles.—Locke.

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without condition.



JAMES J. CLANCY.





AFTER THEIR LONG AND TERRIBLE JOURNEY, THE SAVAGES AND THEIR PRISONERS REACH THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

# Dick + Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

## CHAPTER XI.

ATTACKED BY A NEW ENEMY.

DAN MANNERING uttered an exclamation of horror when he heard me describe the perilous situation in which Dick Broadhead was left at the end of the last chapter.

"Why, Mr. Barnum," he said, "how foolish the hunters were to approach the huge elephant so carelessly! It was like putting their heads into a lion's mouth."

"Yes," I replied, "their bravery outran their discretion in this instance. They had jumped to the conclusion that this creature was the mammoth beast which they had set out to find, and in their eagerness they rushed forward to capture it without any thought of the terrible risk they ran."

"But how was Dick saved, Mr. Barnum?" was Dan's excited question. "I suppose he did manage to escape with his life."

"Yes, he was saved, though he came very near to a terrible death, and I will tell you how it happened. But first I must say a few words about a character who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the wonderful series of adventures that lay before Dick and his companions in Africa."

"This was the man called Jingo, one of the dark-skinned natives who were traveling with the little caravan."

"Except in color, there was but little similarity between the two Africans. Beeswax was a good cook, understood the care of oxen, and was a faithful and devoted servant; but there his usefulness ended. He dreaded all manner of wild beasts, knew

nothing of the desolate region the hunters were now traversing, and had been with difficulty persuaded to accompany the expedition.

"Jingo was very different. He was of the same race as Beeswax, both being Kaffirs from the eastern part of the British colonies; but he had spent several years among the Zulus, and had made many journeys to the north, with ivory hunters and trading caravans. He had been all along both the eastern and western coasts of South Africa, and had traveled into the interior far beyond the Orange River, and across the Kalahari Desert into the unknown and mysterious region from which no white man has ever returned to describe it."

"He was a man of few words, but the hunters knew that he could tell many a strange story, if he would, of what he had seen on his journeys. He was a fine hunter, too, skilled in tracking and slaying the wild beasts of forest and plain; in the chase he was fearless, and had slain more than one lion, armed with no other weapon than his long Zulu assegai or hunting spear."

"Now when Dick was caught up in the elephant's trunk, both Griswold and Carter were some distance away among the trees, behind the great beast, and neither of them could do anything to rescue him. Only the two natives were near him, and Beeswax, as soon as he saw the elephant charge upon Dick, turned and fled in terror, yelling '*Incuho! Incuho!*' and never stopped till he had hidden himself under a pile of rugs and skins in the wagon."

"At this juncture Jingo rushed forward with fire in his eye and an assegai in his hand. It seemed almost a forlorn hope, but he was determined to risk his life in the attempt to save the young white boy."

"Stepping close up to the elephant, who was rushing towards him, and still claspng Dick in his upraised trunk, the brave Kaffir took steady aim and hurled the heavy spear with all his force!

"The weapon struck the elephant on the thick folds of his lips, close to the root of the tusks, and lodged deep in his flesh, making a painful though not a dangerous wound."

"With a shrill cry of rage and pain, the monster flung Dick from him as though the boy's weight was nothing, and turned upon his new antagonist to crush him."

"But Jingo had hunted elephants before, and knew how to avoid the terrible onrush. As the gleaming tusks were almost upon him, he sprang nimbly aside, and before the elephant could turn its unwieldy mass, he was out of reach. But he had no weapon, and had not time to reach a place of safety by climbing a tree, before the great beast wheeled and charged at him a second time. Jingo again adroitly avoided the danger, and when the elephant, trumpeting madly, rushed upon him for the third time, assistance came to him from a rather unexpected quarter."

"Where was Dick all this time, Mr. Barnum?" interrupted Dan. "I suppose he was terribly hurt when the elephant threw him to the ground."

"That is just what I was going to tell you," I replied. "Strange as it may seem, Dick was the first to come to Jingo's assistance. When the elephant flung him aside, very luckily he alighted in a thick and thorny mimosa bush, which tore his clothes and scratched his flesh, but broke his fall so completely that a second later he sprang to his feet, a little dazed but ready for immediate action."

"Now Beeswax had had with him one of the rifles belonging to the caravan, and when he fled in terror from the scene of hostilities he had dropped the weapon within three yards of the spot where Dick now stood. Young Broadhead hastily picked it up and cocked both hammers, just in time to see that the elephant, in its third attempt to annihilate Jingo, was charging straight down upon himself too."

"'Jump, for life!' cried the Kaffir, who was close beside Dick, as he sprang aside among the trees.

"But Dick's limbs were shaken by his fall, and he could not hope to imitate the agile movements of the sinewy Kaffir. He gave up all idea of flight, and stood resolutely facing the danger that was close upon him."

"The infuriated elephant was within six yards of him, and had lowered his mighty head to sweep his puny antagonist before him, when Dick coolly raised his rifle to his shoulder, sighted at the very center of the massive forehead, and pulled both triggers at once!

"The recollection had flashed through the boy's mind of something that Frank Griswold had told him in one of their many talks about the great game they might meet. The hunter had mentioned that almost the only spot where a bullet will inflict a mortal wound upon an elephant is a little shield-shaped depression in the middle of its forehead. Dick remembered this, and, with wonderful presence of mind, waited till he could make out the vulnerable spot. Then he fired."

"The result was instantaneous. As if struck by lightning, the elephant's vast bulk dropped heavily to the ground, almost on the top of Dick, who had to spring aside to avoid being crushed by his conquered enemy."

"All these events had taken place in far less time than it has taken me to tell you. Griswold and Carter, though not more than a hundred yards away, were not yet in sight, among the thick growth of trees and bushes, when Dick fired the decisive shot. When they came running up, and found him standing beside the body of the slain elephant, you can imagine how great was their surprise."

"Dick got all the honors that day, didn't he, Mr. Barnum?" commented Dan, delighted to hear of the prowess of the hero whom he still believed to be his long lost brother.

"His bravery and coolness were indeed wonderful in so young a boy," I answered; "but before I finish relating his experience



[This story commenced in No. 226.]

# The Last War Trail.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

## CHAPTER XXXI.

WAITING FOR THE CAPTIVES.

THE whole matter being clear to Deerfoot, he deemed it best to make his way back to his friends, who, as may well be supposed, were on the tip toe of expectation.

The sound of the rifle, followed by the death shriek of the Indian, had been heard by them, and not one could imagine the cause. You can well believe how interested they were in the narrative told by Deerfoot. "By gracious!" exclaimed Hardin, in an awed undertone, "but that was a close call for the Serpent. Deerfoot says he shot down one of his own men while in the very act of telling the secret that would have ended all hope for George and his folks."

"That can't be no doubt about that," assented Bowlby, "for Deerfoot says so."

"I should like to know how he can tell," growled Hank Grubbens; "he wasn't near enough to hear what was said."

"But he had the help of that which you'll never have," replied Hardin, "and that's brains."

"It's both."

"Yes—your brains are."

"There can be no question that the Serpent is right," said the Moravian, in his soothing manner; "he is an unusually sagacious Indian, and, as I have before remarked, he comes nearer to Deerfoot in that respect than does any one I ever met; but it would not have taken a very wise man to interpret the words of the Winnebago by his actions."

Fred Linden shuddered to think how narrowly his folks had been saved for the time, and he grew faint at heart to recall that the final saving of their lives was a problem whose solution was fearfully uncertain.

"I've been thinking," said Terry Clark, when a lull occurred in the conversation, "that there's a little difficulty in the road, which ye haven't noticed, as a friend of me own observed when he fell over an ill-plant."

"What's that?" asked Hardin.

"Mr. Linden and the others haven't any idea that The Serpent is a friend of theirs and they may make him trouble."

"My brother speaks the truth," said the Shawano; "Deerfoot has thought of what his brother says, but he sees how the trouble can be made less."

"That's enough then," remarked Bowlby, in his own emphatic manner; "if Deerfoot has it fixed in his mind, it will be made straight in time to save from bother."

"I'm satisfied," assented Terry.

"I guess we all are," said Hardin, "unless it's Grubbens there."

"Let Grubbens alone," said the missionary; "we have had enough of that talk."

All felt the rebuke and held their peace, though Grubbens was heard muttering something which no one understood or cared to understand.

It was clear that no attempt would be made to remove the captives until morning, and our friends had nothing to do except to content themselves in waiting as best they could.

"I wonder whether The Serpent will not make us another visit," said the missionary, inquiringly, to Deerfoot.

"He will be here before the rising of the sun," was the reply of the Shawano; "he is coming now."

No one else heard the faint footfalls which apprised the Shawano of the approach of the very party who was in their minds, but every one knew he was right.

A few seconds later, a soft signal was detected, as if some one was in doubt about the right course to follow. This was responded to by Deerfoot, who had risen to his feet, and then The Serpent appeared among the little group with such suddenness that he seemed to have risen from the very ground.

The Serpent's story was a brief one. He told his friends, what they already knew, that Ap-to-to and his warriors believed the shot which laid low the Winnebago was fired either by Deerfoot or one of the settlers, who had been hovering in the woods,

and who had some personal grievance against the victim. The result was that a great deal of care had been taken to guard against a repetition of the act. A number of sentinels were stationed at such a distance from the camp among the trees that it would be hard for any one to approach close enough to do any harm.

Nothing had been said about The Serpent taking the three captives in his own party, but he added that he should insist on Ap-to-to fulfilling his pledge, threatening him, in case of refusal, to take steps to have him deposed from his chieftainship. Ap-to-to could not fail to know, from the proceedings of the night before, that The Serpent would be sure to succeed in such a move, and he would stop at nothing to prevent the culmination of such a disgrace, tenfold worse than if he had never received the honor at all.

He suspected the warriors would think he meant to slay the prisoners, but he would give his promise that nothing of the kind was contemplated. He preferred that the pale faces should be left entirely in his charge, but, if an escort was insisted upon, he agreed with Deerfoot that it was not prudent to make too strong objection.

The Serpent had given out that he must go back to his camp, but would return before morning. He stayed with his friends until the time was just enough to allow the journey to be made, when he once more and for the last time bade them good by.

Previous to going, he and Deerfoot talked a good while together, for now that the crisis was at hand, it was necessary that a full understanding should exist between them. Some exceedingly fine work had to be done, and more than likely success would depend on the movements which would not be thought of by others possessing only the wonderful skill that belonged to these fine specimens of the American race.

The Serpent made known to Deerfoot the route he intended to take with his party. He would start toward his own camp, his warriors having been instructed to await his coming, but would gradually tend to the south, and, at a point half way between the two, cross an open space fully an acre in extent, near one of the streams of water which I have mentioned as being passed by the settlers in their pursuit.

The Shawano knew the place. It was in plain sight of the rock from which he had taken his observation the day before, and he promised to keep it under his eye, so that it was there the success of the project—if it was to be a success—would become manifest to their anxious friends.

As he agreed that immediately on the departure of The Serpent, Deerfoot and his companions should set out over the back trail, for their presence was likely to embarrass The Serpent, since the shot of the night before had made known to Ap-to-to that some of his enemies were lurking in the woods, and it would be almost impossible for the party to escape discovery, unless they placed a goodly distance between them and the Winnebagoes.

It was at this time that The Serpent had been seen to go that five minutes, when, with Deerfoot in the lead, the settlers began threading their way through the woods, as if they had given up hope, and were only seeking to return to the settlement.

It made no difference to the Shawano that there was scarcely any moonlight in the forest, for he seemed to be able to travel with unerring precision in the absence of a light. Behind him came the Moravian and the others, relying so fully upon his guidance that they walked with the certainty of midday.

It was a long tramp they had to take, and more than once Grubbens complained, but no one paid attention to him. The journey lasted till the night was far spent, when the rising ground and the appearance of rock, looming up in the dim moonlight, made known the welcome fact that for the present their task was ended.

Wearied and worn out, every one, including Deerfoot, threw himself upon the ground and slept.

The slumber, however, did not last long, for there was such a weight on the mind of each that he awoke at the moment it began growing light in the east. Those who had been thoughtful enough to bring food divided with the others, who had little appetite, excepting Grubbens. Rough, hard-earned, and they were, and inured to all manner of exposure, they, and inured to all the certainty that the fate of three of their dear friends would soon be settled, if indeed it had not already been settled beyond change.

Deerfoot sprang upon the rock, so as to

keep his eye on the open space where the captives would appear, if they ever appeared at all. He would not allow any with him, but permitted them to crouch in the undergrowth near, and he promised to make known whatever he saw or learned.

No pen can picture the torturing anxiety of the hour that followed. Poor Fred Linden did not once speak. He was pale and absolutely ill, and Terry Clark was hardly any better. He ventured on an encouraging word or two, but he was in no mood to attempt any of the waggery which might have cheered his companions under less terrible circumstances. The others held their peace, for it may be said that it was no time for words. The missionary frequently closed his eyes, and the movement of his lips showed that he was praying with all the fervor of his nature.

Suddenly all were thrilled by the words of The Serpent: "They are coming—there is The Serpent—he walks alone—note he stops—there come the captives—one—two—three—all of them, but they have two other warriors with them."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

DANGER THREATENS THE SERPENT.

IT may be doubted whether any one with less audacity than The Serpent would have been able to effect a start with the three captives from the camp of the Winnebagoes.

Before the sun appeared above the horizon, he went to Ap-to-to, who was sleeping soundly in his blanket, and told him that he was ready to take the prisoners to his own camp. The Serpent expected opposition and he was not disappointed.

Having passed a night as war chief of the Winnebagoes, Ap-to-to felt more secure in the position than he did a few hours before. He said that it would be unfair to place all the captives in charge of The Serpent, even though he asked that it should be only till nightfall.

In reply, the Serpent said that that phase of the question was "not before the house," inasmuch as he held the promise of Ap-to-to and the permission had already been given.

Ap-to-to now remarked that the shot of the night before showed that their enemies were abroad, and that it would be unsafe to entrust the captives beyond the guardianship of the war party. The Serpent quieted this fear by saying that if the chief had been where he ought to have been the day before, instead of hiding among the hills, he would have seen that a half dozen Winnebagoes could beat off all the Long Knives that dared to attack them.

Ap-to-to winced under this stroke, but a hardy one as he was, when The Serpent gave Ap-to-to to understand, that, if he dared to refuse him, he would tell the whole truth and have him deposed from his position. He then turned as if to walk off in disgust, but, as he had anticipated, the chief called him back with the assurance that he was at liberty to depart at once, either with or without an escort.

The Serpent suppressed his exultation over his success, but he must have had a thrill pass through him as it drew through any one who has won a coveted triumph. He had gained permission not only to depart with the captives, but to do so without any warriors to embarrass his plans.

But an opposition quickly appeared which made it unsafe, even for such a popular brave as The Serpent, to carry out his desires. Hearing the opinion expressed that he meant to have the enjoyment of massacring his prisoners to himself, The Serpent assured them that no such thought was in his head.

This was sufficient, for the word of an Indian given under such circumstances is sacred. When two of the bravest warriors said that they would go along to make sure that The Serpent did not forget his promise, he was too prudent to object. He said that if the two were afraid of the one man and squaws, they could take more; but they did not do so.

Linden and his wife and daughter had passed a most wretched night. The husband sat on the ground with his head against the log behind him, while Edith held the head of her mother in her lap. They slept now and then, for they were worn out, but they were in such a feverish state that the slumber did them little if any good.

"Oh, there is that Indian again!" whispered the young lady, raising the head of her mother.

The father, who just then was nodding in a half daze, opened his eyes and saw The Serpent standing in front of them,

while just behind were two other warriors. All three were looking steadily at the captives, who naturally enough were startled. You know The Serpent could not speak a word of English, but one of his companions had a slight knowledge of the language. He motioned for the prisoners to rise, say as he did so:

"Up—up—git!"

"That is an order for us to rise," said Linden, obeying the command, as did his wife and daughter with muttering expressions of wonder as to what was coming next.

"Can it be they're going to kill us?" said Mrs. Linden, showing not the least tremor in her voice.

"No; not that," replied her husband, half doubting his own words: "You remember that Ap-to-to, the new chief, said that they would wait till we reached their villages."

"But they may have changed their mind," suggested Edith, who not unnaturally was in a state of great trepidation.

"I think not, but we shall soon know." The three stood side by side, ready for whatever might come so that it did not separate them from one another.

"Come," added the warrior who had acted as spokesman, leading the way across the open space where The Serpent and the other Indian brought up the rear. By this time most of the sleeping red men had aroused themselves. They looked at the strange procession with a drowsy interest which did not rise to the degree of asking any questions.

Just beyond the edge of the open space, The Serpent, as if to let it be known he was master, ordered the warrior at the head to come to the rear, the commander, as he may be called, changing places with him.

The procession was of necessity an Indian one, The Serpent being in advance, Mr. Linden, his wife, daughter and each of the two warriors following in single file. This rendered traveling through the woods easier than if they kept beside each other.

You will remember that in his speech in favor of Ap-to-to's election to the presidency, The Serpent mentioned Rolling Thunder by name. This Indian was a lively, active fellow, but one of the most treacherous wretches that ever lived. He was a devoted supporter of Ap-to-to and a hater of The Serpent, because he recognized in him his superior in every respect. It may have been that because, like the new chieftain, he was so unworthy himself he could not be convinced that such a thing as honor existed in any one else.

Rolling Thunder was the warrior who addressed the captives in a high broken fashion, and commanded them to rise from the log and follow him; and he it was whom The Serpent compelled to change places with him after the journey began.

Now it could not have been possible that Rolling Thunder had any suspicion of the actual part The Serpent was playing, since that was so exceptional in every respect that not even Deerfoot would have divined it without explanation, but the events which followed proved that he was convinced that something was on foot altogether different from that which Ap-to-to and the other Winnebagoes suspected.

The first well defined suspicion came just before reaching the open space where the watchful Deerfoot caught sight of the party. It then became apparent to Rolling Thunder that their leader was not following a direct course to his own encampment, whose location he knew, in a high column of smoke, clearly discernible to the trained eye, against the bright morning sky.

By this time, Rolling Thunder was convinced that their leader was aiming for some other point than his own camp. He must have believed that his purpose was to massacre the three, as he had been accused of wishing to do.

Rolling Thunder had the choice of several schemes for defeating The Serpent. He could have taken his companion into his confidence, and united with him to prevent the success of the other's plan, for it is reasonable to suppose that two warriors, walking at the rear of a third, could easily overmaster him.

Undoubtedly the best course was to slip away, and bring help to checkmate The Serpent. The latter was not seen to look around a single time, and would not be likely to notice the absence of one of his warriors, or, if he did, would not be apt to lay it to the true cause.

But instead of trying something of the kind, Rolling Thunder decided on a plan which was in accord with his venomous nature.

(To be continued.)

## THE GLORIOUS VISION.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

EARTH sings her parables of loss and gain  
In boldest speech;  
Yet heights sublime which spirits shall attain  
She cannot reach all see.—  
Aerial whippers float o'er land and sea.—  
"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."  
Her royal purples and her crowns of gold,  
Her white attire,  
The scepter'd lilacs which her summers hold,  
With flames afire.—  
All fall to show the things that shall see.—  
"It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

## TAFFY, THE WELSHMAN.

BY HENRY F. HARRISON.

THIS proper name was William or Billy Roberts. But hailing from Holyhead, whence his father had sailed as channel pilot for years, and, moreover, having a strong Welsh "burr" on his tongue, we at once nicknamed him Taffy—the silly pseudonym for a Welshman.

"We" means Tom Derrington and the present writer. At the time of which I speak I had turned my sixteenth year, and with Tom above named had shipped as ordinary seaman, after two deep water passages, with Captain Carver in the ship Salem. Taffy, who was about the same age, joined us at London, and we three, through Captain Carver's kindness, were allowed to occupy the "boys' room"—for this was in the palmy days of American ships and American seamen.

"If you two chaps get ahead this voyage as fast as you did the two others you have sailed with me, I'll give one of you a second mate's berth the very first chance," Captain Carver had said, and of course this put us both on our mettle to do our level best.

But after Taffy came aboard, Tom and I found that he knew more of seamanship, both theoretically and in practice, than the pair of us put together. And I am ashamed to say that we were both mean enough to cherish that sort of petty spite against him which naturally rises from secret envy.

As I have said, this was in the days of American ships and sailors. Further, it was in the days of the "wild packets," which are now only a memory that will remain with some of us seafarers forever.

For the average packet sailor was something more than a "hard citizen" in those days. The worst of them, banded together in a sort of secret society known as the "bloody forties," comprised a gang of as thoroughly reckless and criminal desperadoes as ever stepped over a ship's rail—and I may add as thorough seamen as ever manned a yard.

As it unfortunately happened, men were scarce in Liverpool when the ship was ready to sail, and Captain Carver was obliged to take such as he could get. And to do them strict justice, in all my seafaring days I cannot recall seeing eight such villainous looking faces in one lot as those that made up our new crew.

There was trouble from the first day out. The men had been accustomed to ship discipline backed up by a revolver and a pair of brass knuckles, worn and used at the slightest show of insubordination. Captain Carver, on the other hand, had heretofore allowed neither threats nor abuse on the part of his officers, so that it soon became evident that unless some decided action was taken, open revolt of half disguised mutiny would be the result.

We were bound for New York in ballast. Cotton freights were at their best, and in his stateroom Captain Carver had upward of forty thousand dollars in gold—the freight money of the preceding voyage. Unfortunately the steward, who was a garrulous Cockney, whether purposely or not, had made known the fact to the crew. And this without doubt laid the train for what followed.

It was in midsummer, and the ship, making the southern passage, was fifteen days out from Liverpool. Mr. Duffries, the

mate, went forward in the dog watch to see that the sidelights were burning clear, as we were in the direct track of steamers and sailing vessels. He never came back.

None of the men knew anything as to his disappearance. The man on the lookout swore that as Mr. Duffries came up on the t'galant forecastle, he—the lookout—stepped down to get a light for his pipe. When he returned Mr. Duffries was not there, and of course—so said the sailor—he presumed the mate had gone aft. So in like manner testified all the rest.

Nothing could be done about it, for nothing could be proved, as a matter of course. There had been no sound of blow or scuffle or splash in the water. All was wrapped in mystery, and Captain Carver was terribly worked up.

Mr. Grier, a canny Scotchman—was promoted to the position of first officer. Which of us two would be chosen to fill the second mate's berth was the unspoken question in my own and Tom's mind, as a matter of course.

On the following evening, at the beginning of the dog watch, Taffy was sent to put away the marline spikes, tarpots, and

obeyed the summons to "turn out" and relieve wheel and lookout, than Tom, Taffy and myself, at eight bells of the middle watch.

It was my first wheel—I relieving Casey, the acknowledged ringleader of the gang. With a heart that throbbed like a trip hammer, I took the spokes from his hands and received the course—"son'west by west."

I saw Captain Carver glance quickly forward, as a murmur of voices from that part of the ship reached our ears. Suddenly putting on his foot as the sailor was passing, he at the same moment clutched Casey by the throat, and, bending him backward over the rail, hurled him headlong into the sea.

The whole affair took place so quickly that not a sound or cry escaped the sailor's lips. And hardly was the deed done when Captain Carver thundered out:

"Man overboard! Hard down the wheel—hard down! Aft here to the boat, three or four of you! Mr. Grier, let fly head sheets! Brace aback the after yards!"

Knowing a second later that Casey was the missing man, and never suspecting the ruse, four sailors rushed aft, the quarter

passage, which naturally increased our hard feelings toward him. So that as far as we dared, we both showed our resentment in a very marked manner, thus making his office trebly difficult.

Fortunately we were favored with good weather, and a leading breeze which followed the ship almost into New York harbor. Here the three sailors managed to slip over the side into the tugboat and get off safely. I afterward heard that the boat containing the others was picked up bottom up by the Oceanic.

Taffy stayed by the ship till her return passage. Tom and I drifted away from each other in different ships, and two years later I joined a small, swift sailing English fruiting schooner, bound from Liverpool to the Western Islands, as mate.

On the night of December 23, 1861, the schooner took the ground near Aberdovey in St. George's Channel and was driven over the bar into shoal water, with an ebbing tide and an awful sea running. The masts went by the board, and with them three of the five men composing our entire ship's company. Jim Trefethern shook hands with me and started to swim to the rocks only a cable's length distant. His battered body was recovered by the coast guard next day.

My left arm was broken by a swing of the main boom, but I managed to lash myself to the stump of the mainmast, and benumbed with the drenching seas and icy blast, lay in a half stupefied condition. My only hope was that I could hold out till morning with a possibility of being rescued by the coast guard.

But gradually numbness of the extremities was followed by the terrible torpor which I knew was a prelude to perishing of cold and exhaustion. Vainly I fought against it, till it seemed at last that I must yield.

But, just as the first glimmer of the grey dawn broke through the fog, I heard a distant shout. Raising my head, I could make out through the driving mist and spray that a large life boat had safely passed the surf line and was steering directly for the stern of the wrecked schooner, which was fast breaking up.

But the tide had ebbed so much that the boat's deep draught would not permit of a nearer approach. Rounding to under her rag of sail, an anchor was thrown out, and a little later three or four men in cork jackets and the cumbersome looking rig of the crew of an English lifeboat, leaped over the side with a life line.

"Hold on a bit longer, matey!" cheerily sang out the one who took the lead, and just conscious enough to recognize Taffy's voice, I was transferred from the wreck to the anchored lifeboat, where a dose of raw spirits poured down my throat brought back the ebbing life to my frame.

An hour later, my arm was being set by a surgeon as I lay in a warm nest of blankets in the only public house in Aberdovey village, while Taffy, whose rather-beaten young face glowed with pleasure, sat by my side. Tiring of merchant service he had chosen a more precarious one as one of the crew of the Aberdovey life boat nearly two years previous.

"It's with all t'hardship I've been through just to 'a' been head one in savin' of you, Harry—I allus liked you for all you took offense with me," said the honest fellow as we shook hands at parting on the following morning.

"You've shown me what returning good for evil means, any way, Taffy," I said. And he had.

## A GOOD REASON.

OMAHA TEACHER—Children, you know how solar time is calculated and that a spark of electricity can go miles in an instant. Now, tell me why it is that if I telegraph to a friend in New York at 1 o'clock she does not receive it until after 3.

Bright Paul (ex-telegraph boy)—Because this is marble time.



TAFFY WAS WADING OUT WITH A LIFE LINE TO RESCUE ME FROM MY PERILOUS SITUATION.

the like, in the "bo'sun's locker" a sort of closet under the t'galant forecastle. He was absent so long that I think both Mr. Grier and Captain Carver imagined that something might have happened to him. But just as the wheel was relieved at eight bells, Taffy made his appearance aft. Instead of entering the boys' room, he made his way, "sneaked," so Tom and I said, into the cabin, where he remained closeted nearly an hour with Captain Carver.

"Say, fellers," he whispered, as he softly closed the doors, "there's trouble ahead for sure." And then before either of us could speak, Taffy went on hurriedly and briefly to tell us that while under the t'galant forecastle, unknown to the crew, he had heard Casey and a fellow known as Brock, the two ringleaders, laying plans with the others to take charge of the ship some time during the middle watch, murder the two remaining officers, scuttle the vessel and escape in the two boats with the gold. Mr. Duffries had been quietly disposed of the night before by a knife thrust, and softly dropped over the side, so they reckoned on an easy accomplishment of the rest. We three "boys" were to be left to go down with the sinking ship!

Taffy then unfolded a desperate plan to frustrate the plot which had occurred to Captain Carver, who unfortunately had no weapon of any kind in the cabin with the exception of a single barreled holster pistol. What this plan was will be seen shortly. But three more excited young fellows never

boat was swung out board, and three minutes later it was cleaving the water toward the spot where Casey's head could be plainly seen in the moonlight.

But scarcely was the boat twenty feet away, before Captain Carver, drawing the heavy pistol from his breast, sprang to the break of the quarter. At the same moment, in obedience to his order, I rapidly shifted the wheel.

"Now, Mr. Grier!" And then followed the stern commands to trim down the head sheets and round in the yards.

"I'll shoot the first man of you that refuses duty like a dog!" shouted the now thoroughly excited captain—and the three remaining scoundrels saw that the game was up.

In less time than I have taken to write it, the yards were braced in, and the ship, heading her course, was leaving the boat far astern.

Brock, Bill Matthews, and Fox, were sternly ordered to step forward. Captain Carver's remarks to them were brief and to the point. The first look or sign of insubordination would be punished with short shrift. Their scoundrelly companions would probably escape drowning to be hung. On arrival the trio would be handed over to the authorities. Go forward!

When, on the following morning, Taffy was made second officer, Tom and I were speechless with astonishment and indignation. And short handed as we were, we had double duty to do for the rest of the

[This story commenced in No. 230.]



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

CHAPTER XX.

STEPHEN WATSON HEARS ABOUT KIT.

THE blacksmith looked at Mr. Watson with embarrassment, and did not immediately reply.

Mr. Watson repeated his question. "Kit isn't with me," answered Bickford, at length.

"Isn't with you!" repeated Stephen Watson, in surprise. "Where is he?"

"He's run away."

"Run away!" ejaculated Kit's uncle. "What is the meaning of that?"

"He said he didn't want to be a blacksmith, and that you had no authority to make him."

"But where has he gone? Have you any idea?"

"He has gone off with Barlow's circus."

"But what object can he have in going off with a circus?" asked Mr. Watson, no less bewildered.

"They've hired him to perform."

"Are you sure of this?"

"I ought to be," answered the blacksmith, grimly. "My wife and I saw him jumpin' round last evenin' in the circus tent over at Grafton."

"But I don't see what he—a green hand—can do. Ralph, can you throw any light on this mystery?"

Ralph explained that Kit had practiced acrobatic feats extensively at the gymnasium connected with the school.

"Did he ever talk of going off with a circus?" asked Mr. Watson.

"Never, though he enjoyed the exercise."

"I went after him, and tried to get him back," said Mr. Bickford, "but he gave me the slip."

"He's done a very foolish and crazy thing. He can't get more than three or four dollars a week from the circus, and in the fall he'll be out of a job."

"Just as you say, sir. He'd have a good payin' trade, if he staid with me. What do you think it is best to do about it, Mr. Watson?"

"I shall do nothing. If the boy chooses to make a fool of himself, he may try it. Next fall, and possibly before, he'll be coming back in rags, and beg me to take him back."

"I hope you won't take him back," said Ralph, who was jealous of Kit.

"I shall not consider myself bound to do so, but if he consents to obey me, and learn a trade of Mr. Bickford, I will fit him up, and enable him to do so—out of charity, and because he is my nephew."

"Then you don't mean to do anything about it, sir?" asked Aaron Bickford, considerably disappointed, for he longed to get Kit into his power once more.

"No, I will leave the boy to himself. Ralph, as our business seems to be over, we will turn about, and go home."

"There's one thing I ought to mention," said the blacksmith, clearing his throat. "Your nephew staid with me a day and night, and, as he hadn't commenced workin', I think I ought to have some pay for entertainin' him."

"How much do you consider it worth?" asked Stephen Watson, drawing out his pocket-book.

"Well, about a dollar."

"There is the money," said Kit's uncle, putting a one-dollar bill into Mr. Bickford's hand.

"All right, squire! I knew you'd be considerate. Hope you'll call over ag'in some time. Good by."

"Well, I've managed to get paid twice for the boy's board," he said to himself,

with a chuckle. "If the boy ever tells his uncle he left money for it, I'll deny it."

It will be seen that Mr. Bickford's conscience was rather elastic. He was not above telling a falsehood for a dollar.

"Well, Ralph," said Mr. Watson, as they were on their way home, "I am very much annoyed at what your cousin has done, but I don't see that I am to blame."

"Of course you're not, pa," returned Ralph, promptly.

"Still the public may misjudge me. It will be very awkward to answer questions about Kit. I really don't know what to say."

"Say he's run away and joined the circus. We might as well tell the truth."

"I don't know but it will be best. I will add that, though it grieves me, as he is so old, not to interfere with him, but let him see the error of his ways for himself. I will say also that when he chooses to come back, I will make suitable arrangements for him."

"I guess that will do. I will say the same."

"I don't mind saying to you that I shall feel it quite a relief to be rid of the expense of maintaining him, for he has cost me a great deal of money. You are my son, and of course I expect to take

care of you, and bring you up as a gentleman, but he has no claim upon me except that of relationship. I won't say that to others, however."

"You are quite right, pa. As he is poor, and has his own living to make, it isn't best to send him to a high-priced school, and give him too much money to spend."

It will be seen that there was a striking resemblance between the views of father and son, both of whom were intensely selfish, mean, and unscrupulous.

Stephen Watson foresaw that there would be a difficulty in making outside friends of the family understand why Kit had left home. He deliberately resolved to misrepresent him, and the opportunity came sooner than he anticipated.

On the afternoon of the day of his call upon the blacksmith, there was a ring at the bell, and a middle-aged stranger was ushered into the parlor.

"I suppose you don't remember me," he said to Stephen Watson.

"I can't say I do," replied Stephen, eying him intently.

"I knew your brother better than I did

you. I am Henry Miller, who used to go to school with you both in the old red school-house on the hill."

"I remember your name, but I should not have remembered you."

"I don't wonder. Time changes us all. I am sorry to hear that your poor brother is dead."

"Yes," answered Stephen, hearing a sigh proper to the occasion, which was intended to signify his grief for the loss. "He was cut down like the grass of the field. It is the common lot."

"His wife died earlier, did she not?"

"Yes."

"But there was a son?"

"Yes."

"That you were, and uncommonly sly!" thought Miller, but he did not consider it polite to say so. "Is the boy—by the way, what is his name?"

"Christopher. He is generally called Kit."

"Well, is Kit a good gymnast?"

"I believe he is."

"When did he join the circus?"

"Only yesterday. In fact, it is painful to me to say so, he ran away from a good home to associate with mountebanks."

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"He is so headstrong that I have thought it best to give him his own way, and let him see for himself how foolish he has been."

Of course he has a home to return to whenever he sees fit."

"That may be the best way. I should like to see the young rascal. I would follow up the circus, and do so, only I am unfortunately called to California on business. I am part owner of a gold mine out there."

"I trust you have been prospered in your worldly affairs."

"Yes, I have every reason to be thankful. I suppose I am worth two hundred thousand dollars."

Stephen Watson, whose god was money, almost turned green with jealousy. At the same time he asked himself how he could take advantage of his old schoolmate's good luck.

"I wish he would take a fancy to my Ralph," he thought.

So he called in Ralph, and introduced him to the rich stranger.

"He's a good boy, my Ralph," he said; "sober and correct in all his habits, and fond of study."

Ralph was rather surprised to hear this panegyric, but presently his father explained to him in private the object he had in view. Then Ralph made himself as agreeable as he could, but he failed to please Mr. Miller.

"He is too much like his father," he said to himself.

When he terminated his call, he received a very cordial invitation to come again on his return from California.

"If Kit has returned I certainly will come," he replied, an answer which pleased neither Ralph nor his father.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHAT WITH A CANDY-BUTCHER.

KIT had a berth assigned him in one of the circus cars. His nearest neighbor was Harry Thorne, a young man

of twenty-four, who filled the position of candy-butcher. As this term may sound strange to my readers, I will explain that it is applied to the vendors of candy, lemonade, peanuts, and other articles such as are patronized by those who come to see the show. It is really a very profitable business, as will be explained in the course of the story.

Harry Thorne was short, but stocky, and Kit found him social and ready to give him any information about the circus."

"How long since you joined a circus?" asked Kit, after getting acquainted.

"I was younger than you," answered Thorne.

"Why did you join? What gave you the idea?"

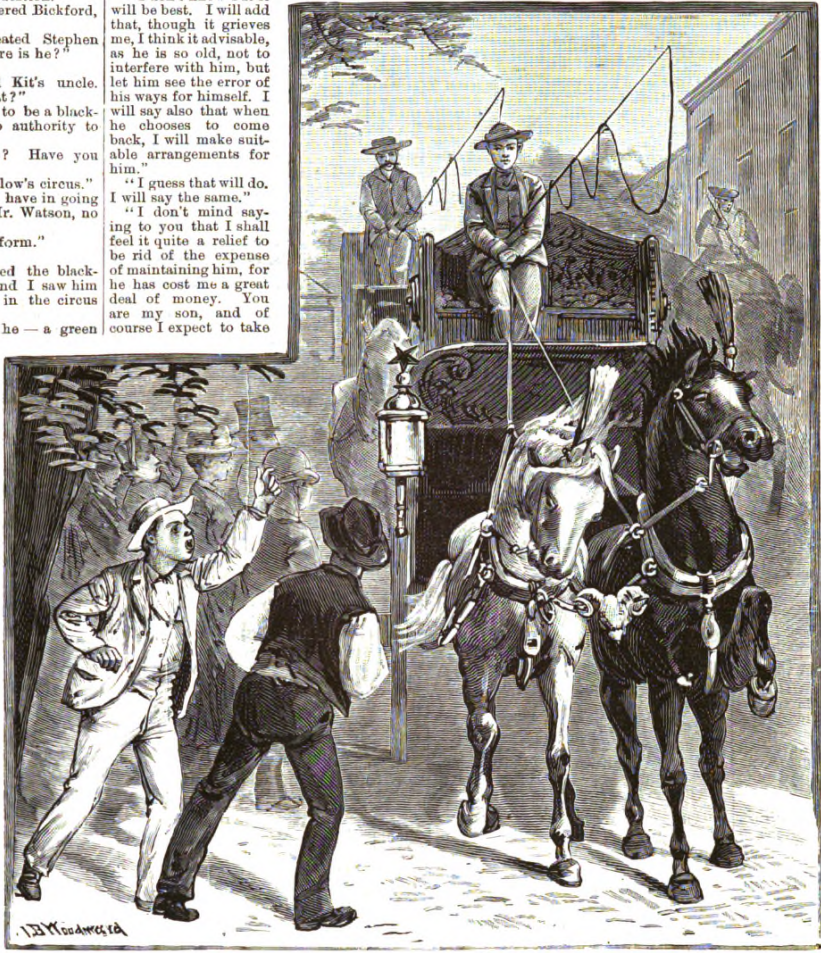
"A spirit of adventure, I think. Besides, there was a large family of us—I am the oldest—and it was necessary for me to do something."

"That's a queer name—candy butcher."

"It seems so to you, but I am used to it."

"Did you become a candy butcher at once?"

"Not till I was eighteen. Before that I



"KIT WATSON, BY ALL THAT'S WONDERFUL!" CRIED JACK DORMER.

care of you, and bring you up as a gentleman, but he has no claim upon me except that of relationship. I won't say that to others, however."

"You are quite right, pa. As he is poor, and has his own living to make, it isn't best to send him to a high-priced school, and give him too much money to spend."

It will be seen that there was a striking resemblance between the views of father and son, both of whom were intensely selfish, mean, and unscrupulous.

Stephen Watson foresaw that there would be a difficulty in making outside friends of the family understand why Kit had left home. He deliberately resolved to misrepresent him, and the opportunity came sooner than he anticipated.

On the afternoon of the day of his call upon the blacksmith, there was a ring at the bell, and a middle-aged stranger was ushered into the parlor.

"I suppose you don't remember me," he said to Stephen Watson.

"I can't say I do," replied Stephen, eying him intently.

"I knew your brother better than I did

"How old is the boy?"

"Just turned of sixteen."

"May I see him? I should like to see the son of my old deskmate."

"Ah!" sighed Stephen. "I wish he were here to meet you."

"But surely he is not dead?"

"No; he is not dead, but he is a source of anxiety to me."

"And why?" asked the visitor, with concern. "Has he turned out badly?"

"Why, I don't know that I can exactly say that he has turned out badly."

"What is the matter with him, then?"

"He is wayward, and instead of being willing to devote himself to his school studies like my son Ralph, he has formed an extraordinary taste for the circus."

"Indeed! but where is he?"

"He is traveling with Barlow's circus."

"In what capacity?"

"As an acrobat."

Henry Miller laughed.

"I remember," he said, "that his father was fond of athletic sports. You never were."

"No, I was a quiet boy."







HE DECIDED TO SPARE THE INDIANS.  
STILL another case of a boy who found that freedom from the restraints of home was not such a thrilling prospect of existence after all as the thrilling pages of "Firsaway Fred," or some other novel of the dime variety, had led him to believe. We quote from the *Dakota Bell*:

He was a little fellow not over twelve years old, and he was sitting behind a box over at the Omaha depot the other morning softly crying and looking very dirty and forlorn.  
"Hain't nothin' the matter," he said defiantly, sitting up straight, hastily brushing away his tears and pushing back his jacket a little so as to display the handle of an old revolver in his pocket. Then he looked off across the river at the straggled buildings and lost his bravery, and buried his head again and sobbed through his tears.  
"Oh, mister, I've been a-runnin' away an' I want to go home."  
"What made you run away?"  
"I thought it would be nice, but it hain't no it hain't," and he rested his face in his hands and looked the picture of woe. "Dick Dagger had a heap of fun, but I hain't had a bit."  
"Who was Dick Dagger?"  
"Didn't you ever hear o' him? He was the boy scout of the Rockies, an' I wanted to be like him. There hain't Indians what'll hurt a feller round here, is there?"

No.  
"I wouldn't shoot 'em if there was. Dick shot 'em, but I don't want to. I want to get back home, but mebbe I never will again," and once more his tears flowed.  
"Where did you live?"  
"Oh, I lived down at Marion, in Illinois, and it just about killed me riding in this old freight-car, an' I hurt my knee, an' I'm cold and hain't had no breakfast, nor supper, neither. I wish I'd never heard of Dick Dagger, but I see how he got along so well—and if I ever get home again and see my—my—my mother—but the thought of his mother was too much for him."

"I don't want to hunt Indians or bears or nothin', nor rescue no maidens, an' I'm tired of that old thing," and he pulled a rusty revolver out of his pocket that hadn't been fired for ten years, and threw it across the track.  
"Please, mister, get me something to eat an' I'll work all day for you," and he looked up pitifully and straightened his little cap on his curly head.  
"We took him along and he ate three or four meals in one, but even after that he didn't say a word about exterminating the Indians. The next day a grave looking father arrived, looking for a very homesick boy, and they went back together. So the government lost another scout, but an anxious mother got back a boy who will never run away again."

THE MUSICAL SANDS.

DESERETS are not always such spots of dreariness and desolation as the stay-at-home imagination pictures them to be. Indeed, according to the traveler whose experience we print herewith they sometimes afford one an apparent glimpse of fairyland.  
"On the island," says our authority, "is a desert, in the center of which stand about a dozen coconut trees. Some five miles distant is the ocean. Ka Pale, a native guide, and myself reached the trees about noon. Our horses as well as ourselves were almost used up, traveling through the deep sand under a blazing sun.  
"As we lay stretched at the roots of the towering cocoanuts, the trade wind set in, cool and refreshing, from the ocean. Notwithstanding the heat and our wearied condition, there was an enchantment about the situation that caused me to think of the beautiful stories I had read in my childhood. I began to feel the soft touch of slumber, and all at once I heard a faint musical tinkling as if troops of fairies were coming to greet us as

they used to do the enchanted princes in the olden days.  
"As I tried to locate the melodious sounds, in all directions there was nothing but hot, glowing sand. I looked up—there was nothing but the beautiful tropical sky and the tremulous atmosphere. Still louder sounded the music; it was all around us; it filled the air."  
I gazed toward the ocean, and there, apparently a short distance away, was a beautiful lake, with its waves dashing upon moss-covered stones. It was not there when we first arrived at the place, and I became half convinced that it was the work of enchantment. Ka Pale had fallen asleep, and, gazing at the lake and listening to the music in the air, I rested my head against the rough bark of a tree.  
"As I did so, I heard the distant gurgle of a brook. I could plainly hear the water splashing over the glistening stones and dying away in quiet eddies. I was more and more bewildered, and at length awoke at Pale. I told him what I had heard, and directed his attention to the lake.  
"He explained that the seeming lake was a *vanalua* or mirage; that the sound of gurgling waters came from an underground stream at all times, but was caused by the stirring of the flinty sands by the wind. Anyway, the whole experience was beautiful, and I have often said that I once made a visit to fairy land."

QUEEN VICTORIA AND BUFFALO BILL.

AMERICA is at present all the rage in England; or at least the Wild West part of it. Early in May Queen Victoria gave orders that a private performance of the Buffalo Bill show should be given one afternoon for her especial benefit.

The next morning's New York *World* contained an interesting cable account of the affair, from which we give herewith two or three extracts.  
The order to exclude every one not directly connected with the Wild West troupe, and that no one should be present except those especially invited by the regular police force, was strictly enforced. Half a dozen detectives in plain clothes went down to the exhibition and took up their station there to look out for possible dynamites. One hundred policemen were also sent out, who guarded every entrance and occupied positions all over the grounds. They were at every doorway leading into the amphitheater. There were several that stood among the rocks and trees in the background of the Wild West scenery.

It was arranged to have the queen enter the grounds through the opening in the scenery where the actors in the Wild West Show make their appearance. In this way the royal party avoided all the employes of the exhibition proper.

Thanks to a handsome buckskin suit and picturesque black sombrero lent him by General Burke, the *World* reporter says that he was enabled to be present. He was passed down through the line of policemen and detectives without any question, and was the only correspondent who was permitted to have the privilege of remaining in the amphitheater.  
There was a policeman standing guard over every stable. The cowboys were very hard to suppress. They would keep coming out of the stables and go lounging about, greatly to the horror of the policemen. These constables appeared to be rather afraid of the cowboys, and would beg them to go back instead of ordering them. As the cowboys were all armed to the teeth and had numerous belts of extra cartridges buckled about their waists there was good reason for the respect paid them by these constables.

The regular programme was not given, the line of the queen being limited to a scant three-quarters of an hour. Everything was done with a rush. All the performers were very nervous, but in spite of their nervousness they were much more successful than upon the opening day. After the performance "Buffalo Bill" and his partner were presented to the queen, who expressed herself as much pleased with the entertainment. She also condescended to shake hands with some of the squaws and paupers.  
The stamp of royalty's approval having thus been affixed to the show, its success in Britain is assured.

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