

# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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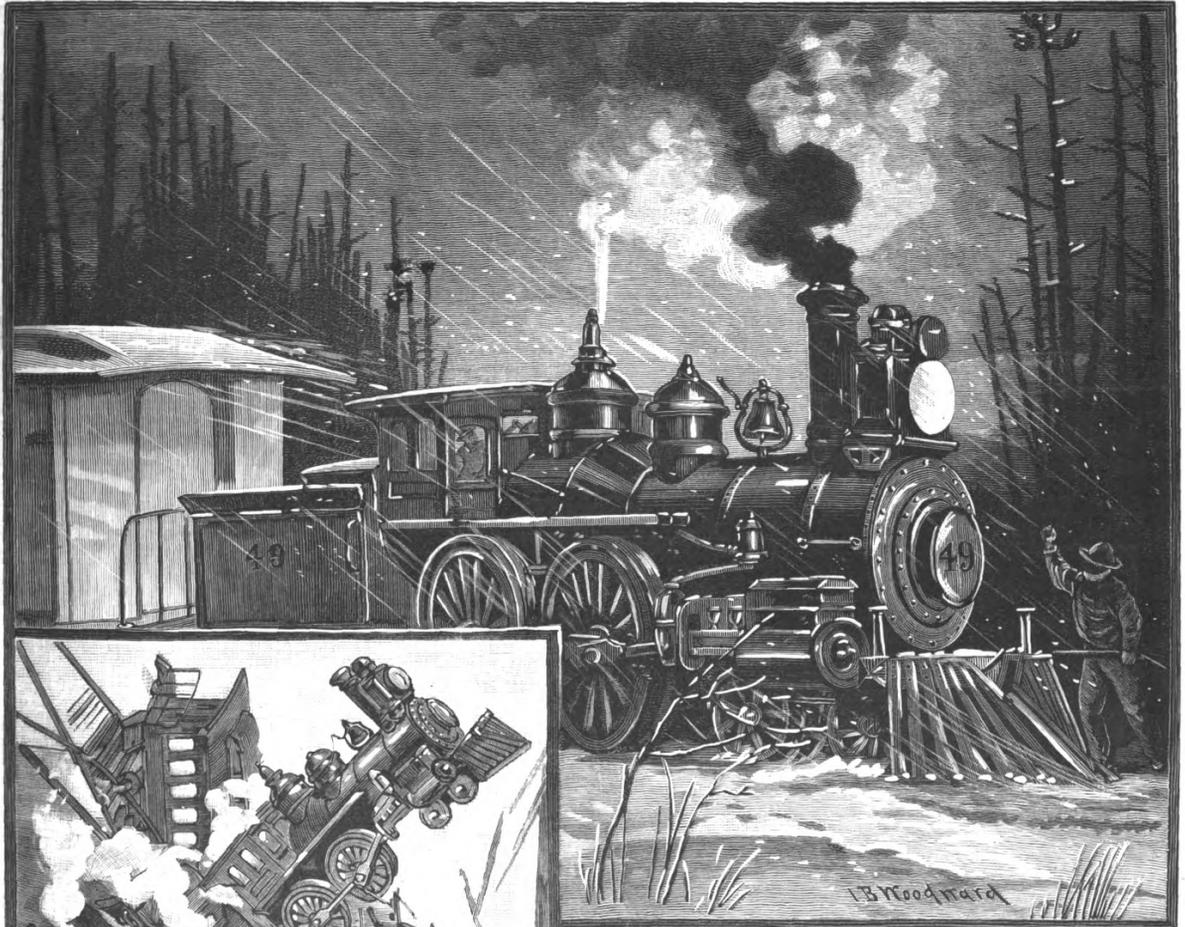
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## THE HAUNTED ENGINE, OR, JACK MARVIN'S RUN.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

Author of "The Great River Series," "Log Cabin Series," "Deerfoot Series," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I. A HERO OF THE THROTTLE.

THE events I am about to relate took place when my hero was very young, and the part he played was novel in every respect.

Ned Marvin was one of the pioneer railway engineers of the country. He ran the first engine over the whole length of his

road in Illinois, and for twenty years held the throttle of Forty-Nine, the engine of the Through Express, which was the best run at the command of the wealthy company for whom he worked so faithfully.

No one envied Ned his good fortune, for in more than one accident he displayed a coolness, quickness of thought and readiness of resource that averted appalling consequences. Let me illustrate:

FORTY-NINE BROKE THROUGH THE WEAKENED TRESTLE WORK OF THE BRIDGE AND PLUNGED WITH A TERRIBLE CRASH HEADLONG INTO THE RUSHING TORRENT BELOW.

One day the Through Express was five minutes late. Jack had the president and superintendent of the road on board, and the conductor said that they would be pleased if the engineer could take them into Rapidan on time.

"I'll do it," replied Ned. "If Forty-Nine keeps together, but she is rather ugly tonight."

A few miles out was a piece of level track twelve miles long. It was slightly down grade, and, especially in going west, was the favorite place for making up time. Should nothing unforeseen occur, Ned was sure that he could catch up before he reached the curve at the other end of the level.

But something unforeseen did take place. As soon as Ned struck the level straight piece of track, he gave Forty-Nine all the steam possible, drawing the "cut-off" up to its shortest stroke, and, in a brief space of time, things were humming. Forty-Nine seemed to snuff like a war horse, and then, as if realizing that she was drawing the important dignitaries, she leaped into an amazing pace.

Ned held his watch in hand, and in a brief while saw that he was running at the rate of a mile a minute. When the level was half way behind him, he looked at his watch again, and then glanced at several familiar landmarks that were whizzing past.

"We are running seventy miles an hour," he said to himself, "that's the highest gait Forty-Nine ever struck, and we shall reach Rapidan a minute ahead of time—"

At that instant came a quick thump under the box-like seat on which the engineer was sitting. Like a flash he bounded behind the boiler, whistled down brakes, shut off steam, reversed and let on steam again.

No magician could have been quicker of movement than was Ned, but the instant he made the leap, the whole side of the cab was thrown off as if by the battle axe of a Heracles. Had the engineer kept his seat for one second longer, he would have been killed as suddenly as if smitten by a thunder bolt.

But he knew what that thump meant. The connecting rod had broken loose and was swinging around like the tail of a writhing snake, smashing and splintering everything within reach. Its first exploit was to shove off the side of the engineer's cab, and then it flew in every direction with prodigious force, just escaping shattering the engine and plunging all the passengers to destruction.

The admirable air brake of the present day was not in use then, and the train ran a long way before it came to a stand still. When at last it paused, the engine like a mangled charger stood upright and on the rails, and not a man in the train dreamed of the frightful danger from which he had escaped.

You will admit that Ned Marvin showed quick presence of mind when he saved the imperiled train. I must mention another incident of a different character.

One day he was running the Through Express at a lively pace, with the intention of passing upon a siding. He had done the same thing many times, and, as he saw that the switch was turned right, he had no thought of danger from the Mail that was coming quite fast from the opposite direction, but which could not reach the switch until the man who was waiting had time to turn it back and continue the Mail down the main track, after the Express was out of the way.

But the switch-tender, as has happened more than once, lost his head at the critical moment, and turned the switch just as the Express struck it. The consequence was that the train shot up the main track directly toward the Mail which was dashing forward from the other direction.

On the instant Ned called for brakes, reversed and made a dash over the tender, to where the huge iron bolt held it fast to the train behind. One fierce jerk and the bolt was out and the engine disconnected from the train. He grasped the throttle the next moment and the locomotive sprang ahead at a speed that quickly drew it away from the cars, which under the vigorous application of the brakes were rapidly slackening their speed.

Ned's object was to compel his engine to receive the full force of the collision, or rather to break it so as to save the cars behind him; that is, he and his fireman took the whole risk upon themselves.

Meanwhile the other engineer was doing his utmost to check the fire of his train, and he succeeded so well that when the two engines came together, little harm was done and no lives were lost.

Grim, grizzled, iron-limbed Ned Marvin had only a single child—Jack, who lived with his mother at Rapidan, a small town which was the terminus of Ned's run. Between Calumet and Rapidan the distance was fifty miles. Leaving the latter place about the middle of the forenoon, Ned ran to Calumet, which place he generally left at four o'clock, though he was sometimes delayed by the tardiness of the Western Express, for which he waited at the junction in Calumet.

Jack Marvin was what might well be called a "chip of the old block." No doubt he inherited his love for locomotives, for as soon as he was able to crawl about the floor with his playthings, he began to arrange them into crude resemblances of trains of cars. When he was four years old, he rode several miles on the engine with his father, after which he was turned over to his mother, who was on the train.

By the time Jack was six, he had ridden on the engine the whole length of the road—that is he doled the lid, making a distance of one hundred miles. On the return, the train was so late that despite all he could do the little fellow grew sleepy. The father held him in place, but when the curly head drooped, he raised the cover of the seat and deposited him among the waste within. No softer bed could have been found, though the smell was rather oily and the quarters somewhat cramped even for such a small boy as Jack. But the boy inserted a wedge under the lid of the box, and to give the youngster plenty of air, and he slept as "snug as a bug in a rug," all the rest of the way.

Jack began going to school at the age of six, but his Saturdays were spent with his father, and he was rarely that he missed riding to Calumet and back. He slept many a mile in the box, into which the father cut a large hole near where his son's head lay, so as to give him plenty of air. The mother was seated on top.

Often, when guiding his engine through the tempestuous darkness, Ned Marvin thought that if danger should come, it must come alike to him and his boy.

"If it smashes me, it will end him, and if it kills him it will take me. Well," he added with a sigh, "it's best that way, for I don't want to live without my boy, and he couldn't live without me; but what would become of poor Polly at home? Her heart would be broken and she would die too. Then we would all be together."

One stormy night when the Express was late, she broke through the trestle work of a bridge that had been weakened by the rushing torrent beneath. Any engineer will tell you that when such accidents come, he has precious little time to think. In the twinkling of an eye the peril is upon him.

The most awful thought that whelmed Ned when he felt his ponderous engine sinking into the roaring waters, was the consciousness that Jack was curled up in the box beneath him sound asleep. There seemed no hope for him.

A sharp pain warned the engineer that he was badly hurt. His foot was caught in the general wreck and ruin, but by a terrific effort he drew it loose, and then with a strength beyond his command at any other time, he ripped off the top of the box, which was twisted all out of shape, and seized his boy at the moment the water rushed over the engine.

"Hello, dad, are you hurt?"  
 "Not much; how is it with you, bub?"  
 "Ain't hurt a bit; I was dreaming that somebody kicked me out of bed just as you grabbed me by the leg and pulled me out."  
 The little fellow could not swim, and his father fought his way to land with him. That done, Ned felt his head away, and, alas! might, for his foot was crushed and he was badly bruised. His fireman was killed, and from that day to his death, Ned Marvin walked with a limp, though his beloved boy was unharmed.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE HAUNTED ENGINE.

It was a laborious task to fish Forty-Nine out of the stream into which she had plunged, but it was done at last, and, in a very crippled condition, she was drawn into the repair shop, where she stayed two months before being ready to take her place on the road again.

Could you have seen her at that time you would not have dreamed that she had been through such a terrific ordeal. She was as good as new, and when Ned ran her over the road for the first time, she behaved better than ever before. She made steam well, and, with the engine that caused him to remark, with a smile, that the smash up had really helped her.

But a strange result followed. Ned was furnished with a new fireman who had served a year on a freight train. He was an industrious workman, but superstitious. The first time that Forty-Nine left Calumet so late that it was dark when she reached the scene of the former accident, Briggs the fireman insisted that he saw the figure of his dead predecessor standing beside the track and waving his hat as a signal for Forty-Nine to stop. Ned saw nothing of the apparition, and when Briggs spoke of it, he laughed and made light of it.

But the fireman declared that he had observed the ghost of the other, and was sure that another dreadful accident was soon to come. He repeated the story to so many of his friends that it soon became generally known, and I am sorry to say that there were a number who believed it. The consequence was that Forty-Nine gained the reputation of being a *haunted engine*, especially as Briggs insisted that he saw the apparition a second time.

The latter occasion Ned Marvin himself did not see, for the trestle work, but his keen eyes told him that the figure which he beheld was as much a real being as himself or Briggs. His keen eyes showed him that it was a tramp or wayfarer who had merely stopped to watch the passage of the train, as it quickly rumbled over the structure that was now stronger than ever before.

Nothing, however, could shake the belief of Briggs, who talked so persistently about the ghost of the dead fireman that the portweg, and the reputation of Forty-Nine as a haunted engine was settled. Ned finally lost patience with his assistant, and was relieved beyond measure when, at his own request, Briggs was transferred to another engine.

"He has succeeded in giving Forty-Nine a bad name, and he became so timid that he was good for nothing. I would rather have any other form near the engine than he. He was tall, dark-complexioned, wiry, and reserved to sullenness. He claimed to have been an engineer on a Southern road, from which he was discharged because of an accident in which he was involved, and for which the officials blamed him, though he insisted that wrong signals were the cause of the mishap."

From certain rumors that came to Ned, he gave out that Beckwith had been dismissed for some grave fault, most likely for drinking—a fatal vice on the part of the man who holds the throttle of a locomotive.

However, Ned welcomed the fireman to his place, and, as was always his custom, gave him what help he needed. He showed a familiarity with his duties, which left no doubt that he had occupied the foot board and had run a passenger train for a considerable time. Ned saw that Beckwith had the nerve to do so with an ease and skill that established his claim to having been an engineer.

But strive as much as he might, Ned could not rid himself of a distrust and dislike of Beckwith. He was often surly, and so indifferent to matters of which the engineer spoke, that it was hard for Ned to keep his patience. The latter stood in such high repute with the officers of the road, that a request from him would have caused the instant dismissal of Beckwith, but Ned's natural kindness of heart prevented him from making any complaint.

While the train was waiting at Calumet, it was Beckwith's duty to clean and oil the engine, take on coal, and have everything in readiness for the start westward. He had abundance of time in which to do all this and even then was left with considerable leisure on his hands. He generally gathered off down town, coming back in time to attend to his work in a satisfactory manner.

Several times Ned noticed that his fireman's face was flushed, and he detected the smell of liquor upon him. He watched him sharply, but since Beckwith neglected no duty, he said nothing more than to give him a mild hint that he would be discharged if the superintendent knew of his tasting an intoxicant. The fireman made an insolent response and nothing more was said.

One day when Ned went to the round house, to make sure that everything was ready, he observed Beckwith holding a whispered conversation with a couple of fellows who looked like two escaped convicts from the penitentiary.

"You have no business here," said Ned, angered and impatient that the foreman of the engine should have his assistants had allowed the strangers to enter in the face of the rules of the road.

The men muttered something which the engineer did not catch, and passed out of the building.

"What is the matter with them?" demanded Beckwith, insolently, turning toward Ned, who saw from his red face and unsteady gait that he had been drinking more than usual.

"They have no right here, and if Barnes allows them to come in again, and I find it out, I'll report him."

Barnes, the foreman, explained that he supposed they were friends of Beckwith, and that he had permitted them to come in only for a few minutes; he was on the point of ordering them out at the moment Ned Marvin came in.

"Some folks can be bogs and not half try," growled Beckwith, taking up a piece of waste and rubbing off one of the connecting-rods of his engine, which was already in the pink of condition.

"Yes; you can be so without trying at all; you have been drinking, Beckwith, and this is the last warning I shall give you. The next time I detect it, you shall be off the road so fast that your head will swim."

#### CHAPTER III.

##### A PIECE OF PAPER.

BECKWITH the fireman had evidently mistaken the kindness of the engineer for weakness. He had attempted, as the saying goes, to bluff his superior, but was met so sharply that he was thoroughly cowed. He made no answer, but he cast a glance at the engineer which was like the glare of a tiger.

"I ain't done with you yet," he muttered; "Sam Beckwith can afford to wait for awhile, but he'll even up things with you before you're a day older."

Now there were several things that occupied the mind of Ned Marvin that afternoon. In the first place, it was in the dead of winter, and a furious storm was raging. The Western Mail was so delayed in consequence that Forty-Nine would not be able to leave Calumet before half past five, an hour when, at that season of the year, night was fully come. The gale blew from the west so that it would be a difficult run. There was not a great deal of snow on the ground, but the sleet was driven almost horizontally by the powerful wind, and the weather was of the nastiest possible character.

The morning had been so bright and clear that Ned felt no hesitation in allowing Jack to ride with him to Calumet, which, being a much larger town than Rapidan, afforded him an opportunity of buying a larger assortment of playthings for Christmas. Had he known such a storm was coming he would have left Jack at home with his mother.

True, he might have placed the boy in the cars with the other passengers, where he would have been as safe and comfortable as they, but it was the rule of Jack never to ride anywhere except with his father, and no matter how late the hour or how disagreeable the weather, he always climbed into the engine with him, and kept him company for the entire distance.

Night was closing in, therefore, when Forty-Nine pulled out of Calumet and started on her run of fifty miles for Rapidan. The weather was so foggy that the sleet was still driving in the face of the engine as she steamed up the road; and the cab was closed tightly in front, and a thick piece of canvas hung down at the rear in front of the tender.

Young Jack, who was now eight years old, took his seat on the fireman's box, and, as was his custom, rang the bell in passing through the towns and in approaching crossings. Back with gruff and morose as usual, he looked at the coal, the machinery, and kept matters in such shape that Ned could give his whole attention to running the engine.

Beckwith had expressed his belief that Forty-Nine was in reality a haunted engine, though he did not say as much on the subject as his predecessor, nor did he lay claim to having seen any such apparition as scared Briggs. But he insisted that at times Forty-Nine acted in an inexplicable manner, such as a well-regulated locomotive would do. But since he was content to serve upon it, his superior paid little attention to the idle story.

Ned Marvin was one of those naturally tender hearted persons who, when they have given some sharp reproof, feel more kindly toward the one rebuked. He had a sympathy for Beckwith, which caused him to determine to talk gently but firmly to him, at the first opportunity.

"The poor fellow may have some trouble

of sorrow of which I know nothing, and it is my duty to try to help him," said Ned to himself.

Having left one hour and a half late, it was useless for Ned to try to make up time.

Indeed, in the face of the fierce storm, with the unusually heavy train, he would be content if able to hold his own. It was care rather than speed that was needed on such an occasion.

Forty-Nine behaved well that night. She never had more to strive against, but she did her duty nobly. The driving storm had not covered the rails with snow, though there was a prospect that it would do so before the end of the journey. The gale blew the steel clear of the lines of steel that gleamed cold and bright under the rays of the headlight as the engine plunged into the storm and darkness.

Everything went well until Ned slowed up and halted at the little village of Colton, which was just half way to Rapidan. The operator handed a telegram to the conductor and one also to the engineer. They simply said that the road was clear, and they had nothing, therefore, to do except to run straight for the remaining twenty-five miles.

But the operator also handed a dispatch to Beckwith, the fireman, who glanced at it and muttered an exclamation.

"What is the matter?" asked Ned.

"By way of answer Beckwith handed the piece of paper to the engineer, who read: "CALUMNET, December 24, 6 P. M. "Jim not expected to live until morning."

"MARRY,"

"Who is Jim?" asked Ned.

"My boy, and Mary is his mother."

"I didn't know you had a wife and child in Calumnet," said Ned, tenderly; "if your boy is so ill, you must go back to him without delay."

"But there is no one to take my place," replied Beckwith, showing more emotion than Ned had ever seen him display before.

"That makes no difference; I can fire the rest of the way."

"I'd like to go very much, if you can get along without me."

"Certainly I can; it's lucky you got word here, for there's the down train on the siding, and you can be home in half an hour; off with you!" commanded Ned, as the bell overhead tinkled for him to go on.

Muttering his thanks, Beckwith stepped out on the platform, and the next minute forty-nine was puffing off in the direction of Rapidan.

Having partly "cut off" the steam that is, shifted the lever so as to give the engine its usual short stroke, Ned stepped down in front of the boiler and opened the furnace door. He saw that no coal would be needed for some time, and he was about to move back to the foot board when he observed a piece of paper at his feet. Picking it up, he held it so that the light from the swinging lamp overhead allowed him to read the following:

"To-night at the Bear Swamp. Everything is ready, and there must be no slip. HAL."

"There's some devilry afoot," muttered the engineer, as he placed his hand on the lever, "and Beckwith is in it."

Ned Martin the engineer was right, as he discovered before that eventful night was over.

(To be continued.)

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

THE MAGIC OF ELECTRICITY.

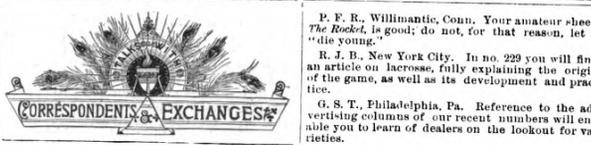
As though the type-writer in itself was not a triumph of the inventor's art, an electric attachment has recently been added to it by means of which each letter impressed on the paper can be simultaneously duplicated at distant places.

In alluding to this improvement a London writer anticipates the time when the same principle will be applied to typesetting, and a paragraph be put in the air over the country by one printer in a central office.

A BITE THAT IS PAINLESS.

RECENT traveler in Ecuador tells of the bite of a vampire bat, found in that country. It is a pity that one of its peculiarities cannot be transplanted into the North American mosquito. It is hardly ever felt, it seems, even when the victim is awake.

Our author continues: "I myself had a remarkable illustration of this, and stood with some people remarking that he could not understand how few people always got so unaccountably bitten, though white he was actually making this remark, a dusk, a bat by the bat being seen by me and himself to swoop away, while the man's toes, to his great surprise, was found to be bleeding severely."



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our ability, and we are glad to receive questions of general interest can receive attention.

DECLINED with thanks: "A Buried Treasure," "A Texas Adventure," "A True Story," "Harry's Courage," "A Foolish Wish."

W. H. W., Wyoming, Del. No premium on the half dollar of 1818.

E. W., Chicago, Ill. See answer to second query of F. E. C. in no. 236.

EDMUND S. SOPER, Brooklyn, N. Y. You might call your club the Galaxy.

E. T. B., Stockton, Kan. You are referred to answer to N. B. P. in no. 236.

H. H. K. We do not deem it advisable to print the biographies suggested.

W. H. B., Albany, N. Y. Yes, both parents of Charles Koss are still living.

F. R. S., Factoryville, Pa. The story named was not published in the ARGOSY.

H. E. S., Pottstown, Pa. See answer to third query of F. E. C. in no. 236.

C. L. M., Brookline, N. Y. The new story by Oliver Optic will begin in no. 244.

TOM TRACY, Brooklyn, N. Y. No premium on the half dollar of either 1824 or 1825.

ARTIST, Baltimore, Md. Yes, we pay for such pen and ink sketches as we may accept.

C. E. M., Brookline, N. Y. The American Journal of Philately is published in St. Louis, Mo.

H. F. H., Reading, Pa. We will refer your query regarding "Ned Newton" to the author.

M. J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. No premium on the half dollar of 1856. 2. See reply to G. P. E.

B. W. B., New Haven, Conn. We hope to print a story by the author named in the course of the year.

F. T. B., Ocean Grove, N. J. Your coin is a Spanish piece. There is no premium attached to it.

J. F. L., New York City. Is not the word you mention a proper name, having no particular meaning?

CONSTANT READER, Old City, Pa. Certainly, you can order the ARGOSY from any newsdealer in Fall River.

D. C., Wrentham, Conn. Your coin is a cent issued by the State of Connecticut in 1817. It bears no number.

G. D. B., Pittsburgh, Pa. We will mail you "The Young Circus Rider," by Horatio Alger, Jr., postage prepaid, for \$25.

BEV. BENNER, Cedar Rapids, Ia. Mr. Alger writes under his own name. His father was a clergyman. 2. Vol. II is out of print.

E. C. C., Milton, Fla. No premium on the quarter of 1855, nor on that of 1857 with arrow heads, that of 1854, nor on the half dime of 1853.

H. C. P., Monterey, Cal. Consult the reply to Rich H. E. S. in referred. 2. We have not estimated \$25.

V. R., Pottstown, Pa. A gold piece of 1800, if in good condition, is worth anywhere from five to fifty cents. No premium on the cent of 1847.

F. H., Rochester, N. Y. You are referred to the reply to B. W. B. in this part of your question, and to "Camp Blunder," for the second.

R. C. H., Cincinnati, O. As we have already stated, we intend to make such articles as you suggest a regular feature of the ARGOSY.

P. S., Brandy City, Cal. A wild goose can fly about eighty miles an hour with the wind and sixty against it. Ducks can make even better time.

C. C., Jersey City, N. J. We will send you any one of the five volumes comprised in the "Log Cabin Series," postage free, on receipt of \$1.25.

Mrs. G. H. K., Hadley, Mich. Weekly purchasers of the paper from newsdealers enjoy all the privileges of subscribers. See answer to N. B. P. in no. 236.

L. S. M., Cincinnati, O. Certainly a man born in the United States, no matter of what country his parents are natives, is eligible for the presidency.

T. R. C., Salem, Mass. The only way we know of in which a boy can "broaden out and grow tall" is to wait patiently until time works the miracle for you.

SAILOR, Franklin, Pa. In a region of flag-wind, a skiff 16 feet long by 3 broad would sail best, and a "leg of mutton" sail of 15 feet hoist and 15 on the boom.

F. R. G., Cincinnati, O. We have already made arrangements to publish a series of articles on sports and pastimes, such as bicycling, canoeing, sailing, photography, etc.

A SUBSCRIBER, Eliz., Tenn. The leading organ of the Frenchmen in this country is the Courrier des Etais Unis, published in a daily and weekly edition at Barclay St., this city.

J. M. C., Chicago, Ill. As tin tags possess no value to us, we could not think of giving the ARGOSY in exchange for them, no matter how extensive might be the variety offered.

N. M. Y., Palmyra, N. Y. 1. There is no premium on the half dollar of 1859. 2. We have already stated that we can no longer answer questions touching the reliability of business houses.

OLIVER, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address your inquiries to the secretary of the New York Yacht Club, New York City. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, of the steamer yacht Electra is the commodore of the club.

O. J. O., Westport, Mo. The steamer Etruria, of the United Line, made the quickest trip from New York to Queensland in September, 1885, returning, completing the passage in 6 days, 7 hours and 30 minutes.

P. F. R., Willimantic, Conn. Your amateur sheet, "The Hooker," is good; do not, for that reason, let "die young."

R. J. B., New York City. In no. 229 you will find an article on lacrosse, fully explaining the origin of the game, as well as its development and practice.

G. S. T., Philadelphia, Pa. Reference to the advertising columns of our recent numbers will enable you to learn of dealers on the lookout for varieties.

ARTIST, New Brunswick, N. J. See reply to W. C. J. R. in no. 237. 2. An outline map of geography can be learned in four to six months, but to become efficient two or three years' practice is required.

G. P. E., Clarksville, Ga. 1. As announced last week, a new serial by Oliver Optic will be commenced in a very few weeks. 2. It is uncertain just when the author of "The Boy Broker" will write another story.

O. M., Lapeer, Mich. 1. If the rubber tire of your wheel is badly cut you will have to get a new one. 2. There is no efficient method of removing rust from nickel plating. Persistent cleaning is the only safeguard.

B. S., Chillicothe, O. The paper molds for stereotyping are made by spreading several thicknesses of the paper over the type and then rolling them down upon it. This method, however, has now gone out of general use.

W. F. D., Bozrahville, Conn. There are two reasons why we do not include notices for or birds' eggs in our exchange columns: one is that we do not wish to encourage the robbing of nests, and the other is the extreme likelihood of the eggs being broken in transit.

E. C. J., Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. Blaikie's book, "How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So," recently published, is another query, will without doubt also meet your views. We are glad that no one should use dumb bells of over twenty-five lbs of his own weight.

H. D. M., Elmira, N. Y. 1. The West undoubtedly offers more chances to get rich with the country than the East. 2. A paper like the Citizen, which will doubtless contain the advertisements you mention, is not a bookkeeper in Western cities generally earn from ten to eighteen dollars a week.

E. P. H., Washington D. C. 1. Architects receive a percentage upon the cost of the building for which they have drawn plans. 2. No; those studying architecture do not receive pay. On the contrary, in many cases they are required to purchase the privilege. 3. At present we have no premium list for this class.

B. L., Cleveland, O. 1. Opinions differ as to which is the best story Oliver Optic has written. However, we can assure you of a treat in "The Young Circus Rider," the publication of which we hope to begin in a near number. 2. We are always ready to examine sketches and stories of exceptional merit.

K. K., Knoxville, Tenn. 1. Oshkosh and the Great Lakes are the best fishing grounds in New England. 2. A fisherman who would have a good deal about them; but perhaps they are sometimes scarce. 3. Deep and regular respirations are good for the chest and lungs.

M. AND MRS. BOWSER, Providence, R. I. 1. The greatest distance covered by Rowell in a six days' walking trial was 987 miles. 2 and 3. Yes, A. Ves Beach is the world's champion sculler. 5. Yes, the steamboat Clermont, built by Fulton and run by the Clermont Co. in 1808, was the first boat successfully propelled by steam in the world.

H. V. McE., Waterloo, Ind. 1. The Scott Stamp and Coin Company of this city. 2. The Great Eastern Exhibition at London, for \$100,000, was the largest ever held at that time. 3. The coin used for carrying produce between England and America has been thoroughly overhauled, and holds a Board of Trade certificate of seaworthiness.

HARRY BART TON, New Brunswick, N. J. 1. An English shilling is worth twenty-five cents in American money. 2. The shilling is a coin of New York or Philadelphia. 2. As we have already stated, there is no premium on the Y nickel without the letter "E" on the reverse. 3. The value of the ARGOSY is three dollars a volume, comprising fifty-two numbers.

Mrs. J. W. S., Dover, N. H. The Black Hole of Calcutta was a dungeon, or room, only 18 feet square, in which a British garrison, consisting of 140 men, were confined during the night of June 20, 1756, by Surajah Dowlah, a native prince. In the morning only 23 were found alive. It is now used as a warehouse. 2. Franz Josef I is Emperor of Austria.

JOHN NO. 157, New York City. At this writing John Bull is not applying for citizenship. The name of Norman Munro's boat sheaving the rudder, Bright and Branchport have not been completed. It is more likely that she will commence her trip about the 29, leaving Pier 4 North at 10 o'clock in the afternoon, returning in the morning. The rate for an excursion ticket will probably be about \$1. For further information apply to the captain of the boat.

H. A., San Francisco, Cal. 1. There is no sure method of making yourself from a thin man into a fat one, except by eating a nourishing diet is about as good a means as any. We see no reason in your case for your supposing that with increase of years all persons increase of flesh. You are only some 14 years old, but you are eating a good deal of young. 2. Rowing, swimming, ball playing and dumb bell practice are all good methods of increasing your strength, if not indulged in to excess.

R. DE F. W., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. It is enough for the father of one of the boys to sign bonds for the other. 2. Yes; a mother could sign the bonds if it were necessary. 3. Certainly; less than thirty rifles can be procured. 4. They are to be obtained from the adjutant general to the 2d Regt. of the 1st Div. of the 1st Army. Read carefully the last column of "Popular Military Instructions," chap. III. Your letter is dated May 15, 1887, and we received it on the 25th of that month. That would have been no. 235, and it is not that issue and the following one were already printed, compliance with your request was manifestly impossible. The work is the shortest space in which a question can be answered.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange columns are open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We do not publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous or offensive articles, or articles of value; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges that lack numbers of value to readers who wish to obtain them. We do not publish exchanges of any kind. We most disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through our department. We do not publish a make an exchange should be done so write for particulars to the editor of this paper.

We have on file a large number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

E. Ross Hunter, Box 308, Mobile, Ala. A magic lantern, with 12 slides, for books.

S. G. Currie, Plainfield, N. J. 4 postmarks for every stamp put in the collection.

D. W. Peel, Wakefield, Mass. 135 magic lantern views, 4 1/2 by 3 1/4, for a printing press.

H. H. Sears, Berlin, Wis. An E flat alto cornea for a music box or other instrument.

W. T. Parker, Vale Summit, Md. Tricks, skates, books, a lantern and other articles, for type.

Class T. Smith, New York City. Will correspond with a writer of Pitman's Gram.

I. H. Cohen, 156 Charlton St., New York City. 55 glass acetates for a printing press.

M. Fairbank, 701 1/2 West 4th St., New York City. Waterbury watch, for an album and 125 stamps.

Louis G. Souther, 133 Livingston St., Cincinnati, O. 275 dried birds, for a pair of waterbury pigeons.

A. B. Hatton, Box 435, Connersville, Ind. A Stewart nickel run banjo, costing \$20, for a pair of roller skates.

E. J. Capron, Schenectady, N. Y. A hand inkling 5 1/2 by 7 press and 7 fonts of type, for a set of boxing gloves.

J. H. Swan, Brooklyn, N. Y. A telegraphic key and sander, with battery, for a jointed fishing rod and outfit.

S. Savage, Box 751, Sidney, O. A waterbury watch and a Hero steam engine, for arrowheads and minerals.

H. H. Sears, Berlin, Wis. Box 304, Reed City, Mich. A violin, books and Indian relics, all valued at \$21, for a B flat corset.

R. McKinney, 1206 Federal St., Philadelphia, Pa. 215 books, for a typewriter and Castleton, for a banjo or guitar.

John L. Neal, Skipton, Md. An International album with 250 stamps, for a typewriter, a bicycle, or a steam engine.

Edwin W. Gallard, 32 Beekman Place, New York City. A dark lantern and a 2 1/2 by 3 1/4 press, for boxing gloves.

Tom Shanks, Greenville, Miss. A pair of roller skates, and a Waterbury watch, for a self-inking press.

D. C. Timmeyer, Evansville, Ind. 600 square cent postmarks, for Nos. 24, 40, 41, 42, 47, vol. I of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

James B. Alger, 322 Henry St., New York City. 5 books by Alger, Moorecamp and others, for a brass reel to carry 200 feet of line.

John H. Rixy, O. A foreign coin listed at 10c or more, for every U. S. postage or revenue stamp of equal value.

W. Osborn, 265 1/2 Atlantic St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 10 five-cent and 150 five-cent stamps, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

W. C. Cochling, North St., Portland, Me. A polyptic with views, and a box of tricks, for an International album with 700 stamps.

Chas. A. Clough, 70 Newark Ave., Jersey City, N. J. A magic lantern with 12 slides, and 3 good books, for a violin or boxing glove.

C. Wagner, General Delivery, Pottsville, Pa. 50 postmarks from Pennsylvania for 50 from any other State or territory.

Perlie F. Rockett, Box 483, Willimantic, Conn. An amateur printing office, worth \$80, for a 48 to 62 inch book press, with 1000 copies of THE ARGOSY.

Harry Sieberk, 167 Passyunk Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. A Giant self-inking press, with complete outfit, for a 4 to 4 1/2 inch camera.

Charles Watson, 422 E. 12th St., New York City. A magic lantern with 18 slides, valued at \$5.00, and a box of tools, valued at \$3.00, for a violin.

Joe Grogan, 265 1/2 Atlantic St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Knock-about Club in the Woods," and "Robinson Crusoe," for vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

J. W. Bohlen, 265 1/2 Atlantic St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "aluminum gold" watch, a chain, and a pair of E. number of books and other articles, for a 50 to 54 inch bicycle, or a photographic outfit. Write for list.

J. F. Palmer, 69 East 12th St., New York City. Articles valued at \$90, for a 82 or 54 inch nickle plated bicycle, a photographic outfit, or a canvas canoe. Write for list.

Frank Fields, Eustis, Fla. A book, and a specimen of Florida sand and moss, for coins prior to 1880; 10 picture cards, and every old cent, and 20, for every hat.

Frank Pink, 352 East 70th St., New York City. A book by Alger; 2 volumes of Shakespeare; a volume of Dickens; and 100 picture cards, for a watch or an electric light.

Geo. A. Nelson, 815 Mary Place, Minneapolis, Minn. A 4 to 4 1/2 inch camera, or a type case, for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY; a pair of boxing gloves and a typographic pen, for a scroll saw.

H. Bunker, 462 Butler St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A Jewel hand inkling press, with a font of script type, for a Waterbury or other watch; or a Chamberlain violin and bow, for a watch.

John P. Echanse, 219 West 15th St., New York City. A printing press cabinet and two fonts of type, bronze ink, etc., for books by Alger, Optic or Castleton, or a 4 to 4 1/2 inch camera, or a 50 to 54 inch bicycle, or a photographic outfit. Write for list.

E. Carson, 511 South Main St., Los Angeles, Cal. "District Telegraph Boy," by Alger, for either a Bagged Die, or a 4 to 4 1/2 inch camera, or a 50 to 54 inch bicycle, or a photographic outfit, with 18 slides, for no. 1, Excelsior press.

Geo. O. Walker, Box 82, Ansonia, D. C. A baseball mask, books by Castleton, D. C. A baseball mask, and a collection of stamps and curiosities for a set of photos of no. 1, Excelsior press.

N. M. Tucker, Box 615, Palmyra, N. Y. Old coins for the same; a self-inking press and a \$10 type writer, for a guitar; or a 4 to 4 1/2 inch camera, with 18 slides, for a pair of boxing gloves, and a magic lantern with 12 slides, for a photographic outfit, complete and with instructions.

## ROWING

AND TRAINING FOR A RACE.

BY THE STROKE OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY EIGHT.

The race between the rival crews of the two great English universities, which a few weeks ago attracted a million sightseers to the banks of the Thames, should possess an interest for Americans also, as it seems quite probable that the winners will cross the Atlantic to try conclusions with the athletes of Harvard.

Mr. E. D. Brandegee, who was captain of the Harvard boat club in 1881, is trying to arrange a match between the oarsmen of Cambridge, England, and those of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He alluded to this subject in his speech at the banquet of the two English crews, and it is to be hoped that he will be successful. The chief difficulty lies in the question of date, as under ordinary circumstances the oarsmen of the British universities disband when the aquatic season in America is only just commencing; and this proved to be a fatal obstacle to the match between Oxford and Harvard which was proposed last year.

If the race can be arranged, it will no doubt attract a great amount of interest on both sides of the Atlantic. Indeed, a boat race is always interesting, and aquatics possess a natural fascination for the Anglo-Saxon, which is understood by every one who has been on the water.

Who is there that has leisurely paddled his boat along on a hot summer day, seeking on some beautiful lake or river a refuge from the parched and dusty land, and feeling freshened and invigorated by the exercise, which just then seems the only kind possible—and does not regard the water as an old friend?

Or better still, who has taken his place in a racing shell and felt the narrow dart-like boat cutting its way through air and water, while the oar-blades swish together through the eddies and the bodies swing like one machine—and does not long to feel it again? More especially if he has ever enjoyed the ecstatic moment when he sees the backs of his rivals behind him, and feels that he is gaining on them at every stroke.

True it is that any one who makes up his mind to join a racing crew will find the goddess of the waters a stern task-mistress, whom no half-heartedness will content. Still the enthusiasm she inspires will surmount all obstacles; witness the man who this year came hurrying back to England from a pleasure tour in India to take his seat in the Oxford boat, only, alas, to break his oar in the race.

Training, however, is not now the fiery ordeal to patience it used to be. The days of unlimited raw beefsteak are happily gone forever, and a more gentle regime has been established. Still, for those who aspire to uphold the honor of their university over the four and a quarter miles of the English Thames between Putney and Mortlake, where the Oxford and Cambridge race is rowed, a strict period of preparation, lasting nearly six weeks, is prescribed, to say nothing of all the previous practice.

This year the competing crews were not by any means trained in the same way, Cambridge making use of more liberal and advanced ideas than that have as yet prevailed at Oxford. Such things as sauce with fish (usually an abomination in the eyes of "coaches") were permitted to the light blue crew until the last week or so before the race; now the men rigidly limited in the matter of drinkables as usual.

No tobacco of course is ever allowed for either crew, though for shorter races it is becoming customary to permit it in the case of men who have acquired such a habit

that it is a shock to leave it off; when, however, the struggle lasts so long that the lungs are strained to their utmost, anything that tends to clog the windpipe, in however slight a degree, must be given up.

Regular hours and regular exercise are now recognized as the great secret of good condition; and so it is that the Oxonians who are in training for their great race must go to bed at ten o'clock, and muster at a quarter past seven for their morning walk. In the earlier part of training, while the crew are still at Oxford, they have to meet at a certain college gateway, under a deep toned clock; and woe betide the wretch who sleep keeps in bed until the last moment, so that he arrives a few seconds late! Not only is he greeted by the chaff of the more fortunate and less sleepy members, but also he has to eat his breakfast with little or no butter, according to the magnitude of his crime.

This suggests a story. There was one

where lectures have to be attended. When they leave the home waters, and devote themselves solely to rowing, they must practice both morning and afternoon.

In the early part of training, long rows of fifteen miles are prescribed two or three times a week. These are supposed to "get the crew together," and certainly do so, for when thoroughly tired out a man displays little inclination for individuality, but falls in exactly with those in front of him.

After rowing comes dinner, to which all bring healthy appetites, and a thirst which sometimes the pint of beer allowed seems insufficient to quench. Champagne is given occasionally, if the hard work seems to be telling on the crew, and producing one of those moments of depression which occur in training, when everything seems black and dreary, and the oarsman feels that he would like to murder the coach or some one, and fly away to climes where boat racing is unknown. On such occasions the

not altogether a happy one. It may be extremely cold sitting in the steam launch, to say nothing of wet from waves and clouds; and on horseback, as he rides along the towpath on the banks of the Thames, through gates and over bridges, he may get mixed up with the towing rope of a barge, or differences of opinion between himself and his steed may lead to complications, if not compound fractures. There was some truth in a caricature which appeared some time ago in Oxford, representing a timid horseman clinging to the saddle of a plunging charger, in dangerous proximity to the river's edge; while underneath ran the legend "The coach of the Trials—or the trials of the coach,"—the Trials, it being understood, being the conversational name for the Oxford Trial Eights, from which the crew to do battle against Cambridge is selected.

As regards racing boats few improvements seem to have been made of late years, compared with the rapid strides towards perfection taken by the builders of sculling boats.

Among the most important of recent devices may be mentioned Clasper's rollers for the seats to run upon, instead of slides; they are much cleaner, and cause less friction. Another patent of the same builder is the counter-vail or fin attached to the racing shell under water, which is supposed to help the steerer by giving the boat a better hold of the water.

But it is of course easier to effect improvements in sculling boats, for each sculler has his own theories and fancies, and generally indulges in some peculiarity in the boats he has built for himself.

Thus Beach, the world's champion sculler, always had his seat fixed abnormally high, so as to be "above his work" well; for he found that in this way he could get most pace on his boat.

Just now a good deal of attention is being paid to the question of the relative speed of sculls and oars. A club has been formed in London which puts on eights pulling sixteen sculls instead of eight oars, and fours upon the same principle. Several trials have taken place, and the scullers claim to have the best of it, but so far they have accomplished nothing remarkable. Judging, however, from the pace a double-sculler is able to attain, it seems probable that in the future it will be found that sculls are faster than oars.

It is quite possible that the best English sculler, Bubeur, will be seen before long in America. Hanlan has invited him to come over to Toronto to double-scull with him, and in that case they are sure to be matched with Teemer, Hamm and other aquatic giants.

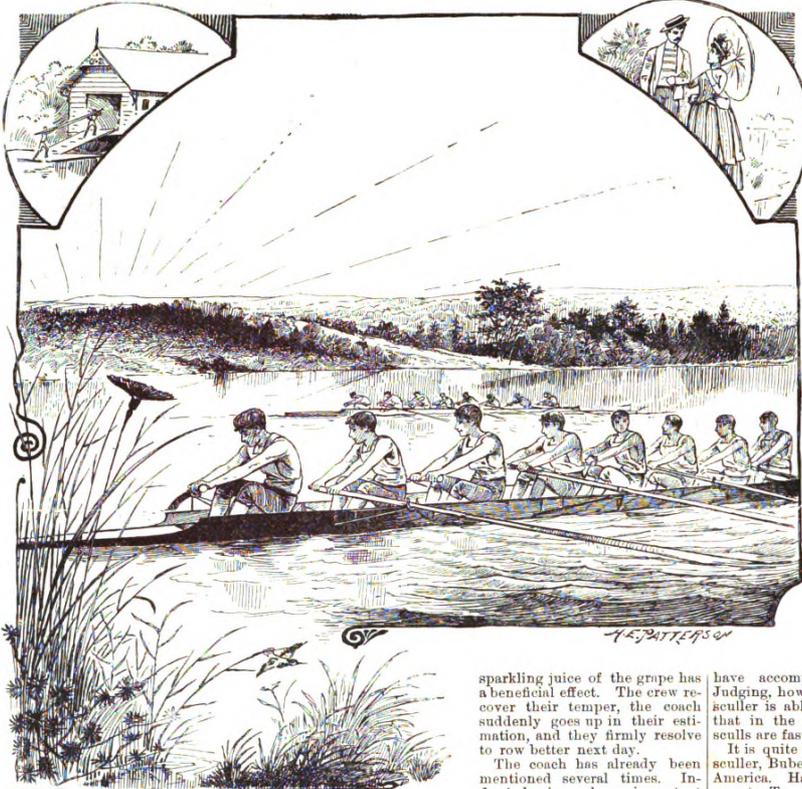
Bubeur is not up to the caliber of such a man as Beach, but he sculls in very good form, and is sure to be improved by Hanlan; in fact, they would make a formidable pair of antagonists.

If the Cambridge eight should go over to row Harvard, the race would be an interesting one, for there is sure to be a considerable difference in style between the crews.

The great distinction between the rowing on the two continents, as far as can be told from seeing the Hillsdale and Toronto crews over here, is that American oarsmen adopt a faster stroke, which necessitates a quick swing of the bodies, but gets a great grip of the water. This mode of propulsion is very speedy for a short course, but hardly seems so well adapted for long distances as the slower stroke and steady body-swinging admired in England.

In any case Cambridge are sure of a good race and hospitable welcome, while great interest will be taken in the meeting; for when the Harvard four came over to England and was beaten by Oxford, stroked by Darbyshire, a crowd assembled to see the contest which has never been equaled at a boat race in London before or since.

ARTHUR F. TITHERINGTON.



THE RIVAL EIGHTS—PRACTICING FOR THE RACE.

very virtuous individual; however cold and cheerless the morning he was always on time, and used to eat his breakfast in great plenty of self-righteousness and butter, while others were grumbling over dry toast. But one morning every one else was there, while he was not to be seen, and as the clock struck the quarter, there was great exultation, which, however, turned to indignation when he appeared from behind the door, where he had been hiding on purpose to make every one think he was late.

But mark his punishment. Indignation suggested an appeal to the rules, which distinctly laid down that the men were to meet in front of the gates; now this miscreant broke the rule, because he was behind the gates, so the president gave sentence that he must have no butter that morning. The penalty was inflicted accordingly, and the excitement calmed down.

After a two mile walk, the men separate for tub and toilet, meeting again for a plain but solid breakfast at half past eight, fish, eggs, steak, and mutton-chop composing the menu.

Then the members of the crew are left to their own devices until it is time to row in the afternoon—that is, while still in Oxford,

He is the mentor who cheerfully gives up his time to let the crew have the benefit of his advice, and of his experience as an oar.

Of course the genus is a large one, ranging from the man who has pulled in his college eight, and runs along the bank in dirty flannels, jostling against his brother coaches, and shouting to a crew of freshmen such vague and mysterious generalities as "Get the catch on!" or "Use your stretchers!" to the distinguished oarsman of the past, who comes back to take in hand the university crew, in which he used to row himself, and which he now accompanies comfortably seated on horseback or in the bows of a steam launch.

A good coach is of the greatest possible consequence to a crew; he must have experience to see a fault, command of language to tell the offender what it is and how to cure it, and above all tact to say the right thing in the right place; for his patience is often sorely tried when his orders are not obeyed, and his labor, as he shouts alternately entreaty and oburgation, in the excitement of the moment, produces no result.

The coach's life, like the policeman's, is

[This story commenced in No. 233.]

# Dick Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

## CHAPTER XX.

### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

DICK BROADHEAD uttered an involuntary cry of horror as he felt himself falling from the narrow ledge of rock into the dark chasm.

"The descent was not a sheer one, but he slipped and rolled rapidly down the steep slope, still grasping his rifle. He clutched convulsively at the jagged points of the rocks as he fell, but his efforts to stop himself were in vain, and he had just given himself up for lost, when a hand caught a firm hold of his left arm.

"A moment later Dick found himself lying on another ledge of rock, about twenty feet below the one from which he had fallen. He was safe here for the present, although he had narrowly escaped destruction, for below this ledge there was a sheer precipice whose depth he could not see.

"Nor could Dick discern in the dim light who it was whose hand had rescued him from the edge of the abyss. But he was not long in doubt. He could hardly trust his senses when he heard a low whisper close to his ear, 'Are you hurt, Dick? you had a pretty bad tumble!'

"Dick knew the voice. He had to suppress an exclamation of astonishment as he recognized Hiram Carter as his deliverer. How had he escaped from the hut where he and Jingo had been imprisoned on the night of the captives' first arrival in the native village? Dick had supposed that they were destroyed in the conflagration.

"The mystery was soon explained. A low whistle from Dick brought Norman Vincent and Griswold, who had been standing on the ledge above, and peering down into the gloom where Dick fell, scrambling cautiously down the rocks to join the others; and soon the reunited party was assembled on the lower ledge, in a spot where an overhanging mass of rock sheltered them from the view of any one at the mouth of the cave, and from any missiles that might be flung into it by the savages.

"They were safe here for the present. Norman, who Dick had introduced to Carter, assured them that the Ingnanis would never dare to enter the cavern; and before they made their next move, Carter proceeded to give a brief account of his escape.

"He was just beginning, when Dick caused an interruption. His eyes were becoming accustomed to the gloom, and he begged to make out distinctly the few objects that were to be seen in that rocky hollow.

"Among them was a pile of fruit, which attracted his especial attention, and instantly reminded him of his ravenous appetite. There were some dates, and the fruit of some species of screw pine, a little heap of rice, and several other fruits of which Dick did not know the names.

"Where did they get all this?" asked Carter, as he eagerly put some of the refreshing fruit to his parched lips, an example which was speedily followed by Norman Vincent and Griswold.

"We found it at the mouth of the cave," replied Carter; "the natives have put a lot of it there, I don't know why."

"Dick knew, but he was too busy just then to tell; and so while the new arrivals were taking the edge off their noon hunger, Carter told them how it was that he and Jingo came to be in the Cavern of Gurani.

"They had slipped off the ropes which bound them in much the same fashion as Dick Broadhead and Griswold, though they had not accomplished the feat so rapidly. Sunrise had found them still in the hut, but in the confusion caused by the fire they had managed to slip away unnoticed, and had wandered aimlessly along the base of the mountains, finding no place where it

was possible to ascend, till they reached the mouth of the cavern, into which they retreated to find a hiding place.

"Have you tried to explore the cavern?" asked Dick.

"Yes," replied Carter. "Yesterday we went along a passage that opens upon that upper ledge, and followed it for about a mile, I should think. Then it grew so narrow that we couldn't go any further, and we turned back and came to this place. As soon as it was dark we crept to the mouth of the cave, brought in a quantity of the fruit that was lying there, and made our evening meal on it.

"We picked up some dry wood, too, and stored it here to use for torches in our next attempt to explore the cave. We were just going to start off, when we heard a dis-

"Before setting out, it was necessary to get together a larger stock of provisions, and for this purpose Jingo, who was the least likely to attract attention, was despatched to the mouth of the cave to prospect. He reported that the coast was clear, and then he and Norman Vincent went out and brought in all the edibles they could find. The savages deposited a quantity in little niches of the rock, perhaps designed as miniature temples, just outside the opening of the cavern. In each little niche was carved a hideous owl-like head, probably an image of the demon Gurani.

"Meanwhile, in case of sudden attack, Dick Broadhead and Griswold stood on guard within the cave, holding their rifles ready. Of course Carter and Jingo had not been able to recover their weapons when

"The path they were following gradually sloped upward, and soon joined the upper ledge, which wound along the precipitous side of the great cave. The gulf below them seemed to grow shallower, for when they had advanced a few hundred yards the light of their torch showed them that they were only about twenty feet above the floor of the chasm. A little further on, it was not more than six feet below them, and at Dick's suggestion they sprang down to it, and continued their march on this broader pathway.

"They were now on the floor of the cave. It was smooth and level, and enabled them to advance at a pretty rapid pace. The sides were rounded and almost regular, the roof was vaulted high above them, and dotted with stalactites that flashed and gleamed in the light of the passing torch.

"Whether the cave had been hollowed out by the hand of man, or by running water, or by some volcanic agency, they could not tell, and did not stop to investigate. They pushed on quickly and few words were spoken.

"Dick was the first to break a long silence.

"Well," he said, "this is about the strangest of all the strange places we have been in since that tall savage surprised us by stepping out of the wood just after we killed the elephant. And by the way, Jingo," he added, turning to his black companion, "how was it that you managed to understand what that fellow said? I've often wondered over that, and this is the first chance I've had to ask you."

"Jingo replied in his broken English, that the savage spoke a dialect almost identical with the Zulu tongue, which he perfectly understood. How this came about, at such a distance north of any known Zulu tribe, he could not tell; but he knew that there was a tradition among the Zulus that they had come long ago from the northward, and so he supposed that this particular tribe might be a remnant of the race that was left behind when the rest moved to the south. The conclusion seemed a probable one.

"The travelers had now journeyed for about two hours through the cave, and had made good progress. No difficulty had arisen in the choice of their route, for they had found the mouth of only one branch, which Carter and Jingo had already explored. This was passed soon after the start, and of course carefully avoided.

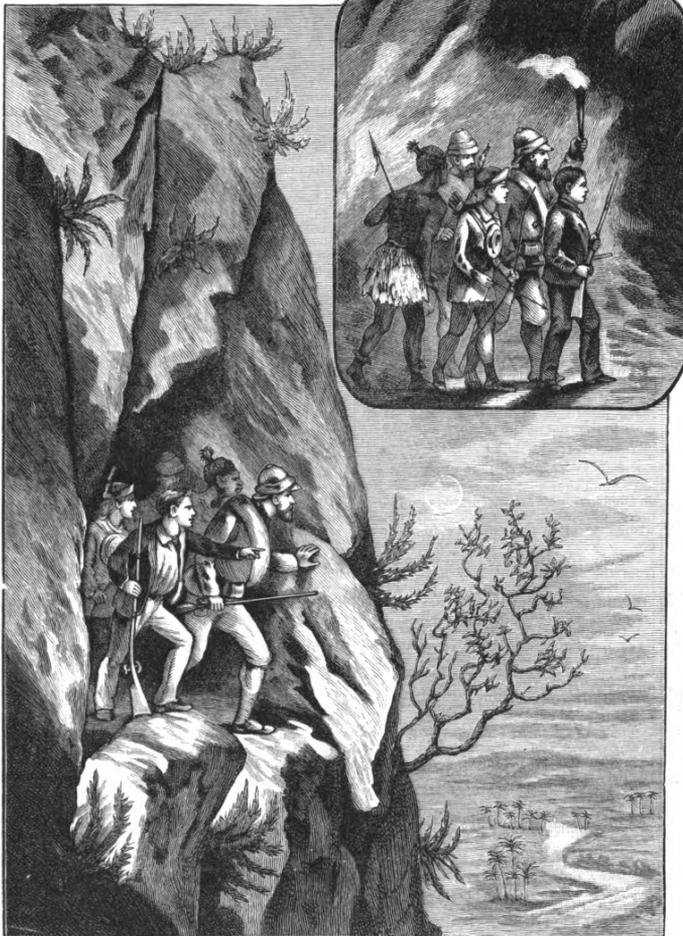
"Unfortunately this good fortune did not last. A little further on it seemed as though some mighty earthquake, or volcanic outburst had rent and shattered the heart of the mountains.

"The passage was no longer even and regular. Its sides were torn and cracked, and wide fissures opened here and there, so that the travelers were in doubt which course to take. Huge blocks had been shaken from the roof above them, and strewn the floor of the cavern, making their advance slow and difficult. At every moment they expected to find the way wholly barred by some great fall of rock. The floor of the passage, too, was crossed by clefts like the crevasses in a glacier, over which they had to make some risky leaps in the dim light.

"There have been a good many slight earthquakes in the last three years," suggested Norman, as the little band made a momentary halt to rest their wearied limbs; "and a few months ago there was quite a severe one, which may have shaken up these rocks. I remember the natives said that fire and smoke came out of the cavern that day, but I didn't believe them at the time."

"I shouldn't wonder," gravely remarked Carter, who knew something of geology, "if the volcanic agency that heaped up these masses of rock, and that probably pierced these tunnels through them, is still at work here from time to time. Perhaps the natives really have seen smoke issuing from some of the clefts in the mountains. We may be this minute in the jaws of a volcano that is liable to burst forth and destroy us at any moment!"

"Here was indeed an alarming suggestion. Nor was this terrible possibility the



AS THEY REACHED THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES STANDING ON THE VERGE OF A SHEER PRECIPICE.

turbance at the entrance. I was keeping a sharp lookout, and I saw Griswold come in, and then you and a boy I had never seen before, and who puzzled me a good deal, as you may suppose.

"The next thing I knew you came sliding down the rock right toward the place where I stood, and I was just in time to save you from rolling down into that chasm below us. Of course I had given you up for lost, and never expected to see you again."

"Well, we're lucky to meet," was Dick's remark. "Now the next thing we have to do is to make our way out of the land of these Ingnanis; and as we can't get over the mountains, we'll try to get through them."

"He went on to tell Carter and Jingo all that he had learned from Norman Vincent as to the nature of the cavern in which they were. Of course they were delighted to find that there was a chance of making their escape by means of the great cave, and were eager to make a start at once.

they escaped, but though they did not add to the number of rifles in the party they had something equally valuable—a small stock of cartridges.

"Carter had a belt of them, and more in his pockets, which fortunately fitted the rifles that Dick and Griswold had saved; altogether they mustered about a hundred.

"When all the preparations that were possible had been made, and it was, as they roughly guessed, about the middle of the afternoon, the start was made. As day and night were alike in the gloom of the cave it was useless to wait till morning.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### IN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN.

THE five fugitives stepped in Indian file along the narrow ledge. Griswold, who walked in the middle of the party, held aloft a long torch of dry wood, which he had lighted with one of the matches he had in his pocket.

only disquieting feature of the situation. The supply of wood for torches was running low, and the difficulties of their journey seemed to be growing greater as they proceeded.

"They were not inclined to rest very long, and after eating some of the fruit they had with them, they started again. On and on they toiled, scrambling over sharp rocks and boulders, weary and footsore, but pressing forward with all their strength, hoping to find an outlet on the other side of the mountain before their last torch was burnt out.

"So powerfully, too, had the suggestion of danger from a volcanic outburst worked upon their strained nerves, that they half expected to feel the solid rock shaken and shattered around them, and almost fancied they could detect the sulphurous breath of an approaching eruption.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### THE IMAGE IN THE CAVERN.

"NEED not describe the details of that painful march. Hour after hour passed by, and Dick and his companions were still struggling on, walking, crawling, climbing. The cavern branched off into many different vaults and tunnels, leading upward, downward, right and left; but they always kept, as far as they could judge, to the passage that would lead them in the direction in which they hoped to escape. In reality they had now lost their bearings entirely, and might have turned completely round, and be facing toward the spot where they first entered the cave, without knowing it.

"At length the passage down which they had been making their way opened upon a great hollow in the mountains, like the vault of a medieval cathedral, so huge that the feeble rays of the torch could barely reach the roof and the further side.

"The dim light fell upon some huge object that loomed up in the center of the chamber, and the explorers made out that it was a colossal image of the seated figure of a man, like some of the famous monuments of ancient Egypt. It was built up of great beams of wood, and a mass of rock, falling from the roof of the vault, had struck one side of the image, and scattered the beams on the floor of the cavern.

"The head of the figure was still intact. It seemed to be carved from large blocks of wood, and it wore such a fearful and demoniacal expression on its countenance that they shuddered involuntarily as they looked upon it.

"Who had constructed this colossal image, or what purpose it had served, they could not tell, but it seemed to be very old, certainly a hundred years, and perhaps much more; some of the wooden beams and planks were mouldered and decayed, while others seemed to be still sound.

"The explorers could only guess that some tribe dwelling at the foot of the mountains, on one side or the other—a tribe perhaps now extinct—had found in these gloomy caverns a fitting place to build a gigantic likeness of the evil spirit whose anger they sought to appease with sacrifice and dances. Probably the dim vault where the travelers now stood had long ago resounded with the weird and awful rites of the demon worship common among the native tribes of the Dark Continent.

"As they paused a moment to contemplate the strange figure before them, they became conscious of a noise that came from the further end of the vault, far off in the darkness. It was the sound of running water.

"Advancing toward it, they found that a narrow stream of inky blackness, swift and apparently deep, poured from an opening in the rocky wall, traversed the chamber, and disappeared by a low arched passage on the opposite side. It seemed to spring from the heart of the mountain, and to plunge into the depths of the earth.

"There was no way of escape along the stream, and they were turning away to find some other passage from the vault, when the light of the torch that Griswold held fell upon an object lying on the floor of the cave.

"It was the dead body of a native boy. Drops of water, trickling from the rocks above, and charged with some mineral matter, had partly encrusted his body with a stagnant deposit, and preserved it from decay.

"The shrunken and ghastly features were like those of the Inguinis. As soon as Norman Vincent saw them, he recognized the dead boy.

"It is Masare," he cried excitedly, 'the

boy who went into the cavern and never came back!

"It was an awful discovery for the travelers. The explorer who had gone before them had met death miserably in the cavern, unable to find a way out of the great vault where they stood, or perhaps too weak from starvation to drag himself any further. How could they escape where he had perished?

"The builders of the colossal image must have entered the cave by some passage, but perhaps the way was now barred by a fall of rock. At any rate, the attempt must be made to discover it.

"They left poor Masare's body where they found it. It was impossible to give him burial in the hard rock, nor had the travelers any time to delay. They groped along the side of the cavern, searching for a passage, and soon they found a wide opening whose smooth and worn floor suggested that it had been used by the natives who carved the image.

"With high hopes the travelers turned down this tunnel. They felt like a man lost in the woods who has just found a pathway trodden by human feet, that tells him he is near the dwellings of man.

"They followed the passage, which sloped downward, for some distance, pushing rapidly forward, and their spirits rose higher when they found unmistakable traces of man's handiwork. At a steep place in the descent, regular steps were cut in the rock, and now they felt sure that they were not far from the entrance beyond the mountains.

"And only a little further, Dick Broadhead, who was a few paces ahead of the others, uttered a loud cry of joy, as he saw a faint ray of daylight ahead of him.

"The light seemed to come from a narrow opening in the roof of the passage. The travelers eagerly hastened onward, hoping to reach the mouth of the cave and see the sunshine once more; but a bitter disappointment was in store for them.

"When they reached the spot where a glimmering light shone above them, they found that the way was barred by great rocks piled closely together, forming a tunnel to the roof of the passage, and leaving only a narrow opening through which it was quite impossible to crawl.

"They tore vainly at the blocks of stone, but found they could make no impression on the barricade. It must have been placed there purposely, by some natives who wished to close the entrance to the cavern.

"They were, no doubt, only a few yards from the open air, but they were cut off from the daylight as if they were in the heart of the mountain. It was a cruel situation, but Dick did not despair yet.

"There must be some other passage," he said, "if poor Masare really saw the land beyond the mountains, unless these rocks were piled up since he was here, which doesn't seem likely."

"But how can we find it?" asked Griswold.

"There's nothing for it but to go back to the cavern where the image is, and try to find another tunnel opening out of that," replied Dick.

"No other course was open, and weary and disheartened they retraced their steps, and once more searched along the side of the great vault for another opening.

"It seemed as if the rocks were full of clefts and seams, for not far from the passage which they had explored in vain, two others were found. The first one they attempted to enter proved impracticable when they had penetrated it for a few yards. The other was tried, and though it was rough and irregular, they climbed along it without coming to any insurmountable obstacle.

"Instead of leading downward, the slope of this passage seemed to be in an upward direction.

"We must be near daylight again," said Dick, judging from the distance they had traversed; "but I should think we are several hundred feet above the opening of that barricaded passage."

"And a few moments later, the light could be seen before them. It grew brighter and stronger, and they saw it was shining in through an opening seven or eight feet high.

"The way was not barred by rocky obstacles, and yet they were no better off than before. The cave opened in the face of a lofty perpendicular cliff, and as they reached its mouth they found themselves standing on the verge of a sheer precipice. Five hundred feet below was a green and level country, dotted with palm trees, and watered by a river that seemed to issue from the foot of the mountains.

(To be continued.)

#### THE QUEENLY ROSE.

BY A. C. DOTGLAS.

A rose leaned over a woodland pool,  
With its own imaged beauty thrilling;  
So soft and sweet it had no eye  
For daffodil or lily cool;  
Or bending grasses or dragon-fly  
On wings of opal flitting by,  
Or clouds the heavens filling.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NEED NEWTON:  
The New York Best Book  
By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,  
Author of "Tom Tracy," "Number 91," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### MADGE AND THE BOGUS DETECTIVE.

WITH a bright smile and a happy face Madge left Mrs. Newton with her small basket of matches on her arm. Her life was very different from what it had been when under the guardianship of Bridget McCurdy. Then often, indeed at least half the time, she set out without breakfast, unless a slice of dry bread can be dignified with that name. Now she was always provided with a warm meal before she started.

Then she was dressed in rags. Now she wore a neat though plain frock, and both her face and her attire were scrupulously clean. Then, she was greeted when she got up with harsh words—often she was pulled violently from the pallet on which she slept; now she never left the house without a kiss and loving words from her second mother.

No wonder Madge sometimes doubted whether the happy change could be real. More than once she woke up with a cry of terror on her lips.

"What's the matter, Madge?" Mrs. Newton would ask.

"I dreamed I was back again with aunt Bridget," the match girl would reply with a shudder.

"I hope that time will never come back again," said Mrs. Newton.

"I hope not," said Madge, gravely, "but something tells me that aunt Bridget will get hold of me sooner or later."

"That is a foolish fancy, my child," replied Mrs. Newton.

"I hope it is, but I can't help being afraid," Madge added soberly.

"Mrs. McCurdy is still on the Island, so that there is no immediate danger."

Mrs. Newton had not heard of Bridget's release, nor did she dream that Mrs. McCurdy was not only at large, but eagerly searching for her missing ward.

"I suppose you are right, mother, and I will try not to think of it," said the match girl, as she put on her bonnet and moved towards the door with her little stock of matches in her hand.

"Of one thing you may be sure, Madge, that if Mrs. McCurdy should ever get possession of you again, Ned and I will do all we can to find and take you from her. I am convinced that she has no legal claim to you, and we shall not hesitate to employ the police in the search. It will be easy to convince the courts that she is not a fit person to have charge of you."

Madge was greatly cheered by these words, and the momentary shadow that had clouded her path was succeeded by sunshine.

Madge bent her steps towards Bleeker Street. This street opens out of Broadway two blocks north of the Metropolitan Hotel. Once it was a fashionable thoroughfare. Many years since A. T. Stewart resided on it, and many others of some social pretension. Now it is given over to common boarding-houses, and an inferior class of shops. Madge traveled out into side streets, and managed from the absence of competition to pick up a fair trade. Unlike the ordinary match girl, she had a neat appearance, and this helped her.

One cause of her remaining in this locality was the thought that the McCurdy family would not be likely to seek her there. On Broadway John McCurdy might fall in with her any day.

In an hour Madge had sold fifty cents' worth of matches. Her profits on these sales might be roughly estimated at one half. On the whole she felt that she was doing a very good morning's work.

It was about eleven o'clock that two boys walked in a leisurely way through the street. One of them was Leon Granville, whose presence at that time requires explanation. He had been sent on an errand up town, and meeting a friend whose way led through

Bleeker Street he accompanied him. It need not be said that Leon was not conscientious about the use of his employer's time, and when out of the store was not disposed to hurry home. His attention was attracted to Madge, and he nudged his friend.

"There's a little match girl!" he said. "Suppose we have some sport with her."

"Just as you say, Leon."

"Little girl," began the latter, in a stern tone, "what are you doing here?"

"Selling matches, sir," answered Madge, startled by his tone.

"And don't you know that it is against the law to sell matches without a license?"

"No, sir; I never heard anything about a license."

"Then you have got yourself into a bad scrape. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"I am a private detective appointed by the city to look after unlicensed vendors. It is my duty to arrest you."

"Oh, don't arrest me, sir. I am doing no harm."

"That is what you all say. Is it no harm to break the law?"

"I have been selling matches for a long time, and I never heard of any law against it," pleaded Madge.

"That is no excuse. Mr. Jones" (addressing his companion) "how many arrests did you make last week?"

"Twenty-seven," answered his companion, glibly.

"And did any of them get off?"

"Only one."

"You see, little girl, what your chance of escape is."

"What do you want me to do, sir?" asked Madge, meekly.

"How much money have you taken this morning?"

"Fifty cents, sir."

"All this belongs to the city."

"Shall I give it to you, sir?"

Leon would not have scrupled to say yes, but even he knew that this would get him into difficulty, and he answered: "I think I shall be obliged to take you in."

"Do you mean that you will arrest me?" asked Madge, anxiously.

"Yes; but I will arrange it so that the public shall not know it. You can follow about a rod behind my friend and myself, but don't try to escape, or it will be the worse for you."

Leon and his companion walked on, and poor, deluded Madge followed with anxious heart.

Occasionally the boys looked back, and were much amused to see poor Madge following.

"It's a splendid joke," said Leon's friend.

"I can hardly keep a grave face."

"Yes; the poor simpleton is pretty well taken in."

"How long are you going to let her follow you?"

"A while longer. Then we'll dodge round a corner or into a saloon, and give her the slip."

But Leon's fun was briefer in duration than he anticipated.

Ned Newton, too, had been sent up town on an errand, and his course also lay through Bleeker Street.

Suddenly he came upon Madge, with her anxious, perturbed countenance.

"Where are you going, Madge?" he asked, in surprise.

"Oh, Ned, I am so glad to meet you!" said the poor girl.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Those two young men in front told me they would have me arrested for selling matches without a license."

"They are fooling you. Who are they?"

Madge pointed them out.

"The tall one told me he was a private detective, and that he had arrested twenty-seven match girls last week. Is it true, do you think, Ned?"

Ned had by this time recognized Leon, and his indignation was kindled by this cruel deceit practiced upon Madge.

"No, it is not true," he said. "I know that fellow, and I'll attend to the matter. Go back to your business, Madge, and don't have any fears. He has got to apologize to me, or he'll find himself in trouble."

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

##### LEON IS FORCED TO APOLOGIZE.

NEED NEWTON quickened his pace till he reached the two boys. Leon turned just as he overtook him.

"Ned Newton!" he ejaculated in surprise.

"Yes, Leon Granville, I have come to call you to account."

"I am not responsible to you for what I choose to do," said Leon, haughtily.

"You will have to be in this case. Why have you been deceiving a poor match girl, and frightening her into believing that she was to be arrested?" demanded Ned, sternly.

Leon burst into a laugh.

"So she has been complaining to you, has she?" he asked.

"Yes."

"It was a good joke!" said Leon. "She has been following us for half a dozen blocks. She thought I was a detective."

"Did you tell her so?"

"Yes."

"Did you threaten to arrest her for selling matches without a license?"

"Yes, and she swallowed it all down," said Leon, looking intensely amused.

"Did you tell her you had arrested twenty-seven match girls last week?"

"I won't be particular about the number. Was that the number, Harry?"

"Yes, I believe so. Indeed I know it, for you appealed to me."

"Are you not proud of having frightened a poor girl who is selling matches for a living?" asked Ned, scornfully.

"Look here, Newton!" said Leon, taking offense. "I won't stand being lectured by you. What are you any way but an ex-bookblack?"

"No matter what I am, or what I have been! You are a contemptible cur."

"I've a great mind to knock you down," said Leon, pale with fury. He was all the more mortified because these words were addressed to him in presence of his friend.

"I am at your service at any time, but I want first to tell you that I can have you arrested for what you have done."

"That's all a lie!" said Leon hurriedly, but there was anxiety in his tone. "People are not arrested for a joke."

"They can be arrested for passing themselves off as detectives in the employ of the city. You may not know enough about the law to know this, but I do."

By this time Leon was really alarmed. He remembered having read somewhere of a similar case, and he was led to fear that Ned was right.

"What's the use of making a fuss about such a trifle?" he said. "Come, Harry, I am in a hurry and can't stand talking here all day."

"You will stay here till I get through talking with you, or I will summon that policeman on the opposite side of the street."

Leon looked over and saw one of the blue-coated guardians of the city's peace.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked in a sulky voice.

"Apologize to the match girl, and tell her you deceived her."

"Are you particularly interested in the match girl?" asked Leon with a sneer.

"I am."

"It is very appropriate. A bookblack and a match girl will make a very good match, if I may be allowed to say so."

"I don't feel in a joking mood. I will explain that this girl is an orphan and that my mother has befriended her. Are you ready to apologize?"

"Yes, if it will soothe your feelings any."

"Madge!" called Ned.

The little match girl came up, looking nervously from Ned to Leon.

"Now, Leon, let me hear you apologize."

Leon bit his lips and was tempted to refuse, but the policeman still stood within hearing, and could easily be summoned.

"Did I scare you much?" asked Leon, with an assumption of ease.

"Yes, sir."

"You thought you were going to be taken in, didn't you?"

"You told me so."

"Then you were very silly. I was only joking."

"And you are sorry you frightened her," added Ned, pointedly.

"I am awfully sorry that I alarmed you and your brave defender. If you'll only forgive me and invite me to the wedding—"

"That'll do, Leon!" said Ned, sternly.

"Now, Madge, we shan't need you any more. Good morning, Leon!"

Ned walked away, leaving Leon more embittered against him than ever.

"Ha, ha!" he said; "it makes me laugh. That young upstart was once a bookblack near the Astor House. I dare say he has blacked my boots, though I didn't pay any particular attention to him till he managed to thrust himself into the store where I am employed. As soon as he was found out he was unceremoniously bonned. I believe he thinks I had something to do with it,

and that's what makes him hate me so much."

"You don't appear to like him yourself, Leon."

"I don't hate him; I merely despise him. So he's taken with that little match girl! If I was a novel writer, I should be tempted to write a romance called the 'The Bookblack's Bride.'

He laughed, but his laughter was forced.

"Does he black boots now?" inquired his friend.

"I think very likely," answered Leon, though he knew that Ned was in an insurance office, and drawing a larger weekly income than himself.

Madge returned to her business much relieved in mind.

"How brave Ned is!" she thought. "That wicked boy seemed to be afraid of him. I never expected he would apologize to me."

In the eyes of Madge, Ned was a hero. She firmly believed that no boy was ever so brave or good as he. To her he was always kind, always gentle. She knew that he had been a bookblack, but in her eyes this meant no degradation. He was Ned Newton, the son of her dear second mother, to whom she owed all the happiness she was now enjoying.

Madge's face grew brighter and more cheerful, and her pleasant look made her unusually attractive.

"Matches! Buy my matches!" she cried, as she presented them to a portly, well dressed Irish lady, the wife of a city official, whose heart had not been hardened by her husband's prosperity.

"Bless your party face!" said the warm hearted Irish woman. "Inclade and I will. There's plenty in the house, but I'll buy some of you all the same. And have you no mother, my child?"

"My mother is dead, but I live with Mrs. Newton, who's as good as a mother to me."

"There, you may give me five cents' worth, and here's a quarter for you."

"How good you are, ma'am!" said Madge, gratefully.

"Inclade and I ought to be! Wasn't I poor myself when I was a girl—so poor as you? and now I can wear my silks and my satins, for my husband is an alderman."

"Were you really a poor girl, ma'am?" asked Madge, surprised.

"Yes; that I was. I didn't think then that I'd be livin' on Madison Avenue, and kapin' my carriage, but now I can hold up my head and be the best and shouldn't be surprised if my Mike would some day be mayor. I say, little gal, you may come round once in two weeks to my manshoun on Madison Avenue, and leave some matches. I'll have orders wid the cook that she's to take them of you."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'll be sure to remember."

The good woman walked on, pleased for having indulged herself in the luxury of a kind word. She was neither cultured nor refined, Mrs. Alderman O'Brien, but she had a warm and generous heart, and there are many finer and more fashionable ladies of whom I have a poorer opinion than of her.

Madge counted up her money, and found she had taken a dollar and thirty cents, of which, on account of over-payments, about eighty cents were profit. She felt quite happy, but her happiness was short lived, poor child! Resuming her walk, she raised her eyes and saw Bridget McCurdy bearing down upon her, with a smile of evil triumph on her red and bloated face.

Madge turned pale, and her limbs almost refused to bear her weight. What she most dreaded had come to her.

CHAPTER XL.

MADGE FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

MRS. McCURDY, as she hurried to reach Madge, eyed her with very much the same triumphant malignity with which the spider regards the fly whom he is about to make his victim. Madge was impelled to flee from the danger that menaced her, but she could not. She only stood still and trembled, while her persecutor was approaching.

Mrs. McCurdy grasped her by the arm with such violence that Madge uttered a little cry of pain.

"So I've found you at last, you young trolop!" said Bridget, panting with the speed she had been compelled to make, and emphasizing the remark with a shake.

"And now what have you got to say for yourself, you cwildish young one?"

"I thought you were on the Island," faltered Madge.

"You did, hey? And glad you were to have me out of your way, I'll be bound."

Madge did not reply, for it was really true that it had been a relief to her to have her cruel taskmaster absent.

"So you've been stayin' with them Newtons, have you, miss?"

Mrs. McCurdy emphasized each question by a shake of the arm.

"Yes, ma'am! So that's the way you talk to me, is it?"

"I mean aunt Bridget."

"I'll soon learn you manners. And where do them Newtons live?"

"In Fourth Street."

"And why did they leave the ould place?" asked Mrs. McCurdy.

"They got tired of it," answered Madge, not caring to explain that their chief reason for removal was to get out of reach of John McCurdy.

"They're gettin' high-strung," sneered Mrs. McCurdy, "and must move up town. And I suppose they wouldn't consort with the likes of Bridget McCurdy now."

"I never heard them say so."

"And they've been dressin' you up too," said Bridget, examining her late charge critically. "My, what a fine laddy you've got to be all a sudden! I wonder you demane yourself by sellin' matches."

"I have to make my livin', aunt Bridget."

"And they take your money, I'll be bound."

"I cost them more than the money I take in."

"That's the truth, ef you're as lazy and shiftless as you need to be when I tuk care of you for your hundreds of dollars you cost me, if I was to count it all up."

Madge had very strong doubts as to the correctness of this statement, but did not dare to express them.

"And what's Ned doin' now? Is he blackin' boots?"

"No, aunt Bridget."

"What is he doin' then?"

"He's in an office in Nassau Street."

"Yes, I believe he is."

"He's a stuck up lad, that Ned."

"He's a real nice boy," said Madge, with a touch of indignation, for she could not bear to have her favorite abused.

"Oho, so you take his part against your aunt, that's brought you up, and taken care of you, when you was a poor orphan, and when he bed died in the strate. So that's your gratinade, is it?"

"I wasn't taking his part against you, aunt Bridget, but he has been very kind to me, and I don't want to hear you talk bad about him."

"I'll talk about him just as I please," retorted Mrs. McCurdy, "and I'd like to see the one that'll stop me. How long have you been out here sellin' matches?"

"A little over an hour."

"What luck have you had?" inquired Mrs. McCurdy, her eyes sparkling with cupidity.

"I've been pretty lucky," answered Madge, uneasily.

"How much money have you got? Hand it over, for I made it."

Madge drew back.

"The money doesn't belong to you, aunt Bridget," she said, uneasily.

"Doesn't belong to me!" ejaculated Mrs. McCurdy, wrathfully. "And who does it belong to, I'd like to know?"

"It belongs to Mrs. Newton," answered Madge, firmly.

"Then she won't get it, I can tell her that!" exclaimed Mrs. McCurdy. "We'll settle all that thin we get home. Now come along wid you!"

She grasped Madge by the hand, and began to lead her away.

"What are you going to do with me, aunt Bridget?" asked the match girl, in alarm.

"I'm goin' to take you home wid me."

"Please let me stay with Mrs. Newton and Ned," pleaded Madge.

"Will I thin? I guess not. So you want to lave your own aunt, and go off wid strangers. There's gratitude for you!"

Mrs. Newton says you are not my aunt," said Madge, recklessly.

"She says—that?" ejaculated Mrs. McCurdy.

"She says you are no relation to me," repeated Madge.

"She says that, does she? And how does she know?"

Madge remembered in time that it might not be prudent to speak of the letter which had been found in Mrs. McCurdy's room.

"Ned says so, too," she added, evasively.

"Thin Newtons had better mind their

own business. They've got nothin' to do wid you, any way."

"May I go back and live with them, aunt Bridget? You say it costs more than I bring you home to keep me."

"No, you don't, miss. You're mighty cunnin', but you ain't cunnin' enough to desave Bridget McCurdy. Come along, I say."

"Where do you live, aunt Bridget?"

"Never you mind. I'll take you there, and thin you'll know."

"Let me go back and bid good by to Mrs. Newton and Ned," pleaded Madge, sorrowfully.

"No, I won't. They'd kape you away from your aunt, that's got the best claim to you."

Madge began to cry, and the attention of a policeman was attracted to the incongruous pair.

"Where are you carrying the girl?" he asked, in a tone of authority.

"I'm carryin' her home, captain," answered Mrs. McCurdy, deferentially.

"Then why does she cry?"

"Oh, sir, she's a bad, wicked girl, and she gives me trouble no end."

"Are you her mother?"

"No; I'm her aunt that brought her up, and the care of her the days win she was an infant."

"Is this true?" the policeman asked, turning to Madge.

"Yes, sir, but—"

"That's enough," said Mrs. McCurdy, sharply. "It's a wonder she owes up to it, for she's an awful liar, captain. You've no idea what trouble I have wid her, runnin' away, and spendin' the money that she ought to bring home to me."

"I have nothing to do with that. If she is your niece, you can take her with you."

"Thank you, sir. If all the perlice were as nice gentlemen as you, it would be better for the likes of us."

The policeman was not above flattery, and he unconsciously straightened up, and sought to get a glimpse of himself in a mirror at the door of a furniture-store.

"Little girl," he said, "you must go with your aunt. You ought to be grateful to her for taking care of you."

"You hear what the officer says, Madge," said Mrs. McCurdy. "Come along, and don't give me any more trouble, or" (the policeman was now out of hearing) "I'll bate you black and blue whin we get home."

Poor Madge was thoroughly subdued, and with spirits down to zero walked beside the woman who had learned to dread more than any one else on earth.

"If I could only meet Ned," she thought, "I'd tell him how it was, and he would get me away."

But Ned was in the lower part of the city by this time, and there was no hope of a rescue.

One thought, however, sustained her: she might run away, and she resolved to do so the very next day if an opportunity offered.

(To be continued).

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

A TINY UNIFORM.

A BOY'S first pair of trousers awakens not only a dignified sensation of pride in his own breast, but creates quite an excitement throughout the entire household as well. How great the sensation then, when a king dons his first uniform, especially when that king is but a year old!

From a communication printed in the New York Sun we learn that the tall, slender, dandy Madrid, Spain requested the permission of Queen Christina to present his majesty with a uniform on the occasion of his first birthday, occurring June 13th, 1886. He was given, and at the time of writing the tailors were busy cutting and sewing out of the very finest cloth, the smallest uniform that was probably ever made for a monarch. It is decorated with real gold lace.

The question of rank arose and was submitted to the queen. On his first birthday, the king, who was enrolled in the army from his birth, is to be promoted. In the Spanish army the officers wear the insignia of rank on the sleeve, hence it was necessary for the tailors to know. The queen's decision has not yet been known.

A little sword, a veritable baby sword, with a hilt of gold that is said to be a masterpiece of the jeweller's art, goes with the uniform.

A SMART YOUNG WESTERNER.

OUR boys are coming to the front with fine records in other things besides hundred yard dashes, running high jumps and three mile bicycle races.

Frank R. Ross is a twelve-year-old California schoolboy who earns a good living after school is over by setting type in the office of the *Marion County Journal*. He recently on a wager set 4,000 ems of solid brevier in five minutes less than four days in a record which has probably never been equaled by so youthful a compositor, and which is not commonly excelled by a regular typographer.



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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Hon. William Dorsheimer, editor of the New York "Star."

This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 209. Each number ends by itself.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE GOLDEN ARGOSY forwarded to him every week by the necessaries 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.

We cannot pass by, without an expression of deep and sincere regret, the death of Irving B. Woodward, which took place in this city on the 8th of June, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. Mr. Woodward was an artist of rare taste and skill, whose admirable work has long been familiar to the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A melancholy interest attaches to the illustration which appears on the first page of this number. It was the last drawing completed by Mr. Woodward, and as an instance of his faithfulness we mention that he roused himself from the unconsciousness of his fatal seizure to make his attendants understand that the block should be promptly delivered.

Next week we shall publish a very fine and spirited illustration of ranch life in the West, which Mr. Woodward drew only a few days before his death.

A SLIGHT BUT FATAL DEFECT.

As one evil habit is fatal to the development of a well-rounded character, so a slight slip in the construction of a single part of a piece of mechanism destroys the whole.

An illustration of this fact was recently furnished at Washington. The first of the new ten-inch steel rifled cannon was ruined, when just on the point of completion, by the breaking off of a tool used for boring.

The construction of these guns is an exceedingly delicate matter, requiring gauging as accurate as that employed in the making of a watch, several months' work of skilled mechanics, and an expenditure of some \$40,000.

And it was the momentary carelessness and inattention of one workman that brought all this labor and expense to naught in a single instant.

COLLEGE EXPENSES.

In these times of commencement exercises and honors, it is natural that the mind of the schoolboy should revert more or less often to the subject of a college education. For some the question has long been decided, and they have set about preparing themselves to become sons of the same *alma mater* that molded the destinies of their fathers and grandfathers before them.

There are others, however, who with mind all athirst for learning have to face the lack of means with which to defray the expenses of a four years' course. But we are inclined to believe that in many cases this hindrance is founded on a mistake.

The actual cost of a college education, as far as the simple tuition fees are concerned, at such an institution as Yale, for example, is but \$140

a year. Of course the student is obliged to be clothed and fed in addition, but this necessity would exist wherever he was; and even counting in this expense, together with the cost of books, membership in college societies and other sundries, it is possible to get through, on the moderate allowance of \$353 per annum, less than the cost of keeping a boy at the average boarding school.

Of course between these figures and the amount spent by some of the less economical students there is a wide difference, and the average expenditure of a Yale freshman is placed at \$834.98. But the fact remains, that the cost of a college course depends mainly on the student himself, and can be kept within very reasonable limits.

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

AN ARMLESS WORKER.

"Oh, I can't do that," or "It's too much trouble," is a response that is often made either mentally or aloud to the call of some duty which is unusual in its requirements or irksome from its nature.

How trivial and cowardly such shirking seems when the power and the abilities of the ordinary man are compared with those of others who under the most adverse conditions contrive to do the very things which to some possessed of all their faculties, seem difficult and uncongenial.

Not long ago there died in Potsdam, New York, a man who had met with an accident which necessitated the amputation of both arms at the shoulder. And yet he contrived to support himself, using his mouth and feet in place of hands and arms.

He not only took entire care of the horse he owned, harnessing and unharnessing it, but actually built and painted a buggy. He drove with the reins passed around his shoulders, and conquered the buckles with his teeth.

This is not all, however. It is related of him that one winter he built a cow stable, managing saw and hammer with his feet. He also dug and stoned a well, raked hay, got his meals, wrote letters and discharged various other duties, over the hardship of which we, with our two hands, sometimes murmur.

In the light of such facts, should we not all go cheerfully about our daily tasks, thankful that we are so well supplied with the means of performing them?

The yearly subscription price of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is \$2.00 per \$2.00. We will send two copies, to separate addresses if desired.

WANTED - A NEW INVENTION.

A MORNING contemporary sounds a call to hard thinking on the part of mechanical geniuses.

The recent collision between the steamers Celtic and Betancourt has quite naturally led experts to inquire into the chances, pro and con, of further encounters of the sort.

These investigations have resulted in some astounding, not to say alarming discoveries. It has been demonstrated that when one of these great transatlantic liners is steaming along at her ordinary full speed, should occasion arise rendering it necessary to come to a sudden stop, even with her engines reversed at once, steam may, as it is called, could not be obtained until at least two and perhaps three more miles had been covered.

This is certainly a very disquieting condition of things, and the wonder is that collisions with icebergs and other vessels do not occur more frequently.

There is one consoling feature of the case, however. As the size and speed of these mighty ships has been increased, their strength has been added to in like proportion, so that now, with the aid of the water tight compartment system, a vessel is able to survive a blow which a few years since would have sent her to the bottom in short order.

And it is the very improvements that have been made in this direction that lead thoughtful persons to propound the query whether somebody could not construct a sort of brake for steamers, an appliance for checking speed on the water in the same manner that the Westinghouse invention does for a train of cars on land.

Perhaps it will be an ARGOSY reader who will rise to the requirements of the case and give his name to some valuable safety appliance of the seas.

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY, Editor of "The Brooklyn Eagle."

The absence of morning newspapers in Brooklyn, the third city of the United States, has often been remarked, and is of course easily explained. At the same time the afternoon press of the City of Churches is of unusual excellence, and the Eagle, Brooklyn's foremost journal, ranks among the very best evening papers in the country.

Its editor in chief, of whom we here present a portrait and a brief sketch, is a thorough and enthusiastic journalist, who has worked his way upward from the ranks of the profession, and will accept no offers of preferment that would lead him away from the editorial desk.

He was born at Columbia, Missouri, on the 15th of March, 1845, and was the sixth child of a family of seven. His father, Alexander J. McKelway, was born in Scotland, but came to America very early in life, and received his education in this country. He married a Philadelphia lady, and served as a surgeon in the United States army.

The family moved to the East in 1853, and settled in New Jersey. Here young McKelway was educated by private tutors, on the lines of the academy, and was studied at Princeton College.

He first found his way into print in 1861, when a series of war articles from his pen was published in the Constitution, of Woodbury, New Jersey. Two years later he put on editorial harness as city editor of the Trenton Daily Monitor, an anti-monopoly paper now no longer in existence. At the same time he wrote local paragraphs for the Gazette and the True American of the same city, and acted as Trenton correspondent for the New York Tribune.

In 1865 Mr. McKelway came to Brooklyn. He contributed sketches to the Eagle, and studied law in New York, in the office of Clarence A. Seward. He was admitted to the bar on the 21st of May, 1865, but never practiced the profession, as on the following day he accepted an offer of a situation on the New York World, then controlled by Manton Marble.

At first his duty consisted of reading exchanges, and writing editorial and personal paragraphs. The next year he became a regular leader writer, and in 1868 he was appointed special correspondent at Washington.

He served in this capacity during the last year of Johnson's presidency and the first of Grant's. Then he left the World to join the staff of the Brooklyn Eagle as leader writer, a position which he retained for eight years, till on the 15th of August, 1878, he became editor in chief of the Albany Argus, the leading Democratic journal of the New York State capital. Mr. McKelway managed the Argus for six years, during the time when Lucius Robinson, Alonzo B. Cornell and Grover Cleveland were governors of the Empire State. On the 8th of December, 1884, he resumed his old connection with the Brooklyn Eagle, and on the 16th of August last was made editor in chief, a position in which he has already scored a decided success.

He was married nearly twenty years ago to Eleanor Hutchison, daughter of Dr. N. C. Hutchison, of Boonville, Missouri, and sister of Joseph Hutchison, M. D., of Brooklyn. His wife died during his residence in Albany, leaving two sons, who are now boys of fifteen.

Mr. McKelway has received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Madison University, of Hamilton, New York, and was elected in 1883 by the Legislature a member of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York.

In spite of his steady devotion to journalism, he has accomplished a great deal of general literary work in the way of essays and ad-

dressess on educational and other topics. Among his published volumes are "Representative Americans" (1882), "The Modern Movement of Religious Thought" (1884), and "Press and Pulpit" (1887), works whose subjects are indicated by their titles.

In politics Mr. McKelway is a Democrat, and an earnest supporter of pure government and civil service reform. He belongs to the Presbyterian church. His personal appearance is striking, and suggestive of his Scotch ancestry, as he is six feet tall and broad in proportion, with blue eyes, light hair, and large regular features.

RICHARD H. TITMERTON.

THE PARIS THEATER FIRE.

If theatrical folk were as superstitious as sailors, it would be apt to fare hardly with Ambroise Thomas, the composer. It was his opera of "Mignon" that was being performed when the Opera Comique burned down in Paris last month, and now a newspaper correspondent comes forward with the information that "Hamlet," also by Monsieur Thomas, was being sung when fire destroyed the Grand Opera in the same city some years ago.

It has further been noted that it was while singing when fire destroyed the Grand Opera in the same city some years ago.

There ever was a notable feature of the Opera Comique fire. Near the end of "Mignon" there occurs a representation of a burning stage on the stage. Audiences are always more or less nervous during this vivid portrayal of a terrible conflagration, in which flames are seen to shoot forth in lurid sheets, and the walls of the scenic building fall in with a resounding crash.

But strangely enough, it was early in the evening that the Paris disaster occurred, long before preparations were made for the mimic conflagration, the presentation of which was destined to be forestalled by a fatal real one.

AN EVENING IN JUNE.

BY DORA R. GOODALE.

Forest and fallow grow dark together; A bell in the distance sounding slow; Still the light of the rosy weather; Weiling up in the after-glow; Now the starry skies discover Day is over!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows.—Milton.

We are sure to get the better of Fortune if we do but grapple with her.—Seneca.

PROVIDENCE, which sees what it pleases, cannot see what it pleases.—Aubrey de Vere.

A MAN without self-restraint is like a barrel without hoops, and soon tumbles to pieces.

A PROUD man is seldom a grateful man, for he never thinks that he gets as much as he deserves.—Boswell.

He who is too brief in conversation, lest you be not understood; nor too diffuse, lest you be troublesome.

How can we expect that a friend should keep our secret whilst we are convincing him that it is more than we can do ourselves?

The understanding is better employed in bearing the misfortunes that actually befall us than in penetrating into those that possibly may do so.

Begin early the cultivation of sympathy; in this way we lose sight of envious and troubles connected with our own lot, besides being of help to others.

WORDS are but the signs and counters of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the capacity of the person.

What is liberty without wisdom, and without virtue? Such liberty is the greatest of all possible evils, for it is vice and folly and madness, without rule and without restraint.—Burke.

THINGS that, like the poplar, lift upwards all their boughs, give no shade and no shelter, whilst those that, like the willow, the hickory, and the sumac, submit the lowlier droop their boughs.—Bacon's Essays.



ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY.



THE WOLVES DASH BY THE SLEDGE AND LEAP AT THE FLANKS OF THE MADLY GALLOPING HORSES.

A WILD MOONLIGHT RIDE.

BY BERNARD REDLANDS.

"H, cousin Ivan, you are a fortunate boy. I almost envy you your place, but my chance will soon come, I hope."

The speaker, a sturdy Polish lad of nineteen, straightened up proudly, as he thus gave vent to his admiration.

"But you too, my dear Carl, may have a taste of danger. Who knows? These hunts do not always turn out as one likes. But I see the sledge is ready and I must be off."

"Good luck, Ivan," responded Carl as his cousin hastened away.

Ivan was clad in a thick hunting costume, heavily trimmed with furs. He was armed with a short rifle, and a long hunting knife reposed in a sheath at his belt. The lad's eyes gleamed with excitement, and his tread was as elastic as that of the young recruit marching to the unknown peril of his first battle.

There was need of courage, and even of desperation, as you shall see.

A low-hung sledge came forward, drawn by three fiery young horses, white, black and chestnut in color. The sledge broadened out behind; it was covered over, and well packed with robes, for the night was cold as those of Siberia. The driver was equipped with a long, heavy leather whip or knout. It was with difficulty that he restrained his prancing team.

The moon shines bright, dimmed at intervals by a fleecy of flying cloud. There is a thin layer of snow, toughened by the Arctic breath of the night, and sure to give good traces of the game. For this is a night and season dear to the heart of the hardy Polish hunter.

A stalwart man, well wrapped up against the cold, places himself in the bottom of the fur-lined sledge, and another sits in front to drive. "Ivan," says the former, "we shall see now of what stuff thou art made."

The boy eagerly takes his place beside the speaker. It is his father who holds the reins, and this is the first time the boy is permitted to share the glories and the risks of the winter hunt.

Carl, meantime, has placed himself near another sledge, which is evidently awaiting the departure of its companion.

The first sledge glides out into the moonlight. The hunters light their cigarettes, and bury themselves tranquilly in the furs. This is a moment of ease; the excitement and fury will come soon enough.

Out of the town, and swiftly through the thick woods and over the broad steppes the horses fly. They seem to scent the fray, and are with great effort kept to a reasonable pace by the driver.

A strange bundle is attached by a thong to the rear of the sledge. It sways and bounces from side to side. Discordant squeaks and cries break the stillness of the night. The young horses shiver at the sound. It comes from a young pig, who is intended to serve as bait for the ferocious beasts that are the object of the hunt.

Onward slips the sledge over the wild wintry waste. Here and there a dark form seems to skim over the surface and disappear in a thicket. The horses stretch their noses to the wind with uneasy snorts.

As the sledge advances the road becomes full of obstructions, and perilous. Extraordinary skill and prudence are demanded of the stalwart Jehu who handles the reins. His animals are the fiery sons of the steppes, eager for freedom, as they devour space in fight from the peril they scent. Upon the driver's expertness the life or death of the huntsmen depend.

At last the cries of the captive pig reach the ears of a band of wolves huddled in a sheltered ravine. With kindling eyes, elongated bodies, and noses to the wind, they leap into file and speed after the sledge. As they gallop on they fill the night with frantic howls of hunger.

The huntsmen begin to stir as they hear the welcome sounds. They carefully examine their rifles and revolvers. "Keep cool, my lad," says one of them in a low voice to Ivan. "The boy feels his heart throb, partly with courage, and partly with the anxiety that always attends a first encounter."

Now the wolves are in sight, black moving specks upon the snow. The horses whinny and break into a gallop. The ferocious horde drive straight on for the point whence the cries of the pig proceed. They are drawing nearer and nearer; now they are only twenty to thirty yards away!

Two rifles echo, and a pair of howling brutes roll bleeding on the snow.

"Load up quickly, Ivan, and keep cool!"

The boy finds it difficult to hold himself down to the tame business of handling the smoking gun.

At sound of the explosions, the shrieks of the wounded wolves, and the cries of fresh bands now racing on the trail, the horses break into an impetuous run. The driver gives them full rein, and they tear away in curving lines, exposing the sledge to jolts and swirls innumerable. The pursuers are now the pursued, and it is a race for life.

The fusillade of the hunters becomes incessant. Fresh victims drop at every fire, but their fate seems only to sharpen the rage of their companions. And now the driver takes a hand in the struggle, for the swiftest wolves dash by the sledge and leap at the horses' flanks as they rear up in their mad gallop. The heavy knout whistles in the air, and savage yells tell how it bites the assailants as it falls.

The horde swells in number. The experienced huntsmen now recover from the first fervor of the fight and grow calm. They know the need of self-possession. They load methodically—for Ivan is now kneeling to the rear with his own weapon in hand—and resume their fire till the aim is sure. Not a bullet can be wasted now. The track of the flying sledge is sprinkled with the dead and dying, but fresh gangs rush from fresh thickets and follow on the trail.

The rush and the savage tumult are terrible. The sledge suddenly whirls. A savage spring at the throats of the horses has made them swerve, and the huntsmen barely escape an overturn upon the snow. The sledge strikes an obstacle. It shivers, and stops.

"For the love of heaven, keep cool, my boy," hoarsely whispers one of the older men. "We must save the horses at all hazards! Pull them back, Petroff! Pull back hard!"

"I'll do my best," was the short reply, but the driver was really in a desperate situation. His one hand was occupied with the leathern knout, his only weapon, for the brutes were not only springing upon the plunging steeds, but one or two of the more daring had leaped at Petroff himself.

It was only a moment, but it seemed an age, such was the tumult and the delirium of the assault. "Your knife, boy, quick!" shouted one of the huntsmen, as a savage

monster bounded upon the rear of the sledge.

But Ivan's keen eye had marked the approach of this bristly giant. His older companions were occupied with the assailants on the flank, and with the defense of the struggling horses. He aimed direct between the savage's eyes as the animal leaped, and the bullet struck him in the shoulder. With a hideous snarl of rage, he made the bound that alarmed the old hunter.

Ivan's heavy knife was already drawn. The hunter's warning had scarcely escaped his lips when the blade was buried to the hilt in the furious monster's throat. He sank upon the back of the sledge, and there he hung, forming a sort of barrier against his blood-thirsty comrades.

Petroff's frantic pulls and jerks had drawn the animals back by this time. They escaped the obstacle, and leaped furiously forward again. It was a narrow escape, and all breathed once more.

But the worst was not yet. The maddened horses plunged and swerved so abruptly that the sledge ran upon another obstacle. A sharp crash, and it tilted quickly over upon its side. The shaft had snapped. "Cut them loose, Petroff, and quick about it," bawled the chief hunter.

All the party were on the snow, and the wolves had shrunk back in terror at this sudden phenomenon. The speaker passed his knife to Petroff. Three or four furious slashes, and all the young animals bounded away freely over the steppe, snorting with terror as they flew.

"They'll get home; they're good for it," muttered the huntsman. "Keep the knife, Petroff. Come in here quick; we can hold them till the others reach us!"

The four beleaguered hunters crouched under the shelter of the broad sledge. As it lay on its side, it furnished a substantial rampart against the savages in the rear. Only the howling brutes in front remained to keep at bay.

But they were a hundred, and frenzied with the scent of blood.

Already the panting beasts were upon the little group. Each had a revolver, and they used every bullet they could. The fire-arms cracked, the knout whistled and stung, the knives reddened. The feverish breaths of assailant and assailed were intermingled. Petroff had one ugly bite upon his stalwart left arm. Ivan had but nar-

rowly escaped the snap of a pair of savage jaws at his neck.

The hunters were driven to club their rifles; there was no time to reload.

No one of the four could even tell what passed in the next five minutes of that desperate death struggle.

"Crack! crack! crack!" rang out upon the air—the welcome notes of rescue.

"Thank God! At last they've come!" rasped out of four husky throats in chorus. It was the other sledge, whose mission was to follow a mile or so in the rear of the hunters and pick up the game. This was ordinarily an easy task, for the attention of the bloodthirsty wolves was wholly fixed upon the leading sledge. Usually the wounded beasts are left upon the ground, and when the sledge is filled with the dead victims it returns on its tracks. This night, though it was loaded to the full, some lucky inspiration had led the conductors of the sledge to follow on.

During the transient discomfiture of the wolves, it was but the work of a moment for the besieged party to mount upon the blood-stained load, and the puffing horses sped wildly on beneath the whistling blows of the knout.

Another struggle followed, happily a brief one, in which rifle and revolver, knife and knout, claws and teeth, were furiously engaged. Then the assailants began to slacken and fall off, and soon their demonic shadows straggled backwards and were lost in the thicket.

The sledge was approaching the point of departure. While the fiery horses had apparently galloped at their own sweet will, they were shrewdly guided in a circuitous course which brought them back to the village.

All breathed more freely, and the huntsmen sank back, half exhausted, upon their bleeding and glistly cushions of dead wolves. At the limits of the village they were met by a party of huntsmen in sledges, equipped for a search. The fugitive horses had scampered home, torn and bleeding, giving ghastly warning of disaster.

A vigorous cheer greeted the escaped victors.

Not often is such good fortune enjoyed. Too often all the searching party find in an empty sledge, two splintered wooden horse collars, and a few bloody shreds and bones upon the snow. Nevertheless, this desperate wolf hunt is the delight of the Polish heart, and he is a coward indeed who never ventures upon its exquisite hazards.

Ivan and Carl were hugging each other with joy.

"You had your chance, dear Carl, sooner than you expected," cried Ivan.

The gallant youngster's eyes flashed with pride, but he modestly replied: "Yes, it was much more than I hoped."

"And, if I mistake not, your good rifle picked off that savage brute just as his jaws were closing on my gun," cried Ivan, pressing his shoulder with something like a wine.

"Yes, I did have that luck, my friend, but I didn't think you knew it."

"Embrace me, Carl! We shall be always comrades when we earn the huntsman's badge, shall we not?"

"Forever side by side, if God pleases," was Carl's reply; and the courageous young heroes locked arms in token of the compact sealed by the perils of that bloody night.

#### THE CHESTNUT BELL'S SUCCESSOR.

It seems that a long suffering community cannot even cherish the hope that the signifiers of "chestnuts" may, in time, become so fossilized that they will be regarded by the wise Aias, not as devices once devised because stale than another, differing only in name and shape, succeeds it, as witness the following announcement:

Ever since the invention of the "chestnut bell" which reduces a small tortoise to the ready wit that conceived it, the brains of men with inventive proclivities have undergone many severe enguldings to produce a similar trickster that might prove equally taking.

The result is flattering. A Providence man has invented a watch charm to express plastically the significance of the word "Bats." The design is simple—a small locket which opens with a spring. When the cover springs back a small rat pops out to resemble the bats that at an old and dusty tale is being told. The appearance of the sagacious animal always cuts the yarn short.

#### HE HAD NEVER BEEN STUNG.

SCHOOL Teacher—Johnny, what is the second letter of the alphabet?

Johnny—Duh!

SCHOOL Teacher—What flies about the garden?

Johnny—Winn?

SCHOOL Teacher—In the summer.

Johnny—Oh, I know—mother after the hens.

#### A JULY MORNING.

BY MILTON IVES.

A GEMSTONE opals in a sapphire sea,  
Flashings across the orient seas the sun.  
His bright crest topped with rubies all ablaze,  
While o'er the distant hills a purple haze  
Hinges with a royal splendor.

The grasses lift their shields of living green,  
The birds sing fervently their matin song.  
A thousand blossoms burst to perfect flowers;  
It is day's resurrection! Happy hours  
So sure, so rare, so tender.

I quaff in draughts the perfume-freighted air,  
Elxir pure of life that youth restores;  
I watch the bee within the rose's heart  
Steal her life's wine, then change it ever, dart  
And woo the lily slender.

I feel the fresh, free breezes on my face,  
I feel my being thrill with deep delight;  
Like Adam when he stood in Paradise  
And knew he lived, I feel the glad surprise  
Of life and all its splendor.

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(This story commenced in No. 230.)



By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

RESCUED BY A GIRL.

Kit had succeeded in getting a little sleep during the night, but his position was necessarily constrained and he was but very slightly refreshed. Moreover he was so sure to anxiety, for he did not know what fate awaited him on the succeeding day.

At four o'clock in the morning a little light found its way into the cabin through a small window at the rear. The other windows were boarded up.

Kit, appreciating the desirability of escaping before a visit should be made him by his captors, tried hard to work himself out of his bonds, but only succeeded in confining himself more closely than before.

"What will they do to me?" he asked himself anxiously.

He had heard from some of the circus men accounts of the roughness and brutality of the miners, or at least of a certain class of them, for some were quiet and peaceable men, and he knew that there was no extreme of which they were not capable. Life is sweet, and to a boy of sixteen, in good health and strength, it is especially dear. Suppose he should lose his life in this region? Probably none of his friends would ever learn what had become of him, and his uncle and cousin would not scruple to spread rumors to his discredit.

It was certainly tantalizing that he should be tied hand and foot, utterly unable to help himself.

More and more light crept in at the window, and there was every indication of its being a glorious day. But this prospect brought no pleasure to poor Kit.

"Before this time the circus people must have found out my absence," he thought. "Will they take the trouble to look for me?"

Kit was on good terms with his comrades, indeed he was popular with them all, as a bright boy is apt to be, and he did not like to think that no effort would be made to find him. Still, as he could not help owing to himself, they had no clew that was likely to lead to success. He had given no one notice where he was going, and his capture was not likely to have been observed by any one.

While he was indulging in these sorrowful reflections, his attention was drawn to a noise at the window.

"They can't have come back so early," he said to himself in surprise.

He twisted himself round to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the early visitor, and to his delight, he caught a partial view of Janet's dress. Suppose she should prove his deliverer, he said to himself with beating heart.

The visitor, whoever it was, was evidently trying to peer into the cabin. Kit was so placed in a corner, as to be almost out of sight in the dark interior. He felt that he must attract attention.

"Hallo, there!" he cried in a loud, clear voice.

"He's there!" thought Janet, "just as father said."

"Let me out!" cried Kit, eagerly.

"Draw out the bolt, and open the door!"

"Will she do it, or will she be frightened away?" he asked himself, with his heart filled with suspense.

He did not have long to wait for an answer, and a favorable one. He heard the bolt withdrawn, then the door was opened, and a girl's face appeared. Janet Hayden was small, not especially pretty, and rather old-fashioned in looks, but to poor Kit she seemed like an angel.

"Are you the circus boy?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes; I am tied here. Have you got a knife to cut the rope?"

"Yes; I brought one with me."

"Then you knew I was here?" Kit asked in surprise.

"Yes; it was my father that locked you up here—my father and another man."

"Will you cut the rope and let me go, then?"

"Yes; that is what I came for."

The little maid went up to the captive, bent over, and with considerable sawing, for the knife she had with her was a dull case-knife, succeeded at last in severing the rope, and Kit was able to rise and stand upon his feet. It was a perfect luxury to feel himself once more free and unshackled.

"I'm very much obliged to you," he said, gratefully. "You can't imagine how stiff I am."

"I should think you would be," said Janet, sympathetically.

"What did your father tell you that I was here?"

"After he got home last night. It was after he had eaten his supper."

"And where is he now?"

"At home and asleep."

"Does he get up early?" asked Kit, in some anxiety.

"Yes, when he is at work; but the mine is shut down for a few days, so he lies abed to-day."

"Did he say anything about coming here to-day?"

"Yes, he meant to come—he and the other man—and I was afraid he would do you some harm."

"He would have done so, I am sure," said Kit, shuddering. "I don't see how such a rough father should have so good a daughter."

Janet blushed, and seemed pleased with the compliment.

"I think I take after my mother," she said.

"Is your mother alive?"

"No, she died two years ago," answered Janet, sorrowfully. "She was Scotch, and that is why I am called by a Scotch name."

"What is your name, if you don't mind telling me?"

"Janet. I am Janet Hayden."

"I shall always remember it, for you have done me a great service."

"What is your name?" asked Janet, feeling less timid than at first.

"Kit Watson."

"That is a funny name—Kit, I mean."

"My right name is Christopher, but my friends call me Kit. Can you direct me to the next town—Groveton, where the circus shows to-day?"

"Yes, if you will come outside, I will point out which way it is."

Kit emerged from the cabin, nothing loath, and Janet pointed in a westerly direction.

"You go over the hill," she said, "and you will come to a road. You will know it, for near the stile there is a red house."

"Thank you. How far is it to the next town?"

"Eight miles, I believe."

"That would be a long walk. Do you think I could get any one to take me over in a wagon?"

"I think the man who lives in the red house, Mr. Stover, would take you over, if you pay him. He is fond of money."

"I shall be glad to pay him, and—"

Kit paused, for he felt rather delicate about offering any money to Janet, though he knew she had rendered him most valuable service.

"Will you let me offer you a little present?"

He took a five dollar bill from his pocket, and offered it to Janet.

"What is that?" she asked.

"It is a five dollar bill."

"You must be rich," she said, for this seemed to her a great deal of money.

"No, no! but will you take it?"

"No," answered Janet, shrinking back.

"I don't need here for money."

"I am sure you didn't, but I should like to give you something."

"No, I would rather not. Besides, if father knew I had money, he would suspect something, and beat me."

"Like a brute that he is," thought Kit.

"I must go away at once, for he may wake up and miss me. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" said Kit.

He had no time to say more, for the child was already hurrying down the hill.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

JANET MEETS THE GIANT.

JANET took her way homewards, hurriedly, with quick feet, lest her father should wake up before she arrived. But she had taken so early a start that she found him still sleeping soundly. She instantly began to make preparations for breakfast.

By the time it was on the table her father woke up and yawned. With his waking there came the thought of his young circus captive, and the vengeance he intended to wreak upon him. This pleasant idea roused him completely, and he dressed himself briskly.

"Is breakfast ready, Janet?" he asked.

"Yes, father."

"What time is it?"

"Seven o'clock," answered Janet, looking at the clock over the mantel.

"I am expecting Bob Stubbs here this morning. Have you got enough for him?"

"I think so, father," replied Janet. She did not speak with alacrity, for Mr. Stubbs was no favorite of hers.

At that moment a step was heard at the door, and the gentleman spoken of made his appearance.

"You're late, Dick," said Stubbs, rubbing his bristling chin.

"Yes, I got tired out yesterday. When the mine shut down I like to take my time. Have you had breakfast, Bob?"

"Yes," answered Stubbs hesitating, as he glanced at the neatly spread table, with the eggs and bacon on the center dish.

"Never mind! you can eat some more. Put a chair for him, Janet."

"This lass of yours is growing pretty," said Stubbs, with a glance of admiration.

"There's a compliment for you, lass!" said her father.

Janet, however, did not appear to appreciate it, and continued to look grave.

"Wonder how the kid's getting along," said Bob Stubbs, with his mouth full of bacon.

"I reckon he's hungry," said Dick Hayden, in a voice of satisfaction.

"Have you left him without anything to eat, father?" asked Janet.

"Yes."

"The poor fellow will be starved."

"And serves him right, too. There aint no call to pity him."

"Why won't you take him some breakfast if you're going round there? I will put some up in a tin pal."

"What do you say to that, Bob, hey?" said Hayden.

"It's natural for the gal to pity him. He's a nice looking chap enough."

"He's nicer looking than he will be when we get through with him, eh, Bob?"

"That's so, Dick."

As Janet listened to this conversation, her heart revolted against the brutality conveyed by the words. She felt dissatisfied to think that her own father was such a man.

She could not well feel an affection for him, remembering how ill he had treated her gentle mother, who, as she knew, would be living to-day had she been wedded to a better husband.

The two men did not linger long at the table. They were accustomed to swallow their food rapidly, in order to get to the scene of their daily labor on time. So in twenty minutes they rose from the table, and putting on their hats left the cabin.

As they departed Janet breathed a sigh of relief, and congratulated herself that she had released the poor boy, and so saved him from the brutal treatment he was likely to receive at the hands of the two miners.

"He will have had plenty of time to get away before father and Mr. Stubbs reach the cabin," she said to herself.

Janet washed the dishes, and then, having arranged at the store, put on her hat and left the cabin. She did not trouble herself to lock the door, for there was nothing in the place likely to excite the cupidity of any dishonest person.

Janet had accomplished a part of the distance when she saw approaching her a figure that at once attracted her earnest attention.

The reason will readily be understood when I say that it was Achilles Henderson, the circus giant.

Mr. Henderson had been exploring the neighborhood in the hope of finding some trace of Kit, but thus far had been unsuccessful. He was very much perplexed, having absolutely no clew, and was thinking of starting for Groveton, where the circus was billed to appear that evening. He

was walking in an undecided way, and never thought of noticing the little girl who stood staring at him. Indeed he was so stoned with staring at that he took it as a matter of course, and did not think of giving the curious gazer a second glance.

But his attention was called by a low half-frightened voice.

"Mister Giant!"

"Well, little girl, what do you want?" he asked.

"Are you looking for anybody?" asked Janet, first glancing carefully around, to make sure that she was not likely to be overheard.

"Yes," answered Achilles quickly. "I am looking for a boy."

"A circus boy?"

"Yes; do you know where he is?"

"Come nearer! I don't want anybody to hear what I say."

"All right, my little maid! Is the boy alive and well?"

"Yes, he was two hours ago."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know where he is now."

Achilles looked disappointed.

"Tell me all you know," he said.

"My father and Bob Stubbs took him last night, and shut him up in a lonely cabin on the hill."

"Where is the cabin?"

"He isn't there now. I let him out."

"Good for you, little girl! You're a trump. You're a good deal better than your father. Do you know where the boy went?"

"I will tell you where I told him to go."

"Where is your father now? Is he at work?"

"No; the mines is shut down."

"How did you know that the boy was in the cabin?"

"I heard father tell where he was last night, when he was at supper. So I got up very early, and stole out to release him, for I was afraid father might kill him. He said he meant to punish me for what you did. He said he would rather get at you."

"He's quite welcome to, if he wants to," answered Achilles grimly. "On the whole I wouldn't advise him to tackle me."

"He thought you had gone on with the circus."

"I should have done so if I hadn't missed Kit."

"Yes; he told me his name was Kit."

"Was he tied?"

"Yes; I took a knife with me and cut the ropes."

"The poor fellow must have passed an uncomfortable night."

"Yes, he said so."

"He must have been very glad to see you."

"Yes, he was. I am only afraid of one thing."

"What is that?"

"Father and the other man left the house more than half an hour ago, to go to the cabin. When they find him gone, they will be very angry."

"Like as not."

"And I think they will try to find him."

"Very true; I wish I knew where he was. They wouldn't dare to attack him in my company."

"No, Mr. Giant. You must be very strong."

"I think I would be a match for them."

Achilles questioned Janet minutely as to the advice she had given Kit.

"I might follow the boy," he said to himself, "at a guess, but there's only half a chance of my hitting right. Where is the cabin?" he asked suddenly.

Janet pointed in the proper direction.

"I know what I'll do," he said, with sudden decision. "I'll follow your father and the other man. All the danger to Kit is likely to come from them. If I can get track of them, I can make sure that no mischief will be done."

Achilles Henderson then stepped over a fence which an ordinary man would have had to climb, and made his way to the deserted cabin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DICK HAYDEN FINDS THE BIRD FLOWN.

ALF an hour previously Dick Hayden and his congenial friend, Bob Stubbs, reached the cabin. They had had much pleasant and jocular conversation on the way touching their young captive, and how he had probably passed the night. They had personal injuries to avenge, and though Achilles was responsible for them, they proposed to wreak vengeance on the boy whom a luckless fate had thrown into their hands.

"My shoulders are sore yet," said Hay-

den, "over the fall that big brute gave me."

"And my head hasn't got over the crack I got when he laid me flat with his club," responded Stubbs.

"Well, we've got a friend of his, that's one comfort. I'm going to take it out of the kid's hide."

"You don't mean to do for him?" said Stubbs, cautiously.

"I don't mean to kill him, if that's what you mean, Stubbs. I have too much regard for my neck, but I mean to give him a sound flogging. You ain't afraid, be you?"

"Catch Bob Stubbs afraid of anything, except the hangman's rope! I don't mind telling you that I have reason to be afraid of that."

"Why? You're never been hung, have you?"

"No; but one of mine was strung up in England."

"What for?"

"He got into trouble with a fellow-workman and stabbed him."

"He was in bad luck. Why didn't he cut it, and come to America?"

"He tried it, but the beaks caught him in the steerage of an ocean steamer, and then it was all up with him."

"Well, I hope his nephew will come to a better end. But here we are at the cabin."

There was nothing in the outward appearance of the hut to indicate that the bird was flown. Janet bolted the door after releasing the prisoner, and no one could judge that it had been drawn.

"All is safe," said Bob Stubbs.

"Course it is! Why shouldn't it be?"

"No reason; but some of his friends might have found him."

"All his friends are at Groveton. Then they had no idea what we did with him."

"They must have found out he was gone."

"They couldn't find him, so that would do him no good."

Stubbs was about to draw the bolt, but Hayden stayed his hand.

"Wait a minute, Bob," he said; "I'll look in at the window, and see what he is doing."

Dick Hayden went round to the rear of the building, and flattened his face against the pane in the effort to see the corner where the captive had been tied. He could not see very distinctly, but what he did see startled him.

"He could perceive no one. Course the boy has loosened the rope?" he asked himself hurriedly.

Even in that case, as the window was nailed so that it could not be opened, and the door was bolted, there seemed no way of escape. His eyes eagerly explored other portions of the cabin, but he could not catch a glimpse of Kit.

He rushed round to the front, and in an excitement which Stubbs could not understand, pulled the bolt back with a jerk.

"Wait a minute, Bob," he said; "I'll look in at the window, and see what he is doing."

Dick Hayden did not answer, but threw open the door.

He strode in, and peered here and there. "The boy's gone!" he said, hoarsely, to Stubbs, who followed close behind.

"Gone!" echoed Stubbs, in blank amazement. "How did he get away?"

"That's the question," responded Dick, growing angry.

"Well, I'm — flabbergasted! There's witchery here!"

Dick Hayden bent over and picked up the pieces of rope which lay in the corner where the prisoner had been placed. He examined the ends, and said briefly, turning to Stubbs: "They've been cut!"

"So they have, Dick. Who in nat'r could have done it? Perhaps the kid did it himself. Might have had a knife in his pocket."

"Don't be a fool, Stubbs! Supposin' he'd done it, how was he 'goin' to get out?"

"That's what beats me!"

"Somebody must have let him out."

"Do you think it's his circus friends?"

"No; they're all in Groveton. Somebody must have been passin' and heard the boy holler, and let him out."

"What are you 'goin' to do about it, Dick?"

"Goin' to sit down and take a smoke. It may give me an idea."

It will be noticed that of these two, Dick Hayden, as the bolder and stronger spirit, was the leader, and Bob Stubbs the subservient follower. Stubbs was no less brutal, when occasion served, but he was not self-reliant. He wanted some one to lead the way, and he was willing to follow.

The two men sat down beside the cabin, and lit their pipes. Nothing was said for a time. Dick seemed disinclined to conver-

sation, and Stubbs was always disposed to be silent when enjoying a smoke.

The smoke continued for twenty minutes or more.

Finally Dick withdrew the pipe from his mouth.

"Well, Dick, what do you think about it? What shall we do?" inquired his friend.

"I'm 'goin' to foller the kid."

"But you don't know where he's gone," replied Stubbs.

"No; but I may strike his track. Are you with me?"

"Course I am."

"Then listen to me. The one that let the boy out knows the neighborhood. The boy would naturally want to go to Groveton, and likely he would be directed to Stover. If the kid had any money, he would ask Stover to drive him over, or else he would foot it."

"You're right, Dick. That's what he'd do," said Stubbs, admiring his companion's penetration.

"And we must go over to Stover's."

"All right! I'm with you."

"I'm a poor man, Bob, but I'd give a ten dollar bill to have that kid in my power once more."

"I don't doubt it, Dick."

"I'd hate to have it said that a kid like that got the advantage of Dick Hayden."

"So would I, Bob."

"If I get hold of him I'll give him a lesson that he won't soon forget."

"And so will his right toe."

The two men rose, and took their way across the fields, following exactly the same path which our hero had traveled earlier in the morning.

They walked with brisk steps, having a definite purpose in view. Dick Hayden was intensely anxious to recapture Kit, whose escape had balked him of his vengeance, and mortified him exceedingly. As he expressed it, he could not bear to think that a boy of sixteen had got the advantage of him.

At length they reached the red house already referred to, and saw Ham Stover, the owner, in the yard.

"You're up betimes, Dick," said Stover. "What's in the wind?"

"Have you seen anything of a boy of sixteen passin' this way?" asked Dick, anxiously.

"A likely lookin' lad, well dressed?"

"Yes."

"He was round here an hour ago, and took breakfast in the house."

This was true; the slight refreshment Janet had brought him having proved insufficient to completely satiate the cravings of Kit's appetite after his night in the cabin.

"Where is he now?"

"What do you want of him?"

"Never you mind—I'll tell you bimely. Where is he?"

"He wanted me to harness up and take him to Groveton."

Dick Hayden and Stubbs exchanged glances. It was evident that they had struck Kit's trail.

"Well, did you do it?"

"No; I couldn't spare the time. Besides I wanted the horse to go to the village. I'm going to harness up now."

"What did the boy do?"

"He walked."

"How long since did he start?"

"About half an hour or thereabouts."

Dick Hayden made a rapid calculation.

"We may overtake him if we walk fast," he said.

Without stopping to enlighten the curiosity of Mr. Stover the two men set out rapidly on the Groveton road.

(To be continued.)

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

A FEAST OF FIREWORKS.

THE boys will be glad to learn that preparations have been made to celebrate the "glorious Fourth" this year on a scale of old-fashioned magnitude. The authorities have waked up to the fact that the nation's birthday has been a trifle neglected of late, due, no doubt, to a reaction from the memorably magnificent observances of the centennial anniversaries.

Already the "selfs-boom-at!" of the anticipatory cracker is heard in the land, while the regions where the fireworks firms most abound are all ablaze with bunting and trade-mark sky-rockets as long as a circus giant.

A dealer in these wares, as dear to the boys as the prizes at Christmas time, to-day a reporter of the gunpowdry delights that have been prepared for this season's display. In the first place, it seems that fireworks were never so safe to handle as they are now; they were never so cheap, they were never so gorgeously beautiful, nor so exorciatingly

noisy. Every manufacturer of fireworks is a chemist, and keeps a chemist in his employ, and the solid and liquid explosives in combinations of explosives, which will make noise without limit and colored flames in the greatest varieties.

There is no device in this line that has ever reached the stage of popularity attained by the Roman candle. The long paper tube, with its volute of sparks never ceasing, and its round balls of bright light leaping up to the tops of the houses, is sold almost by the thousand millions.

One would think it hard to improve the old favorite colored fireballs, but this year a ruby ball has been brought out that will astonish the spectators of all sorts of displays.

Naturally the chemist who discovered the ruby-colored fires of Roman candles adapted the same material to rockets, and the latest rocket will burst at a great altitude and throw out a huge cloud of rubies, to be followed in a moment by a cloud of sapphire meteors, and a little later by a third burst of emeralds. The meteors shoot away in true meteoric lines, and burn for an astonishing length of time.

Another new rocket displays a golden burst of streamers which fly away until finally the head of each burst in turn, showing a dazzling cloud of variegated jewels. Nothing so beautiful has ever been wrought in this line as these, but it is doubtful whether they will be any more popular than a new sort of rocket that, on bursting, displays all sorts of circles of aerial contortions. The curious way in which these little athletes of flame will dance about in the skies will excite the astonishment of every one.

Another new rocket is designed exclusively for noise, and is by some called the dynamite rocket. It is short, and is made in the shape like a feathered arrow, which keeps it in its course, but is still so light that an unusual charge of explosive may be placed in the head.

One sort of powder is placed in the body of the rocket, to send it up into the air. This rocket serves as a fuse, and is used to lift the rocket, and when the fire reaches the head or upper point of the rocket, it ignites a different sort of powder, which instantly explodes, making the noise.

The noise would be called great if made on the ground, but when the roar of the explosion sounds from a height of 300 or 400 feet the effect is immense. In fact the feature of the trade this year is the rocket in its new varieties.

However, the novelties are not confined to rockets. The chemists have been trying to imitate nature by bringing out a tiger fly. The tiger fly is a very large fly, with a string attached to the middle of the top, and it has a hole in one side. The small boy holds the end of the string at arm's length, and blows his burning punk to the hole, and instantly the prosaic pill box goes a-whirling and throwing out colored sparks into a very good semblance of the tiger fly.

Still another novelty is in the shape of a common red wooden penholder, with three-fourths of an inch of wood in one end, and a hole in the other, and a shower of golden and silver leaves float away like colored snow. Like all of the new fireworks, it is safe to handle.

While not seen in this city for the first time this year, the Chinese rattan bombs will be a novelty throughout the country.

The fire-cracker exists solely that it may make a great noise as it goes out of existence. This new bomb is a make-up of firecracker powder and paper to a rectangular package of about the model of half a pound of soda crackers.

It is then wound around in every direction with many layers of split rattan until the package is enlarged to twice its original size, and the fire is confined almost as if in a cut-rattan bombshell.

Place it on the lawn and fire the fuse. The explosion will make your neighbors think you have purchased a fuse as well as a fashionable common firecracker is not a cure advertisement. Besides, the little package six feet in diameter will have swelled after bursting into half a bushel of rattan shavings, and will go into the children and the astonishment of those who see it for the first time.

SHAKESPEARE AT A DISJOINT.

A DISPLAY of patriotism and public spirit in looking after the interests of the welfare of one's native town is certainly a commendable, but may sometimes be excessive, feature of the case of a well-known colored too far, as in Colorado, of whom the *Moines Mail* tells the following anecdote:

He is a millionaire and an owner, and has recently built a new opera house at Denver. In the process of construction, an artist was employed to paint the building, and the senator was asked the building, and asked who it was he was painting.

"Shake spears," was the reply.

"Who is he?"

"The greatest of amatist, poet, etc., that ever lived."

"Ever do anything for Leadville?"

"I think not," replied the artist sadly.

"Then paint him right out and put me in."

WATCHES IN THE CARS.

A MORNING paper of this city notes a peculiar collection of street railway cars, in the words of a gentleman who has ridden on them.

"The great drawback to such roads," he says, "is that you cannot ride even a block on one of the cars without having your watch completely demagnetized and ruined so far as time keeping is concerned. All the electric roads have the same difficulty, and the inventors have, although they have been trying for years, have not succeeded in discovering a remedy. It is true that the use of electric street railway will be a great improvement."

Whether the objection is really a valid one or not, we cannot say. We have ridden on one of these electric roads without observing any such result.

## A YARN IN THE DOG WATCH.

BY HENRY F. HARRISON.

"D O I believe there ever was such a ship as the Flyin' Dutchman? You might as well ask if I believe there was a clipper packet called the Dreadnaught, which I was third mate and bo'sun of when she made the quickest western ocean passage of any sailing vessel on record. A very different thing, because I've seen and been aboard the Dreadnaught? How do you know I haven't been aboard the Flyin' Dutchman?"

"Now people ashore talk about 'sailor's yarns' as though they was a pack of lies. Fact is, a sailor's no need to lie or even embellish the truth. All he's got to do is jest stick to plain fact, as I intend doin' in what I'm goin' to tell."

"I was along of Cap'n John Drew aboard the Sea Witch from Boston to Frisco in ballast. The old man was callin' it we got a slant of wind, that we'd work through Magellan Straits and save a thousand miles or so gettin' round Cape Horn, as plenty of steamers and light draught vessels does now-a-days. But just before we sighted the headlands to the mouth of the straits it came on to blow from the west'ard—a reg'lar gale."

"Well, we got the ship snugged down to two lower tops'ls and forestaysail with a rag of t'rysal set to the spanker boom for to stiddy her—the old man callated on a change of wind by the look of the barometer, which might shove us through the straits after all."

"Curis enough, as I was swinging down over the top after making fast a bunt gasket aloft, a gull, which were what they call a 'cape pigeon,' whiter'n driving sea foam—came swooping down so nigh that I reached out and grabbed its legs. Curiser still, it never squawked or flapped its wings, but snugged down in the holler of my arm like it were all beat out, which I reckoned was the reason it were so tame."

"I went for'ard, carryin' the gull, and whilst I was a showing it to some of the fellers, the bird all to once put its bill up to my lips like I've seen the pigeons do when the girl was feeding of 'em in St. Mark's Square in Venice. Then it dropped out of my arms, and before you could say 'knife' was off 'n' out of sight in the murk and mist, which was thicker'n ever, though the wind had begun to haul round to the east'ard, and was fair for the straits, if it would only have cleared up a bit for a hobsvation."

"I ruther dat seagull kiss you nor me," said Peter, one of my shipmates, which was a Rooshun Finn. 'Somethings happens to you fore dis time to-morrow for sure."

"Then, that sot the others talking, as a such things always does a ship-board, and it got me kind of nervous and worked up."

"And maybe it were partly being nervous like that made me lose my foothold a-loosing the inner jib jest at dark—and over I went!"

"Jim Davis saw me go, and sung out. As the ship was wore round, the old man flung over to the quarter grating, which drifted to leeward so I ketching it, as I came atop the water. But it was pitch dark in ten minnits, and I knowed there wasn't a chance in a thousand of being picked up by the boat."

"For all I kep' thinking a bout that there blamed seagull and the bad luck it brought, I made up my mind whilist there was life there was hope, and I'd hang on till I was so numb I couldn't. So I kep' hold, and hour after hour went on, when it seemed as though I heard the breakers boom'in' in the distance, and all to once something soft and pulpy struck me. It give me a dreadful scare, till reachin' out I see it were one of them kelp bigger'n a tops'l yard, which is mostly found to'ard the Cape, so I knowed I wasn't no great ways off'n the mouth of Magellan Straits."

"Sudden, a somethin' riz out of the murk right ahead, which I knowed were a vessel's bow. As it sogged down into the sea close to my head I grabbed for the bob-

stay, which parted like pack thread. But before the vessel riz, I ketched a rusty iron ring it were fast to, and managed to h'ist myself into the head, and crawling in over the bows dropped on deck in a kind of swound."

"When I come to, I got up all shivering and cold, but never a sign of a livin' soul could I see. The more I looked and listened the more I see she were abandoned."

"There wasn't no deck house, but the hatch, for'ard of a ramshackle windlass, led down to the fore peak where I s'pose the fo'c'sle was. I hollered down it three or four times, but the echo were so hollow it give me the creeps. Then I felt my way aft, and looked around out the ship a bit."

ev'ry which way, the iron work rusted to half its bigness, and the wood work as rotten as tinder."

"Well, I've seen old Dutch galliots in Holland, and once was aboard an Amsterdam ship they said had been in service over a hundred and fifty years, so there wasn't anything so very strange about the matter to my way of thinking. Only why the crew of the old craft should have left her and she not showing signs of a leak, shakney as she looked, I couldn't understand."

"But I kicked the padlock and staple off'n the companion slide, and crep' down, hoping to find some canned provisions or something, for I was mighty peckish."

"So I hauled the yards round, took a spoke of the old wheel out of its becket, and headed her for the nor'ard, steering by a sign of a compass. The wheel was the only thing about the old tub that looked less'n a couple of hundred years old, and I reck'n that were about the first one ever rigged—a-workin' with rusty iron chains in blocks as big as pumpkins. Luckily the wind were strong and toler'ble stiddy, and the old craft wobbled along so by noon I could make out the headlands of the hardest, coldest, bleakest shore ever I see, not exceptin' Navy Zembyl."

"The straits were full of drift ice and big kelp, and sometimes it were that thick the old craft would hardly wobble through. Wuss yet, late in the afternoon it thick'nd up so I couldn't see nothing but fog and the drift ice along side, which grow'd closter packed together till the old tub came to a standstill—no great ways from the coast, as I knowed by the roar of surf and belling of sea-lions."

"Well, I was nigh faintin' with hunger, and I knowed there wasn't but the one thing to do, which though it were desprit was better'n starvin' or freezin'."

"Over the side I went and started for shore, but seemed like I'd fell' death in one shape for to meet it in another. The ice were shelly and sometimes there was gaps a yard wide to jump over, to say nothing of its grinding and pitching with the heave of the swell. It was more like the feeling of a earthquake shock I had once to Callao, only wuss by reason of the drift ice heaving and rolling continual."

"And at last, after nigh an hour of sech a awful experience as ever I had—which is saying consider'ble—I come out all to once on a big ice-floe with a wide strip of black water 'twixt me and breaker's roll'n twenty foot high on the black rocks, the tops of which glistened with snow and ice. Then, I just flopped down, said a bit of prayer, and, being faint and numb with cold went off in another swound."

"A gun bangin' and something like a hot iron searing across my arm roused me pretty lively."

"My God, boys, it's a man!" I heard some one sing out, and then a boat full of fellers pulled alongside the floe, and I see they was American sealers, which had fired at me with a sea lion! Their schooner, the Mariner, from New London, was to an anchor in a bit of a bay not far off. They took me aboard, give me dry clothes and plenty of hot drink, so in a little while

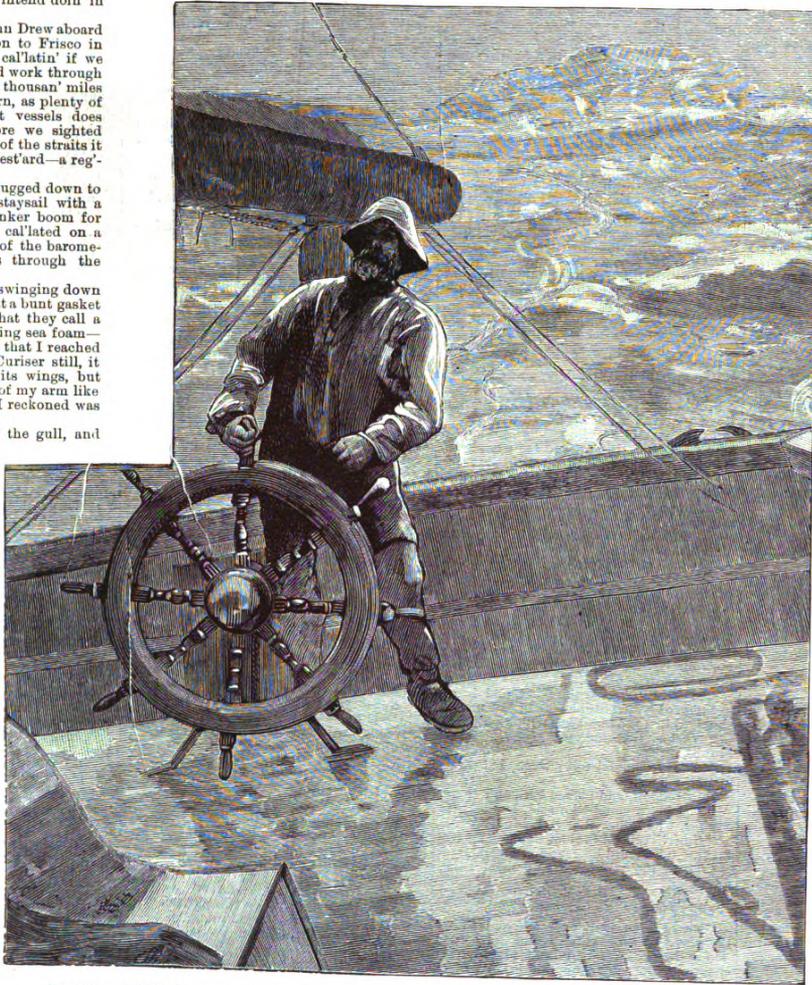
I told my story.

"What did they say? Well they took me on deck and asked would I please show 'em the old-fashioned vessel—for the fog had cleared up, and we could see nigh across the straits. Not a bit or a sign of a sail was there to be seen!"

"They stuck to it I was crazy or lyin' till I begun to think so myself. Only one old chap which were from som'eres by The Hague—he thought different."

"It was my pioner," he says quite solemn like, "that Cap'n Vanderdecken got tired of cruisin' an' abandoned his vessel—and Tom here was fallin' in with the Flyin' Dutchman—what you tinks, eh, Tom?"

"What do I think? That's more'n I'm willin' to say to you fellers. When you're as old a sailor as I be, you'll say same's Solomon or some of them old chaps did—'There's more things in hev'n and earth than thy philosophy dreams of, H'ratio!'—Aye, aye, sir! Strike eight bells for ard there!"



"I TOOK A SPOKE OF THE WHEEL OUT OF ITS BECKET AND HEADED THE STRANGE CRAFT TO THE NOR'ARD."

"I could see she were bark rigged under two single tops'ls a yavin' this way and that, but I couldn't make out nothin' more. The wind, as I reckoned by the feel, had worked to the east and the south, making the air a bit warmer; so I wrung out what clothes I had on as best I could, and stuck it out till to'ards morning, by walking and thrashing my arms. Then, about tuckered out, I flopped down on deck and fell asleep."

"When I woke the sun were two hours for them latitudes, was shining out clear and bright. And such another curis looking vessel as it showed were never seen outside of a picter book."

"I judged she were nigh two hundred ton, with a high poop, stump masts, rigged with three yards to two of 'em, and kind of a spencer to the mizzen. The two single tops'ls was sot, but they was that full of holes, where they wasn't patches, it were a wonder they held to the bolt ropes. The runnin' rigging was chafed and stranded

"Phew! the little cabin smelt like a tomb. There was an old cutlass hanging agin the wall, and some clothes with gold lace laying on a locker, that fell apart when I lifted 'em up. The beddin' in the bunks was rotten with mold. There wasn't no papers or charts to show anything about the vessel, where she was from, or where she was bound; and, what was wuss, not the first sign of pervision could I see."

"Whatever I was to do, boat me. I come on deck and begun to take bearings. There was land considerable ways off on either hand, with snow capped mountains to starboard. Of course I was tolerable sure I was som'eres inside the mouth of Magellan Straits. If there'd been a sign of grub aboard I'd a squared away and took my way west side, where there's a town with civilized folks. As it was all I could do was to pint the old scow to'ards the highest land to the north and west, though there's only cannibal Patagonians all along shore."

[This story commenced in No. 236.]

**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 IX.

A BOLD STROKE.

"REVOLVER, eh," muttered Jack, exchanging glances with Peltiah as the two proceeded to effect the necessary change of clothing. "And two bloodhoun's waitin' for us ashore." Golefully echoed Peltiah, who looked decidedly crestfallen at this very unexpected bit of news.

"We shall see what we shall see," responded Jack, shrugging his shoulders; but it must be confessed the way seemed to be hedged about by difficulties, and he began to realize how much easier it was to plan than to execute.

"Come aft here to the boat," growled Lascar Joe, putting his head in at the forecabin door. Without replying the two followed the boatsteerer to the cranes.

The boat was lowered, and, having slid down into it by the falls, Jack and Peltiah took the two midship oars, while Lascar Joe handled the steering one.

"Now you two chap mind how you do," said the latter, tapping the butt of Captain Blowhard's heavy self-cocking revolver, which partly protruded from his pocket; "I like nothings better dan put one ball troo you—so look out."

This was a pleasant beginning, truly, and the malignant glance which accompanied the remark showed how very much in earnest the speaker was.

There was no use bandying words with him, however, and in silence the two pulled to the firm hard beach of white coral, which was only a few cables' lengths distant from the Nancy.

The boat was pulled up high and dry. Hannibal Augustine Bellingham, who was swinging in a grass hammock in front of his cocoa-hatched dwelling under the palms, languidly beckoned to the trio.

Near him on the ground were some wicker panniers of sweet potatoes, one of fruit, a pile of enormous yams and another of pumpkins.

"S'pose you two boys tote dem inter de boat," he said with a languid gesture of his hand.

"Here, Don-Cesar-come look at dese young gemmens," he continued, suddenly erecting himself in the hammock.

At the summons two gaunt bloodhounds of enormous size emerged from behind the hut and approached the spot.

The bloodhounds sniffed inquisitively at the three newcomers in turn, to the evident dismay of Lascar Joe, who drew back with an exclamation of alarm.

"No you 'fraid," laughed their sable owner, as he beckoned the dogs to his side; "dem one—den only when I set dem after some one—den dey neber stop till dey run him down, mebbe chaw him up."

"Darned if I know which is the wust brutes—the four legged or the two," coolly remarked Peltiah, with a glance which included Lascar Joe and Mr. Bellingham equally.

"Nebber you min'—you nuffin' but comon sailor—I Hannibal Augustine Bellingham, de gub'nor ob dis settlement," was the lofty reply.

"An interesting looking governor," sneered Jack, whose dignity had suffered quite a shock at having to do anything at the dictation of this colored antecator.

And certainly the Honorable Mr. Bellingham's exterior was anything but prepossessing. His big splay feet were guiltless of shoes or stockings, his calico shirt and dingy duck trousers full of holes, while the

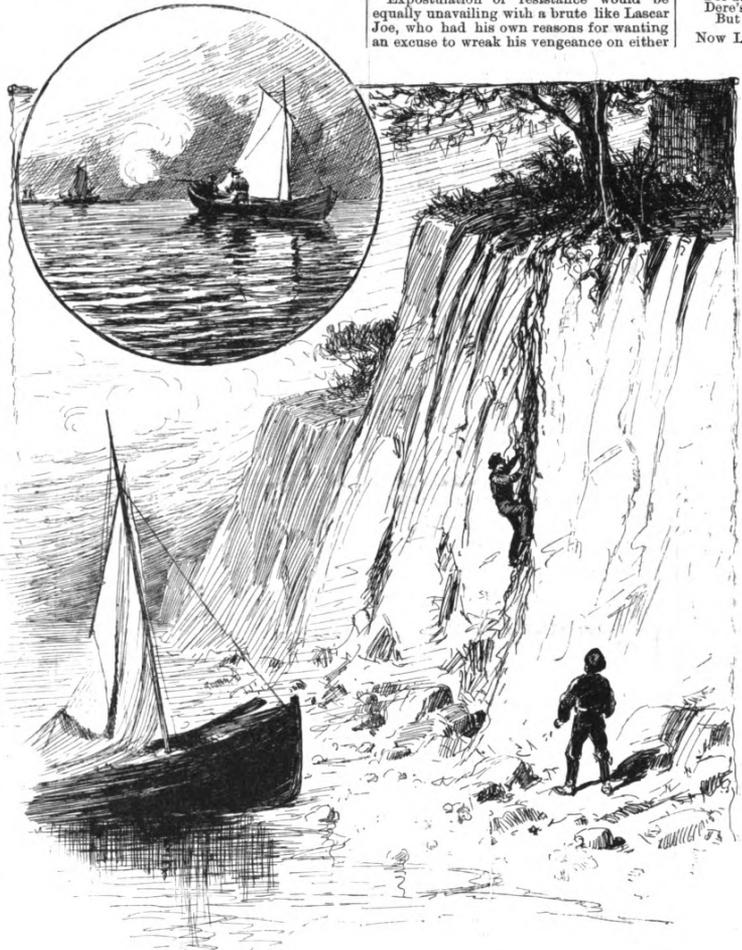
dilapidated hat on the ground under the hammock was a battered "plug," given him by the captain of some trading vessel.

But in this favored climate, where a man with a hundred dollars is looked upon as a millionaire, Mr. Bellingham was a person of considerable consequence, both in his own estimation and in the eyes of this primitive community, who for the most part were turtle catchers, sponge draggers, and fishermen.

So dismissing Jack and Peltiah to the work of loading the boat, the dignitary elevated himself in the hammock and called loudly:

"Hola—Pepe!"

A very small colored boy, who wore an abbreviated tow shirt and nothing else, appeared in the door of the hut.



JACK ESBON SLOWLY CLIMBED UPWARDS, CLINGING TO THE ROOTS THAT TRAILED OVER THE CLIFF.

"Aguardiente, Pepe!" said Mr. Bellingham, with the air of an English lord commanding his butler to serve his choicest vintages.

In obedience to the command, Pepe brought out a black bottle of the fiery rum distilled from the sugar cane, together with a yellow mug.

Lascar Joe promptly helped himself, and, lighting a cheroot given him by the governor, stood watching Jack and Peltiah as they carried the panniers of vegetables down to the boat. Meanwhile the two bloodhounds, sitting on their haunches close by, eyed them in very much the same manner as Lascar Joe was doing.

"There ain't no shadder of a chance to get off, as I can see," muttered Peltiah disconsolately, as he tossed the last pumpkin into the boat and wiped the perspiration from his face with his shirtsleeve.

"If that beast would only manage to get drunk, so that we could get hold of his re-

volver," returned Jack in an undertone; but though Lascar Joe indulged freely in the *aguardiente*, his potatoes seemed only to have the effect of making him more savage and morose without in any way affecting his legs.

"Now then," he growled; and leaving Mr. Bellingham to finish the few remaining drops of liquor, he stalked down to the boat. "Step de mast and loose dat sail—be quick 'bout it too, you—"

He added a vile epithet which made Jack's blood boil, and caused Peltiah to clench his huge fists so threateningly that the boatsteerer stepped back and drew the heavy revolver from the breast of his shirt.

"Don't give me no black look—I put ball troo you head mighty quick, s'pose you don't look out!" he fiercely exclaimed.

Expostulation or resistance would be equally unavailing with a brute like Lascar Joe, who had his own reasons for wanting an excuse to wreak his vengeance on either

and the distant monotonous clank of the windlass sounding above the muffled beat of the surf against the island shores.

If there had been no buried treasure to consider, he would have felt the same longing desire to escape at almost any risk.

A shout from the succeeding shore came echoing over the water. It was the voice of Hannibal Augustine, punctuated with hiccups. Mr. Bellingham, in a state of extreme exhilaration, was performing a species of war dance by himself on the firm hard beach, waving the empty bottle above his head.

"Joe—you come back," he called invitingly, "come back—I want sing lilly song." And then borne on the breeze came these words in melodious refrain:

"Come long, my brudder, come along.  
We're almos' dar, we're almos' gone.  
For de angels say, and I know it well,  
Dere's de nuffin' to do but ring dem bells.  
But ring dem charms!

Now Lascar Joe, steering with his left hand, sat in the stern sheets, holding Captain Blowhard's revolver in his right, partly in bravado, partly as a means of intimidation.

At Mr. Bellingham's pathetic appeal, followed by the outburst of melody just given, he half turned to listen.

Jack, sitting on the after thwart, compressed his lips tightly—a habit of his when under repressed excitement.

Before Peltiah, who was watching him with a sort of vague wonderment, dreamed what was coming, Jack leaned over and suddenly snatched the weapon from the relaxed fingers of Lascar Joe's hand.

Then, springing upon the thwart, he leveled the pistol full at the head of the boatsteerer, who was for the moment completely paralyzed by the suddenness and audacity of the act, and sat staring stupidly at his triumphant aggressor.

"Let go that tiller and jump overboard!" exclaimed Jack, in a tone which admitted of no questioning.

And Lascar Joe, who himself would not hesitate at the commission of any desperate act when the odds were all in his favor, gauged Jack's nature by his own.

"Don't shoot!" he yelled, throwing his hands between his face and the ominous looking muzzle—"don't shoot! I do what you say!"

And rising and casting one terrified glance about him, Lascar Joe sprang over the stern.

As Jack knew, he was perfectly at home in the water, and being dressed in the sailor shirt and light duck pants generally worn in the tropics, he struck out easily and lightly in obedience to the persuasive accents of Mr. Bellingham, who was still singing

"Come, my brudder, come,  
An' ring dem charms' bells."

Meanwhile Peltiah, with a shout of exultation, sprang to the tiller. The Nancy was anchored in the very mouth of the land-locked harbor, but with abundant room to pass on either hand. Those on board were too much engrossed with their work to pay any attention to the approaching boat, when all at once a distant shout from Lascar Joe caused Captain Blowhard, who was walking the quarter with his hands in his pockets, to look up.

"Aboard the schooner! Runnin' away with boat!" was the disjointed sentence borne to his ears.

Mr. Lance and Mr. Bolt, standing in spiked boots on the slowly revolving body of the whale, were hacking away on alternate sides of the huge "blanket piece," which the crew at the windlass were heaving in on the slippery deck.

The shout from the swimming boatsteerer arrested their attention also.

"Vast heaving!" shouted Mr. Lance. "Captain Blowhard—"

But Captain Blowhard took it all in at a glance. The flying boat passed a stone's throw from the schooner's stern, with Jack

or both of the two young fellows under his charge.

Stumbling along over the boat load of vegetables, which were piled up so as to make rowing an impossibility, Jack and Peltiah obeyed the order.

As in most whale boats, the mast and sail lay extended along the middle of the thwarts, the heel of the former working with a ball and socket arrangement so that it could be pushed up into place in a moment.

The mast was raised and the sail shaken out, after which the boat was pushed off, and the rudder substituted for the long steering oar. There was a strong but steady land breeze blowing.

Jack was half desperate at the prospect of having to return to the greasy prison house which lay rising and falling directly ahead of them, with a long trail of sooty smoke blowing away to leeward from the tryworks,

standing straight and defiant on the after thwart clutching the revolver, and Peltiah, whose features were distorted by the broad-est kind of a grin, holding the tiller.

"Bring back that boat!" yelled Captain Blowhard, stamping furiously on the deck, "bring it back, or I'll flay both of you alive!"

"We've only burred her for a little cruise," shouted Peltiah; "we'll leave her some 'eres so you'll find her ag'in!"

"If Captain Blowhard had not lost valuable time in thus hailing the deserters, he might have lowered the starboard boat and easily overtaken them. But by the time he recovered his senses sufficiently to give the proper orders, the escaped boat had got a good start.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE PURSUIT AND THE ESCAPE.

"WELL, who'd ever a thought of this?" exclaimed Peltiah, glancing from the rapidly receding schooner to the surrounding sea, bathed in the glow of the setting sun.

"I wouldn't have half an hour ago," laughed Jack; "in fact, the whole thing was done on the impulse of the moment."

"Exact; but *now* what are we goin' to do, Jack?" resumed Peltiah.

Jack looked thoughtfully around the watery expanse, which was undotted by a single sail. The summer sea reflected a summer sky. True, sudden though brief squalls are frequent in the island neighborhoods, and once or twice in a season a hurricane varies the monotony. Yet it was then mid-summer, and the prospect of fair weather and steady winds seemed perfectly good.

"Well," said Jack, at length, "I think we'd better stand to the westward till dusk, so Captain Blowhard will think we mean to run back to some of the Bahamas. Then we'll haul up for the island again, and we can work along the shore by moonlight till we reach the north side. After that," continued Jack, with a smile, "as you've heard me say before, we shall see what we shall see."

"I see they're puttin' off a boat from the Nancy," briskly responded Peltiah. And changing the helm, he swung the boat's head toward the setting sun, while Jack slacked away the sheet.

"A stern chase is a long chase," was the sententious reply, though Jack by no means felt as easy as his answer might indicate.

And a little later, in addition to the four oars, pulled by as many pairs of muscular arms, the sail of the pursuing boat was spread, and her speed considerably increased.

But they had nearly a half mile the start of their adversaries; and then the sun was just dipping beneath the rim of the sea, insuring the rapid fall of twilight, for in the tropics the darkness follows immediately on the heels of sunset.

Swiftly flew the buoyant boat over the long even swells, but more swiftly came the one in their wake. The voice of Captain Blowhard, swearing furiously, and urging his men to renewed exertions, was borne to their ears by the breeze. Jack himself began to feel something more than apprehensive.

Running off with a fully equipped whale boat was a decidedly serious offense, notwithstanding the fact that Jack's full intention was to return it, or its equivalent in gold from the treasure they hoped to find.

"We must lighten the ship as much as possible," said Jack, as though it were in the olden days, and the swift sailing whale boat was a peaceable vessel escaping from a privateer or possibly a pirate.

Overboard went the huge pile of pumpkins, the yams as large as water buckets, and all the sweet potatoes. The baskets of fruit were held back as stores, in case they were lucky enough to escape.

"If they'd only stop and pick up them pumpkins!" murmured Peltiah, as the great golden globes went dancing astern. But Captain Blowhard could buy pumpkins for a song, while a whale boat was a much more expensive luxury.

But lightening the ship did not seem to increase her sailing powers perceptibly.

The shouts and oaths of the crew astern were heard more and more distinctly, as their boat gained on the one ahead.

"There's only one more chance," said Jack, grimly, as he proceeded to "clear away the long Tom for action," as in the old time nautical sea stories.

That is, he took the heavy whale gun from its receptacle, and examined the cap on the nipple; after which, to Peltiah's great dismay, he held it in readiness for immediate use.

"Oh, jimini, Jack!" exclaimed Peltiah, shaking his head; "I wouldn't—tain't no better than murder, that ain't! Besides," he added, ingenuously, "they've got a gun, too."

"The lock of theirs is out of order, though," returned Jack. "I heard Mr. Bolt speaking about it yesterday. I don't mean to hurt any one, only just give them a hint not to come any nearer," he went on, measuring the distance between the two boats.

Now a whale gun has a comparatively short barrel, but a bore large enough to admit a hollow shaft of iron, which is pointed at one end and some three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The interior is filled with a powerful explosive, and this is ignited at the discharge by a short fuse in the end of the bombance, which rests against the powder. The gun weighs almost as much as a young cannon, and kicks like a mule.

Kneeling in the stern, Jack rested this formidable weapon over the gunwale, and aiming, not at the boat nor its occupants, but as nearly as he could at the oars on the port side, fired.

The recoil sent him backward with unpleasant suddenness, but an exultant "hooray" from Peltiah told that the shot had fulfilled its mission.

More by good luck than skill, the lance struck an oar blade and shivered it to atoms. The shock caused the Portuguese who was using the oar to tumble unexpectedly into the boat's bottom, with his heels in the air, throwing the others into dire confusion.

Glancing off, the bomb exploded under the stern, whereupon Captain Blowhard dropped the tiller in affright, and the boat came flying up into the wind!

And through the soft twilight, which had begun to settle down on the face of the deep, it became evident that the chase was to be abandoned.

"I'll have you two fellers hung for piracy on the high seas!" shrieked the wrathful Blowhard through the gathering gloom. A rather mocking laugh was the response.

"You shall have your boat or its value back again *sure*," Captain Blowhard, called out to the stern looker. The latter, taken at the result of his action, which had been entirely unpremeditated. The Nancy still had her quota of boats—the spare one on the stern being kept as a reserve in case either of the other two were lost or stove. Still Jack knew that he had done wrong, but he told himself that come what would sooner or later he meant to make reparation.

As the two whale boats lost sight of each other, Peltiah drew a long breath.

"Wall, nothin' but headwork could a' brought things round this way," he exclaimed, staring blankly in Jack's face. "I couldn't a' planned nothin' of the kind, no more'n a two year old child. But what will we do now?" he inquired anxiously.

Without speaking, Jack lighted the boat-lantern, which he drew, with the boat compass, from the stern locker. The latter he placed on the cleats made for its reception; and after studying it a moment, the sheet was flattened in and the boat headed round in the direction in which the island lay.

"It will be moonlight by nine o'clock," said Jack, finally; "and we can work our way along the west shore of the island nearly all night. We ought to be well up with the northern end by morning."

"I can hear the surf on the shores easy enough, now," returned Peltiah, as the distant monotone of the breakers, which in the calmest of weathers is forever moaning among the reefs and rocks that surround most of the West India islands, came faintly to their ears.

Jack, who was further investigating the contents of the lockers, did not answer. And for the benefit of those unacquainted with the general details of a whale boat it may be well to briefly describe the same.

The boat itself is from twenty-eight to thirty feet long, sharp at both ends, and perhaps the best adapted for living in all weathers of anything of the size that floats.

It is often the case that the crew are carried many miles away from their vessel by the whale to which they are fast, so that it is customary to make provision against emergencies.

Like all of her class, the Nancy's boat contained in buckets on either side, for dewatering, the "irons" or harpoons, together with three or four sharp pointed lances. Then came the bomb gun, boat knife, hatchet, spare short warps and the like, which are comprehensively termed "craft" and "gear."

In addition to the compass and lantern, there was a breaker of fresh water, and a boat keg containing fish lines, matches, a

small store of hard tack, sardines, and two or three cans of preserved meats. In fact, as Jack said, they were provisioned for a short voyage.

Thus far it had all been plain sailing enough. The wind was light, though steady, from the northeast; the warm and sultry air was laden with spicy fragrance from the island groves, and under the lee of the shore, which after the moon had risen became clearly visible, the sea ran in long even swells.

As the moon climbed higher and higher in the heavens, the light was almost equal to that of noonday. Over the southern extremity of the island they could make out the topmasts of the schooner, which was at anchor in the little harbor where they had left her, but in very few minutes they were shut out by the projecting headlands, as the boat skimmed lightly along within a short distance of the precipitous shores.

"Well, Jack," observed Peltiah, after a long pause in their conversation, due to an evening meal of sardines and hard tack; "it looks to me as though ever'thin' was workin' right into our han's, so to speak. And if the money is there," he added, with sparkling eyes, we can pay old Blowhard for the use of his boat and have a *liddle* left over—eh, Jack?"

"Yes," slowly replied Jack, "if the money is there, and if Lascar Joe hasn't read the letter and managed somehow to get ahead of us."

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### RAFFLED BY THE ENEMY.

WATLING'S Island is not over fifteen miles long, but the light air was variable and opposing currents strong.

Through the entire night, till the white orbed moon, which illuminated the Spanish Main, gave place to the glow of coming day, the whale boat beat and drifted by turns toward the desired haven.

All along the western side of the island the white line of the beating surf, irregularly defined by the alternating headlands and indentations in the coast, served as a guide against danger of shipwreck.

The boat, buoyant and light of draught, drifted lightly over the deeper-lying coral patches, which were only indicated in the even-running swells by a whirl and swash, while the more dangerous ones nearer the surface were avoided by a sight of the creamy foam of their breakers.

They had no blankets, but in the mild tropic air neither of them minded this very much, though their alternate sleep or doze—which ever it might be called—on the boat's hard bottom boards, was rather provocative of stiff and aching limbs on arising.

But as the boat rounded the extreme northern extremity of Watling's, known from its peculiar conformation as "the nose," the red eye of the sun, peering over the horizon's rim, not only promised warmth and cheer to two sleep-looking and exhausted voyagers, but began to illumine the little coves and indentations along the wished-for shore. The limits of this were easily defined—the length of the island, which extends from north to south, being greatly disproportioned to its breadth.

"I rather guess that's the place we're lookin' for!" exclaimed Peltiah, whose voice was tremulous with excitement, as the entrance of a small landlocked bay suddenly opened up to view.

Opposite the opening, into which the boat was at once headed, a precipitous cliff rose some sixty feet in air, while down its almost perpendicular side dashed a small cataract, which mingled with the intense green of the water at the base of the rocky steep.

Near the extreme verge of the cliff stood certain partly demolished structures of a greishish brick or porous stone, peeling to the island. They very naturally suggested the ruined dwellings of by-gone buccaners, who had doubtless chosen this peculiar location both for its outlook and the advantages offered by the landlocked cove or bay, which however small was of great depth.

Jack took all this in, as, under the impetus of the breeze from without, the whale boat glided across the smooth surface to a shelving beach on the left, where straggling mangroves were growing. From the tips of their pendant branches, and from the uprising roots as well, hung clusters of small but deliciously flavored oysters.

"There must be a path or road leading to the top of the cliff," said Jack, leaping out as the boat's keel grated on the strand;

"but we'll have time enough to hunt for that, after something to eat. I'm as hungry as a hunter."

"Me too," was Peltiah's emphatic response to his friend's concluding remark. "But say, Jack," he urged, with an uneasy glance directed upward, "Lascar Joe couldn't get ahead of us no way, 's'posin' he had found out about the buried money, think he could?"

Jack, whose healthy appetite was in the ascendant, shook his head. There were possibilities, as in all things, but hardly probabilities in this particular case.

Of course the Lascar—providing always that he had found it worth his while—might have been able to have stolen a shore boat, and, working his way along the windward side of the island, where the breeze was far stronger than to leeward, reached the desired point an hour or two earlier.

Or there might be some direct woodland road or path from the south to the north shore, by which, aided jointly by a guide and the clear moonlight, Lascar Joe might have attained the same end.

But no boat was drawn up on the beach of the cove to begin with, and the other conjecture was hardly—as Jack thought—to be entertained for a moment.

So some dried mangrove branches were gathered and a fire built. Jack collected oysters, and Peltiah washed some sweet potatoes. Both were then put to roasting.

The result was, as Jack both literally and figuratively put it, an "immense" breakfast.

"That's so!" sighed Peltiah, as with satiated appetite he drew his woolen shirt sleeve across his lips. "And now, Jack, I propose we take just about half an hour's snooze—then we'll begin work in dead earnest."

Jack himself, quite worn out with the fatigue, excitement, and loss of sleep during the past thirty-six hours, nodded a dreary acquiescence.

"But only half an hour, mind," he said. Then, pulling his cap over his eyes, he lay down on the warm sand, with his head propped on his arm, and in two minutes was lulled into sound sleep by the monotone of the surf without.

Peltiah lost no time in following his example. Slowly the sun crept on and upward past her zenith, but still they slept; and not until the luminary had passed beyond the barrier of rock at whose base they were lying, did either awake.

"Guess that was a mighty long half hour, Jack," yawned Peltiah, who was speedily rubbing his eyes, as Jack, leaning to his feet with an exclamation of dismay.

"It was indeed," returned his companion, "but there's no harm done, I guess, so now we'll take what things we need from the boat and see if we can find a way up the cliff."

The "things" to which he alluded were Captain Blowhard's revolver, an empty wicker fruit panner, to hold the buried treasure, the boat hatchet, and the fluke spade. This latter is a spade only in name. In shape and general appearance it resembles a huge wide bladed chisel with a stout four foot handle, and with this they proposed to dig.

As Jack had conjectured, there was a means of ascent to the heights above them, and not very far away either. Behind a jutting projection of the cliff a rude stairway had been cut in the soft coralline formation, not unlike the more skilfully constructed ones to be found on the windward shore of St. Kitts and Martinique.

Following the inequalities in the face of the rocky wall, the artificial ascent curved abruptly some three-fourths of the way up. The steps were chiseled with the wash and debris from above. Perspiring and panting with their exertion, the two paused for a moment at this particular angle to get breath.

It was well they did so. For just as they were ready to start on again, a huge fragment of detached coral went whizzing close to Jack's head, narrowly missing Peltiah, who was immediately behind him!

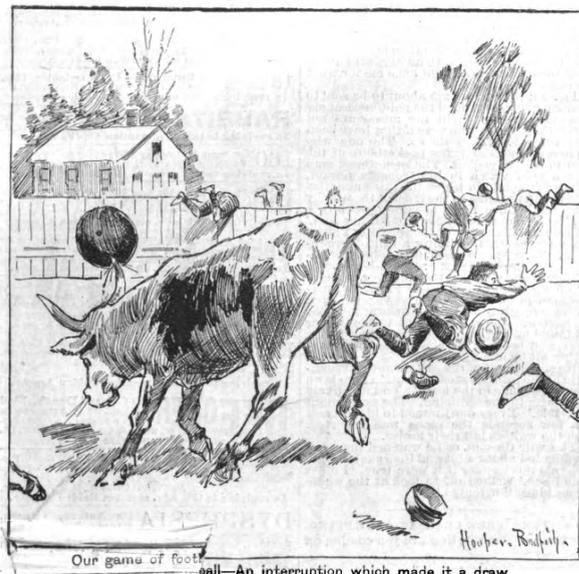
"Look out!" cried Peltiah, drawing Jack suddenly behind the projection.

And just in time. For almost simultaneously with the warning came an irregularly shaped block of masonry, evidently from the ruins, and as it crashed by them there seemed to be but one course open—to follow to the foot of the stairs in a hasty and undignified retreat!

Before they could fairly collect their ideas, a loud and rather discordant laugh from overhead caused Jack and Peltiah to turn their eyes upward.

Standing on the very verge of the cliff, and clearly outlined against the deep blue





Our game of football—An interruption which made it a draw.

**SOME MONSTER SPONGES.**

ALTHOUGH sponges are used the season are about as many as spongers. For other purposes they are interested. So we think our readers will be interested in hearing what a dealer had for an evening the other day to a reporter of the largest newspaper of this city.

"That is a very fine Florida sponge in the world," he bright feet long to one that looked like the that have of a small cabin, and measured 1 1/2 inches in circumference when wet. "But it is one in Philadelphia, on temporary exhibit there, that is ten feet in circumference, and from the Mediterranean. This sponge is sold in medals in France, Amsterdam, New York, and other places. We would not take it for it. It holds fifteen gallons of water."

The reporter then shown the smallest, which is as big as a chestnut, and never grows any larger. It is taken on the reefs, and is sold for a sponge.

"The Mediterranean sponges," continued the informant, "are taken in the Grecian Archipelago by men in diving suits, who go into much deeper water; than they do in Florida. There most of them are brought up with grappling irons, in the same way as oysters. They can be seen with the eye on the bottom, clinging to the rocks. When one is dislodged another grows in its place, taking from six months to a year."

"Are there any curiosities found in them?" "We had one once that inclosed a large jug. It was a fine sponge, and had grown completely around it. They are frequently full of shells. When a sponge is first taken out of the water it is as black as ink, and it has to be treated by various processes until it becomes the color commonly seen."

The business is about half a century old in this country. Sponges are sold by the bale here, and by the case in Europe. They weigh from twenty-five to one hundred pounds. When sold by weight the dealers are allowed to sand them about twenty-five per cent. Prices range from \$10 to \$150, the latter for very fine toilet sponges. There are many grades, such as silk, velvet, cup, glass, bath, surgeon, slate, etc."

"When is the active season?" "Spring and for the active seasons for selling. For gathering, the latter part of the year—November and December—is the best, although some fishing is carried on all the year."

**SMOKED OUT BRAVADO.**

ALL readers of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" will remember the cave Tom discovered and which he made a rendezvous for his famous band of boy villains. This cave, it appears, is a really existing piece of nature's handiwork, and it is to be found at Hannibal, Missouri. It is still an object of curiosity to visitors, and excursion parties frequently come from up and down the river to explore it.

Recently two bold boy bandits, aged twelve and fourteen years respectively, came down from Palmyra armed to the teeth, and entering the cave while the guides were off duty, made ready to hold it by force and arms against all intruders. Building a bonfire just within the entrance, they retired to the dark recesses of the cavern to await developments.

The developments came quickly enough in the shape of volumes of dense smoke, which choked and blinded the bold outlaws. They speedily lost their bearings, and during the entire night groined about on hands and knees, hungry and cold and thoroughly wretched. In the morning guides entered the cave and rescued them from their unwelcome captivity.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

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When the Czar of Russia decides to take a railroad journey the whole country-side along the route is turned topsy-turvy, as well as the town which he elects to honor with his presence. The New York World gives an account of the extraordinary precautions taken on the occasion of a recent trip made by the emperor to South Russia.

He went with the empress and the heir apparent a distance of 1500 miles to remain scarcely forty-eight hours, and hurried through the various ceremonies and institutions of the town of Novo Tcherkask with such unaccountable haste that the attendant officials were nearly worn out. To make such enormous preparations for a visit of scarcely two days appeared hardly worth while; but the labor of preparation in Novo Tcherkask was a mere nothing when compared with the extraordinary measures of precaution taken over the whole distance of railway traversed by the imperial trains, including the lines of four distinct railway companies.

Sentinels paced warily on each side of the line, night bivouacs were pitched here and there among the trees; every one of the houses and huts close to the line, including those of the pointmen and guards, was occupied by officers or men. Cossack horsemen, as soon as the Cossack territory was entered, dashed along at full speed, in pursuance of orders, by the side of every passenger or goods train.

A line of special constables, appointed from all the villages along the route, stood beyond the infantry guards and prevented even a stray animal from approaching too near. Every bridge and culvert was strongly guarded.

Such, in short, were a few of the accompanying features of the imperial progress. The whole business of the railways has been completely thrown out of gear in consequence and the collieries in the Cossack province have been unable to get any coal transported for more than a fortnight.

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