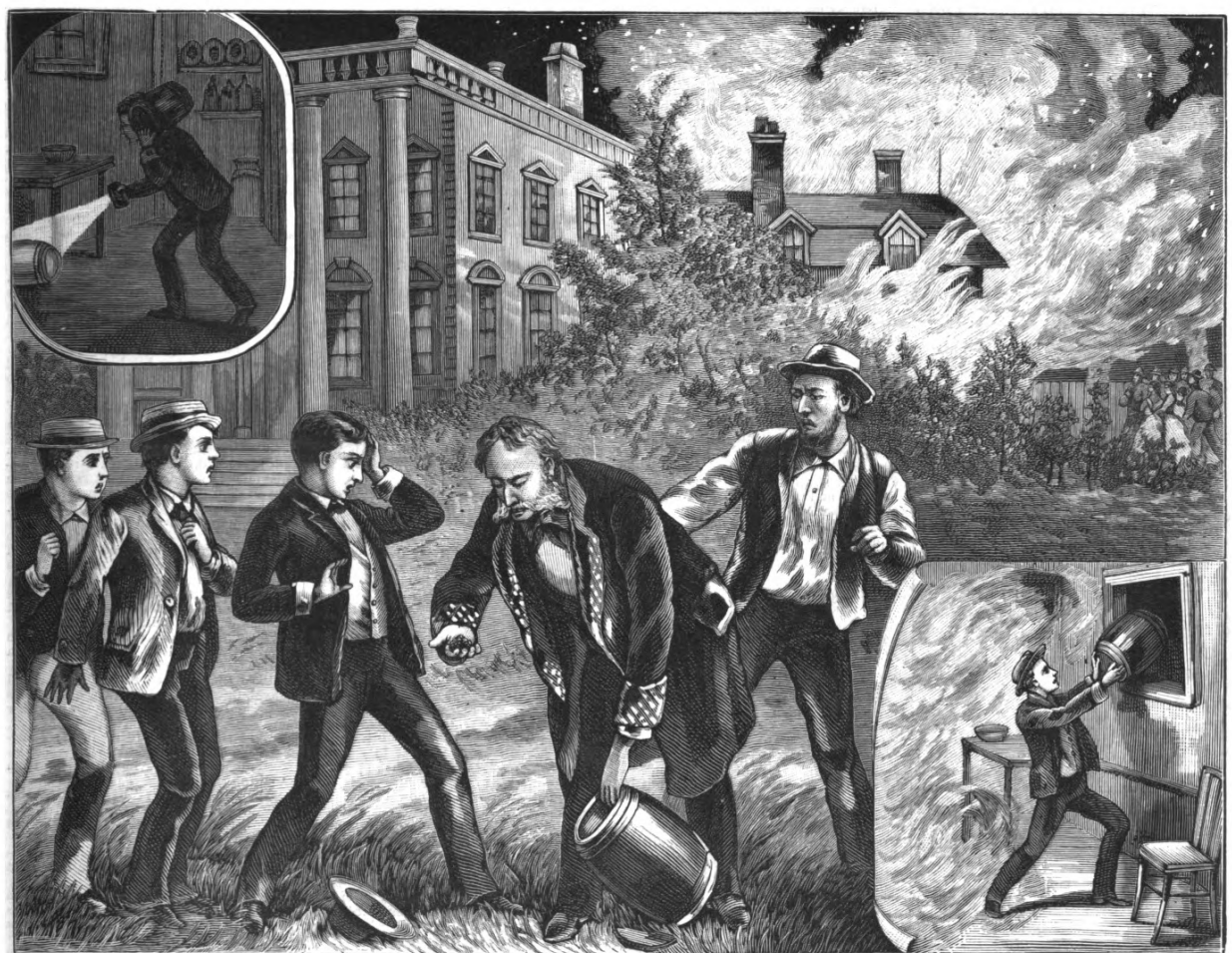


# GOLDEN AGEOSY

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

Vol. V.—No. 32. FRANK A. MUNSEY, 181 WARREN ST., PUBLISHER. NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887. \$3.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Whole No. 240



THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT; MIKE PAFFERTY'S INNOCENT, EMPTY KEG, WAS BRIMMING OVER WITH THE WICKED, BLACK EXPLOSIVE.

## WAS HE A HERO? JIM INGALLS'S ADVENTURES ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE FOURTH. By C. JEWETT.

It was not the voice of duty calling which roused Jim Ingalls from his comfortable bed at midnight. No stern necessity shoved him out of the back window, and compelled him to peril life and limb in that dangerous slide down the steep slope of the shed roof. Indeed, had he been so minded, he might have walked boldly out at the front door and slammed it behind him, for uncle Seth and aunt Hetty were the soundest of sleepers and the hardest of snorers.

On such a night, however, Jim and his friends disdained all ordinary methods, and stole silently and secretly from their homes. After scudding through the back yard and skulking round several pastures, keeping up all the time the pleasing fiction of pursuit, Jim at last reached the little common, just behind Squire Evans's yellow barn, finding, to his inexpressible disgust, that he was the last one of a dozen boys who had appointed that place as a midnight rendezvous.

An enthusiastic indignation meeting was in progress. "It is a shame and a disgrace," Walter Pitman was saying. "Squire Evans is at the bottom and the top of it all." "The idea of it!" cried Joe Eaton. "I wonder if our anfatthers and our forecestors would have fit as they did if they had known what their ascendants were a-coming to!" That speech told, and for the moment Joe was looked up to with respect. "The church bells are to be rung at sun-

rise," said Walter Pitman; "meanwhile, their tongues are hidden for fear that we boys might make a disturbance during the night. If it be the will of the company, I will hide them over again, and the bells shall not ring at all." A faint cheer, quickly suppressed, attested the unqualified approval of all present. The poetic justice of the plan commended itself equally to their judgment and to their inclination.







The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 per year, payable in advance.  
 Club rate.—For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.  
 All communications for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.  
 Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.  
 The number (two numbers) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.  
 Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.  
 Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.  
 In ordering back numbers enclose 6 cents for each copy.  
 No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamp accompany it for that purpose.  
 FRANK A. MUNSIEY, PUBLISHER,  
 31 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Samuel Dexter North, editor of the Albany "Morning Express."  
 This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 209. Back numbers can be had.

In next week's number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY will be found the opening chapters of THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK,

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

This is a stirring story of the pioneer miners in the Black Hills of Dakota, and gives a vivid picture of their life of toil and danger. It narrates how the mate of a New England ship, and a boy whom he rescued from death in mid-Atlantic, came to the far West with a party of gold diggers, and tells of their desperate struggle with the forces of Nature and the fierce attack of Sioux Indians in their search for the riches of the mines.

WHAT NEXT?

SCIENCE is indeed making rapid strides in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, and he would be a bold man who would set a bound to her achievements.

The latest addition to the list of remarkable inventions, already such a lengthy one, has been made in Paris and pertains to the realm of music.

It takes the form of two machines, named respectively the melograph and the melotrope, which are destined to assist composers in giving their improvisations enduring form. For instance, when a new piece is being composed, the author seats himself at the piano to which the melograph has been attached, plays it off, and by an electrical device each note struck is permanently registered on a sheet of paper.

This sheet, when afterwards passed through the melotrope, gives forth the melody together with the exact expression with which it was originally played.

At this rate we shall be having our very thoughts snatched from our brains, put into words and spread broadcast within the hour by some marvelous successor of the printing-press.

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

EDIFYING DELUSIONS.

WHAT a consoling faculty is imagination! Although we may be as poor as the traditional turkey of Job, by the use of imagination we can see our undoubted talents winning for us princely fortunes in the future.

Even in the matter of illness imagination is an important factor. Broad pills and sweetened water have no doubt accomplished more cures than many vile tasting drugs, for all doctors will admit that a firm belief in the efficacy of a medicine is more than half the battle in the checking of disease.

An amusing illustration of the tranquillizing effects of imagination is given by a Boston paper in an account of a bogus elevator call in one of the office-buildings of that city. As is well known, many of the larger buildings recently erected are not supplied with the means of signaling the elevators, of which latter there are sometimes three or four in a single structure.

The building in question, however, possesses but one, and as the owner had doubtless been troubled by the complaints of impatient tenants who felt aggrieved at the absence of any method of attracting the at-

tention of the man in the "lift" to the fact that they were waiting to go up or down, he decided to be obliging and experiment on the value of the imaginative faculty at one and the same time. He therefore caused an electric-looking button to be inserted beside the doorways, capped by the legend "Elevator call—Press once."

Our authority states that the expedient works charmingly, answering the purpose, in fact, almost as well as a second elevator would have done.

STEPHEN VAN CULLEN WHITE, the well-known Brooklyn congressman and New York broker, made some suggestive remarks the other day to the students of Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, where Mr. White was once a poor boy.

"Thirty-seven years ago," he said, "I was splitting wood at seventy-five cents a cord, in obedience to the mandate that a man should eat bread in the sweat of his brow." At the handles of an Illinois plough, the speaker continued, he had learned the grip and password of a universal anti-poverty society.

Judging from the success which it has brought in this instance, hard work is a more effectual preventive of poverty than any amount of agitation, and any number of meetings and orations.

IN THE QUEEN'S HONOR.

ALL England is just now in a state of intense excitement over the Queen's Jubilee, which by the time this paper reaches our readers will have passed into history. Everybody appears to want to have a finger in the celebration pie of June 21, from the publishers of the illustrated papers, both adult and juvenile, who are to issue special jubilee numbers, to the London street peddlers, who have decided to make their sovereign a present of their handsomest donkey, to be known as "The Jubilee Moke." A pair of lions and some rare cats are among the other live stock gifts to her majesty on the auspicious occasion.

At this writing, however, an awkward feature of the forthcoming anniversary observances is the objection of the queen to wearing her crown on the occasion. This may appear singular, but when we remember that this particular appearance of royalty weighs several pounds, the disinclination of the sovereign lady to burden her head after the fashion of an Italian rhapsicker with her bundles, may be more readily understood. At the same time this uncertainty causes dire dismay and vexation to the ladies of the court, as until the intentions of the queen are made manifest, their own style of costume cannot be chosen.

AN AUTHOR'S GOOD WORK.

MUCH has been said concerning the evil influences of a certain class of fiction, which paints crime in attractive colors, and sometimes leads weak-minded readers to wreck their lives in the attempt to emulate the example of some character misnamed a "hero."

But every vocation has its unworthy followers, and if now and then a direct evil results from the publication of a certain class of story, it is equally true that a vast amount of good is accomplished by another class.

Perhaps our readers may have heard of the People's Palace of Delight recently opened by Queen Victoria in the east end of London. This is a quarter of the city where the poorer people live, many of them in the most abject misery, with no means of enjoyment and recreation provided for them, except as they may elect to find such in the liquor saloons or zin palaces which are sadly plentiful in the neighborhood.

Some four years ago a popular English novelist wrote what is called "a novel with a purpose," in which he depicted most graphically the sufferings and needs of this neglected quarter of the metropolis. He hinted at the vast amount of good that could be accomplished by the erection of a large building completely equipped with libraries, gigantic baths, games, concert hall, picture gallery, and various other means of elevating and entertaining the masses, together with an endowment fund sufficient to keep it all in running order without cost to those whom it was designed to benefit.

The story in which this fancy-painted structure occurs bore the name "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and the influence it wielded has resulted in the People's Palace just mentioned, which the more favored citizens of the west end have given of their means to build.

HON. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER,  
 Editor of the New York "Star."

The last few years in the history of the metropolitan press have witnessed several remarkable developments in the sphere of journalism. Not one of them has been more noteworthy than the regeneration of the Star. It has often been said that it is still more difficult to resuscitate an unsuccessful paper than to start an entirely fresh one; but whether we regard the Star as a revival or, as it practically is, a new enterprise, the arduous task has been brilliantly accomplished.

First founded in 1868, the Star became, nine years later, the official organ of that famous Democratic society, Tammany Hall. On this basis it was for a time prosperous, but its success was unavoidably limited by the sectional position it held. Its decline was hastened by disension among its managers, and in 1885 the daily edition was suspended, the weekly Star alone maintaining a feeble existence. A few months later the present editor took up the paper, and resumed it under entirely new auspices.

Mr. Dorsheimer was born in 1832, at Lyons, Wayne County, New York. His father was a German by birth, but an American by residence, and he held office as treasurer of the State.

William Dorsheimer attended college at Andover, New York, and at Harvard, but was prevented from graduating by a severe illness. On regaining health he went to Buffalo, where he studied law, was admitted to the bar in 1854, and practiced the profession at first in Buffalo, and later in New York.

In the same year he voted for the first time and for Horatio Seymour, the Democratic candidate for the presidency; but soon afterwards he dissented with his party on the burning question of slavery, and joined its opponents, who had boldly declared against that national disgrace.

When the civil war broke out, President Lincoln appointed him on the staff of General Fremont, and Mr. Dorsheimer served with that commander throughout his Western campaign. On resuming the arts of peace, he accepted the office of United States district attorney for the northern district of New York.

He remained a member of the Republican party till 1872, when he was a promoter of the movement which resulted in the nomination of Horace Greeley for the presidency. Mr. Dorsheimer took an active part in the ensuing campaign, and has since been prominent as a Democratic leader.

He was elected lieutenant-governor of New York State in 1874, by an overwhelming majority, and re-elected in 1876. In 1888 he was chosen to represent a New York city district in Congress, and in 1885 was again appointed district attorney—this time for the southern district of his State.

While he held this office his connection with the Star was first formed, and he resigned it shortly afterwards, to devote his whole energies to his editorial duties. It was on the 15th of September, 1885, that a new and brilliant Star blazed forth in the journalistic firmament of the metropolis. A newspaper of first-rate pretensions, such as is usually built up by years of toil, had leaped full-grown into being, as the Greeks fabled Athene to have sprung from the forehead of Zeus.

Evidences of the Star's abundant capital and solid prosperity are not lacking. The fine and spacious publication offices which it now occupies, at the corner of Broadway and Park Place, have a site unsurpassed in America, and are fitted with the most perfect appliances for producing a modern journal. Over two hundred employees are directed by a staff which includes an unusual number of able and experienced newspaper men.

The editor himself is faithful to his duties, and spends many hours every day in the Star building. His private office is a handsome room on the first floor, overlooking Park Place. His home is on Park Avenue, and he has a summer residence at Newport. He is prominent and popular in society, and is a member of several leading clubs. He is a man of fine physique, being over six feet in height, and two hundred and fifty pounds in weight.  
 RICHARD H. TITHERINGTONS.

MERIT'S BOUNDLESS FIELD.

The hit of the past season in the world of books was undoubtedly made by "She," the history of some wonderful adventures in Africa, by the English writer H. Rider Haggard. Indeed, this author may be credited with the glory of having made two hits in a rapid succession, his "King Solomon's Mines," published some fifteen months ago, and dealing with a similar subject, having already won for him a brilliant reputation. This last-named story, it seems, written as a book for boys, but it rapidly won for itself a circle of readers of all ages.

This is not the first instance, however, in which a writer has sprung at a bound, with one book, from one field of literature into another. The English story "Vice Versa," published some four or five years ago, was really a boy's book, although at once rated by the critics and the public as surpassing interest for "grown-ups."

The same may be said of R. L. Stevenson's thrilling tale of adventure, "Treasure Island."

A DESERTED NEST.

I'd rather see an empty bough,  
 A dreary, weary bough, that hung  
 As boughs will hang within whose arms  
 No mated birds had ever sung.  
 Far rather than to see or touch  
 The sadness of an empty nest,  
 Where joy has been, but is not now,  
 Where love has been, but is not true.  
 There is no sadness in the world,  
 No other like it here or there—  
 The sadness of deserted homes  
 In nests, or hearts, or anywhere.  
 ELIZABETH STUART PHILLIS.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly.—Cicero.  
 If you cannot be great, be willing to serve God in things that are small.—S. F. Smith.  
 Whoever makes home seem to the young dear and more happy is a public benefactor.

REAL friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of kindly and reciprocal merit.—Cheslerfield.

It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.—George Eliot.  
 There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.—Covell.

PIZZA's chickens have bonny feathers, but they are an expensive brood to rear; they eat up everything, and are always lean when brought to the market.—Alexander Smith.

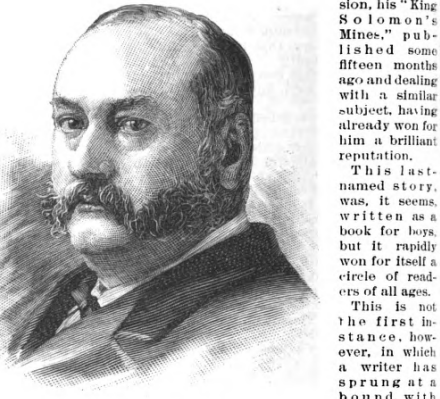
BORN wit and understanding are trifles without integrity. The ignorant peasant without fault is greater than the philosopher with many. What is genius or courage without a heart?

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will pass out and betray herself one time or another.—Tillotson.

POLICE goes beyond strength, and contrivance before action; hence it is that direction is left to the greater than the philosopher with many. What is genius or courage without a heart?

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will pass out and betray herself one time or another.—Tillotson.

PHOENIX I deem him who, thinking that his state is blest, rejoices in security; for fortune, like a man distempored in his senses, leaps now this way now that, and no man is always fortunate.—Erasme.  
 GARR is the grain of character. It may generally be described as heronian materialized, spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.—Whipple.



HON. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER.

[This story commenced in No. 239.]

# 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.

## CHAPTER IV. "I AM ALONE!"

NED MARVIN was not have shown a very wonderful perception when, on reading the tall tale slip of paper dropped by his fireman, he jumped to the conclusion that some mischief was afoot, and that Beckwith had a hand in it. Had he seen what the fellow did immediately after stepping off the locomotive, all doubt on that point would have been removed.

Beckwith walked rapidly down the platform, from which every one had been driven by the chilling gale, as though he meant to wait and board the eastward bound train, as soon as it pulled up at the station.

But at the moment the last car of his own train swung along, he wheeled about, ran several paces with it, and then, catching the guard rail, leaped upon the platform, passed within and dropped into the seat nearest the door. He had managed this so well, that the conductor, who had stood on the platform until all the passengers were aboard, and who was in the forward part of the train, saw nothing of the performance.

Since the sympathies of railway passengers are invariably with the person who is trying to steal a ride, Beckwith was sure that no one would betray him. Had the official approached him, he was ready with a story of sudden illness to account for his presence in the train instead of on the engine.

Meanwhile, Ned Marvin was making the best of the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself. It is no very severe task for an engineer to run twenty-five miles without his assistant, and he would have cared nothing for his absence, but for the disquieting bit of writing he had picked up from the floor of the engine in front of the furnace door.

The Bear Swamp was a stretch of lowlands, where the dense woods came close to the single track, which wound through them, for a distance of two miles. At the point of emergence on the other side, the distance to Rapidan was seven miles, so that once through the Bear Swamp the run was a short one.

"Whatever is done will be done there," was the conclusion of the engineer. "It may be that he has a wife and child in Calumet, but I don't believe it. There is some ugly plot at work, and this bogus telegram is a part of it."

Having run a mile or so, Ned slackened his speed somewhat, and, calling to Jack to keep a bright lookout, he opened the furnace door and threw several shovelfuls of coal into the flaming mouth of the furnace. A glance at the steam gauge showed that the pressure was up to 110, and the safety-valve was blowing off at a furious rate. With such a head of steam Forty-Nine would not require much attention during the rest of the trip.

He next tried the water-cocks, which slanted down the front of the boiler, and found there was plenty of water.

Usually the fireman oiled up at Colton, but in the flurry caused by Beckwith's telegram, this was overlooked. It would have been safe to omit it altogether until they reached Rapidan, but with that care of details that was one of Ned's strongest characteristics, he made the circuit of his engine by means of the guard-rail, and applied the lubricator wherever it was needed, excepting of course the wheels, which had to wait.

Taking his place once more in the cab, he hooked the door in front, so as to shut out the keen, penetrating air, and, seating himself on the box, rested his left hand on the polished lever which guided the running of the locomotive.

He observed that the snow had ceased. The air was clear, crisp and cold. He was

glad that the sleet had stopped, for his view had been so obscured at times, that despite the cold, he sometimes drew back the slide and thrust out his head, so as to gain a better view of the track; now that was no longer necessary.

Some five miles out, he approached a well-known crossing, and, as was his custom, emitted a sharp blast from the whistle. Then he expected to hear the bell ring, but the rope dangled idly with the swaying of the engine, and he looked across at Jack to learn the cause.

The poor boy was sitting with his back against the support behind him, and with his head bent forward, sound asleep.

His father laughed as he saw him, but he quickly stepped across, aware that he was liable to fall at any moment and hurt himself. Taking him in his strong arms, he lifted the lid of the box, and, doubling him up as best he could, deposited him on top of his overcoat and some waste.

stricken helpless, when the fate of the boat and all the passengers was in his charge.

"Thus it is that the presence of two men on a locomotive is required, not only by the work demanding the attention of each, but by the safety of the train itself.

"Suppose I should be taken with a fit or sudden faintness," thought the engineer with a shudder; "what would become of this train and every one on board? It may be that some scoundrel is crouching in the woods ready to shoot me."

He shuddered and glanced off at the shadowy trees that were whizzing past, but the next minute forced the discomfiting thought from him. Why would any one want to shoot the engineer of a railway train? Such a thing was unknown, except possibly in time of war; surely nothing was to be feared on that score.

"To-night at the Bear Swamp," repeated the engineer, recalling the words of the note dropped by Beckwith; "what can it

mean? Why, as it seems to me, only one thing: a party intend to stop the train and go through it—yes!" he suddenly exclaimed in excitement, "why didn't I think of it before? That's it as sure as a gun!"

The cause of this exclamation was a sudden recollection that came to him. Just before starting from Calumet the conductor had told him that the safe which had been run aboard from the express car of the Western Mail contained over seventy-five thousand dollars in gold.

"Enough," he added with a laugh, "to pay a crowd for holding up the train."

"Beckwith is in a plot to get that money," was the reasonable conclusion of Ned Marvin. "I can't be sure of the whole scheme, but I am sure of the fact; now what shall I do?"

Aye, that was the question, or rather what could he do? He meditated running back to Colton and getting the telegraphist there to send to Rapidan for help, or to secure an extra guard to accompany the treasure through to its destination.

But there was a possibility after all that he was mistaken, and he dreaded the ridicule that would be heaped upon him in such an event. No; clearly he must take some other course.

"I will warn them in the express car of their danger," was the decision reached a moment later.

Now you can readily see the trying situation of the engineer. He was running at a high rate of speed, and his duty was to keep an unremitting watch of the track in front, so far as it could be seen by the aid of the head-light. He had no one to take charge during the minute or two in which he must leave the throttle to itself; and,

brief as was that time, it was sufficient, under some circumstances, to hurl the train to destruction.

But, leaving made up his mind, he did not hesitate. He shut off steam, and waited until the speed had ceased considerably abated. Then he turned about, and began clambering over the coals in the tender. He was so accustomed to doing this, that he was at the rear end in a twinkling.

Stepping across the narrow space upon the platform of the express car, he kicked the door and shouted in his loudest voice. The roar of the cars gave him little chance of being heard, and he kicked again hard enough to stave in an ordinary door.

It may have been that the guard inside were suspicious of train-robbers, for they gave no evidence of hearing him; and had he forced an entrance, more than likely he would have been received with a fusillade of revolvers.

But Ned could not afford to wait. Glancing off to the right, he saw that the engine was just entering Bear Swamp. It would not do to tarry a moment longer.

In obedience to an impulse that he could never explain, but which sometimes comes to a man like an inspiration, he stooped down and lifted the bolt out of the link which connected the locomotive with the train. This was easy to do, for you will bear in mind that steam had been shut off, so that the engine was not drawing on the bolt, which, therefore, rested so loosely that a slight jerk was sufficient to free it.

This done, the engineer scrambled back over the coal with the same haste as before, and in a few seconds had hold of the lever.

"I've done my best to warn them, and they must now look out for themselves," he murmured.

Ned did not resume his seat, but stood on the iron sheeting in front of the furnace door, leaning far over on the box, in which Jack was sleeping, while he peered intently along the side of the boiler and into the gloom ahead.

He was now fairly in the swamp, running at about half speed, which was slowly decreasing, because he did not let on steam again. He was convinced that whatever trouble came would be at a point about half way through the swamp, where the road made a long double curve. He wisely decided to keep a moderate pace until that point was fully passed, and indeed until he was fairly "out of the woods."

But Forty-Nine was slackening her pace so fast that he gave her a little steam. She instantly responded with a number of sharp puffs, and quickly pulled away from the train several rods before he recalled that it was disconnected. With a laugh at his own forgetfulness, he reversed and held the engine down until the express car softly bumped against the tender.

"I don't know whether I did a wise thing in lifting out the bolt, but the cars have enough headway to take them around the curve and pretty well toward the open country beyond. I won't hitch on again until I have to do so."

The curve now turned in the other direction, and he stepped across to the fireman's side, where the track was in plainer view.

He had hardly done so, when his heart rose in his throat. No more than a hundred yards ahead was a large tree lying directly across the track in such a position, that, if the locomotive struck it with any speed, it was sure to be derailed.

"Down brakes! down brakes!" screamed the car-splitting whistle, and drawing the reversing rod clean over, Ned let on steam and pulled the sand-box wide open.

## CHAPTER VI. OUT OF GEAR.

THE ponderous driving wheels made one or two swift revolutions backward, and then turned slowly the other way. They, as well as the car wheels to which the brakes are applied, offer the greatest degree of resistance when they revolve not backward but forward with such reluctance that they are on the very point of slipping. They then have the strongest grip, as it is termed.

The three brakemen on the train knew the meaning of the wild shriek of the whis-



"WE'LL TROUBLE YOU TO GET DOWN OUT OF THIS," SAID THE FOREMOST OF THE TWO TRAIN ROBBERS.

"His legs are growing so fast that it's hard work to get him in there," said his parent, as he shoved aside the playthings that his boy had bought, so as to make all the room possible. "A year from now the only way to get him in will be to let his feet hang over, and then he'll object to my sitting on the lid."

Jack muttered something in his sleep, but despite his cramped position, he found himself in far more comfortable quarters than when sitting on the fireman's box, with the cutting gale forcing its way through the tiniest crevices in front.

Ned Marvin softly let down the lid, resumed his seat, and, with his left hand again on the lever, peered out in the gloom ahead.

"I am alone," was his thought; the whole train is in my hands; what would become of those passengers if anything should happen to me?"

## CHAPTER V. "DOWN BRAKES!"

THERE was something startling in the thought. Every human being is liable to sudden death or disability, and you know that it has happened that the man at the wheel of a ship has been

the repeated several times, and they did their utmost to check the forward motion of the cars. Fortunate indeed was it that they were running at such moderate speed.

Slower and still more slowly ran the engine, while Ned Marvin, with the reversing rod pulled over, and the streaming sand grinding under the wheels, watched the approach to the tree which lay across both rails.

"That is no accident," he said, with compressed lips. "Ah, just what I thought!"

He observed figures moving alongside the track, and knew they were after that pile of treasure in the express car behind the engine.

He saw that he must strike the tree, though it would be with such diminished force that no harm was likely to result. The pilot pushed against the obstruction, turned it aside, rolled it over once, and then lifting it clear, swung one end around so that it tumbled away from the front of the engine, leaving the track entirely free, and the pilot of the locomotive considerably twisted out of shape from the impact.

At the moment the tree trunk was turning and tumbling in front, like an awkward animal struggling for life, two men sprang upon the engine, one from either side. They had on masks, and each held a pistol in his hand. They were not far from the two later Ned would have put on full steam and sent Forty-Nine spinning up the road beyond their reach. The locomotive, being disconnected, would have leaped forward like a race horse under the prick of the spur. With the cars dragging after her she could not have gained enough headway to elude them; but at the moment the track was cleared the scoundrels were in the cab.

"Well," he said, in his hearty way, "your recommendations are so strong that I don't see how we can refuse. Since you ain't likely to need me, it strikes me that the best thing I can do is to stay on Forty-Nine and look after her."

He hoped they would give the permission; for if they did he would make the attempt to run away with them, and carry the alarm up the road.

"Not much!" said the other; "we'll run things our way, you can step down, and we'll see that the engine gets to safety."

"Wait till I put the engine in shape," replied Ned, and with the instinct of the true engineer, he drew open the door of the furnace, so as to prevent a too rapid accumulation of steam, and seized the reversing rod. In drawing it back so as to throw it out of gear, he did not check it at the center notch as he should have done. He caught it in the one just in front of the center. It was that which Forty-Nine, having gathered a good deal of headway, struck with his highest pace. The steam in the cylinder was cut off before it could flow far, darting in on the other side the instant the round plate reached the end, and then almost instantly leaping back to the other side. Only in this manner is it possible to make the connecting rods flutter back and forth with a rapidity which would be utterly impossible did the steam in the cylinder follow the rod for the whole length.

"No use of that!"

These gruff words were spoken by the second intruder on the locomotive. He stood just back of the other, and leveled his pistol as though on the point of firing. Ned, with a rare coolness, did not look up, but jerked the lever as if something was the matter with it, and as though the slipping of the catch in the wrong notch was accidental. He checked it on the exact center. The machinery was then out of gear, and no matter how much steam was let into the cylinders, it would not move Forty-Nine an inch forward or back.

The two men had pieces of black cloth over their faces, through which only their eyes were visible, but when the second one spoke, Ned Marvin recognized the voice; it was that of Sam Beckwith his own fireman. He and his companion had been in the rear car; but as they heard the warning whistle, they stepped out on the platform, and from the bundle carried by their confederate, who looked like a Texan cowboy, they drew their slouched hats and disguises, which latter were of so simple a nature, that only a second or two was required to complete them.

Then, while the train was slowly coming

to a stop, they sprang off, ran ahead and boarded the engine.

Beckwith's knowledge of locomotives told him the meaning of the attempt of Ned to leave the engine in readiness to start on an instant's warning.

"There," said the latter, "I believe I am of no further use here; what is your pleasure, gentlemen?"

"Off with you!" commanded the first speaker.

The engineer swung himself to the ground, with as much coolness as if starting to meet the conductor. The principal speaker turned to Beckwith and said:

"Smoky, you'll stay on the engine, so as to prevent any accidents; if the engineer tries any tricks, you're quick on the shoot."

"You bet I am," was the significant response.

Ned Marvin gave no indication that he recognized his fireman.

Meanwhile, matters were exceedingly lively in the rear of the engine and tender.

The train had not yet come to a halt, when eight or ten men sprang forward from the woods and ran toward the express car. Each one had a Winchester rifle, and several shots were fired with the evident purpose of letting the people inside know that if the proceedings were to be considered as a joke, they constituted a grim one.

"Heads in there!" called the leader; "the first one that shows himself will be riddled!"

There was an instant scrambling out of sight, and most of the passengers, believing that the robbers were about to go through the train, began the most frantic efforts to hide their valuables.

But the scoundrels were after the safe only with the pile of yellow gold, and they had no time or disposition to molest any of the panic-stricken passengers. Before the drowsy guard realized their danger, the express car seemed to be swarming with the masked men, who ordered hands up in such tones that all thought of resistance was knocked out of their heads.

One of the guards, not being quite so prompt in obeying as was desired, was stricken senseless to the floor by the butt of a revolver. The other, being still slower, was shot through the shoulder, and would have been killed the next minute, had not the leader struck aside the arm of the man who fired.

Within three minutes after Forty-Nine came to a stand still, and just as her engineer was swinging down from his cab, the train was in the possession of the robbers.

The two guards in the express car were lying on their backs, their hands tied and gags in their mouths. The passengers behind were so terrified that they crouched in their seats, many making the most grotesque efforts to hide their watches and money, some praying and singing as though death was at hand, others shivering with terror, as they tried desperately to crawl under the seats, while among them all was the authority from whom to make a fight against the outlaws.

Perhaps it is as well that they did not, for the gang was so large and well armed that they had the people entirely at their mercy. They showed perfect organization. While two of them sprang upon the engine, one man was stationed at each entrance to the cars, where he announced in a loud and profane voice that he would shoot the first person that moved from his seat.

Simultaneously with these movements was the attack upon the guard in the express car. Two minutes ended that.

The next thing to decide was as to the manner of reaching the gold in the safe. This was the only juncture where the criminals showed a lack of concert and preparation.

(To be continued.)

THE WEAR OF A WATCH.

Boys who own silver watches and are anxiously waiting for them to wear out in order that they may stand a chance of being presented with a first-class watch, will be discouraged to hear that a first-class watch, if properly cared for, should last a hundred years. This proper care-taking includes a visit to the jeweler's for oiling and cleaning every year and a half. The authority from whom this information is derived also states that more watches are ruined by billiard playing than in any other way. He also announces that at present the best watches are made in England, the second best in America and the third in Switzerland. This is, we fancy, quite the reverse of the position on the subject of watches.

We are likewise informed that the reason why watches made to run eight days will never become favorites is because their owners invariably forget to wind them on the eighth day.

IN THE PEACH ORCHARD.

BY MARY A. DENBOS.

"Go get your baskets," said Uncle John. To the merry group in the field at play. "Put your hats and your bonnets on. And leave the farmers to care for the hay."

"So we knew that something was going on. But the dear old man wouldn't tell us there. He is a capital fellow, is Uncle John."

With the ruddiest cheeks and the whitest hair. So we gave up the frolic of making hay. And followed the woods under shady trees. While the butterflies chased us all the way. And the sweet clover fitfully haunted the breeze.

To the orchard, where under blue and white. The daintiest peaches blush red as we pass. And some are so shocked at our shouts of delight They drop from the branches to hide in the grass.

Ah! memory no fairer picture can hold Than that harvest of peaches, red ripe to the core. Or the bright, eager youngsters with ringlets of gold. All eating and laughing and calling for more.

Then with baskets heaped high, after frolicsome. We tramped to the farmhouse, too tired to dream. And feasted at supper, to round up the day. On peaches all smothered in sugar and cream.

(This story commenced in No. 230.)



By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

KIT FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF HIS ENEMIES.

MR. STOVER was considerably surprised when twenty minutes later, looking up from his work in the yard, he saw a man of colossal size crossing the street. He hadn't attended the circus, and had not therefore heard of the giant, who was one of its principal features.

"Who in creation can that be?" Stover asked himself.

Achilles Henderson turned into the yard, and accosted the farmer:

"Good morning, friend," he said. "Can you tell me if a boy of about sixteen has passed here this morning?"

"That boy again!" thought the bewildered farmer.

"Yes," he answered.

"Please describe him."

Mr. Stover did so.

"The very one!" said Achilles. "Now how long since was he here?"

"He took breakfast with my family, and started off high on to an hour ago."

"In what direction did he go?"

This question was also answered.

"Thank you, friend," said the giant; "you have done me a favor."

"Then won't you do me one?" said Stover. "Who is this boy that so many people are asking for?"

"He is a young acrobat connected with Barlow's circus. But what do you mean by so many people asking about him?"

"There was two men here twenty minutes ago, that seemed very anxious to find him."

Achilles Henderson heard this with apprehension. He could guess who they were, and what he heard alarmed him for Kit's safety.

"Who were they?" he inquired hastily.

"Dick Hayden and Bob Stubbs."

"Are they miners?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell them where the boy went?"

"Sartain! Why not?"

"Because they mean to do the boy a mischief; they may even kill him."

"What in creation should they do that for?"

"Mr. Stover, I must follow them at once. Have you a team?"

"Yes; but I calculated to use it."

"I must have it, and I want you to go with me. You may charge what you please. Remember, a boy's life may depend on it."

"Then you shall have it," said the farmer, "and I'll go with you. I took a likin' to the boy. He was a gentleman, if ever I saw one; and my women folks was mightily taken with him. Dick Hayden and Bob Stubbs are rough kind of men, and I wouldn't trust any one I set store by in their hands. But why—"

"Harness your horse, and I'll answer your questions on the way, Mr. Stover."

"How do you know my name?" asked Stover, with sudden thought.

"I was told by some one as I came along."

The farmer lost no time in harnessing his horse, Achilles Henderson lending a hand. The horse seemed rather alarmed, never having seen a giant before, but soon got over his fright. The two men then jumped into the wagon, and set out in search of Kit.

Meanwhile our hero had taken his way leisurely along the road. He didn't anticipate being followed at any rate so soon, and felt under no particular apprehension. He had walked about three miles when a broad-branched elm tree tempted him to rest by its shade. He threw himself down on the grass, and indulged in self-congratulation upon his escape from his captors. But his congratulation proved to be premature. After a while he raised his eyes and looked carelessly back in the direction from which he had come. What he saw startled him.

The two miners, Hayden and Stubbs, had lost no time on the way. They were bent on capturing Kit, in order to revenge themselves upon him.

Reaching a little eminence in the road Dick Hayden caught sight of his intended victim sitting under the tree.

His eyes gleamed with a wicked light.

"There's the kid, Stubbs!" he said. "Sit your stumps, old man, and we'll collar him!"

The two miners started on a run, and when Kit caught sight of them they were already within a few rods. The young acrobat saw that his only safety, if indeed there was any chance at all, was in flight. He started to his feet, and being fleet of limb gave them a good chase. But in the end the superior strength and endurance of the men conquered. Flushed and panting, Kit was compelled to stop.

Hayden grasped him by the collar with a look of wicked satisfaction.

"So I've got you, my fine chap, have I?"

"Yes, so it seems!" said Kit, his heart sinking.

"Sit down! I've got a few questions to ask of you."

There was a broad flat stone by the roadside. He seated Kit upon it with a forcible push, and the two men ranged themselves one on each side of him.

"What time did you leave the cabin, boy?"

"I don't know what time it was. It must have been two hours since—perhaps more."

"Did any one let you out?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know the person's name."

"Was it a man?"

Kit began to feel that he must be cautious. He had no intention of getting Janet into trouble. He knew that she was the daughter of the man who was questioning him, and that she would be in danger of rough treatment if her father should find out that she had thwarted him.

"I cannot tell you," he answered, though he well knew that the answer was likely to get him into trouble.

"You can't tell? Why not? Don't you know whether it was a man or not?"

"Yes, I know."

"You mean that you won't tell me, then?" said Hayden, in a menacing tone.

"I mean that I don't care to do it. I might get the person into trouble."

"You would that, you may bet your life. I can tackle any man round here, and I'd get even with that man if I swung for it."

"That is why I don't care to tell you," said Kit. "How can you tell that the man knew you put me there?"

"Didn't you tell him?"

"No."

"It was a man, then!" said Hayden, turning to Stubbs. "Look here, young feller, if you tell me who it was, you may get off better yourself."

"I don't know the name."

"Describe him!"

"I would rather not!" answered Kit, pale but firm.

"Suit yourself, kid, but you may as well know that you'll be half killed before we get through with you. Get up!"

As he spoke, Hayden jerked Kit to his feet, and began to drag him toward the rail fence.

"Take down the rails, Stubbs!" he said.

"What's your game, Dick?"

"I'm going to give the kid a drubbing that he won't be likely to forget, but I can't do it in the road, for some one may come along."

"I'm with you, Dick."

At the lower end of the field which they had now entered was a strip of woods,

which promised seclusion and freedom from interruption. Poor Kit, as he was dragged forward by his relentless captor, found his spirits sinking to zero.

"Will no one deliver me from this brutal man?" he exclaimed inwardly. He felt that his life was in peril.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KIT'S DANGER.

**A** PRAYER for help rose to Kit's lips, but remained unuttered. He knew that that would only lead to scoffs and taunts from his brutal captors. But all the same in his heart he prayed for deliverance, though he could not imagine from what direction assistance could come.

The men reached the edge of the woods and halted. "I'd like to hang him!" growled Dick Hayden with a malignant look. "It wouldn't do, Dick," said Stubbs. "We'd get into trouble."

"If we were found out," "Murder will most always come out," said Stubbs, uneasily. He was a shade less brutal and far less daring than his companion.

It can be imagined with what feelings Kit heard this colloquy. He had no confidence in the humanity of his captors, and considered them, Dick Hayden in particular, as capable of anything. He did not dare to remonstrate lest in a spirit of perversity the two men might proceed to extremities.

Kit was not long in doubt as to the intentions of his captors.

"Take off your coat, boy!" said Hayden harshly. "What for?"

"Never mind what for! You'll know soon enough." Kit looked into the face of his persecutor, and decided that it would be prudent to obey. Otherwise he would have forcibly resisted.

He removed his coat, and held it over his arm. "Lay down the coat and take off your vest," was the next order.

This also Kit felt compelled to do. Dick Hayden produced from the capacious side pocket of his sack coat a strong cord, which he proceeded to test by pulling. It was evidently very strong.

"Stubbs, tie him to yonder sapling!" said Dick. Stubbs proceeded, nothing loath, to obey the directions of his leader. Kit was tied with his back exposed. Dick Hayden watched the preparations with evident enjoyment.

"This is the moment I have been longing for," he said. From his other pocket he drew a cowhide, which he passed through the fingers of his left hand, while with cruel eyes he surveyed the shrinking form of his victim.

Meanwhile where was Achilles Henderson? He and Stover bowled as rapidly over the road as the speed of a fourteen year old horse would permit. He looked eagerly before him, in the hope of catching a glimpse either of Kit or of the miners.

When they started they were far behind, but at last they reached a point on the road where they could see Kit and his two captors making their way across the fields.

"There they are!" said Stover, who was the first to see them. "And they've got the boy with them!" ejaculated Achilles. "Where are they going, do you think?"

"Over to them woods, it's likely," replied Stover. "What for?"

"I'm afraid they mean to do the boy harm."

"Not if I can prevent it," said Achilles, with a stern look about the mouth. "They're goin' to give him a floggin', I think."

"They'll get the same dose in larger measure, I can tell them that. Mr. Stover, isn't there any way I can reach the woods by a short cut so that they won't see me?"

"Yes, there is a path in that field there. There is a fringe of trees separatin' it from the field where they are walkin'."

"Then stop your horse, and I'll jump out!" Mr. Stover did so with alacrity. He disliked both Dick Hayden and Bob Stubbs, whom he had reason to suspect of carrying off a dozen of his chickens the previous week, and he did not dare to charge them and being certain that they would revenge themselves upon him.

"Do you want me along, Mr. Giant?" he asked.

"No; I'm more than a match for them both."

"Shouldn't wonder if you were," chuckled Stover. He kept his place in the wagon and laughed quietly to himself.

"I'd like to see the scrimmage," he said to himself. With this object in view he drove forward so that from the wagon seat he could command a view of the scene of conflict.

"They're tyin' the boy to a tree," he said. "I reckon the giant'll be in time, and I'm glad o't. That boy's a real gentleman. Wonder what he's done to rile Dick Hayden and Bob Stubbs. He'd have a mighty small show if the giant hadn't come up. Dick's a strong man, but he'll be like a child in the hands of an eight footer."

Meanwhile Achilles Henderson was getting over the ground at the rate of ten miles an hour or more. His long strides gave him a great advantage over an ordinary runner.

"If they lay a hand on that boy I pity 'em!" he said to himself. Like most giants he was a good natured man, but when his resentment was kindled it burned fiercely.

"There's many a time I've regretted being so tall," he reflected, "but this is a time when I'll come handy."

From time to time, through the fringe of trees, he caught sight of the two men and their helpless victim.

"God grant I may be in time!" he ejaculated inwardly. "Those brutes might half kill the boy in less than a minute."

It was fortunate for Kit that Dick Hayden, like a cat who plays with a mouse, paused to gloat over the evident alarm and uneasiness of his victim, even after all was ready for the punishment which he proposed to inflict.

"Well, boy, what have you to say now?" he demanded, drawing the cowhide through his short, stubby fingers.

"I have nothing to say that will move you from your purpose, I am afraid," replied poor Kit.

"I guess you're about right there, kid!" chuckled Hayden. "Are you ready to apologize to me for what you do over to the circus?"

"I don't think there is anything to apologize for."

"There isn't, isn't there? Didn't you bring that long-legged ruffian on to me?"

"Yes, only doing my duty," said Kit, manfully. "Oho! so that's the way you look at it, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"No doubt you'd like it if that tall brute were here now," said Hayden, tauntingly. "Yes," murmured Kit; "I wish my good friend Achilles were here."

"So that's his name, is it? Well, I wouldn't mind if he were here. Stubbs, I think you and I could do for him, eh?"

"I don't know," said Stubbs, dubiously. "Well, I do. He's only one man, while we are two, and strong at that."

"Oho!" thought Achilles, who was now within hearing. "So my friend, the miner, is getting valorous! Well, he will probably have a chance to test his strength."

By this time Hayden had got through with his taunts, and was ready to enjoy his vengeance.

"Your time has come, boy!" he said, fiercely. "Stand back, Stubbs!"

Bob Stubbs stepped back, and Dick Hayden raised the cruel cowhide in his muscular grasp. It would have inflicted a terrible blow had it fallen on the young acrobat. But something unexpected happened. The instrument of torture was torn from his hand, and with a hoarse voice, which he knew only too well, uttered these words: "For shame, you brute! Would you kill the boy?"

Panic-stricken the brutal miner turned and found himself confronting Achilles Henderson. A fierce cry of rage and disappointment burst from his lips.

"Where did you come from?" he stammered.

"From Heaven, I think!" murmured poor Kit, with devout gratitude to that over-ruling Providence which had sent him such a helper in his utmost need.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DICK HAYDEN MEETS WITH RETRIBUTION.

**D**ICK HAYDEN and Bob Stubbs, large and strong men as they were, looked puny, compared with the giant who towered beside them, his face kindling with righteous indignation.

"What were you going to do to the boy?" he demanded sternly.

"I was going to flog him," answered Hayden in a surly tone.

"And you were helping him?" went on Achilles, turning to Stubbs. "No, sir," answered Stubbs, eagerly, for big as he was, he was a coward. "I didn't want Dick to do it."

"You coward!" exclaimed Hayden, contemptuously. "You're as deep in it as I am."

"Is that true, Kit?" asked Achilles. "He isn't as bad as the other," said Kit. "That man Hayden thought of killing me, but his friend protested against it."

"It shall be remembered to his credit. Why did you wish to flog the boy?" he asked of Hayden.

"On account of what happened at the circus."

"The boy didn't touch you."

"He brought you on me."

"Then I was the one to punish."

"I couldn't get at you."

"Here I am, at your service."

Dick Hayden measured the giant with a fierce vindictive eye, but there was something in the sight of the mighty thews and sinews of the huge man that quelled his warlike ardor.

"It wouldn't be a fair contest," he said, sullenly. "There are two of you, as you said just before I came."

"No, there are not," interposed Stubbs, hastily. "I hain't any grudge against you, Mr. Giant."

"You are willing to help me?"

"Then untie that boy."

Stubbs unloosed the cord that bound Kit to the tree, while Achilles Henderson watched Hayden narrowly, for he had no mind to let him go free.

"Are you that man's slave?" asked Hayden, with an ugly frown. "I am willing to oblige him," said Stubbs, meekly.

Kit straightened up on being released, and breathed a sigh of relief. "Come along, Stubbs," said Hayden, with an ugly look at Kit and his protector. "Our business is through."

"Not quite," said Achilles, quietly, as he laid his broad hand with a detaining grasp on the shoulder of the ruffian. "I am not through with you."

"That do you want?" asked Dick Hayden with assumed bravado, but with an uneasy look on his lowering face.

"I am going to give you a lesson. I gave you one at the circus ground, but you need another."

"Tough me if you dare!" said Hayden, defiantly.

For answer, Achilles hurled him to the ground with less effort than Hayden would have needed to serve Kit in the same way. Then with the cowhide uplifted he struck the prostrate wretch three sharp blows that made him howl with rage and pain. Stubbs looked on with pale face, thinking that his turn might come next.

"Hit him, Stubbs! Kill him!" screamed Dick Hayden. "Would you stand by and see me murdered?"

"I can't help you," said Stubbs. "What can I do?"

Hayden administered justice to the chief ruffian, Achilles turned to Stubbs.

"Now," he said, "what have you to say for yourself? Why shouldn't I serve you in the same way?"

"Spare me!" whined Stubbs, panic-stricken. "I am the boy's friend. It was Hayden who wanted to hurt him."

"My friend, I put very little confidence in what you say. Still I don't think you are as bad as this brute here. I will spare you on one condition."

"What is it? Indeed, I will do anything you ask."

Stubbs took the hide from the hands of the giant, and anxious to conciliate his powerful antagonist laid it with emphasis on Hayden, already smarting from his former castigation.

"I'll kill you for that, Bob Stubbs!" he yelled, almost frothing at the mouth with rage.

"I had to do it, Dick!" said Stubbs, apologetically. "You heard what he said."

"I don't care what he said. To spare your own miserable carcass, you struck your friend. But I am your friend no longer. I'll have it out of you!"

"Come, Kit, you are revenged," said the giant. "Now let us hurry on to the circus. There's a team in the road below. I think I can make a bargain with Mr. Stover to carry us all the way."

They found Mr. Stover waiting for them. "Well," he said, "how did you make out?"

"Suppose you look back and see!"

Stover did look, and to his amazement he saw Dick Hayden and Bob Stubbs rolling on the ground, each holding the other in a fierce embrace. Hayden had attacked Stubbs, and though the latter tried hard to avoid a combat he was forced into it. Then, finding himself pushed, he fought as well as he could. Fortune favored him, for Dick Hayden tripped, and in so doing sprained his ankle. He fell with a groan, and Stubbs, glad to escape, left him in haste, and made the best of his way home.

It was not until several hours afterwards that Hayden was found by another party, and carried home. He was taken to the house for a fortnight. This was fortunate for Kit and the giant, for he had intended to make a formal complaint before a justice of the peace which might have resulted in the arrest and detention of one or both. But his sprained ankle gave him so much pain that it drove all other thoughts out of his head for the time being.

Mr. Stover was indiced by an unusually liberal offer to convey the two friends to the next town, where they found their circus friends wondering what had become of them. Kit was none the worse for his experience, though it had been far from pleasant, and performed that afternoon and evening with his usual spirit and success.

He told Achilles how he had been rescued by Janet Hayden, and the latter said with emphasis: "The girl's a tramp! She has probably saved your life. That brute, her father, wouldn't shrink from any violence, no matter how great. You ought to make her some acknowledgment, Kit."

"I wouldn't dare to," answered the young acrobat. "If her father should find out what she did for me, I am afraid her life would not be safe."

Two days afterwards Kit received a letter from Smyrna, giving him some tidings of his uncle and aunt. It was written by his friend James Schuyler, and will be found in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

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

A GRAIN MERCHANT AND HIS RIVALS.

QUERRY trades are sometimes resorted to in this big, crowded metropolis, and alongside of the urchin who picks up all the elegant stunts he can find lying about in the gutters and elsewhere, should be placed the boy concerning whose strange and somewhat questionable vocation an evening paper reporter has something to say:

Regularly every day about noon a little boy with a big bag tucked under his arm can be seen prowling around Mail Street, the thoroughfare running between the post-office and City Hall Park. The reporter watched him yesterday, and saw that he was eying the trough of oats from which the horses that draw the mail wagons are fed.

There is not much etiquette displayed by a horse at meal time. He dives right into the box, and takes up more in his mouth than he can hold, so a great many oats drop to the ground.

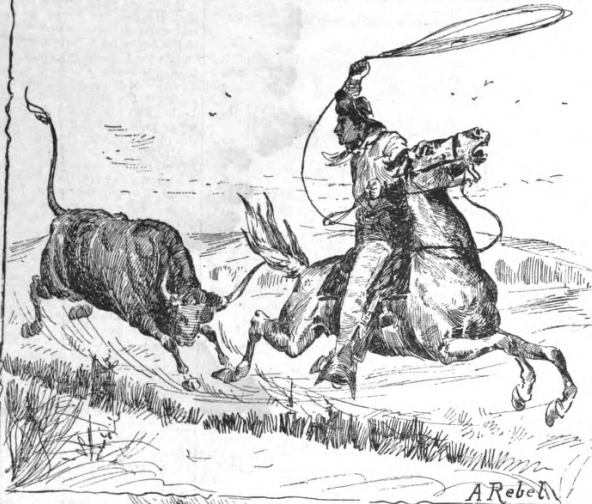
When the meal was over the small boy backed the horse a few feet, picked up the oats from the ground, and shoveled them into his bag. He had long looked upon the boy in the trough for the horses to eat. He carried them home, and sold them to a man who kept pigeons. He returned from ear to ear when asked how much he made every day.

The little boy, however, hasn't a monopoly in the business. The droves of sparrows that infest the city have long looked upon the dropped oats as their own by right, and they show a decided disposition to dispute the small boy's right.

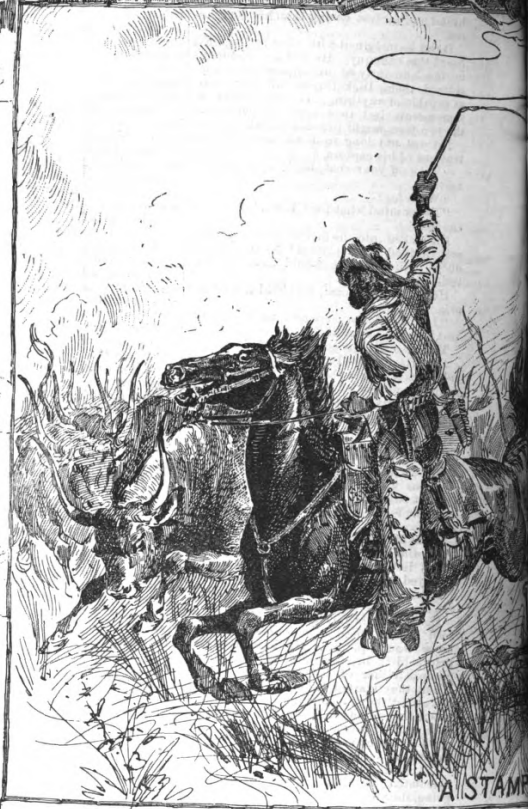
The birds and the boy have hot and heavy all the time, and the boy, who seems to be a greedy little fellow, is just as hot as they are away. From the way several of the more impatient sparrows were holding a council of war on the granite wall hard by, it wouldn't be surprising if they made a nuttally-some day, and carried away both bag and boy.



The Bull Fight.



A Rebel.



A STAMP.



Conquered.

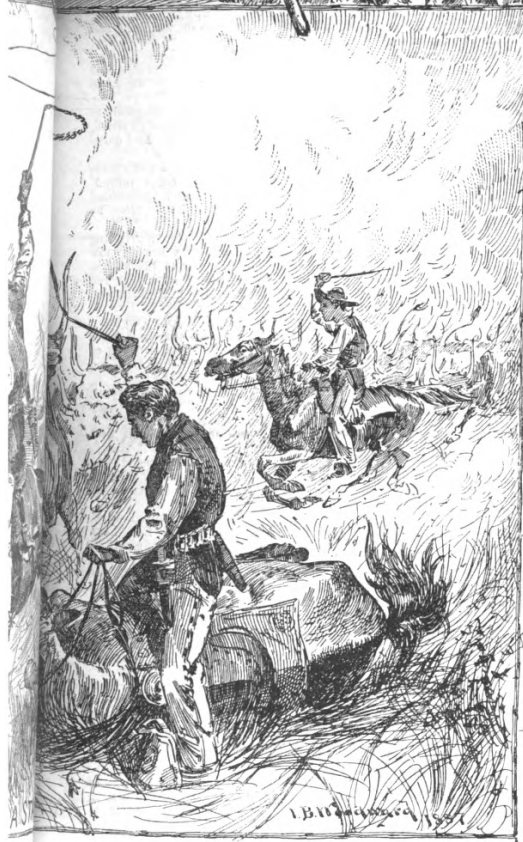


The Start.





On Guard



Noon Time.



Racing

## THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

On the joy of well-earned leisure,  
When the day-green sea made for pleasure,  
And the peaceful hush of Nature all the weary  
fills;  
When dear friends go forth together  
In the golden summer weather,  
To the ocean or the moorland, or the everlasting  
hills!  
Some, whose work hath been with rigor,  
Gather strength and joy and vigor,  
On the breezy mountain summit, free as birds that  
sing and soar;  
Others, in the yellow glaucoma,  
Through the harvest fields are roaming,  
Or rejoicing in the ripple of the salt tide on the  
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 XII.

## THE VANISHED TREASURE.

JACK ESBON found that the ascent of the cliff was no easy task by any means, and long before he was three fourths of the way up, his nerves and muscles were taxed to the utmost. Brittle rootlets snapped under his feet, while stronger ones, torn from the face of the rock by his weight, left him momentarily suspended in mid air.

A dozen times, as the woody fibers came rattling at the feet of Peltiah below that awe-struck and open-mouthed youth held his breath in suspense.

"I thought in this partnership business of own he was to be head and I han's," he muttered, "but darned if Jack ain't head and han's both!"

It would not do to look down, and Jack kept his eyes steadily fixed upward. But the roots were thicker and larger toward their junction with the mountain, so that after a brief rest he was enabled to pull himself up over the verge of the cliff. Here, breathless and covered with perspiration, he lay among the maze of stems which grew down from the branches overhead, and had taken root, thus forming a support for their mother bough.

Jack listened intently the while, but the strange stillness peculiar to the uninhabited parts of the tropic islands was unbroken by the sound of pick or spade.

From the distance came the never ceasing moan of the surf. Somewhere overhead, concealed among the foliage, a mountain dove was cooing, while an occasional rattle in some leafy twig spoke of the presence of the small bright-eyed green lizards which feed on the figs.

Recovering his breath somewhat, Jack rose cautiously to his feet. Parting the intricate network of creepers, orchids, and strange plants that everywhere swung from the pendulous boughs, he saw before him, and within half a stone's throw, the ruined stone building of their search.

Ruined indeed! It had originally been a small one-story house containing a single room. The walls were constructed from blocks of the soft chalky formation, which when cut beneath the surface, where it is found, is of a snowy whiteness, changing to a greyish tint after hardening by exposure to the air.

One wall had fallen outward, but the entire roof had fallen in. And from his hiding place Jack could not see whether any one had been at work there or not.

The head of the external stairway was also in plain sight from where he stood. But Pepe, who was supposed to be standing guard there, was not.

Every appearance would seem to indicate that the place was deserted.

Even if it was not, Jack felt that, armed as he was, he could bid defiance to the aggressive boatsteerer, so stepping back to the edge of the cliff he called cheerily down:

"Come on, Peltiah! there's no one in sight!"

That Peltiah lost no time in obeying need hardly be asserted. And when, a little later, he succeeded in scrambling up the difficult ascent, using the handle of the boat spade after the fashion of an alpenstock, it was to find his friend awaiting him under the shade of the great bayonet. Sitting on one of the fallen masses of masonry he was devouring the small sweet figs, which were lying on every side, with evident relish.

"Well!" gasped Peltiah, "what's the verdict?"

"Look for yourself," was the cool reply.

Jack had reached that point where the reaction, after one's hopes are dashed to the ground, takes the form of a calm philosophy. And having indicated the ruined interior, where considerable debris seemed to have been removed, Jack went on munching figs and throwing the skins at a small partridge-colored chameleon on a neighboring branch.

With sad forebodings, Peltiah rushed forward, and a dismal groan escaped his lips as his worst fears were verified. The debris had been hastily cleared away from the middle of the room, and two or three of the flat rocks with which the floor had originally been paved, piled up.

By the side of a square excavation in the chalky accretions (for soil there was none) lay several rotten pieces of wood. A bent piece of tarnished metal, still attached to one fragment, showed that they were the remains of a wooden coffer or box, bound at the corners with brass.

"The darned mean sneakin' skunk! There, I've said it, and I mean it too!"

Such was the agonized outburst of unhappy Peltiah, as his eye took in these significant details.

"Come on, Jack!" he exclaimed excitedly, "Don't set there chawin'—let's put out after him and make him go shares, if we can't do no better."

"We shouldn't know which way to take in the first place," replied Jack, with exasperating calmness; "and if we did, it wouldn't do much good."

"Why not?" was the astonished query.

"No," said Jack, deliberately peeling another fig, "according to a statement I've seen somewhere, a hundred thousand dollars in gold weighs about three hundred and thirty five pounds. Now one man and a small boy couldn't carry that weight very far through such woods as that—" pointing to the dense underbrush overrun with creeping vines and lianas.

"No, I s'pose not," admitted Peltiah, looking eagerly about him, as though expecting to see the heaped up treasure somewhere in the immediate vicinity.

"So in my way of thinking," Jack continued, "there's only one of two things possible. Either some one has been here before Lascar Joe—how long or how short a time ago it is impossible to tell, or—"

"Or?" echoed Peltiah, as Jack paused and looked thoughtfully from Peltiah to the excavation.

"Or Lascar Joe has found the treasure—piled it into a bag or basket, and hidden it away till he can come after it in a boat."

"And lookin' for it would be like huntin' for the needle in the haystack," sorrowfully responded Peltiah. To which Jack nodded in prompt assent.

"We might lay round here a spell and kinder wait the watch for him," suggested Peltiah dolefully, but evidently without much faith in the efficacy of such a procedure.

"And meanwhile he might steal our—that is, Captain Blowhard's boat," responded Jack, mechanically rising and approaching the edge of the plateau, to make sure of the whaleboat's safety. But no, it was there all right.

"Well—why be we to do nos, Jack?" blurted out Peltiah, who had evidently never dreamed of such a serious ending to an expedition that had promised such dazzling results. "Here we be," he went on, with reckless disregard both of grammar and geographical distances, "ten or fifteen thousand miles from him without no money cep'n't the few silver dollars I've stole—and rust of all with a boat we've stole—"

"Borrowed," gravely interrupted Jack.

"Well, borrid then," said his companion impatiently, accepting the correction, "but all the same we're likely to git lung or sent to pris'n if anything happens to her and we should be cotched. And then, by gracious, Jack!" added Peltiah, as a fresh source of alarm occurred to him—"there's them bloodhoun's—s'pose they should be sot after us!"

Jack himself could not resist a slight start at the unpleasant possibilities conveyed in the last suggestion.

If Lascar Joe had got hold of the treasure he would perhaps not trouble his head further concerning them. All he would think of would be to get away secretly with his booty.

But if otherwise, he would naturally go back to the Nancy, whose cruising grounds, for a time at least, was to be in the vicinity of the island. And he would at once notify Captain Blowhard when and where he had seen the whaleboat.

Pursuit by water or land would be the inevitable result. To give themselves up,

boat and all, trusting to Captain Blowhard's clemency, was not to be thought of. His anger would know no bounds, and his brutal punishment no limit.

On the other hand, how could they—two inexperienced navigators—find their way to some large West India port, from whence they could work their passage to the States on board an American bound vessel? And even if they could—how return Captain Blowhard's boat and revolver?

"I say, Jack," repeated Peltiah, in a louder voice, as Jack sat revolving these perplexing questions; "what in timentation be we goin' to do?"

"We shall see what we shall see," replied Jack, who, perplexed and made uneasy by the embarrassing situation, took refuge in his favorite phrase.

Rising to his feet, he scrambled over the ruined wall and again closely examined the cavity.

The box, whose rotted fragments lay scattered about, must have remained in one position for a number of years. Nothing else could have so perfectly squared the bottom and sides of the excavation. Being struck by a little pile of decayed wood dust at one end, Jack's fingers encountered a hard substance. It proved to be a tarnished Spanish moirdore, whose date was illegible.

"That shows plain enough that the sneakin' critter found the money," exclaimed Peltiah eagerly, as the two examined the coin.

"Don't prove it, by any means," replied Jack, "though I must confess it looks rather more that way than it did. But it's getting near sunset, Peltiah," he added, with a glance at the sky; "we must look round a bit and talk matters over afterward."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A YOUNG BAHAMIAN.

FOR wonderful beauty, and a climate of the almost perpetual summer, the Bahama Islands perhaps rank next in order to the South Sea Islands.

And it is a curious fact that in the more densely populated of the Bahama islands the interior is comparatively an unknown region. This of course is due to the indolent, ease-loving nature of their residents, especially those of the lower orders, who eat, sleep, smoke and drink without thought or care for any higher object in life.

And yet it is not so strange. Nature provides to the Bahamian fruit for the picking, fish and turtle for the catching, tobacco, and native rum—all at the expense of the slightest possible exertion on his own part.

The Bahamian builds him a one story, two-roomed dwelling, with wattle sides and a thatched roof, and then lives for the most part in the open air. A hammock, suspended under the foliage in front of the door, serves as his bed, and a brazier of charcoal as his kitchen.

In the rainy season, or during the three "hurricane months," he hibernates like the bears. With a plentiful store of yams and vegetables, chili peppers, salt fish, and tree mesqu, which should be trouble himself about storm or tempest?

For a lazy, unambitious poor man, without anxiety for this world or care for another, such an island as I am describing is a terrestrial paradise, though possessing taints of original sin in abundance.

There are plenty of drawbacks—yellow fever, mosquitoes, red ants, tarantulas, and centipedes, besides vice, uncleanness, ignorance, and sin, and not infrequently the savage brutality which has come down from the cannibal Caribs, who were the original inhabitants.

But of these darker sides of the picture Peltiah did not dream; nor did Jack, excepting as he vaguely remembered having read in books of travel that even in the tropics one may meet with unpleasant persons and things.

The scene which greeted their eyes as they came through the long bars of golden light over the dense green of the hill tops was one of unequalled beauty.

Well had Mr. Groper, of buccaneering fame, chosen the site for his little settlement of outlaws. Rising in places from sixty to a hundred feet directly from the narrow strip of beach below, a strange soil could be discerned miles and miles away on the north, east, and south.

The sea approached by sea was of course the little land-locked harbor beneath. Ranged along the extreme verge of the cliff were half a dozen cannon of curiously antique pattern. Lying among the moldering fragments of their carriages, they were half

hidden in a luxuriant growth of weeds and creepers.

These cannon in former days could be trained to bear down upon the immediately surrounding sea, or depressed to rake the little bay itself, whose narrow entrance was so hidden by a chain of ledges that an enemy's vessel might sail by it a score of times without discovery.

All this Jack pointed out to Peltiah as the two stood together near the largest of the dismantled cannon, which lay not far from the summit of the artificial ascent in the cliff.

"I vum!" the latter exclaimed, vehemently; "don't it all seem just like a kind of dream, Jack? Here five or six weeks ago you was a-sittin' to lorne all quiet like, readin' or studyin', whilst I was plantin' pertaters in the garden patch way back'n Vermont. Now here we both be down in the West Injys on the same islan' where my gret uncle 'Biram swum ashore more'n sixty year ago, and—oh! O-w-w-w!"

The very unexpected ending to Peltiah's train of thought was emphasized, so to speak, by a convulsive upward leap from the head of the old gun on which he had just seated himself!

"Why, what is it?" asked Jack, as, considerably startled, he rose to his feet and glanced downward at the gun; "did a bee sting you?"

"No, 'twas a snake; I'm pizenized to death—I'm goin' to die!" yelled Peltiah, clapping both hands behind him, and dancing madly about the plateau.

"Dat no snake, on'y boy Pepe fish spear; golly, don't be make white feller jump!" chuckled a small voice, which proceeded from a thick clump of coral vine close by the breech of the cannon.

Simultaneous with the voice, a grinning ebony-lued face, followed by a dingy tow shirt and a pair of diminutive black legs, rose from among a cluster of bright red blossoms, nearly paralyzing both Jack and Peltiah with astonishment.

It was of course Pepe—Pepe, who but a couple of hours before had menaced them from the top of the cliff, now looking as though he had never dreamed of anything but ardent friendship toward the two.

In one hand was a six foot cane joint, tipped with a lance-shaped bone having a needle-like point, which he playfully prodded in the nostril of Peltiah with another irrepressible chuckle.

"Why, you darned half growned young ink bottle!" wrathfully exclaimed Peltiah, as he realized the truth; "I've a good minter—"

"Say Pepe," eagerly interrupted Jack, "where Lascar Joe, eh? He find heap money over there?" pointing to the ruin.

But Pepe only shook his woolly head. Like all native Bahamians, Pepe spoke fluently either "pigeon English," or mongrel Spanish, eked out with much pantomime.

All he knew—by his voluble account—was that Lascar Joe promised him a silver dollar to guide him to the north shore ruins, which the islanders never go near, believing them to be "oh" or haunted.

Seeing Jack and Peltiah on the beach below, the boatsteerer had stationed Pepe at the head of the ascent, telling him they were "bad men," who would carry him away and sell him if they reached the top of the cliff. Hence the latter's hostile attitude.

After a while, Lascar Joe being out of sight among the ruins, Pepe lay down in the shade of the coral vine and went to sleep. When he woke Lascar Joe was nowhere to be found, so Pepe philosophically returned to his usual haunts, and the episode of the fish spear—and Pepe grinned again more broadly than ever.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE PHANTOM SCHOONER.

"HOW d'ye know but we be 'bad men,' that call'ates to kerry you off jest as Lascar Joe said?" asked Peltiah, in severe tones, which were calculated to excite the youth's levity.

"Him Joe cheat me out of dat dollah—s'pose him cheat, den he lie," was the logical answer, with which they were obliged to be content.

That Pepe knew far more than he pretended to know, Jack felt assured. That, like the most of his illustrious kin, he was an illustrious liar, seemed more than probable.

"Well, why don't you go back to town?" finally asked Jack.

With a marvelously sudden change of voice and manner, Pepe dropped his spear, and sewing a knuckle in either eye broke into a pitiable wail.



THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

BY EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

O, BLESSED FLAG! sign of our precious Past,  
Triumphant Present and our Future vast,  
Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright,  
Lead us to higher realm of Equal Right!  
Float on to ever lovely allegory,  
Kin to the eagle and the hind and light,  
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

"LET us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us."

This is a sentence from one of the books contained in the Apocrypha, and as it strikes us, a singularly appropriate motto for every American boy to place before himself on his country's anniversary day.

Canon may thunder and roar at daylight, church bells and town bells wake the early morning echoes with their joyful clamor, fire-crackers may hiss, sky rockets shoot, and fairy-like balloons dot the azure of the evening sky; all these and many more methods of celebrating the nation's birthday may serve to remind the youth of the land that the glorious Fourth is indeed a day of merriment and gladness, and yet, if their thoughts are not turned behind it all to the cause for the upstart and the rejoicing, the golden opportunity of the occasion is indeed missed.

Let there be fun, frolic, noise, and sizzling fires in all the colors of the rainbow, if desired, to mark outwardly the full significance of the date, but let there also be a realizing sense of the great primal cause.

And to contribute its share towards fostering this indispensable portion of a true Independence Day celebration, the Argosy this week gives up a page to pictures and that of some of the old time heroes to whom we present time Americans owe a debt of gratitude of which powder and shot, colored fires and fluttering flags can never wholly rid us.

A hero is not necessarily a brave soldier, one who does not feel a disposition to turn and run away when, with beating drums and leveled muskets, the enemy comes marching up. Neither is the title reserved for him who risks his own to save another's life. No, it requires neither the battlefield nor the presence of sudden danger to create the opportunities, the seizing of which wins for men undying fame and honor.

The dogged, dauntless, unswerving championship of a seemingly hopeless cause, the untiring patience that waits for time to justify an apparently foolish line of conduct, the self-denying devotion dedicated to the accomplishment of a known duty in the face of taunts, misconception and calumny, this is heroism of as sterling stamp as any ever enacted on the field of Mars.

Hence, although it is one hundred and eleven years since that day in Philadelphia, when the old bell ringer up in the tower of Independence Hall waited breathlessly for the signal to "proclaim liberty to all the people," the memory of the men who helped bring about the glorious possibility ought to be kept as green as though it were but of yesterday.

And to a high niche in this temple of



ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

fame for heroes whose honors were won without the aid of sword or uniform, the unanimous verdict of each succeeding generation has assigned Thomas Jefferson.

His paper, written as early as 1774, and entitled "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," is described as having placed him before the public as a "courageous and uncompromising advocate of constitutional freedom."

There was no dellying to ascertain by which path lay the surest road to fame for the young lawyer. He chose once and for all his position in the controversy with the mother country, and was neither afraid nor ashamed to avow it. But more than this he did, for it was his hand that two years later wrote out the immortal document loved and revered by us all, and the pride displayed by the great man when he penned the epitaph for his tombstone may well be pardoned, for it contained the words: "author of the Declaration of Independence."

Although hackneyed by frequent repetition and oftentimes sadly maltrated by school-boy declaimers in their first halting attempts at oratory, there is yet a ring of glorious, son-piercing nobleness and majesty attaching to Patrick Henry's famous speech at Richmond in March, 1775, that nothing can quench. His call for liberty or death was not that of a mere thinker, but the actual sentiments of a bold and dauntless actor.

For he not only talked of what he would like to do and of what others ought to do, but set himself to work to organize a force to make actual resistance to the enemy, "placed himself at their head, dispatched a troop to arrest the king's receiver general, and marched upon Williamsburg."

But there yet remained most important services to perform for the young nation after her assertion of independence had been backed up by loyal and effective fight-

ery at Trenton and Princeton, and he was also among those who endured the rigors of that never-to-be-forgotten winter at Valley Forge.

"Other men have labored and ye are entered into their labors," is another quotation from the sacred volume that is peculiarly worthy of consideration on this our national holiday, although the latter does not partake of the religious character of either Christmas or Thanksgiving. What our forefathers won for us by counting their lives of no account so long as the torch of liberty was upheld, we, their descendants of the third and fourth generation, enjoy without molestation, and sometimes, alas, without a thought of gratitude.

Although pride in the individual is a thing not to be encouraged, the fact that a man—or boy—is proud of his country counts for so much in the scale of virtues adjudged to him. Our realm is so large, however, and the great majority of its citizens would have to travel so far to find themselves without its boundaries, that it is not so much to be wondered at that in many cases they accept its privileges and enjoy its protection without giving a moment's thought to either; very much as the perfectly healthy man does not realize that he possesses any organs.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

ing for its maintenance. It was necessary to organize a system of government, and this task was one to tax to the utmost the energies and genius of the ablest legislators and politicians.

The land was impoverished by a long and closely contested war, the claims for preferment and reward of those who had taken active part in it remained to be considered, while the various conflicting suggestions and plans of the horde of hungry office-seekers bade fair to wreck the young republic before she had fairly set sail on her course.

To reduce order out of this chaos, reconcile opposing factions, create friends out of foes, and select just those men and measures that would best suit the needs of the country was the pressing demand of the hour.

Foremost among those devoting themselves to this service, one sure to bring down upon the luckless individual's head most bitter obloquy and denunciation, was Alexander Hamilton.

Already during the war, as aide-de-camp to Washington, he had proved himself invaluable in the discharge of the important and confidential duties of private secretary to the illustrious commander in chief. He moreover demonstrated his bravery and military prowess by gallant conduct as captain of artil-

lery at Trenton and Princeton, and he was also among those who endured the rigors of that never-to-be-forgotten winter at Valley Forge.

The writer well recalls his sensations when, after nearly two years passed on the continent of Europe, he visited the International Exposition at Paris and first stepped into the American department. The very marines on guard seemed like old personal friends to him, and the sight of the well-beloved flag, the most beautiful banner in the world, raised a lump in his throat that diffused happiness and pride throughout his whole being.

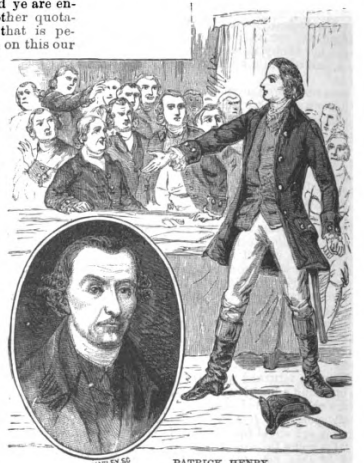
But why should we wait until we are in foreign lands to love and appreciate our own? Let us study our past, rejoice in our present and each of us make of himself the very best citizen he can, in order to bring about a still more wonderful and glorious future.

Every American boy and girl must certainly be aware of the fact that they are living in a country of wonderful achievements. The strides she has taken in the short space of eleven decades are truly marvellous, and with such a reputation it is not to be wondered at that immigrants from every clime are flocking for admittance within her magic borders.

The coming Fourth will be the first one on which Bartholdi's regal statue will have cast her rays from Liberty's torch upon the waters forming the harbor to our republic's most important city. May she see not only the prosperity which uniting industry has won, but a fresh inspiration of that ardent patriotism that enabled our forefathers to rear the government whose might and maj-

esty have grown to be the marvel of the world!

Then up with the flag, and a three times



PATRICK HENRY.

three from the throats of lusty young Americans! We are sure that they who never mind burning their fingers with punk, or scorching their hair with a backward fire-cracker, whose dilatoriness they have stooped down to investigate, we are sure, we say, that such whole-souled practical celebrators will not shrink the risk of scraping their throats by cheering loudly for their country and its old time heroes, whose memories should be ever young.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

ECHOS FROM WEST POINT.

As an illustration of what our military-inclined boys are required to learn at West Point, we append a morning paper's descriptions of some of the feats performed in the course of the academy's commencement exercises last month.

At 10:30 A. M. a number of the graduates exercised at cavalry drill in the riding hall, and as much of an audience as the two limited galleries could hold applauded. The drill was commanded by Captain Jacob A. Augur, son of the distinguished general, and was pronounced by the veterans one of the finest ever seen at the academy.

The young horsemen saddled and unsaddled, vaulted to their seats without use of the stirrup, rode at full gallop, and slashed leather heads of wooden enemies, pierced the heart of a foe by a fierce thrust, shot deadly bolts into stuffed pickets, stooped and picked objects from the ground while the horse was flying, mounted and dismounted, reversed in the saddle and vaulted over, the charger still galloping, and performed other feats of daring and skill, all of which provoked great enthusiasm, and made papas and mammas, sisters, cousins and sweethearts proud.

Finally came the bareback riding, with the same evolutions; and the exhibition closed with an illustration of how a cavalryman, whose horse has been killed beneath him, can leap behind the saddle of a more fortunate comrade, whose horse is still galloping, and escape from the clutches of the enemy.

At 2 P. M. the pontoon bridge was built by the entire class, boats and planks being carried to the river and knoed together in the shape of a substantial bridge, 265 feet long, in less than ninety minutes. Over this an army might have passed in safety, artillery and wagons included.

FAST FLYING.

The speed of fast express trains, even that of the "Washington Limited" on the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the far-famed "Flying Dutchman" running between London and the West of England, is nowhere when compared with the velocity in flight which has been attained by birds.

In 189 a pigeon flew from Ballinacree in Ireland to Castle Bernard, a distance of twenty-three Irish miles, in eleven minutes, which gives the almost incredible rate of one hundred and sixty English miles per hour, a speed nearly equal to that of the common swift, which is without doubt the fleetest of all birds.

This rate of flight, however, must be regarded as altogether exceptional, since nothing approaching it has been performed in more recent years. The average speed of the pigeon is, in all probability, about forty or forty-five miles an hour, as from calculations based on the time occupied in traveling given distances at races, it appears that a mile is covered in about ninety seconds.

(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 XXIII.

### DICK'S PLAN OF ESCAPE.

DICK BROADHEAD and his companions gazed eagerly down at the beautiful scene before them. With its green grass, thick groves of trees, and flowing streams, the country at the base of the mountains seemed to them to be the fairest they had ever looked on. But it was still out of their reach.

"If they had had wings, or could have crawled down the face of the cliff like flies, the difficulty would have vanished; but the precipice was too abrupt for the most daring and skillful climber to descend. Dick made an attempt to find a foothold on the slippery rock, but had to give it up as hopeless.

"Once more, and most unwillingly, the explorers turned to retrace their steps toward the cavern where stood the colossal idol. It was with a feeling very near to despair that they dragged their weary limbs along the rough passage in the rocks, till they found themselves once more in the lofty chamber traversed by the subterranean river.

"Here they all flung themselves down, utterly exhausted with the labor and the excitement through which they had been passing. A strange drowsiness stole over them in the confined and musty atmosphere of the cave. Like men overcome by Arctic cold, they seemed willing to give up the struggle, and to sink into an unconscious stupor from which they might never arise.

"Dick Broadhead fought bravely against the benumbing sensation that was creeping over his frame, and he succeeded in resisting it. He has always been, both as a boy and as a man, resolute and determined to a rare degree, and he was the only one of the band of travelers who could battle against the fatal influences that were overpowering the others.

"He sprang to his feet, and roused his companions—an operation which necessitated a pretty rough shaking. The last one of their store of torches was burning feebly where it had dropped from Griswold's hand. Dick picked it up, fanned the flame till it blazed brightly, and then by its light he found some of the broken pieces of wood that had fallen from the image. These he piled together and kindled, and soon a small bonfire was burning that dimly lit up the extent of the cavern.

"The example of his activity led the others to bestir themselves, and the search along the sides of the cave, to find another opening, was renewed.

"But no trace of any passage could be found, except those which the explorers had already tried without success, and the one by which they had first reached the vault in which they were now imprisoned. It seemed as if all hope of escape was cut off, and the rocky chamber where poor Masara's body lay would be the tomb of five more victims.

"The only possible chance still left them was to return along the tunnel by which they had originally come, and try some of its many branches. But there was not one of these for a considerable distance back. The way, too, was full of such difficulties

that it had taxed their strength to the utmost when they traversed it for the first time, and there was but little prospect that they could hold out long enough to reach the open air by its means, even if there was a branch that would lead them to it.

"Carter was the first to propose the attempt. 'I know that there's very little hope that way,' he said, 'but there's nothing else we can do.'

"'Stay,' suddenly exclaimed Dick Broadhead, as a new idea struck him. 'There's a better plan than that.'

"'What do you mean?' he was asked. 'We might escape by the river that runs out of the cavern.'

"'I don't know how, unless you mean to swim,' replied Carter; 'for you know we found it was impossible to make our way along the chasm where it goes out of sight.'

or thirty stout pieces of suitable timber were soon picked out. Then came the most puzzling part of the undertaking—the fastening of them together, to make a raft.

"Carter produced two or three short lengths of stout cord from one of his pockets, where they had lain forgotten since the capture of the hunter's wagon by the Ingans. Dick cut some narrow strips from his clothing, and Jingo devoted to the same purpose the whole of the loose linen tunic he wore over his shoulders.

"By such shifts as these the work was accomplished after a fashion. Two layers of beams were bound into a raft large enough to support the weight of all five of the travelers, and strong enough, they hoped, to float them out of their prison, although it was doubtful if it would hold

merged its timbers till they were raised only a few inches above the waters of the torrent.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A SUBTERRANEAN VOYAGE.

GRISWOLD picked out a long piece of wood, with which he could keep the raft from running against the sides of the tunnel, while Carter set fire to another piece to serve as a torch.

"The rapid current of the stream seized the raft, and bore it rapidly beneath its vaulted passage. The travelers were soon beyond the cavern, which was now brightly lighted up by the conflagration of the great wooden idol, and were swiftly rushing into the unknown darkness before them.

"The channel was narrow, and in most places they could not reach the rocky wall on either side. The roof was high enough at first to allow them to stand up, but it became lower, and they had to crouch down on the raft to avoid being swept into the black water.

"Suddenly Carter uttered an exclamation of alarm, as a projecting point of rock struck the lighted torch in his hand, and dashed it into the stream, where of course it was instantly extinguished. The little band of voyagers was now in utter darkness!

"The current grew more and more impetuous, and the raft was hurried onward and downward as if by a mill race. Its occupants clung to it in a silence which was only broken by the sound of the rushing water.

"Suddenly they became aware of a dull roar that sounded ahead of them, and became louder and louder as they floated on. 'It's a waterfall!' said Griswold in an agonized voice. 'We shall go over it, and nothing can save us!'

"And the travelers gave themselves up for lost. They could hear the river plunging down in a thundering cataract, probably to lose itself in some deep chasm in the earth.

"But in another instant the raft swirled round a bend in the course of the torrent, and into the daylight. The travelers saw that they were still considerably above the level of the plain at the foot of the mountains. A few yards ahead of them the river was pouring from its rocky channel, and dashing to the bottom of the cliff in a series of rapids and cataracts.

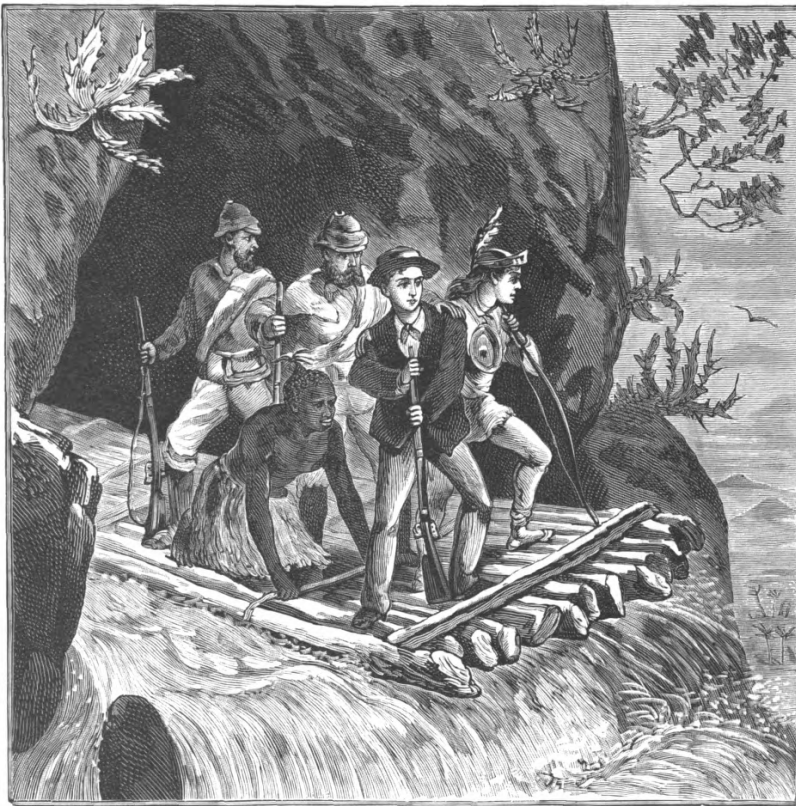
"There was but little chance that the raft would hold together and float safely down the falls. As they saw the dangerous situation, they turned to their feet, for the roof of the passage was here high above them, and braced themselves to receive the shock of the first plunge, at the same time preparing to spring from the raft when it broke up.

"All this had passed in less time than it takes me to tell of. The raft was hurried on by an irresistible force, and a moment later leaped madly over the first of the falls in the torrent's course.

"The cataract was some eight or ten feet in height, and below it the stream expanded into a broad and evidently deep basin. After eddying round and round, the waters poured again, and then dashed down a loftier fall; then they dashed down in foaming rapids to the level plain beneath.

"Above the second fall, along one side of the miniature lake, ran a ledge of rock, raised about two feet above the water. As the raft shot down the first cataract, Dick fixed his eyes on it. He had in it a chance for escaping before being dashed over the next and loftiest fall.

"The clumsy raft shot over the cataract and far out into the basin below, plunging its bows, if I may so call its front part, deep under the water. It righted itself nobly



THE RAFT WAS SWEEPED IRRESISTIBLY ONWARD AND OVER THE CATARACT.

"'I believe we might escape that way, all the same,' said Dick. 'How do you mean to do it?'

"'I mean to build a raft and float down. Here is plenty of wood lying ready to our hand; if we can manage to bind together a few of these beams that have fallen from that ugly old statue, the rest will be easy.'

"'Yes, if the river runs out on the plain beyond the mountains,' put in the cautious Griswold; 'but suppose it runs down some sink hole, and disappears in the depths of the earth?'

"'Oh, there's some risk, I admit,' returned Dick; 'but I think there's some hope too, which is more than I can see in any other plan. Besides, I believe that the river we saw below us, when we stood in that opening in the cliff, is the same as the stream that runs through this cave.'

"Dick Broadhead carried his point, and all hands set to work to pick out timber suitable for a raft, and to drag it to the edge of the stream. The bonfire that Dick had kindled a little while before was replenished with more broken wood, to give the workers the light they wanted.

"There was a quantity of material from which to select. Some of the beams were rotten, and others were of so heavy a wood that they would hardly float; but twenty

together if it should run against a rock or meet with any other serious strain.

"The raft was nearly completed, when the builders, who were busily engaged in their work, noticed that the light of Dick's bonfire seemed to be growing brighter. Turning to look in that direction, they saw a curious sight.

"Some of the dry wood that lay on the floor of the cavern had caught the fire. It ran along the scattered beams, till it reached the feet of the great statue. Then the devouring blaze leaped up and spread among the woodwork of that mysterious structure.

"It seemed as if the image of the African demon, which had probably stood there for ages in its wondrous rock-hewn temple, was now to be consumed by the chance bonfire of some sacrilegious strangers. The building of the raft was suspended for a moment, to watch the leaping tongues of fire shoot up as high as the shoulders of the colossal figure.

"It mattered nothing to the travelers, and, leaving the hideous idol to burn, they carefully launched the frail craft, and set off on their strange voyage upon the subterranean river.

"Fortunately, they found that the raft was sufficiently buoyant to float the whole party, though their united weight sub-

but the strain of the leap was too great for its weak fastenings. One by one the logs were splitting off from the port side, to continue the nautical phraseology, as the raft swirled round in the eddying waters between the two falls.

"Gradually the broken raft was drawn towards the second fall. It was just about to plunge down to destruction, when Dick gathered himself together for a leap and sprang like a young stag for the ledge of rock.

"It was a splendid leap, and landed him in safety. Griswold tried to imitate the example. He was a good jumper, too, but he fell short of the desired spot. He managed to clutch the rock, however, and Dick helped him to scramble out of the water.

"Meanwhile the other three had left the raft and plunged into the water, springing as fast as they could away from the cataract. They were only a few yards from the rocks, but it was hard to swim in the swirling eddies of the pool, especially when the travelers' exhausted condition is taken into account.

"Norman Vincent was not able to make a stroke, and would have gone to the bottom or over the cataract in another moment, had not Jingo come to his aid. Resting his hands on the dusky shoulders of the Kaffir, he was towed to the shore, and drawn out of the water, while Carter reached the same point after struggling for a minute or two in the eddying stream.

"Dick looked down the course of the torrent, and saw the remains of the raft plunge headlong over the cataract. Its timbers were shaken apart like the matches from a spilled match box, and went dashing like chips down the foaming rapids below.

"The travelers had indeed been lucky in their escape. They could hardly realize that they were no longer immured in the heart of the mountains. They had been shot forth in a rather abrupt and summary fashion, it is true, and had come near to breaking their necks over the cataracts; but they felt most devoutly thankful for their deliverance from death in its most terrible form.

"However, their dangers and difficulties were by no means over. They were in the midst of an unknown country, and several hundred miles, so far as they knew, from the dwellings of civilized men. They were ill supplied with arms; for though Dick and Griswold had clung tenaciously to their weapons, and saved them from the shipwreck of the raft, yet two rifles and a scanty supply of cartridges formed a very inadequate protection, as they were destined to discover.

"For the moment, reaction from the despair they had felt in the Cavern of Garani raised their spirits to quite a high pitch. But it was not long before they had again to face imminent peril to their lives.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### AN ADVANCING HOST.

"THE travelers climbed down the rocks and over which the river fell towards the plain, and reached the level ground at the foot of the mountains, which rose almost as steeply on this outer side as they did around the country of the Inganias.

"Rest and refreshment were what they needed most just now, and with that object in view they made for the nearest grove of trees. A thick fringe of palms and low bushes lined the edges of the stream a little further down its course, and in that direction the party turned their steps, hoping to find some wild fruits, or perhaps game, or at any rate a shelter from the burning rays of the sun.

"The flaming ruler of the day was mounting higher and higher toward the zenith. When the travelers first started to explore the cavern in the mountains, it had just begun to sink toward the western horizon; and they concluded that they had been nearly a whole day in making their way through the bewildering rocky passages.

"For three nights past they had had no sleep to speak of, and their consequent exhaustion can be imagined. Their hunger, too, was severe. Their thirst they quenched with the water of the stream, which they found to be clear and icy cold where it left the mountains. In the cavern, where they had first seen it, the waters had looked black as ink, but this appearance, they now saw, was due to the darkness of the rocky vault through which it flowed.

"Far as the eye could see the level plain stretched away to the north, without a sign of human habitation. To the south, and directly above them, rose the towering

mountains, and lower ranges of hills stretched from them out into the plain on the east and on the west. The travelers were on the left or western bank of the river, which flowed, as you will remember, over the plain in a northerly direction, with many windings. This explanation of the situation is needed for a clear understanding of the subsequent events.

"As the travelers neared the thicket of trees and bushes which they had selected as their temporary resting place, there was a sudden stirring of the undergrowth, and a creature that had been crouching there at the margin of the river sprang out and began to flee across the plain with wonderful rapidity. It was grayish in color, and about the size of a half-grown deer.

"Here was a grand opportunity to secure some fresh meat. Griswold, who was the nearest to the flying beast, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and fired hastily—too hastily as it proved, for the creature sped along with undiminished speed.

"'Hang it!' cried the hunter, annoyed at his poor marksmanship; but before the brief obituary was out of his mouth another rifle shot rang out.

"It was Dick who had fired, and his aim was true one. The animal sprang high into the air and fell on the plain with a bullet through his head.

"With joyous exclamations the travelers ran toward the prostrate beast. It was a beautiful creature, about five feet long, with short twisted horns, its fur being gray above and white beneath. It was evidently some kind of antelope, and Jingo recognized it at once.

"'Boer men called um riet bok,' he said.

"'Um riet bok is good to eat.'

"'I guess it's the same as what they call a reed buck at the Cape,' added Griswold. 'I remember I've seen them there, though I never shot one.'

"The dead buck was shouldered by Jingo, and carried toward the trees from which it had vainly tried to flee. The rest collected such material as they could find for a fire, and soon some of the tender flesh was being skillfully roasted.

"While Jingo was busily engaged in these culinary operations, the other four members of the party were earnestly discussing the situation, and trying to decide upon some plan for their future movements. Their prospects now looked brighter than at any time since they were first taken prisoners, and it certainly seemed possible for them to reach civilization once more; but now came the question—in which direction should they turn?

"If they could judge, they were about midway between the coast of Benguela on the west, and the upper Zambesi on the east. Each of these points was probably some five hundred miles distant from the spot where they stood.

"They would find civilized inhabitants in either of those regions, who would aid them in reaching their native land. Or again they might strike to the south and west, and strive to reach the European seaboard on Walvisch Bay.

"All of them except Norman Vincent had so lively a recollection of the sufferings they had endured in crossing the barren region that lay between the western coast and the territory of the Inganias, that they were not inclined to turn anywhere in that direction. Griswold's idea was to make a start over the hills to the eastward, and push on towards the Zambesi.

"Dick Broadhead, as usual, had a plan of his own.

"'Where do you suppose this river runs?' he said, pointing to the stream by which they were sitting, each with his back propped against a convenient tree.

"'I don't know,' replied Griswold, 'and I can't even guess. There is no such stream marked on any map of Africa that I ever saw. The map makers don't know much about this particular part of the world.'

"'I suppose it may run eastward to the Zambesi,' suggested Carter.

"'Then why shouldn't we follow its course?' asked Dick.

"'For one thing,' replied Griswold, 'it's quite probable that its banks are swampy farther down. You know that most African rivers run through great marshes.'

"And then again,' added Carter, 'the stream may not join any great river. It may be dried up and lost in a sandy plain, just as several streams that run from the hills of Damarraland are lost in the Kalahari desert. Then we should be worse off than ever.'

"'We could turn back,' said Dick, 'and try a new direction. We are less likely to die of thirst if we follow a stream than if we turn away from it, I should think. And

if we find the banks too swampy for marching, we must manage to build canoes, and float down.'

"Jingo was consulted on the subject, but when asked if he knew whether the river ran, he gravely shook his head.

"Well then, Jingo, which way do you think we had better turn?' Carter went on to inquire.

"'Us keep by river,' he briefly replied. 'Plenty game ist dar; and he pointed down the level banks of the stream.'

"Jingo's opinion decided the point, and the travelers agreed to follow the course suggested. But before they moved in any direction they needed a good rest.

"Although there was no appearance of danger from any quarter, yet a watch was necessary as it was possible that they might be threatened at any moment by an attack of wild beasts, or possibly by a party of pursuing Inganias. Jingo, whose endurance was wonderful, volunteered for the service, and he posted himself on the outskirts of the little grove of trees, in a spot where he could see both banks of the river.

"Meanwhile the others stretched themselves on the ground beneath the shade of the bushes. Hiram Carter and Norman Vincent were true to their word, and took off their clothes, and indeed their immersion had been rather pleasant than otherwise in the prevailing heat. All were soon sound asleep.

"It was strange, perhaps, that Jingo did not follow their example, but resisted the drowsiness he could not help feeling. He kept a vigilant watch. In fact, he seemed quite uneasy, and did not appear to share the sense of comparative security which the other travelers enjoyed.

"Before they had been asleep five minutes, the sentinel's attention was attracted by a curious phenomenon which evidently increased his uneasiness. His gaze was fixed steadfastly on the northern horizon.

"He saw a strange cloud, like mist or smoke, rising from the earth, on the left bank of the river, and apparently several miles distant. The land in that quarter seemed to tremble, to wriggle, to rise and fall, but little vegetation. Was it a fog that Jingo saw creeping up the valley, or was it a fire consuming the parched and sun-dried grass, like the old-time prairie fires of our own West?

"But it could hardly be a fog in the dry atmosphere of tropical Africa; and a fire need have caused no serious alarm, as the travelers could escape it by swimming the stream, or by scrambling up the cliffs behind them. The cause of the cloud-like appearance was something different, as soon became clear.

"Half an hour passed by, and then the anxious sentinel could distinguish a line of black dots moving in front of the cloud, like an army of ants advancing toward him. The dark objects grew larger as they came nearer, and with a cry of alarm, Jingo turned to arouse the sleepers, to make an attempt to escape the new danger that started upon his face.

"An army of warriors with ebony skins and savage faces was marching up the banks of the stream, and was close upon the travelers.

(To be continued.)

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

### HOT WEATHER RECORD.

DURING these hot July days, ice cream and soda water are consumed in vast quantities. In the natural belief that heat can best be counteracted by cold. It is this, so, why should we not have the same regime by observed with regard to the food of the mind?

With a view to giving our readers a chance to experiment in the matter, we print here with a description of a very cold New Year's Day, kindly sent us by a subscriber in Indiana. In answer to a query propounded some weeks ago in our correspondence column. We may add that the majority of the responses received unite in ascribing this phenomenal cold spell to the same day.

The first day of January, 1864, is always designated by Western people as "That Cold New Year's Day." The severity of the temperature at that time was remarkable, and without doubt the coldest of the oldest inhabitant has never been equaled.

A student who was attending the Rush Medical College at Chicago, has a vivid remembrance of the day. The thermometer commenced falling about three or four o'clock on the last day of the old year, and continued to drop through the night following. In the morning of New Year's Day, the cold was intense, the thermometer registering nearly forty below zero. Water poured boiling hot from the kettle and thrown into the air, fell to the ground in the form of ice. A machinist, who occupied an apartment in the building of the medical student, desired to get a tool from his shop, which

was situated about seventy-five yards from his room. He ran to the shop and returned immediately in the same manner; but on reaching his room he found his coat and nose frozen as white as the snow without.

The suffering among the poor of the city was pitiful in the extreme. Many were frozen to death. A small fleet of the extent of their privations may be had from the fact that Professor Brainard of the Rush Medical College was kept busy one entire afternoon, amputating the frozen fingers and toes of the poor who were brought to the hospital.

"The cold snap continued for two or three days, when the weather moderated and resumed its normal wintry temperature.

### EXPENSIVE CRACK FILLING.

Of course everybody understands that a ship must be made water tight, and that this desirable quality is obtained by caulking the seams. But few, we fancy, realize the immense amount of material and labor involved in this operation.

Not long ago the fine American ship Mary L. was in our dry dock in this port for repairs to injured machinery. She is over 200 feet in length, and one of the workmen confined to a reporter some interesting facts and the business of caulking.

"I'll wager that one man in a hundred," he began, "does not know the great distance a single calker would have to travel to caulk the seams of this big craft. She is over 200 feet in length, and at her greatest depth has fifty seams. Multiply these two together and it will be seen that a man would have to travel at the very least two miles before he could finish the job.

"It is expensive work, this dry docking, for the use of the dock alone costs all the way from \$75 to \$150 a day, not to speak of the hire of some forty or fifty artisans, the least skilled of whom receive \$10 a day. There are also other big bills of expenses for material, which sometimes is equal to the price of the labor. To caulk a big ship like the Cushing we require nearly 1400 lbs. of oakum. If the rolls were spliced together the whole would extend for a distance of twenty miles."

### A BOY WRITES TO THE EMPEROR.

Now and then in stories we read accounts of pathetic letters written by children to the king of their land, petitioning for some special favor or exhibition of clemency.

Such incidents, however, are not confined to the pages of fiction by any means, as witness the following epistle received by Emperor William on his birth-day:

"DEAR KING.—On thy great Birthday with the prayer to the good God that thou mayest long be our good king. And now I beg you to be kind and my poor father-in-law, who has been an invalid since the war with Austria, having been shot in the foot—something from the war fund. I have two brothers and two sisters, and often we have no bread to eat. I, like my brother, mean to be a soldier, and then will fight the enemy. My dear mother has been very sick. And now I greet you, dear emperor, and send you my name. AUGUST WOLK, thirteen years old."

The war ministry has taken the case in hand, and intends to be kind to the circumstances of the little petitioner's parents.

### SOME BOY REGIMENTS.

ESTIMATING from the number of letters sent to the ARGOSY on the subject, our readers must be pretty generally interested in military matters. So are the Russian boys, judging from what a London Times correspondent has to say of their doings.

He states that a splendid idea of what the hardy Cossack race really is was given by two whole regiments of boys about 1400 strong, from nine years old up to fourteen, drawn to greet the Russian Emperor from all the steppes or settlements of the Cossack territory. Mounted on lean, shaggy native horses, and wearing huge wolf's heads than themselves, and lances eight feet long, they formed the most wonderful infant cavalry ever seen.

These boys were dressed in a queer, strong pace, cling to their stirrups like monkeys, and pick up handkerchiefs from the ground as they cheer aloud. His Imperial Majesty, who arrived at the salute, had at ten o'clock amidst tremendous cheering, was greatly interested and amused by these Cossack youngsters in their ride by in lines two deep, headed by their chiefs, singing Cossack songs to the beat of tambourines.

### TANGLED PICTALS.

WHILE the ARGOSY does not in the least countenance any such tricks as that played by a San Francisco boy and described by the Examiner of that city, it respectfully submits that the Chinamen would have provided the boy with less fun if they had taken pains to undo the mischief first before they sought to inflict punishment on the perpetrator.

The story runs that a certain small boy, seeing two round-eyed sons of the Flowery Kingdom looking in a Kewey Street window, slipped up behind them and tied their eyes together. When they learned what the happy mischief was, they sought the perpetrator, who stood grinning from behind a telegraph pole, but as they took opposite sides of the pole, passing, they were brought up with a jerk that threw them down, and it was not until the services of a police officer had been secured that they could take their several ways amid an amused throng of spectators.

WESTERN RANCH LIFE.

See illustration, pages 504 and 505.

THE cowboy of the great Western cattle ranches is a unique product of nineteenth century civilization...

Its importance is evidenced by the statement of a recent writer, who asserts that the establishment of the cattle business was a more important event in American history...

Its interest is shown by the halo of romance which has been cast around Western ranch life, and by the many letters which THE GOLDEN ARGOSY receives from youthful readers...

Those desirous of information as to the duties, dangers, and enjoyments of this arduous occupation will find it well worth their while to glance at the splendid illustration to which the central pages of this week's ARGOSY are devoted.

The work of these "drives" is very trying. The cowboys never leave the saddle except for a hasty noontide meal, or to snatch a brief rest, reposing on the bare earth.

Whenever a halt is made, they must be "close herded," and sentinel cowboys patrol around them on guard.

The great danger is the dreaded "stampede" of the herd. A thunder storm may strike terror into the uneasy cattle, or a panic may arise from some trivial cause.

"On the approach of one of these terrible outbursts," says Mr. William Baillie Grohman, "the whole force is ordered on duty; the spare horses—of which each man has always three, and often as many as eight—are carefully fed and stored, and the herd is 'rounded up,' that is, collected into as small a space as possible, while the men continue to ride around the densely massed herd.

"Sometimes, however, a wild steer will be unable to control his terror, and will make a dash through a convenient opening. The crisis is at hand, for the example will surely be followed, and in two minutes the whole herd of 4000 head will have broken through the line of horsemen and be away, one surging, bellowing mass of terrified beasts.

"They must head off the leaders. Once fairly off, they will stampede twenty, thirty, and even forty miles at a stretch, and many branches will stray from the main herd. Not alone the reckless rider, lashing headlong at breakneck pace over dangerous ground in dense darkness, but also the horses, small, insignificant beasts, but matchless for hardy endurance and willingness, are perfectly aware how much depends upon their speed that night, if it kills them.

"Unless till the last moment remains the heavy cowhide 'yuir,' or whip, and the powerful spurs. Urged on by a shout, the horses speed alongside the terrified riders until they manage to reach the leaders, when, swinging around, and fearless of horns, they press back the bellow-

ing brutes, till they turn them. All the men pursuing this maneuver, the headlong rush is at last checked, and the leaders, panting and lashing their sides with their tails, are brought to a stand, and the whole herd is again 'rounded up.'"

"The cattle rancher's life is full of such arduous toils as this, and offers few opportunities for enjoyment. An occasional race between two of their bony, wiry steeds, or the excitement of a fight between two rival bulls, cannot compensate for the roughness, the ease and comfort, as well as the pleasures, of settled existence.

The cowboy has done good work in the cause of civilization. The last twenty or twenty-five years have witnessed a marvellous change in the far West, and the cowboy has been a foremost factor in the development of this vast and important section of our land.

It is no wonder that the first men to enter into the cattle business developed, in their wild surroundings, into a pretty rough lot of men. But the ill reputation earned by some of the most reckless spirits of the old generation is an unmerited reflection upon the great majority of a trusty and hard-working body of men.

I speak after years of study, resulting in a conviction which nothing can shake.

SOLDIER LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.

RECENTLY THE ARGOSY printed a brief account of the men who enlist as privates in the regular army of the United States, and here-with we add a description, culled from the same source, of their every-day life after they have donned the blue Sam's modest livery.

When the piping time of peace the soldier's life is quite a happy one. When the recruiting service it takes on the least returns to get him into proper shape, a lot of which is supposed to be accomplished at some one of the recruiting depots, so that by the time he joins his regiment he should be in perfect trim and absolute training, ready to take up his musket and go to work.

Here, is, however, little to do on the frontier now except garrison duty, and with no large town or cities near wherein to waste energy, the accumulation of five years can be saved, if possible, in the regular army life that there are: One lieutenant-general, 3 major-generals, 16 brigadiers, 68 colonels, 90 lieutenant-colonels, 223 majors, 660 captains, 4,645 first lieutenants, and 44,822 second lieutenants. The above are the commissioned branch.

Next come 40 sergeant-majors (the highest rank next to a commissioned officer), 40 quarter-master-sergeants, 40 chief musicians, 40 drummers, about 44,000 privates, 2000 sergeants and commissary-sergeants, chief trumpeters, hospital stewards, etc., 2,360 lieutenants, 1,893 corporals, and very nearly 18,000 privates.

The grand total is something like 28,167 all told. Outside of the staff departments the above are consigned to the various regiments (branch) in 25 regiments of artillery, and a battalion of engineers.

Of course this little mite of an army is scattered over an immense amount of territory, and even if gathered together in one bunch would scarce make a respectable showing above the vast numerous armies of Europe; but this handful is a nucleus for tremendous expansion, and the skeleton companies would be increased almost instantaneously fourfold or more without the least disarranging the excellent organization which is now its boast and its pride.

His average pay per month, second enlistment is \$18. For this he does garrison duty, attends roll calls, is detailed on furlough at odd times, shoots his rifle, and plays his bag.

"The ordinary routine for a day is as follows: Sunrise, reveille, roll-call. If a cavalryman, he immediately attends to his horse, feeds him, mows, feeds, waters his horse, and then gets breakfast for himself.

"If a foot soldier, he has to do an extra work about the garrison, such as policing the post, clearing away old rubbish, watering trees, loughing and watering the stock, and so on, in fact, attending to any other chores that need looking after.

"All the afternoon is idle time, with the exception of the stables again, the soldier being permitted to tend his horse till about eleven o'clock, and then the main duty being performed by the various fatigue parties, and, perhaps, a garrison or general court martial may be in session.

"The weather is fine, at retreat a full dress parade is held, which is also one of the most interesting ceremonies in the military calendar.

"Every year annual rifle competitions are held at department headquarters, which attracts the best marksmen from all over the country, with some of the fine medals offered as a reward for skill, as well as a pleasant tour of duty after the shooting is finished.

All this is very well, and is something in return for the long years of isolation on the wild and unsettled frontier; but should it happen that the Indians in the neighborhood become suddenly belligerent, break out into open rebellion, commence killing settlers, and running off stock, whether it be in three feet of snow in winter or 130 in the shade in summer, off you go in the saddle after the deprecatory raids, and possibly get a few fortresses without seeing any congressional, as Indian warfare is not considered in the line of bravets.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD PIANIST.

A STORY almost too wonderful for belief is sent to the New York World in a dispatch from Reidsville, North Carolina. It seems to be the fact, however, that the absence of the sense of sight is sometimes compensated by a remarkably accurate ear for sounds.

It is stated that a boy only three years old, named Henry Graves Easley, recently gave an entertainment at the Reidsville opera-house, consisting of piano, organ and mouth-harp solos.

A few nights ago at a farmer's house, where he and his parents lodged, Henry got hold of a big German accordion and astonished the household by playing a tune, some one told him how to work the bellows. One day he was wheeled in a baby carriage from house to house, and every piano in town was at his service.

"It was his father's residence, Mrs. Wallace, the sheriff's daughter, a good pianist, played for him 'The Mocking Bird.' The child has the feeling in his mouth as well as behind, and with one hand to his ear listened intently. Then he sprang to the floor, and with outstretched hands toddled to the mother, saying: 'That's the best I can play!'"

"They placed him at the instrument and he played 'The Mocking Bird' in perfect imitation of the tuning in his mother's ear. It is said that an offer has been received from Washington to take the child and give him a musical education.

Since Ladies have been accustomed to use Glenn's Sulphur Soap in their toilet, their personal attention to the hygiene of the complexion has been seen disdained with blotches and pimples, or rough and uneven skins. So buy drugists.

A Wonderful Machine and Oper. To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. No labor or wash-board. The best in the world. It costs now, one to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Day St., N. Y. Adv.

40 PHOTOS of Female Beauties, 100 1/2 for 25c. STURK TO SUIT. CAT. 2c. GEM AGENCY, Orleans, Ind. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE! A \$2.50 Gold Ring to all who will act as our own agents. The following is a list of names. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

IMPORTED JAPANESE CURIOS. Send \$c for samples. W.M. STEWART, 73 Beaver St., New York. Answer this adv.; mention The Illustrated Companion.

INFALLIBLE. Cures Weak and Inflamed Eyes, Redness, Itching, Swelling, Styes, etc. Try It! 50c. E. RIGGALL, 1100 N. 2nd St., St. Louis. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

1 Stone Ring, 1 Band Ring, 475 Scrap Photos, 50c. J. R. SLOANE, Book Illustrations, 40 Act's Square, All B. F. STUFEN CARD CO., New Haven, Ct. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

MONEY AND PLenty OF IT! \$100 to \$500 in 10 minutes. 1c for 2c stamp for outfit at once. J. R. SLOANE & CO., Hartford, Ct. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

THIS 18K. Rolled Gold Plate Ring, 16 Sample Card Album only 1c. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

MAGIC FRECKLE CURE! Promptly eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Blemishes, etc. Without Injury & Imparts to the Skin a Rarely Achieved Softness. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ANCIENT INDIAN RELICS! for sale very cheap. Good arrow head, 10c.; Indian Stone Hatchet, 10c. Box \$1.50.

Handy Book For Collectors by mail 10c. Contains illustrations and descriptions of moose and wild feline footprints, animal tracks, mammalia, ornamental pebbles, etc. Over 25 pages. Every collector needs a copy. Catalogue and stamps. Reply to W. GORRING, Erie, Co. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$100 WILL BE PAID to the person who sends correct solution of THE PERSONAL CLUB Puzzle before June 1st. Offer made in advertisement 77 to introduce this fascinating puzzle. Over 100 already solved. Send 1c. postage and try for the prize. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS AND FLESH WORMS. "MEDICATED CREAM" IS THE ONLY KNOW, harmless, pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes ALL facial eruptions and FOR GORS IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear and unblemished in the world. For those who have no blotches of any kind, it clears the complexion, makes something else in the way, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR and BRILLIANT and clearing it of all impurities and coarse skin. It is a true remedy for cure and NOT a pain or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30c. in ten or for 25c. by GEORGE S. STODARD, Druggist, 1225 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y. BY FRANK A. MUNSEY, Currier, Freckles, Tan, and makes the hands white; sent post-paid for 30c. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY. We have now ready a neat binder for Binding the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY as they appear from week to week. It is not a mere device for fastening the papers together at the back, but takes the form of a regular book cover, with the title 'THE GOLDEN ARGOSY' stamped in gilt letters on the side. Each binder holds fifty-two numbers, or a complete volume; it keeps the paper neat and clean, and is extremely handy.

We are prepared to furnish it in two styles; flexible press board, five cents, or stiff narrow cloth, 6c. Each. When ordered by mail, fifteen cents additional must be enclosed in each case to prepay postage. Full directions for use accompany each binder. Address, FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren Street, New York.

SIXTEEN SPLENDID STORIES. We have received so many letters inquiring whether back numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY can be obtained, that we judge that most of our numerous new readers would prefer to have the present issue of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, with which it is included. "Making a Man of Himself" was commended, and a synopsis given of the other serials then running, so that those who begin their series with it could read, practically complete, the following stories:

MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF. BOB BERTON. LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE-OUT. THAT TREASURE. TOM TRACY.

The following stories have been commenced since: THE CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS. ALWAYS IN LUCK. THE BOY BROKER. LITTLE NAN. NATURE'S YOUNG NOBLEMAN. PIRATE HUNTERS. THE LAST WAR TRAIL. THE YOUNG ACROBAT. DICK BEEHEAD. IN SOUTHERN SEAS. Ask your newsdealer for these back numbers; he can order them from us. Please in writing, or you can get them direct from this office, 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

CHARLIE'S HIGH OLD TIME ON THE FOURTH.

CHARLIE (who finds a cartridge of giant powder)—"I say, boys, here's a daisy fire cracker!"

But it was the wrong sort of fire cracker.

HOW BUFFALO BILL GOT HIS NAME.

As has been already stated in these columns, the Wild West Show has become all the fashion in England, and public patronage, royal smiles and "heaps of money," for all of which some more strictly dramatic theatrical ventures from this side have made most earnest, but unsuccessful bids, have been showered without stint upon this simple but unique and accurate reproduction of life on the American frontier.

Owing to this popularity, the English press has devoted considerable space to the exhibition and its promoters, even to the extent of getting Buffalo Bill himself to write an account of his life for the London Globe, a portion of which we reproduce herewith:

I was born in February, 1846, in the State of Iowa. I need not say that I am a member of my family, and can dismiss my youth briefly by saying that when I was not on a horse I was just being thrown about. I soon became a pretty smart rider, and my connection with a gun was pretty good too.

I was twelve years old when I killed my first Indian. It happened rather suddenly. I was walking out by the river, near Fort Kearney, one night about ten o'clock. My companions had got on ahead somehow, and I was quite alone, when looking up toward the bluff bordering the river I saw illuminated by the moon, the head and shoulders of a live Indian, watching me with evident interest.

Now I knew that red man would shoot me if I didn't shoot him; so, quickly coming to a conclusion as to what I should do, I brought my gun to my shoulder, and aiming at the head, fired. The report sounded louder than usual, in the stillness of the night, and was followed by a war whoop such as only could be built up by an Indian, and the next instant over six feet of dead Indian came down splash into the river.

Soon after this I went to business. I took to the plains, and in the company Messrs. Russell and Simpson soon learned the ins and outs of the wild life lived with horses and cattle, driving teams, riding express ponies, and getting to know the men among other things. I somehow found out how to hunt buffalo, a sport second to none, if you know how.

I shall never forget the faces of five officers I met on the prairie once, now many years ago. They were after a herd of buffalo, so was I. We exchanged views, I gave them my ideas, they gave me their sympathy.

"You surely don't expect to catch buffalo with that God-damn gun," said they. "I am going to try," I said.

"You'll never do it, man alive," said the captain. "It wants a fast horse to overtake buffalo." "Does it?" I responded. "Yes, but you can come with me, if you like." And I did like it. The next day, five officers in the herd, and while the officers rode straight at them, I headed the leaders and got up to them with ease. They were always easy to companions had been chaffing was the famous Brigham, who knew as much about the sport as I did; he speedily did his part of the business.

A few jumps brought us up to the herd. Raising "Lucetta Borgia," my trusty weapon, I aimed at the first animal, and gave my second him down. Brigham, like the ideal animal that he was, carried me rapidly up to the next herd, not ten feet away, and when I had dropped him, bounded on to the next, and so on, until I had slain the whole eleven animals, and then my horse stopped. I dismounted to regard my work with a feeling of satisfaction. Those officers rode up shortly, and I shall never forget their expression as they surveyed the work of five minutes by my hand.

My horse Brigham was an exceptionally intelligent brute. He took the keenest delight in sport, and invariably took pains to aid me in getting game. All he expected of me was to do the shooting. The rest was his work. He would always stop if the buffalo did not fall at the first shot, and give me a second chance; but if I did not bring him down then he would go on disgusted.

It was 1867 that the Kansas Pacific track was being laid in the buffalo country, and the company was employing over 1200 men in the building of the road. The Indians were very troublesome, and it was always easy to get sufficient supplies of fresh meat for the laborers.

It was about this time that Messrs. Goddard,

the contractors to the constructors, made me a handsome offer, provided I would undertake to hunt for them. They required twelve buffaloes per day. The work was somewhat dangerous, owing to the Indians, but the terms were handsome—\$500 per month. I took the offer, and in less than eighteen months, during which time my engagement lasted, I killed 4280 buffaloes single-handed, and had many scrimmages with the Indians, and hair-breadth escapes.

It was during this period of my career that I had my celebrated buffalo killing match with Billy Comstock. It noted second, then at Fort Wallace. The terms were settled as follows: We were to hunt one day of eight hours, from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. The stakes were \$300 a side, and the man who killed the most buffaloes was to be declared the winner. The contest took place twenty miles east from Sheridan, and many thousand people came from all parts to see the match.

We were fortunate in finding animals, and had plenty of sport. We made three runs each, and I killed sixty-nine buffaloes, my rival being content with forty-six. Not a bad day's work, a day which is an historical one for me, inasmuch as since that day I have invariably been referred to in all parts of the civilized world as Buffalo Bill.

A "FLOATING PALACE" FOR CHINA.

For a long while America has enjoyed the distinction of possessing the largest and handsomest river steamboats in the world. Strangers as it may seem, China is the first country to put herself in the position of a rival in this respect.

According to a contemporary, a beautifully modeled saloon steamer, called Fatshan, has just been launched at Leith, Scotland, which was specially constructed for the night passenger service in the Pearl River, between Hong Kong and Canton, China.

She is built in a most unique style. She is almost similar to our well-known excursion boats, the Grand Republic or the Columbus, a type of craft that is new in England and China yet.

Owing to the Pearl River having been rendered almost un navigable in consequence of the Chinese throwing large quantities of stones and rubbish into the stream, the French, from invading the boat, everything has been done to insure a light water draft, notwithstanding the immense size of the vessel, nearly 2,260 tons. To offset any fatality should the vessel strand and receive damage to her keel, she has been furnished with a double bottom.

Pirates swarm about the Pearl River, and prevent them from invading the vessel and manning the crew and passengers, the stairs leading to the several decks have iron gratings at the top, which can be closed down on a moment's notice. In this way the robbers can be kept in that part of the craft which they first favor with their obnoxious presence.

The sleeping berths of the ship will accommodate about three thousand passengers—a number that will surprise some of our local sportsmen to think the British and American Sound boats are so big. The Europeans, Chinese, and Parsee Jews will be given separate berths.

The steering apparatus is worked from the bow of the craft. This is essential, as the navigator will have to be stationed as much forward as possible to see the numerous rocks that lie about the waters of the Pearl River. Two thousand passengers may comfortably be accommodated on board at one time. The steamer has all the latest appliances, including electric light.

A PECULIAR REGION.

One need not journey to the wilds of the Dark Continent or hunt up a desert island in the Pacific or Indian Oceans to find a spot on the earth's surface where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own country, according to a recent item going the rounds of the press.

It is a territory bordering on the northern line of Lincoln County, Maine, called "Hibbert's Gore." It contains 341 acres of land and is a flourishing farming tract, bounded by the lines of three counties—Knox, Lincoln and Waldo—but is not claimed by either. The inhabitants do not maintain a municipal organization, and cannot vote for county governor, members of legislature, or town officers.

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

Gluten Flour and Special Diabetic Food, are invaluable as repairing Flours, for Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Debility, and Children's Food. My Bread is mainly free from Starch. Six lbs. sent to physicians and clergymen who will pay a pres. charge. For all family use nothing equals our "Health Flour." Try it. Samples free. Send for circulars to FARWELL & RHINES, Watertown, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly plain. Situations prepared all pupils when competent, and for instruction. C. CHAFFIN, Chicago, Ill. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Remedies, Prevention and Cure. Includes the experience of an actual sufferer. By H. MCALPIN, Lowell, Mass., 4 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DO NOT STAMMER BET SEND FOR CIRCULARS. DOUGLASS M. C. A. L. L. U. M., 11 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SHOCKING ShotGuns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. Address Great Western Shot Gun Co., Chicago, Ill. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SHORT-HAND Type Writing. College penmanship. Lessons in either art, 10 cts.; both arts, 20 cts. No stamp. Terms and conditions on request. Sent for circular. P. O. Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; San Francisco, Cal. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. Will teach you the double entry system thoroughly for \$1.00. Mailed on receipt of price by C. R. DEACON, publisher, 1236 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sent for circular.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CURE FOR THE DEAF. Dr. C. R. PARSONS' IMPROVED COMBINED EAR DRUM RESTORER restores the ear and performs the work of the eardrum. Invaluable, comfortable and always in position. All conventions and even whistles heard distinctly. Sent for circular. Price, 50 cts. Address, F. HISCOCK, 353 Broadway, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3 Printing Press! Type Setting easy by hand. Send 2 stamps for list of presses, type, cards, to Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Reach's Illustrated Book on Curve Pitching

Considered by all competent judges the best work of the kind published. All the curves are plainly illustrated on a Base-ball player's hand, with a complete description of the various curves, as it affects Batters as well as Pitchers. By mail, 50 cts. complete. Sent for circular. Reach's Illustrated Book on Curve Pitching, 23 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa. In replying to this adv. mention The Golden Argosy.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM MADE Plymouth Rock \$3 Pants (VESTS TO MATCH, CUT TO ORDER, \$2.25).

Every pair cut to order, and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sent by mail or express, on receipt of \$3 and 25 cts. to cover postage (or express) and packing. Send fee (or package of 100 stamps) for circular, from, and self-measurement blanks, and if you mention this paper, we will include a good linen tape-measure free. The American Express (capital twenty million) will cheerfully reply to any letters sent to their Boston office inquiring about us.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO., 18 Summer St., Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

BOUND VOLUMES OF THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

We have now on hand Volumes III and IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY bound. They contain the following twenty-three complete serial stories:

- THE YOUNG ADVENTURERS; BY JOHN GINGOLD. JACK WHEELER; BY CAPT. DAVID SOUTHWICK. THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT; BY MARY A. DENBON. FACING THE WORLD; BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. UNDER FIRE; BY FRANK A. MUNSEY. FOOTPRINTS IN THE FOREST; BY EDWARD S. ELLIS. THE MOUNTAIN CAVE; BY GEORGE H. COMBER. FACING PERIL; BY G. A. HENRY. THE LOST WHALE BOAT; BY HARVEY WINTHROP. IN A NEW WORLD; BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. WITH FIRE AND SWORD; A Tale of the Russo-Turkish War, BY ONE WHO WENT THROUGH IT. IN THE WILDS OF NEW MEXICO; BY G. M. FENN. THE BOYS OF FARNBOROUGH GRANGE; BY J. ANTHONY DICKINSON. THE PENGANG PIRATE; BY AN OLD TAR. AFLOAT IN A GREAT CAY; BY FRANK A. MUNSEY. STRUGGLING UPWARD; BY HORATIO ALGER, JR. THE DORRINCOTT SCHOOL; BY BERNARD HEIDMANN. ONLY A BOY; BY MARY A. DENBON. NUMBER 91; BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM. THE FUGITIVES OF WYOMING; BY EDWARD S. ELLIS. THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND; BY FRANK H. CONVERSE. PERILS OF THE JUNGLE; BY LIEUT. R. H. JAYNE.

Besides these serials, each of which, printed in book form, would sell at \$1.25, or \$2.75 for the 23 stories, these volumes comprise over three hundred short stories, a large number of biographical sketches of eminent men, and a host of interesting and instructive articles and short matter. They contain nearly five hundred fine illustrations, and are strongly and handsomely bound in cloth, with leather back and corners, and gold lettering. The price of each volume is \$3, expressage to be paid by receiver.

Ask your newsdealer to get them for you, or send to the publisher, FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren St., New York.

RABBITS and BANTAMS. Sent for circular T. F. McGrew, Jr., Springfield, O. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

150 Elegant Serap Pictures & Agent's new style sample book of best colored and decorated cards only 5c. National Card Co., North Bradford, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

HOW TO BUILD HOUSES. A book giving plans and specifications for 20 houses of all sizes, from two rooms up, sent, postpaid upon receipt of 25 cents. DUNN & CO., 31 Rose St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$100 EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee you \$100 every month into any one who is willing to work. HOLLY CARL CO., Meriden, Conn. We furnish costly outfits free to those who mean business. For profitable and permanent work we are working 15c a day, others \$3 an outfit. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS Free. Neatest styles for ever. Book of samples free to all. Send your address and 2 stamps for list. HOLLY CARL CO., Meriden, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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

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