Let Cilling

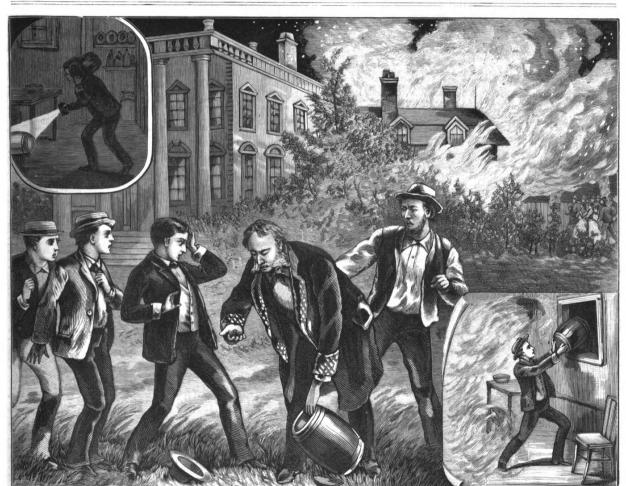


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by Frank A. Munsey, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. V.--No. 32. FRANK A. MUNSEY, 181 WARREN ST., PUBLISHER. | NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1887.

TEHMS S3.00 PER ANNUM

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.

T was not the voice of duty calling which roused Jim Ingalls from his comforta-ble bed at midnight.

A bie 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 seuddling 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. rendezvous

An enthusiastic indignation meeting was in progress.

"It is a shame and a disgrace," Walter Fitman 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 anfathers 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-

"And I," said Henry Berry, "will spike their old cannon; they have hauled it over to the common, and are intending to fire a salute. If they are so afraid that we will make a little noise they shall not make any themselves. We will give them a quieter Fourth than they bargained for.

That will just suit the squire," remarked

Harry Stubs.
"He is an Englishman, and has no respect for American institutions; down with

"And is it meself ye's alludin' at?" questioned Mike Rafferty, with quickly doubled

nsrs.
"Now, Mike, I forgot you entirely," was
the ready answer; "and I would apologize
like a gentleman, only an Irish boy and an
English man are two very different per-

"Sure then, and it's a foine thing for excelf that the same is thrue," said Mike,

"Sure then, and it's a tone thing for yerself that the same is thrue," and Mike, only half mollified by the explanation. "However," he added, "if ye will take an Irish boy's word for it, there is a keg of gunpowder in the squire's cellar kitchen. It's a shootin' match he is to have the morry, with some foine out-of-town friends of his; and it was willin' he was to give the powder for the salute, pervided that there should be none sold in town, no, nor a fire-

cracky, nor so much as wan wee torpeeda."
"I wish we had his old powder," exclaimed Berry. "It is a burning shame for him to celebrate, after he has spoiled all

"And sure, where is the use of his celebrating at all, at all?" suggested Mike, with a sly leer. "It's slapin swately he is

brating at all, at all?" suggested Mike, with a sly leer. "It's slapin' swately he is this minute, and there is many a boy here bould enough to creep into that same kitchen and lug out a shnuall keg."
"But it has an ugly look, breaking into a man's house; besides it would be stealing," objected Jim.
"Stealin' is it?" cried Mike, "and who are you callin' a thafe? Sure ye can hide that powder until the fifth, can't ye? It's confiscatin' the inemy's stores, it is, and not stealin' at all, at all."
"We might do that," admitted Jim.
"Sure ye might, and I was so confident ye would that I brung along me dark lantern; the same which me uncle Pat, who is a policeman in Boston, give me;

who is a policeman in Boston, give me; and here's an empty keg, half full of sand; just lave that, when ye take the other, and the squire will never mistrust. Sure he and his foine friends will think it is the first

day of April, and not July at all."
Properly carried out, this plan promised to be a beautiful illustration of retributive justice; but when Mike boldly asserted, that, having planned the adventure, he had done his share of the work, it seemed likely to fall through for lack of a daring per-

petrator.
"It's bould Yankee boys ye are, and a "It's bould Yankee boys ye are, and a foine sperit ye have, when not one out of a dozen dare risk a whalin', for the sake of yer rights, and yer country!" railed Mike. Coaxed, derided, and over-persunded, Jim at last shouldered the heavy keg, armed himself with the dark lantern and started. It was a trembling young midnight marander that separated himself from his companions, and stole quietly toward the grand old house, standing in slient majesty among

old house, standing in silent majesty among the mighty oaks and elms that lifted themselves like sentinels around it.

How their branches sighed and groaned!

How their branches sighed and groaned; with what a protesting creak the window allowed itself to be raised!

The dark lantern seemed to wink and blink with fiery recollections of metropolitan wickedness. Almost before Jim realized what he was about, it pounted one flaming finger straight toward a small dark ker.

He put down his sand, his lantern, and with one quick breath lifted the ugly, dwarfish thing.

It was not quite full, and the contents sloshed about accusingly as he staggered sloshed about accusingly as he staggered across the room, and through the long

At the open window stood Berry, with outstretched arms. When he handed over the keg, a sudden tremulous shivering took possession of

Jim's legs.
Nevertheless he went back, caught up the lantern and followed his friend with all

the haste possible to his disorganized knees.

The powder was securely hidden, a solemn oath of secrecy was taken, and the band separated, feeling, in spite of the purity of their motives, a guilty consciousness that they were reprehensible young repro-

night came a long wailing cry. Over and over again it sounded, indistinct at first, but gaining every moment in volume and intensity, as voice after voice caught

up the refrain.
"Fire! fire! fire!"

Men screamed themselves hoarse in their efforts to spread the alarm, for every bell in town had been dismembered and now hung mute and motionless, quite unable to sound the maddening din that usually an-nounced the dreaded danger.

Owing to this fact, it was some time be-

fore it was clearly comprehended that Squire Evans's house was the seat of dis-aster. It was still longer before the half dressed and wholly excited crowd reached

that time the fire had made such headway that it was seen to be impossible to save the L. The main building was, as yet, untouched.

The squire stood some distance from the house, surrounded by his family and two or three servents

"Here we be, squire! here we be!" cried Tip Taylor, bounding forward in front of

The Taylor, bounding forward in front of the noisy rabble.

"Here we be, every man of us willing and ready; the river is handy, and I'll be bound the fire won't spread much farther."

"Stand back! stand back!" shouted the

"Stand back! stand back!" shouted the squire. "Stand back, every one of you! I'll have no lives lost saving my property. There is twenty-five pounds of gunpowder in the cellar kitchen, and the floor overhead is burned through."

The crowd swayed backward. Jim Ingalis standing near heard every word, his guilty heart swelling with anguish as the flames leaped and roared above that dreadful kitchen.

ful kitchen

ful kitchen.

He knew how unnecessary was the squire's precaution; but his oath of secrecy was binding and impressive; Mike Rafferty in administering it looked out for that.

But the oath itself, with its hair-raising characteristics, was a dead letter compared to that unuttered code of honor which seals every boy's lips in regard to the misdeeds

Jim saw himself branded as a tell-tale, a Jim saw himself branded as a tell-taie, a pariah, an outcast. He saw also the long tongues of flame, reaching every moment nearer and nearer to the grand old mansion, the boast of the town, the pride of Squire Evans's heart, and he turned with a brave determination to tell the truth, and abide

determination to tell the trun, and adde by the consequences.

Turned and faced the watchful, angry eyes of Mike Rafferty.

"Baby!" he hissed; "if ye dare to spake, it's not a whole bone I'll lave in yer body the first time I catches ye alone; let his ould house burn, it's none of our business."

"Rut it is our business," ureed Jim." "But it is our business," urg urged Jim:

didn't! "and—O Mike! it couldn't be! you didn't!"
"And what are ye drivin' at now?" asked
Mike, angrily. "If it's settin' the fire, sure
and I didn't. It was the ould squire himself with his little glass lamp, as he is explainin' this minute if ye will be after listening."

A great load seemed to drop from Jim's heart, and a sudden resolution lightened it

He turned from Mike, lost himself in the crowd, separated from it, and hurried to-ward the fire.

He did not dare to show himself, but hid

read not care to snow himself, but hid behind fences and in the shadow of great trees until he was almost there. Then he made a bold dash across a broad, bright space, and the burning building swallowed him.

He heard voices, and loud cries of warn-

ne heard voices, and roud tries of warning and surprise.

Among them he distinguished his aunt Hetty's, shrill with terror and genuine concern. That at least was a comfort, because it set his mind at rest.

He was glad to know that if anything He was glad to know that if anything happened aunt Hetty would be sorry; for in days gone by, he had his doubts, grave doubts, as to her affection for him.

He rushed through the long entry, the flames scorching his clothes, the smoke blinding his eves

flames scorening blinding his eyes, The wood-work upon one side of the No need of a kitchen was blazing merrily. No need of a lantern now, to see the ugly little keg that was keeping so many willing hands from

was accepting as a many their working.

Jim caught it up, and with the strength of desperation fairly tossed it through the small high window, following after with a quick scramble. He meant to throw it into the river, which flowed at the foot of the garden.

He felt that there would be nothing un-Before half of them reached home a ter-rible thing happened.

Through the warm silence of the summer line is under the would be nothing un-seemly in such a disposal of a keg of warm gunpowder; while at the same time it would preclude the possibility of detection.

He ran swiftly toward the water and in another r moment would have drowned his when a half dozen persons inter-

secret, when a half dozen persons inter-cepted him.
Squire Evans himself, Tip Taylor, and few scared-looking boys were among

them.
"Hold on!" cried the squire, "hold

He dexterously caught the keg, opened

and tilted it slightly.

The boy's faces were a study; Jim's fairly convulsed with shame and terror; Mike Rafferty's angry and vindictive.

There came a soft swish, and the squire's

There came a sort swist, and the squire s hollowed hand was full of gunpowder. There could be no mistake about it; Mike Rafferty's innocent, empty keg, was brimming over with the wicked, black exolosive.

In spite of heat and exertion, Jim's face

blanched

Mike himself dropped down on the near-Mike himself dropped down on the near-est stump, frightened into momentary weakness by the terrible phenomenon. One of the little boys began to cry, but the squire sang out cheerily: "It's all right! go ahead!" As he spoke, the men formed themselves into long lines.

From the well, and from the river, th

From the well, and from the river, the dripping pails and buckets splashed and dashed, while an angry sputter began to mingle with the crackling of the flames.

Then the squire turned to Jim.

"Boy," said he, "you have done this night what I didn't believe any man alive would do, let alone a little chap; what I wouldn't do myself, dearly as I love my old home, what you shouldn't have done, if I could have stomed you and what you whet the this in the state of the said of what you shouldn't have done, if I could have stopped you, and what, now that it is done, I thank you for, with all my heart; and boy, remember this, that while old Squire Evans is above ground, you have got a friend."

This kindness was more than Jim could

This kindness was more than Jim could bear.

He was weak and unstrung from the horror of the discovery he had just made, and besides, he was not used to it.

"O squire!" he blurted out, "don't say that; I didn't know what I was deing; and I don't deserve any credit for it. An hour or two ago, I came here, mad because you had spoiled our celebration, and stole your powder—at least I thought I did. I left a keg of sand in its place; and that is what I went after, and what I supposed I was bringing out."

"Hum!" ejaculated the squire. "Hum! yes, there was a cask of mineral water right beside the powder; I was afraid you had got that when you came out of the house just now; but I guess you must have taken it your first trip. Well, young man, I do not feel called upon to take back anything I have said."

thing I have said."

He noticed that the boy, who could not possibly have devised such a scheme, and carried it out unaided, made no mention of any companion in iniquity, in order to palhis own offense.

"I thought it pretty plucky to handle gunpowder the way you did," continued the squire, "but I think it vastly braver and squire, "but I think it vastly braver and nobler to tell the truth as you have done. I honor truth, and I honor the person who speaks it. I take off my hat to you, sir, and I say what I didn't before: I am proud to be your friend.

So many voices were now calling him that he was obliged to hurry away; but that picture of the grand old man, standing bare headed in the faint morning light, was something to be long remembered.

someting to be long remembered. It im-pressed upon each young heart, as never before, the beauty and majesty of truth. The next day a new life began for Jim. Aunt Hetty's affection, warmed into sud-den life at sight of her nephew's danger, proved to be of its usual intermittent character; and when Squire Evans offered to take the boy into his own family she gladly consented.

As she never liked boys, she probably never regretted her decision.

As for uncle Seth, if he missed the bright face and merry voice to which he had grown accustomed, he never dared mention the fact; but the amount of business which necessitated his presence at the boy's new

home was a thing to be wondered at.

He always noted Jim's improvement with genuine pleasure, and rejoiced heartily in his succe You are making a man of him, squire,

said he, upon one occasion.

"Not at all," was the answer, "not at all. I would not give much for that kind of manufacture. I am trying to help James to make a man of himself; we are working together, and we are working on excellent material, sir, excellent material,"

[This story commenced in No. 227.] FD NEW ON; or New York Bootblack

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER XLI.

THE HOME OF THE MCCURDYS.

Twas a long walk to Avenue A, but at last Mrs. McCurdy reached her new home. She paused in front of the shabby tenement where she at present re-

ded.
"This is the place," she said.
"Do you live nere?" asked Madge, lan-

"Do you live nere?" asked Madge, lan-guidly.

"Yes, and this is where you are goin' to live. I live wid my son John McCurdy, and his wife."

and his wife."

"I don't want to live with your son, ann Bridget," said Madge, whose recollections of him were not the most pleasant. "Holty, totiy! Who asked you whether you want to live wid him or not? But before you go up, give me the money you've got wid you."

"It isn't yours, annt Bridget," said Madge, with another feeble protest.

"Shtop your foolish talk, and give it to me right away."

There seemed to be no belo for it and

There seemed to be no help for it, and There seemed to be no neip for it, and Madge produced her little store of money. Mrs. McCurdy's eyes sparkled, for it was much more than she anticipated. She had not expected more than thirty or forty

cents.

'It's a smart girl you are, Madge," she said. 'I didn't think it was in you. And you made all that this morning?"

you made all that this morning?"
"Some of it was given me."
"That's right. Get all you can that way.
It comes easy, and there is more profit in
it. And you were goin' to carry that to
Mrs. Newton, if I didn't happen to find
you."

you."
"Yes, aunt Bridget." "How that woman has been robbin' me!
It's shameful. She ought to give it back to

me."
" Take me to her, and perhaps she will," said Madge.

said Madge.

"Oho, you're smart, are you? You think she'd keep you, and you'd get away from aunt Bridget, do you? It's a long day before you'll see them Newtons again, I can tell you that. You'll stay and work for the one that's the best right to your earnin's. Now come up-stairs wid you!"

There were convent dichter.

Now come up-stairs wid you!"

There were several flights of stairs to climb, for Mrs. McCurdy and her son lived nearer the root than the cellar. Mage bore the ascent better than her garardian, who, being fat and scant of breath, toiled up the staircase, puffing and panting, and complaining of the altitude.

"They ought to have an illuvator," she grumbled. "It's hard on an ould woman like me to climb up all thim stairs."

At last they reached the right floor, and Mrs. McCurdy opened the door of her son's room, and entered, pulling Madge after

room, and entered, pulling Madge after

John McCurdy was sitting in a rocking-chair smoking a pipe, while his most in-dustrious wife was moving about the room preparing dinner.

"Is it you, nother?" he asked with his back turned. Yes, it's me, John. See who I've got

wid me," she added triumphantly.

At this he turned, and a look of satisfaction came over his face when he caught sight of Madge.

"So you've got the gal, mother!" he cried. "Well, that's a good one. Does you credit, old woman. Where did you find her?

"I found her over in Bleecker Street, as sassy as you please, sellin' her matches, and niver so much as thinkin' of the woman that tuk care of her whin she was a baby, and kept her from starvin' and frazin'."

"Was she willin' to come wid you?"

asked John.

"No, she tried to get away, but I made r come. Look to her now! Ain't she a "No, sue tried to get away, but I made her come. Look to her now! Ain't she a fine young leddy, with all them fine clo'es?" "Mrs. Newton gave them to me," said Madge, looking ready to cry. "And well she might, when you gave her call ways mays!"

"And well sue magu,"
"Did she have any money with her,
mother?" asked John, interested.
"A trifie!" muttered Mrs. McCurdy,
who had no idea of revealing how much
she had obtained from Madge.
"How much now?"

"How much now?"
"Fifteen cents," answered his mother. carefully selecting a dime and a nickel from

the loose change she had deposited in her

"That belongs to me," said John McCur-y, extending his hand. "She must bring er money to me, mother, if she is to board dy, extending his hand

Madge was prevented by an expressive look from Mrs. McCurdy from revealing the deception practiced upon John. Indeed, she had no wish to reveal it, for she preferred that Mrs. McCurdy should keep the money rather than her son.

"Take it, John," said his mother. "It's

yours by rights."

"It's very little," grumbled John. "Little gal, why didn't you sell more matches?
You ain't smart. - I won't kape you if you can't bring in more than that."

"I'll go out again this atternoon, sir," said Madge.

said Madge.
"Will you, miss?" said Mrs. McCurdy,
who easily read the girl's thoughts. "I
know what you're after. You want to run know what you're after. You want away, and go back to thim Newtons

"They won't know what has become of me," said Madge, sadly. "No matter if they don't! It's no busi-

ness of theirs any way. You're my gal, and not theirs." "Sit down, Madge-I believe that is your

"Sit down, Madge—I believe that is your name," said John's wife, in a kind tone. Madge looked at her gratefully. She de-cided that she should like her better than

her husband or his mother.

Presently dinner was ready, and all drew up to the table. It was a plain dinner of corned beef and cabbage, with a plentiful supply of potatoes, and Madge, in spite of the sad change in her circumstances, ate "There's one thing wantin'," said John.
"And what's that, John?"

"And what's that, John?"
"A glass of beer."
"I'm wid you there, John," said his mother, with alacrity.
"Give the gal a pitcher, and send her down to the saloon at the corner."
"I'll go," said Madge, willingly, "I'll go,' said Madge, winingry.

Mrs. McCurdy transfixed her with a sharp

ans accourage transmixed her with a sharp glauce, shaking her head significantly. "If you sind her she won't come back again," said the widow. "Go yourself, John."

John "Oh, let the girl go! She's got younger

legs nor I."
"I'd rather go myself, John, though it's

well known to you how wake and delicate I am, and that goin' up-stairs doesn't agree ith me."
There was a dispute as to who should go,

which was finally settled by John's wife going down, to the mutual satisfaction of her lazy husband and mother-in-law. The beer was paid for out of the fiften cents which had been abstracted from poor Madge's hoard by her unscrupulous guar-

John and his mother drank the large join and his mother drank the larger portion of the beer. Madge declined tak-ing any, and was not urged. John ate a hearty dinner, and it did not seem to trouble kim that it had been purchased by the hard earnings of his wife, while he, the head of the household, had not paid a cent towards it.

"I say, old woman, it's jolly!" he said, in high good humor. "Let's drink Madge's

"I'm wid you, John!" said his mother. who would have been willing to drink any body's health.

"Here's my regards, little gal!" said John, gulping down the contents of a glass. Madge did not rise and return thanks. Indeed, the compliment made very little impression upon her. She was not charmed with the family circle into which she had been admitted, and was already considering how she could get away and return to her friends. She reflected with satisfaction that the chance would come when she was that the chance would come when she was sent out to sell matches, as she no doubt would be the very next day. Upon the whole, therefore, she kept up her courage very well. Her captivity, she felt, would not, last very long. She didn't take into account Mrs. McCurdy, who was equally resolved that she should not escape.

CHAPTER XLII.

MRS, MCCURDY VISITS A PAWNSHOP AGAIN.

ADGE was not allowed to go out again that day, but was kept at work in the house. She went to bed early, being fatigued, and slept as soundly as girls of her age are apt to do.

The McCurdy domicile consisted of one

large square room, used as kitchen and living room, and two bedrooms of small size opening into it. Neither of these size opening into it.

One of the bedrooms was occupied by

John and his wife, the other by Mrs. Mc-

Curdy and Madge.

After Madge had retired Bridget McCurdy peeped into the room two or three times to see if she were asleep. She had an object

in it, as will appear.

She did not have to wait long. In less than half an hour the girl's regular breath-

than half an hour the girl's regular breathing showed that she was unconscious of all that was going on around her.

Mrs. McCurdy came into the room and gathered up the girl's neat clothing with which Mrs. Newton had supplied her, and made it into a bundle.

"What are you going to do, mother?" asked John, curiously.

"Gion" to hock "em," answered the old woman with a cunning elence.

woman, with a cunning glance.
"But what's the gal goin' to do without clo'es

"I'll get her some that'll do for a trifle, John. She don't need such good clo'es as

them."
"That ain't square, is it, mother?" said "That ain't square, is it, mother?" said, John, who was not capable of such meanness as his mother. "You won't get much for 'em. Lave the gal her clo'es."
"I know what I'm about, John," said Bridget McCurdy. "When I get the money I'll trate you all to beer."

John McCurdy made no further remonances and the beath of the said of t

strance, for, like his estimable parent, he

had a weakness for lager.

With the little bundle under her arm Mrs. McCurdy descended the stairs, and made her way to a small shop where the three balls exposed indicated the occupation of the owner.

A small, thin, crafty-looking man was standing behind the counter, while all about him were stored packages and articles about him were stored packages and articles in infinite variety, some apparently too trifling and shabby to have any value at all. "What can I do for you, my good woman?" he asked. "What'll you give me for them?" said Bridget, unfolding the bundle. "Seventy-five cents," answered the pawn-broker for a passe.

"Seventy-five cents, inswered the pawa-broker after a pause.

"Seventy-five cents for my poor little gal's best Sunday clothes!" exclaimed Mrs. McCurdy indignantly.

"It's all they're worth," said the pawa-

broker.

"How much do you think I gave for em, you thate of the world?"

The pawnbroker shrugged his shoulders,

and professed ignorance. and professed ignorance.

"Six dollars and a quarter I gave for 'em
out of my own hard earnings," said Bridget
glibly, "and it's only five weeks ago last
Thursday since the child put 'em on."

"Then you got cheated," said the pawnbroker, coolly.

"Won't you give me a dollar and a quarter now, seein' I'm a poor lone widder, and too wake and delicate to work for a livin'?" livin'? No, I couldn't. I would lose money by

it." Mrs. McCurdy looked about the shop till she saw a ragged calico dress about the same size as the one she had brought with

her. An idea came to her.

"Give me that into the bargain," she said, "and I'll take the seventy-five cents." The ragged dress was one that the pawn-broker had had left on his hands, and it was so shabby that it was doubtful whether he would-ever find a customer for it. Still the instinct of bargaining was strong in him, and he chaffered till he beat down Mrs. McCurdy to seventy cents. Then he signi-McCurdy to seventy cents. Then he signified his assent, and Mrs. McCurdy walked out triumphantly, with seventy cents in her pocket and the ragged dress done up in a brown paper under her arm. "Share it takes Bridget McCurdy to

make a bargain," she murmured chuckling.
"The gal will be just as well off in the ould dress, and she'll be ashamed to run away and appear among her fine friends in a beggar's frock."

In high good humor Mrs. McCurdy reappeared among her kindred. She compla-cently exhibited the bargain she had secured. Her son took matters with indifference,

but his wife was disturbed. "How could you treat the poor girl so Mrs. McCurdy?" she asked, reproachfully

"I don't know what you mane, daughter-in-law," said Mrs. McCurdy, with dignity.
"It's a shame to take away the poor girl's good clothes, and give her such rags

gris good cioties, and give her such rags to wear."

"They're good enough for her," muttered Bridget. "There's no call for her bein dressed like a fine leddy."

"She wasn't. Her dress was neat, that was all."

vas all.

She was better dressed than you or I, a'am," said Bridget, in ill humor.
"If I'd known what you were going to

do. I'd have stopped you from taking out

the clothes. "You would, hey?" retorted Bridget, angrily. "And how would you do it, I'd like to know? I'm my own mistress, I'd have you to know.

And I'm the mistress of this house,

Mrs. McCurdy.

"It isn't your house; it is my son John's."
"Who earns the money that keeps it, I'd
like to know? I'm willin' to work for John, but I won't work for you. Mrs. McCurdy burst into maudlin tears.

Mrs. McCurdy burst into maddin tears.
"I'm a poor, wake ould woman," she sobbed. "I know it well, and if you go to put me into the strate, I'll go, and I'll die there. You'll be an ould woman yourself some time, and then you'll know how hard it is to have your own flesh and blood turn against you. Och hone! Och hone!"

against you. Och hone! Och hone!"
"Don't make such a row, mother," said
John. "Ellen doesn't mane it. She only
pities the poor girl, as is natural like."

"I was goin' to buy some beer to trate you all," sobbed Bridget McCurdy; "and this is the thanks I get."

this is the thanks I get.
"I don't want any beer bought with
money got that way," said John's wife.
But John himself was not so stern and
uncompromising. He even volunteered to
go down and buy the beer himself.

His mother and he drank it between them, for his wife was true to her first resolution; and though she had no objection to an occasional glass, she held coldly aloof from the scene of revelry that ensued. None of the beer was left, however, and both John and his mother went to bed in a state of drunken stupor. Side by side with the innocent match girl lay the besotted old woman, a most unfit guardian. Fortu-nately Madge slept soundly through the night, and was unconscious of the disagreeable companionship. But in the morning about half-past six o'clock she woke up. At first she thought herself in her neat chamber at the Newtons', but a glance at the hideous old woman at her side soon the indeous old woman at her side soon recalled to her the bitter truth. Shudder-ing a little she slipped out of bed, and looked for her clothing. She did not find it, but saw instead the ragged and dirty calico dress which had been left for her.

calico dress which had been left for ner.
Not quite understanding what had happened, but suspecting it, Madge went into
the main room, where Mrs. John McCurdy
was already at work preparing breakfast.
"I can't find my clothes, Mrs. McCurdy,"
she said. "I can only find this ragged

dress.

"Poor Madge!" said John's wife, in a tying tone. "It's a shame to treat you pitying tone. "It's a shame to treat you so. Mrs. McCurdy pawned your nice dress you were gone to bed, so. Mrs. McCurdy last evening after you were gone to bed, and got this in its place."
"She is a wicked old woman then!" said

Madge, with angry tears. "Mrs. Newton gave me that nice dress. It was not hers "Mrs. Newton to pawn.

You're quite right, my child, and I told her it was a shame. She spent some of the money she got for beer, and she and John sat up drinking it. I wouldn't touch a

drop." "You are a good woman," said!" "I wish aunt Bridget was like you, shall I do?" " said Madge.

'You'll have to put on this ragged dress, as you have no other."
"It's so dirty," said Madge, with a shud

der.
"You can't go out without it, and—perhaps you may find your way back to your friends. Who knows?" There was a significant glance exchanged

between the two, and without another word of complaint Madge put on the dress.

CHAPTER XLIII.

RS. McCURDY woke up late. Scarcely were her eyes opened when she thought of Madge. "Where is the gal?" she asked,

Jew. There is the gal?" she asked, anxiously.

"Here I am, aunt Bridget, said Madge, showing herself at the door of the bedroom. She was no longer the trim, neatly dressed match girl of the morning before. The shabby calleo dress was too large for her, and hung "Why did you sell my nice dress?" asked Madge, reproachfully.

"Sure I didn't sell it I hocked it."

"Will you give me the ticket, aunt Bridget?"

"Why should I give it to you?" answered the old woman, suspiciously. "What could "Some day when I was lucky I might get it back."

"Soe that's your game is it? Don't you know

back."
"So that's your game is it? Don't you know that all the money you get belongs to me?"
But, aunt Bridget, I am ashmud to be seen on the street in his miserable ou? That gown's good enough for a match git. Folks will give you more money if they think you're poor. but I'll make you a promise. The fust lime you bring me home a dollar, I'll go and get the dress out of hock."

"Mother," said John's wife, "will you help me with my washing this morning?" I can't, answered the old woman, pleased to have an excuse. "I've got to go out with "No you won't," said her son. "You'll stay and help my wife." But, John, I can't let Madee go out by her-self. She'll run away if she's left to herself." Medicity true, little gal?" demanded John Medicity and the said was the said was the said.

"Is that true, little gair usuamate. McGurdy,
"I want to go back to Mrs Newton," said Madge, candidiy.
"That settles it. You can't go out alone. Do you know what I'll do if you ever run away?"

"No, sir," answered Madge, frightened by

"No. str." answered his tone.
"I'll cut out your tongue."
"Then you'll be put into prison," answered Madge, with spirit.
"I'll risk it. It won't bring back your tongue, will it?"
No. str.
No. str.
No. str.
and then, you see, you'd better stay with us.
Mother, take off your bonnet, and go to work.

Mother, You be seen you to better say with a towork.

"You're very cruel to your onld mother, wake and delicate as she is, John," whimpered Mrs. McCurdy.

"Weak and delicate!" retorted John, scornfully.
"So's a stick of wood. I'll tell you what's the matter with you, mother. You're lazy. That's all there is to it.

"I work as hard as you do, and harder, too,"
I work as hard as you do, and harder, too,"
I work as hard as you was quite in the right in this statement.
"Stop your gabbin!" Wouldn't I work if I had the chance? And haven't I been tryin' hard to get a place in Brooklyn?

"Well. I hope you'll get if, for it's time you'd something to support the family," asked Maige.

Maige.

"And I to go out what as the Malge.
"No; my mother will be through her washin' by eleven o'clock, and then you can go out together. Set the little gal to work, wife." Madge was set to washing the breakfast dishes, while the two women tackled the

dishes, while the two women accessed to washing.
While Mrs. McCurdy was at work, something fell upon the floor—a folded paper which Madge recognized at once as a pawn ticket. She stooped over unobserved, and picking it up, thrust it into her own pocket, She guessed, for she did not have time to examine it, that it was the pawn ticket for her discount of the contract of the contraction.

amine it, that it was the pawn ticket for her dress,
At eleven o'clock Mrs. McCurdy got through with her washing.

"My back's almost broke," she said complainingly. "Hard work don't agree with me. I'll die in six months if I have to wear myself "You'll leave me all your property, won't you, mother?" said John. in a bantering tone. "When are you goin' out wid Madage?"

"I'll wait till after dinner. I'm too tired to move."

"I'll wait till after dinner. I'm too tired Menwille there was great uneasiness at Mexicos over Madge's disappearance, the Mexicos over Madge's disappearance, came home to ninch i de disappearance, still she was absent.

Mrs. Newton engaged a neighbor's boy to go to Bleecker-Street to look for her, but he returned, saying that he could find her nowhere.

where.

There was nothing left except to wait till
Ned got home and report the matter to him.

"Why, I saw Madge myself this forenoon,"
he sold.

"Why reaches add."
"Where, Ned?"
"In Bleecker Street. I had an errand from
"In Bleecker to way, and I arrived in time
to save her from being annoyed by Leon
Granville."
Granville."

for save her from Granville."
"The boy who got you discharged?"
"Ver."

"Yes."
"But Madge doesn't know him."
"Nor did he know her. He saw that she was alone and unprotected, as he supposed, and he annoyed her."
"Madge did not say anything about remaining out longer than usual, did she, Ned?"
ing. "A m sure she had no such idea at that time."

time."

"I am afraid something has happened to

"I fly ou what I'll do, mother. I'll go to Bleecker Street now, and see if I can hear anything of her."
"If you are not too tired, Ned, I wish you would."

would."

Ned took his way to Bleecker Street, and paused at the corner where, as he knew, Madge usually stood.

There was an old apple woman who kept a stand there, and to her he described Madge, and asked if she had seen anything of her.

"I mind her well," answered the apple woman. "She comes here every day, doesn't she?".

woman. "She comes here every day, doesn't she?"
"Yes; did you see her this morning?"
"I saw her several times. I saw you defend her from those young rapscullions, and a good ding you did to."
"Yes, I did. Woll. Madge, if that's her name, stayed round sellin her matches an hour more, when an ould woman wid a red nose came up and spoke to her."
"An old woman!" repeated Ned quickly.
"She was fat and looked like she was fond of thrink,"
"Did Madge seem to know her?"
"The little gal seemed afraid of her, but she was for a she was fat and be she was fond of thrink."
"It was Mrs. McCurdy!" said Ned.
"It was Mrs. McCurdy!" said Ned.
""It was Mrs. McCurdy!" said Ned.

"It was Mrs. McCardy!" said Ned.
"It was Mrs. McCardy!" said Ned.
"And who is she?"
"A woman Madge used to live with. Did
they go off together?"
"Yes. Madge was cryin', and the woman
had to take her by the arm and drag her
away."

mad to take her by the arm and drag her away,"
"Thank you for your information," said
Ned, taking a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket, and giving it to the apple woman, who was voluble in her thanks.

The mystery was solved. Madge was in the power of her old tormentor.



The subscription price of the Argosy is \$3.00 per year avable in advance.

The subscription price of the Ancory is 83.00 per year, clubs rate.—For 84.00 we will send two copies for one year control of the Ancory should be addressed to the publisher.

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

Rubscriptions to the Ancory can commence at any time, and the subscription to the Ancory can commence at any time, and tory, unless otherwise ordered.

The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the hame, making the subscription of the subscri

FRANK A. MUNSBY, PUBLISHER, 81 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 num-bers can be lad.

In next week's number of THE GOLDEN AR GOSY will be found the opening chapters of

THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK.

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

This 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 com-posed, 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 to-gether 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-

The yearly subscription price of THI GULDEN ARGONY is \$3.00. For \$5.00 we will send two copies, to separate ad-dresses 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 imagina-tion we can see our undoubted talents winning for us princely fortune in the future.

Even in the matter of illness imagination

is an important factor. Bread pills and sweet-ened water have no doubt accomplished more cures than many vile tasting drugs, for all doc-tors 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 tranquilizing 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, posses but one, and as the owner had do less been troubled by the complaints of impatient tenants who felt aggrieved at the zens of the we 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 wellknown 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 pass word 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. Every body 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 occa-

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 appurtenance of royalty weighs several pounds, the disinclination of the sovereign lady to burden her head after the fashion of an Italian ragpicker with her bundle, may be more readily understood.

At the same time this uncertainty caus 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 flction, which paints crime in attractive colors, and some-times 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 fol-lowers, 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 rec-reation provided for them, except as they may elect to find such in the liquor saloons or gin 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 build-ing 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

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 dis-

sensions among its managers, and in 1885 the daily edition was suspended, the weekly Star alone maintaining a feeble existence. A few months later the presenteditor took up the paper, and reis-sued it under entirely new auspices.

Mr. Dorsheim er was born in 1832, at Lyons, Wayne County, New York. His father was a German by birth, but an American by residence, and eld office treasurer of the



HON. WILLIAM DORSHEIMER.

In the same year he voted for the first uin 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

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

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 ensu-ing 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. n 1883 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

Evidences of the Star's abundant capital and solid prosperity are not lacking. The fine and spacious publication offices which it now The fine 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 RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

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

rapid succession, his "Kine Solomon's Mines," pub-lished some fifteen months ago and dealing with a similar subject, having already won for him a brilliant reputation.

This lastnamed story. was, it seems, written as a book for boys, but it rapidly won for itself a circle of readers of all ages.

This is not stance, how-ever, in which a writer has sprung at a bound with one book, from one field of literature into an-

lished some four or five years ago, was really a boy's book, although at once rated by the critics and the public as of surpassing interest for "grown-ups." The same may be said of R. L. Stevenson's

thrilling tale of adventure. "Treasure Island."

A DESERTED NEST.

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 loye has been, but is not blest.
There is no sadness in the world,
No other like it here or there—
The sadness of descreted homes
In nests, or heaths, or any ore.
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

man should so act as to take advantage of anther'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 dearer and more happy is a public benefactor.

REAL friendship is a slow grower, and never hrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and sciprocal merit.—Chesterfield.

reciprocal merit.—Chesterfield.

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 Elsio.

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.—Cowley.

Philos's chickens have bonny feathers, but they are an expensive brood to rear; they eat up everywher the companies of the control of the cont

BOTH 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 be-tray herself one time or another.—Tillotson.

POLICY goes beyond strength, and contrivance be-fore action; hence it is that direction is left to the commander, execution to the soldier, who is not to ask why, but to do what he is commanded.—Xeso-

phon.

Foolish I deem him who, thinking that his state
is blest, rejoices in security: for fortune, like a mal
distempered in his senses, leaps now this way now
that, and no man is always fortunate.—Euripidet.

GRT is the grain of character. It may generally be described as heroism materialized, spirit and will thrust into heart, brain and backbone, so as to form part of the physical substance of the man.—Whapple.

This story commenced in No. 239.1

THE HAUNTED ENGINE:

JACK MARVIN'S RUN.

By EDWARD 8. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER IV. "I AM ALONE!"

"I AM ALONE!"

The poor boy was sitting with his back against the support behind him, and with very wond erful perception when, on reading the tell-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 atter 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.

the station.

But at the moment the last car of his own train swung along, he 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 wis

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 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.

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 Rear Swamp the run was a short Bear Swamp the run was a short

"Whatever is done will be done "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."

Heritian and a pale on the control of the control

Having run a mile or so, Ned slackened his speed somewhat, and, calling to Jack te keep a bright lookout, he opened the furnace door and threw several shovel-fuls 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 atten-

tion 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. Usually the fireman offer up as covariant 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 by mode the circuit of his or acteristics, he made the circuit of his engine by means of the guard-rail, and ap plied the lubricator wherever it was needed excepting of course the wheels, which had

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 run-ping of the terms that the polished lever which guided the run-ping of the polished lever which guided the run-ping of the polished lev

glad that the sleet had stopped, for his view 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 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.

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

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

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

with a shudder; "what would become or 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 discomforting 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.

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

stricken helpless, when the fate of the boat | brief as was that time, it was sufficient, under some circumstances, to hurl the train to destruction:

der some circumstances, to hurl the train to destruction:

But, having made up his mind, he did not hesitate. He shut off steam, and waited until the speed had 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 twinking.

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 fusilade

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 con-nected the locomotive with the nected 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 en-gine was not drawing on the bolt, which, therefore, rested so loosely that a slight jerk was suffficient to free it.

This done, the engineer screm-

This done, the engineer setsmbled back over the coal with the same haste as before, and in a few seconds had hold of the lev-

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

nured.

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 out into the gloom ahead.

He was now taily in the

and out into the gloom ahead.

He was now tairly 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 curve. He wisely decided to keep a modard go est? he will be a seen a convinced and go est. He wisely decided to keep a modard pace and pace until that point was fully passed, and indeed until he was fairly "out of the woods."

of the woods."

But Forty-Nine was slackening her pace 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 humped gazing that the todor.

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 direc-tion and he stepped across to the framen's

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!" screeched the ear-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.

HE 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,

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 numser 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!

bimsel for 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

"His legs are growing so fast that it's hard ork to get him in there," said his parent, tained over seventy-five thousand dollars

tained 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?

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.

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

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,

tle 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 gone, 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 en-gine, 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 turn-

ing and tumbling in front, like an awkward animal struggling for lite, two men sprang upon the engine, one from either side. They had on masks, and each held a pistol in his hand. Had they been a second or in his hand. Had they been a second or two later Ned would have put on full steam and sent Forty-Nine spinning up the road beyond their reach. The locomotive, being 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.

"We'll trouble you to git down out of eat," said the foremost, with leveled revolver; "we've decided to take charge of the business of this 'ere road."

Ned looked in the masked faces and aughed. He had been under such a nerlanghed. He had been under such a ner-yous strain that now, when the crisis came, he was struck with a certain grotesqueness

he was struck with a certain grotesqueness which roused his mirth.

"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 he 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 ourselves; you can step down, and we'll see that the engine doesn't suffer."

"Wait till I put the engine in shape," replied Ned, and with the instinct of the true engineer, he drew open the door of true engineer, he drew open the door of the furnace, so as to prevent a too rapid ac-cumulation of steam, and seized the revers-ing 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 thus that Forty-Nine, hav-ing gathered a good deal of headway, struck her highest pace. The steam in the cylin-ders was cut off before it could follow far, darting in on the other side the instant the round plate reached the end, and then alround plate reached the end, and then al-most instantly leaping back to the other 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 cylinders follow the rod for the whole length.

"None of that!" None 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 slip-ping of the catch in the wrong notch was accidental. He checked it on the exact

ping of the catch in the wrong notch wis accidental. He checked it on the exact center. The machinery was then out of gear, and no matter how much steam was tet 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 cyes 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 the instant they heard the 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 firman. He and his companion had been in the rear car; but the instant they heard the warning whistle, they stepped out on the varning 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

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

leave the engine in the 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.

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 re-

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 bad not yet come to a halt, when eight or ten men sprang forward from the woods and ran toward the express Each one had a Winchester rifle 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 its 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 exarows guard realized their danger, the ex-press 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

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

bers.

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 gro-tesque 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 not one who proposed 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 did not 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 erson that moved from his seat.

Simultaneous 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 anx usly waiting for them to wear out in order that they may stand a chance of being pre sented with gold ones, will be discouraged to

IN THE PEACH ORCHARD.

BY MARY A. DEND

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's a capital fellow, is uncle John. With the ruddiest cheeks and the whitest hair

So we gave up the frolic of raking hay, And followed the woods under shady trees, While the butterflies classed 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

Ah! memory no fairer picture can hold Than that harvest of peaches, red ripe to the

Or the bright, eager youngsters with ringlets of gold, gold, All eating and laughing and calling for more.

Then with baskets heaped high, after frolicsome play, 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



By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

KIT FALLS INTO THE HANDS OF HIS ENEMIES. R. STOVER was considerably surprised when twenty minutes later, looking up from his work in the ard, he saw a man of colossal size crossing 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 bewil-

dered farmer.
"Yes," he answered.
"Please describe him."

Mr. Stover did so.
"The very one!" said Achilles. "Now
ow long since was he here?" "He took breakfast with my family, and

started off nigh on to an hour ago.
"In what direction did he go?"

"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 askin' 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 minthes ago, that seemed very anxious to find

ntes ago, that seemed very anxious to find Achilles Henderson heard this with ap-

prehension. orehension. 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?

"Did you tell them where the boy went?

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

"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," sand 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 Box 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."

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 is horse, Achilles Henderson lending a hand. The borse seemed rather alarmed, never having seen a giant before, but soon got over his fright. The two men theu jumped into the wagon, and set out in search of Kit.

Meanwhile our hero had taken his way Meanwhile our hero had taken his way leisurely along the road. He didn't anticpate being followed, at any rate so soon, and felt under no particular apprehension. He had walked about three miles when a broad-branching elm tree tempted him to rest by its shade. He threw himself down on the grass, and indulged in self-congratuation upon his escape from his captors. But his congratulation proved to be premared. Her a while he raised his eyes and ture. 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.

"Stir your stumps, old man, and we'll collar him!"

The two miners started on a run, and 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 runs accuracy. Flightly and rauting 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

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

sinking.
"Sit down! I've got a few questions to

ask or 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

"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 cau-tious. He had no intention of getting Janet into trouble. He knew that she was 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

"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 haif 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.

"Take down the rails, Sciences: "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 he exclaimed inwardly.

He felt that his life was in peril.

CHAPTER XXXIII. KIT'S DANGER.

PRAYER for help rose to Kit's lips, but remained unuttered. He knew that it 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."

"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 compan-

It can be imagined with what feelings Kit heard this colloquy. He had no confidence in the humanity of his captors, and con-sidered 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

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

he said.

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 Hender-

He and Stover bowled as rapidly over the

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 r-achied 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.

the first to see them. 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 afeard they mean to do the boy

"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. disliked both Dick Hayden and Bob Stubbs, whom he had reason to suspect of carrying off a dozen of his chickens the previous He had not dared to charge with it, knowing the man's ugly disposition, and being certain that they would revenge themselves upon bim.

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

"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

With this object in view he drove for ward so that from the wagon seat he could command a view of the scene of conflict.

command a view of the scene of conflict.

"They're tyin' the boy to a tree," he said.

"I reckon the giant'il be in time, and I'm
glad on't. That boy's a real gentleman.

Wonder what he's done to rile Dick Hayden
and Bob Stubbs. He'd have a nighty
small show if the giant hadd't come up.
Dick's a strong man, but he'll be like a
childin the hands of a nighty forter."

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
'en!" he said to himself.
Like most giants he was a good natured

man, but when his resentment was kindled

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

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

"God grant I may be in time!" he ejacu-lated, inwardly. "Those brutes might half kill the boy in less than a minute." It was fortunate for Kit that Dick Hay-

den, 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," re-

"I gness you're about right there, kid!" chuckled Hayden. "Are you ready to apologize to me for what you done 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?"
"I was only doing my duty," said Kit,

"Oho! so that's the way you look at it, do you?"

Yes, sir." "No doubt you'd like it if that tall brute

"No doubt you difficit it that tail or de-were here now," said Hayden, tauntingly, "Yes," murmared 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

wouldn't mind if he were here. Stubbs, I think you and I could do for him, he?"
"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 tannts, and was ready to enjoy his venue ance.

with his tannts, and was ready to expendence.

"Your time has come, boy!" he said, firedely. "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 fullen on the young acrobat. But something unexpected happened. The instrument of torture was torn from his instrument of torture was torn from his hands, and a deep voice, which he knew only too well, uttered these words: "For shame, you brute! Would you kill the boy?"

Panie-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 stam-

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.

ICK HAYDEN and Bob Stubbs, large and strong men as they want 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

"I was going to nog nim, 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

"You coward!" exclaimed Hayden, con-temptuously. "You're as deep in it as I

"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."

"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 snews of the huge man that quelled his warlike ardor.

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 Hay-

"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.

with an ugly look at Mar and "Our business is through."
"Not quite," said Achilles, quietly, as he laid his broad hand with a detaining grasp

through with you."
"What do you want?" asked Dick Hay-

den with assumed bravado, but with an uneasy look on his lowering face.
"I am going to give you a lesson. you one at the circus ground, but you need

another."
"Touch 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 then with the cowing upinted he streak 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! Killhim!" screamed

Dick Hayden. "Would you stand by and see me murdered?"

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

can I do?"

A wing administered justice to the chief Having administered is Subbs.

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."

you ask."
"Then take this cowhide, and give your

companion a taste of its quality. ubbs looked alarmed

Stabbs looked anarmed.
"Don't ask me to do that," he said. Me and Dick are pals."
"Just as I supposed. In that case you

require a dose of the same medicine," and Achilles made a threatening demonstration

with the raw hide.
"Don't do it!" cried Stubbs, affrighted.

"Then will you do as I say?
"Yes, yes."
"Will you lay it on good?"

"Yes." answered Stubbs, who, forced to choose between his own skin and Hayden's was influenced by a regard for his own

Dick Hayden listened to this conference with lowering brow. He did not think Stubbs would dare to hit him. But he was destined to find himself un-

pleasantly surprised.

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."

You have a said. "To spare." 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

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 flerce embrace. Hayden had attacked Stubbs, and though the latter tried hard to avoid a combat he was forced into it. Then 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

It was not until several nours afterwards that Hayden was found by another party, and carried home, where he was confined to the house for a fortught. This was for tunate for Kit and the giant, for he had intended to make a formal complaint before a justice of the peace which might have re-sulted 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 induced 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 ex-

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 girls a trump! 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 days for "asswared the young."

"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 cousin. 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.

Queer trades are sometimes resorted to in this big, crowded metropolis, and alongside of the urchin who picks up all the eigar stubs 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:

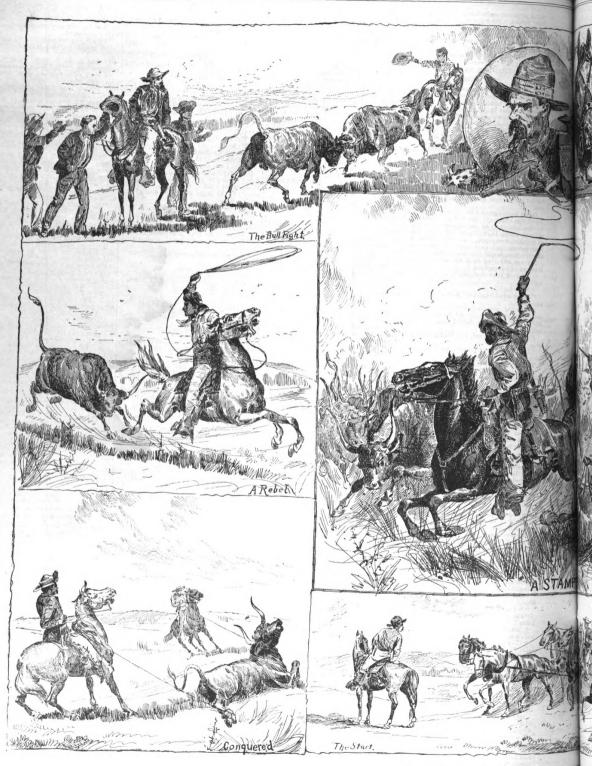
Regularly every day about noon a little boy with a big bag tucked under his arm can be seen prowling around Mail Street, the thorseen proving around axia street, the thoroughfare running between the post-office and City Hall Park. The reporter watched him yesterday, and saw that he was eying the trough of oats from which the horses that draw the mail wagons are field, displayed by a There is not much effouries right into the horan and takes up more it his nouth, than be can hold, so a great many oats drop to the ground.

box, and takes up more in his mouth than he can hold, so a great many oats drop to the grand.

the meal was over the small boy backed the horse a few feet, picked up the oats from the ground, and shoveled them into the bar. He didn't intend to put the oats back in the trough for the horses to eat. He carried them home, and sold them to a man who redden the more and sold them to a man who when saked how much he made every day.

The little boy, however, hasn't a monopoly in the business. The drove of sparrows that infest the park have long looked upon the show a decided disposition to dispute the samall boy's claim.

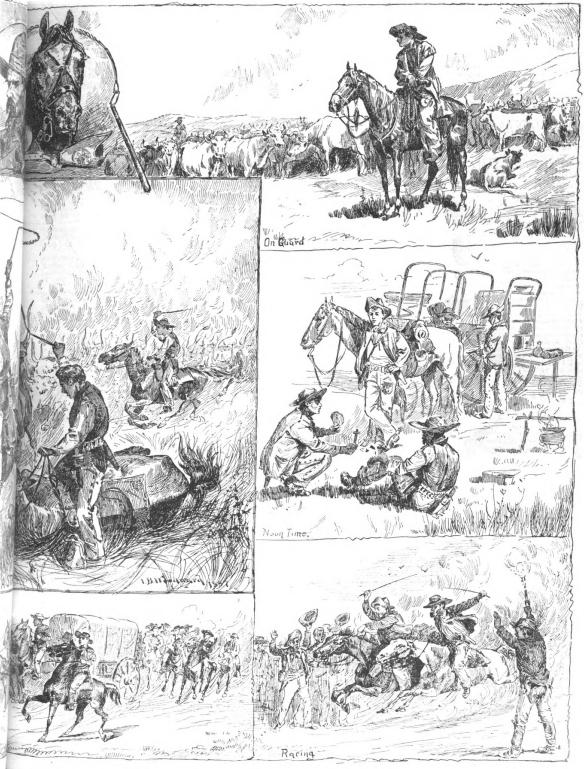
The birds and the boy have if hot and heavy all the time, and the boy, who seems to be a great of the same than the way are severally from the way severally accounted of war on the grantie wall hard by, it wouldn't be surprising if they made a united sally some day, and carried away both bag and boy.



SKETCHES OF WESTERN CO LIFE

RGOSY.

505



OY LIFE.-SEE PAGE 511.

THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Out the joy of well-armed eleaner,
When the days seem made for pleasure,
And the peaceful hals of Nature all the weary
being 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,

Some, whose work hath seen with rigor,
Gather strength and joy and vigor,
On the breezy mountain summit, free as birds that
sing and soar:
Others, in the mellow gloaming,
Through the harvest ficids are roaming,
Or rejocing in the ripple of the salt tide on the
should be a summer or the salt tide on the

[This story commenced in No. 236.]

SOUTHERN SEAS; OF

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "That Treasure," "The Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE VANISHED TREASURE.

TACK 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 tasked to the utmost. Brittle rootlets anapped under his feet, while stronger ones, torn from the face of the root by his waight left him was manufacility.

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 superners. his breath in suspense.

"I thought in this pardnership bizness of owrn 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 parent tree, 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 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 uninhab-ited parts of the tropic islands was un-

broken by the sound of pick or spade.

From the distance came the never ceasing
moan of the surf. Somewhere overhead, concealed among the toliage, a mountain dove was cooing, while an occasional rustle 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

Representation of the feet Parting the 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 whiseness, changing to a greyish tint after hardening by expos-

ure to the air.

One wall had fallen outward, but the entire roof had fallen in. And from his hiding

tire 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 artificial stairway was also in plain sight from where he stood. But Pepe, who was supposed to be standing guard there, was not.

Even even 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 cheerly down: "Come on, Peltiah! there's no one in sight!"

That Peltiah lost no time in obeying need That Pethan lost no time in obeying sector, 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 frend awaiting him under the shade of the great banyan. Since the state of the faller masses of masoury ting on one of the fallen masses of masonry he was devouring the small sweet figs, which were lying on every side, with evi-

dent rolish.
"Well!" gasped Peltiah, "what's the verdic'?

Look for yourself," was the cool reply.

action, after one's hopes are dashed to the ground, takes the form of a calm philos-ophy. And having indicated the ruined interior, where considerable debris seemed to been removed, Jack went on munch ing figs and throwing the skins at a small particolored chameleon on a neighboring branch.

With sad forebodings, Peltiah rushed forward. 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 or-

the flat rocks with which the flat rocks with which the jighally been paved, pried 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!"

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's set there chavin"—let's put
out after him and make him go shares, if
we com'd no phetter." we can't do no better.'

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

wouldn't do much good."
"Why not?" was the astonished query.
"Well," 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 spose not," admitted Peltiah, looking eagerly about him, as though expecting to see the heaped up treasure somewhere in the immediate vicinity

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," sorrow-tully responded Peltiah. To which Jack tully responded Peltiah.

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

cedure.

"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 -what be we to do now, Jack?

"Well—what be we to do now, Jack?" blurted out Peltiah, who had evidently never dreamed of such a serious ending to an expedition that had promised such daz-zling results. "Here we be," he went on, an expectation that had promised such daz-zling results. "Here we be," he went on, with reckless disregard both of grammar and geographical distances, "ten or fifteen thousand miles from hum without no money 'ceptin' the few silver dollars I've got, and wust of all with a boat we've

"Borrowed," gravely interrupted Jack.
"Well, borrid then," said his companion
impatiently, accepting the correction, "but impatiently, accepting the correction, out all the same we're likely to git hung or sent to pris'n if anything happ'ns 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 treas

ure he would perhaps not trouble his head further concerning them. All he would think of would be to get away secretly with

think or would his booty.

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

Jack had reached that point where the re- | boat and all, trusting to Captain Blowhard's | hidden in a luxurious growth of weeds and 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 experienced navigators find their way inexperienced navigators—find their way to some large West India port, from whence they could work their passage to the State on board an American bound vessel? And even if they could—how return Captain Blowhard's boat and revolver?

Blowhard's boat and revolver?
"I say, Jack," repeated Peltiah, in a louder voice, as Jack sat revolving these perplexing questions; "what in timenation be we goin' to do?"
"We shall see what we shall see," re-

plied Jack, who, perplexed and made uneasy by the embarrassing situation, took ge 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 about, must have remained one position for a number of years. ing else could have so perfectly squared the bottom and sides of the excavation. Brushing away a little pile of decayed wood dust at one end, Jack's fingers encountered a hard substance. It proved to be a tarnished Spanish moidore, whose

date was illegible.

"That shows plain enough that the sneakin' critter found the money," exclaimed Peltiah eagerly, as the two exam-

ined the coin.

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

CHAPTER XIII. A YOUNG BAHAMIAN.

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

the South Sen 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,

The Bahaman outlos him a one story, two-roomed dwelling, with wattled sides and a thatched roof, and then lives for the most part in the open air. A hammook, suspended under the foliage in front of the door, serves as his bed, and a brazier of

door, serves as his bed, and a brazier of charcoal as his kitchen.

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

For a lazy, unambitious poor man, with-out anxiety for this world or care for another, such an island as I am describing a terrestrial paradise, though possessing taints of original sin in abundance.

There are plenty of drawbacks-yellow fever, mosquitoes, red ants, tarantulas, and rever, mosquinces, rea ants, tarantinis, and centipedes, besides vice, uncleanliness, ig-norance, indolence, 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, ex-cepting 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 eye

the such expan throwing long bars of golden light over the dense green of the hill tops was one of unequaled beauty. Well had Mr. Graper, of buccaneering

fame, chosen the site for his little settle-ment of outlaws. Rising in places from sixty to a hundred feet directly from the narrow strip of beach below, a strange sail could be discerned miles and miles away on the north, east, and south.

The only approach by sea was of course little land-locked harbor beneath. the little land-locked harbor beneath. Ranged along the extreme verge of the cliff Captain Blowbard where he had seen the whaleboat.

Pursuit by water or land would be the inevitable result. To give themselves up, fragments of their carriages, they were half into a pitable wall.

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 ene-my'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 dismounted 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 jest like a kind of dream, Jack? Here five or six weeks ago you was a-sittin' to home 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 breech of the old gun on which he had

the breech of the old gun on which he had just seated himself!
"Why, what is it?" asked Jack, as, con-siderably startled, he rose to his feet and glanced downward at the gun; "did a bee sting you?

"No, 'twas a snake; I'm pizened to death—I'm goin' to die!" yelled Peltish, clapping both hands behind him, and danc-

ciapping both hands behind him, and dan-ing madly about the plateau.

"Dat no snake, on'y boy Pepe fish spear; golly, don't he 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 grunning ebony-hued face, followed by a dingy tow enony-nued nee, 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 play prodded in the direction of Peltiah another irrepressible chuckle. playfully

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

as he realized the truth; "I've a good min ter—"
"Say Pepe," eagerly interrupted Jack,
"where Lascar Joe, eh? He find heap
money over there?" pointing to the run.
But Pepe only shook his woolly head.
like all native Bahamians, Pepe spoke fluently either "pigeon English" or mengrel
Spanish, eked out with much pantonine.
All he knew—by his voluble account—
was that Luscar Joe promised him a silver
dollar to guide him to the north shore rinis,

dollar to guide him to the north shore rains, which the islanders never go near, believing them to be "obi" or haunted.

Seeing Jack and Peltiah on the beach beow, 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 Atter 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 nap. Then came the episode of the fish spear—and Pepe grinned again more broadly than ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PHANTOM SCHOONER

OW d'ye know but we be 'bad men, that cal'lates to kerry you off jest as Lascar Joe said?" asked Pel-severe tones, which were calculated

thin, in severe collections when were charantees to check the colored youth's levity.

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

be content.

That Pepe knew far more than he professed 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

"No wanter go back," he sniffed between "No wanter go back," he sniffed between some of the largest sized sobs; "gub'nor lick me las' night wid big stick—white feller no lick poor illly brack boy; wanter stay wid white feller—me lub white feller all same sugar cane."

"It's too bad," muttered tender-bearted

Peltiah, as Pepe rubbed his eyes and con-torted his ebony visage; "le's adopt him, Jack, and take him back to the States along

Jack smothered an insane desire to laugh. Jack smothered an insane desire to augu.

"Better wait till we see whether were going to get there ourselves," he dryly responded.

The presence of the ebony hued youth.

The presence of the ebony-hued youth, in whose sincerity Jack had little confidence, was an added perplexity, and, so far as he could then see, there was no earthly way of getting rid of him.

It was easy enough, however, to watch him; so resolving to make the best of it—all he could do—Jack directed him to dry his tears and collect some wood to build a fire, both of which commands he proceeded to execute with wonderful readness.

Peltiah was dispatched down to the boat for the boat keg, which had been repacked with what provisions were left over from the last meal, together with the compass, fish lines, matches, and some smaller ar-

When he returned with the keg, he bore in one hand a boat lance, a whaling weapon with a sharp-pointed oval head, and an iron shaft some two feet long attached to a wooden one about four feet in length.

wooden one about four feet in length.
"I'm going to lend it to Pepe, to use instid of that fish spear," he said, with a sheepish smile, as Jack, who was standing before a blazing fire, eyed the boat lance

interrogatively.

He looked round as he spoke, but the colored youth was nowhere in sight. Jack briefly explained that he had gone in the direction of a cluster of the ruined stone dwellings, of which some twenty or more were scattered along the edge of the little stream that poured down from the wooded hillsides and emptied itself over the face of the cliff in a miniature cataract.

miniature cataract.

"I wish we had some kind of a cookin' kittle," began Peltrah, when, lo! Pepe appeared from a neighboring thicket, like an imp in a pantomine, bearing in his hands a curiously shaped earthen "crock," or pipkin, the bottom of which showed cousiderable acquaintance with smoke and

siderable acquanuance when theat.

"Find him 'mong de houses," was his brief explanation, as he placed the pipkin on the coals. It proved to contain water, in which alot of lively crayfals (a species of small lobster) were paddling.

The boiled crayfish, taken from the brook by hand, together with a second edition of roasted cysters and baked sweet potatoes, made a most satisfactory meal.

Pepe, however, preferred hardtack and

Pepe, however, preferred hardtack and

"'Morrer I show you plenty ting in woods—yam, plautin', ebryting," he gravely remarked, as though it was a foregone conclusion that Jack and Peltiah intended tak ing up their permanent abode on the

Nothing seemed more likely to this primtive child of nature. Why not? Here was shelter- food in the forest and fish in the sea. What more could the heart of man desire?

"But s'posin' the bloodhoun's should be sot after us?" uneasily suggested Peltiah, as at the conclusion of the meal the fire was replenished, for the sake of its cheery presence rather than any needed warmth.

Pepe, who was squatting crosslegged in the glow of the dancing flames, and resem-bled some impish looking idol carved from ebony, grinned and nodded his woolly head. "Dey no touch me," he said, drawing from his bosom a small bag attached to a

from his bosom a small bag attached to a cord about his neek; "dis felich my granny, one Voudoo woman, gib me—she lib ober yander," with a sweeping gesture of his hand in the direction of the cluster of stone buildings.
"Lives over there?" repeated Jack in a

"Lives over there? repeated sack in a surprised tone.
"Um," responded the youth, reverently restoring the fetich to its hiding place.
"She great Voudoo—black man's 'fraid her

-nebber comes here—nebber!"
"What's a 'Voudoo,' Jack?" asked Peltiah in an undertone.

tian in an undertone.
"What some people call a witch, I believe," was Jack's laughing reply.
Despite Pepe's assurance that they were likely to remain undisturbed, Jack felt sin-

gularly uneasy.

Lascar Joe was principa'ly in his thoughts, and the very uncertainty as to the results of his treasure seeking made the situation more unpleasant.

And somehow Jack had begun to cherish fancy that Joe had found the treasure. that case it was by no means unlikely that he would attempt to carry it away in the whale boat that very night, if he was lurking in the vicinity. Any way, a watch ald be kept.

should be kept.

Briefly communicating his intention to
the two, Jack left Pepe entertaining Peltiah
as well as his limited use of English would as well as his limited use of English would permit, with stories of "spooks" supposed to haunt the vicinity, and took his own station on the cliff near the top of the de-scent, from whence he could look immedistely down toward the whale host

ately down toward the whale boat.

The moon, which did not rise till nearly
ten o'clock, began creeping up over the
wide ocean, lighting it more and more as
the glistening silver disc avcended higher
and higher in a perfectly cloudless sky.

It was a sight of wonderful beauty, and

It was a sight or wonderful beauty, and Jack was feasting his eyes to the full when the sound of Pepe's voice concluding some marvelous narration, as he approached with Pelitah to relieve the gnard, attracted his

marvelous narration, as he approached with Pelitah to relieve the guard, attracted his attention, and he turned to listen.

"Night Zacl'y like dis," Pepe was saying,
"my granny many time see pirut sconner sail roun' de pint, an' wen she come off de cove here, lay to an' lower boat. Dem datt rows is dead piruts," said Pepe in an awestruck voice; "dey come shore fur to see wedder de worder de wo wedder de money dey berry long time 'go "'Oh, shaw, don't tell no more sech stuff,

On, snaw, don't ten no more seen stun,
Pepe," nervously interrupted Peltiah; "it
makes me all shivery down my back!
Though I ain't scart none," he added, with
a feeble affectation of courage.

Suddenly Pepe dropped on his knees, uttering a shrill yell, and while one small black paw clutched convulsively at the fetich about his neck, with the other he pointed toward the sea.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-GOSY. He can get you any number you may want-



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all, only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention.

We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

J. A. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. We think of publishing

A. C. M., Boston, Mass. General Sheridan is a voter, and casts his ballot in New York City.

G. F. O'D., Boston, Mass., is referred to the notes at the head of exchange column for information. C. M., Cincinnati, O. 1. Such an article is in rospect. 2. See reply to F. P. S. in this number.

E. S. H., La Porte, Ind. It would be impossible to state to what cause the majority of the diseases of this climate are attributable. K., New York City. Free treatment for the eyes asy be obtained at the New York Opthalmic Hos

may be obtained at the New Youtal, 201 East Twenty-third St.

pital, 201 East Twenty-third St.

W. H. Bran, S811 Ellis Ave, Chicago, Ill., would like to hear from boys ranging from 13 to 16 in ref-erence to foruning a military club.

SAMUEL DU BOIS, 466 West 146th St., New York (City, solicits the unames of boys from 13 be 16 years of age to join in raising a military company.

C. H. P., South Rehoboth, Mass. 1. Mr. Putnam's stories are generally long ones. 2. As you will note, a serial by Mr. Ellis is now running.

AHAMOCK, Grafton, Dak. Your questions regard-ing West Point are auswered in the last chapter of Lieutenant Hamilton's articles, printed in no. 237. J. C., Jr., New York City. Immersion in kerosene oil for some hours will so loosen the particles of cust that they may be easily removed from the tited.

H. W., Madison, Me. 1. The Barnum show is traveling this season as usual. 2. Defective eye-sight is a bar to admission into the army or the navy.

navy.

E. J. F., New York City. We do not understand what you mean by a German shilling. There is no such coin. Do you mean a mark, value about 25

cents:
E. F. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. The mass of exchanges
that flow in upon us compels us, in common justice, to reject a second exchange sent within six

F. P. S. Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Nos. 200 to 214 will cost you 75 cents. 2. We would rather postpone an opinion on your handwriting until it begins to rival the copy book.

GOVERNMENT LAND, Montclair, N. J. 1. Address Office Land Commissioners, Washington D. C. 2. The average height of boys at 16 is 5 ft. 3 in.; weight, 107 lbs. You must be a young giant.

weight, 10 los. I om mat be a young gant.

D. A. C., New York City. I. At this time of year, plant morning-glories out of doors in rich sandy soil, a quarter of an inch deep. 2. See answer to G. S. T. in last number. 3. There is no market for postmarks. We have heard of one very valuable postmark which brought the extraordinary price of 23 cents. 4. See your second answer.

W. J. S., Cameron, Mo. 1. The notice states that the twenty-three serials are included in the two volumes mentioned. 2. The average height of a boy of fourteen is 4 feet 11 inches; weight, 80 bs. E. W. D. New York City. 1. "The American Printer" will give you the information you desire. We will send it to you postpath or \$1.75. 2 by the wow of no professional work on anateur journal-

C. P., Willimantic, Conn. 1. We can supply you with the numbers containing "With Fire and Sword" for forty cents. 2. Yes, we hope to print new serials by Annie Asimore and Brooks McCor-

INICE.

INQUISITIVE SUBSCRIBER, Shamokin, Pa. In no. 1 of vol. I all the stories began therein. Such a coincidence may never again come to pass; so your only course is to purchase all the past volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE GOLDEN ARGONY.

J. A. R., Luxenburg, Minn. 1. Of the two, we believe Graham's system of shorthand is the more believe Graham's system of shorthand is the more shighly thought of. 2. It is expected that a writer shall send in his manuscript as nearly correct in every particular as possible.

H. L. Z., Gallo, Mo. 1. For meaning of the name of our paper see editorial, "Vertinible Argony," in no. 217, and for extent of circulation another editorial heated "An Unparalleled Growth," printed in no. 227. 2. No sequel to "Pirate Island."

nn no. 227. 2. No sequel to "Pirate Island".

C. D. C., Union Mills, Ind. 1. The Pension Office reports 1539 survivors of the War of 1812 on its rolls.

2. The number of survivors of the War of the Rebillon is not known, but the veterans of the Northern armies are supposed to number about 350,050.

330,000.

R. R., Newark, N. J. 1. The idea is one of many good ones that will be utilized in turn. 2. A young man being introduced to a young lady should look to her for the advance. To shake hands is not good form on such an occasion, unless the lady extends

form on such an occasion, unless the lady extends her band.

G. W. Taylor, 67 Carroll St., Brookla, N. Y., Captain, Co. A. "Hamilton Cadet Corps," would be pleased to hear from boys between 13 and 16 who can play such musical instruments as are used in military combanies, and who would like to join the military combanies, and who would like to join the standard combanies, and who would like to join the H. I. I. For cologue water: Alcohol one galon; add oil of cloves lemon, nutureg and bergamor, and from the first condition of the control of

comes, we cannot give more precise information.

A RRADE, Hudson, N. Y. To become an actor apply to any manager. We cannot recommend the profession, except to people of high talent and strong moral character; there is fortune in it only for the few, and the bad influences of the actor's no-'de of life are unusually numerous and potent.

December 2. We have a mussianty numerous and potent.
Q. U. Earts, Baltimore, Md. 1. We believe that
the paper named is no longer in existence. 2. Cortainly, a boy should always raise in his hat on meeting a girl friend. 3. See full information concerning Oliver Optic in the biographical sketch printed
no. 237 4. Vol. 1 of the Amoor is only for sale in
bound form at the price of §5. Vol. 11 is out of

L. D. J., New York City, 1. The colors of a base all suit are a matter of individual taste, usuall L. D. J., New York City, 1. The colors of a base-ball suit are a matter of individual taste, usually decided by a majority vote of the nine. A cheap outfit will cost as follows: Cap, 25 cents: shirt, \$2: par.ca, \$2: stockings, 55 cents: shees, \$1.50: total, \$5 30. 2 The name of a base-ball cith usually has a local flavor. Otherwise, "Olympics" and "Sky scrapers" are suggested.

scrapers" are suggested.

SCBSCAIRER, St. Joseph, Mo. To make bird lime:
Take any quantity of the middle bark of the holly:
boil in water several hours till soft; drain off the
water and place in a hole in the earth lined with
stone. Let it remain there to ferment, and water
it if necessary, until it passes into a mucilagimous
state. Then pound well, and wash in secretal waters. Drain, and leave for four or five days to ferment and purify.

ment and purify.

Chicago, Ill. 1. We cannot go and the care of constitution of the care of constitution of the care of care of the care o

of our series, in no. 237.

C. J. F. Philadelphia, Pa. I. The author mentioned will probably be heard from later on. 2. The fastest 25 mile running record is Journs, 23 minutes, 44 seconds, by G. A. Dunning, an English amateur. Best professional record 2, burns, 26 minutes, 34 seconds, by G. Mason, an Englishman. 3. The world's running high jump record is 6 feet. 25; inches, by F. Davin an Ireh amateur. W. Byrd cently jumped feet. 21-16 inches, hopes to break the best on record during his trials in England this summer.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of This Guldes Argoors,
tout we cannot publish exchanges of invarine, birds' erges,
tout we cannot publish exchanges of invarine, birds' erges,
articles; nor exchanges for "offers," hor any exchanges
of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of This Guldes Argoors,
and through this department. All offers the most offers
make an exchange should before doing so write for parculturate to the address given
We have on the a number of exchanges, which will be
We have on the a number of exchanges, which will be
Twen Me Sill, T Wall St. New York City.

Frank S. Sill, T Wall St. New York City.

J. Mitchell Woltz, Box 475, Chillicothe, O. Post-

J. Mitchell Woltz, Box 475, Chillicothe, O. Postmarks, for the same, or for minerals.

K. Boudinot, 1003 East S ave., Springfield, IB.

50 Ulin tags, for a motical instrument.

50 Ulin tags, for a motical instrument.

50 Unit tags, for a motical instrument.

50 Unit tags, for a motical instrument.

51 foreign stabupe, for a Mexican dollar.

Fred C. Buckmaster, Mariborough, N. Y. 5 postmarks for no Crange Free State Stamp.

F. V. Maxwell, Wintersville, O. A pair of opera glasses, a book, or a violin, for Indian relighes, Pa.

Stamps in album, sorth \$2.35, for type or constiter Camp Series, "for vol. IV of The Goners' A room, Thomas of the Camp Series, "for vol. IV of The Goners' A room, Horner frommonger, 130 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. A case and type, for a Regly football.

Chas, J. Hoehle, 8.5 Hodson St. Hoboken, N. J. A tennis racquet, for United States or foreign coins. Charles Andrews, Darlington, Wis. "A Printer's Puzzling Foem" and 25 postmarks, for curiosities, Walter Von Gerschoff, 7.6 Cooper Ave., Brooklyn, N. V. Core 60 stamps, for a complete fishing out.

61. T. Ballard Box 2085, Ocean Grove, N. J. Sev.

nt. F. T. Ballard, Box 2085, Ocean Grove, N. J. Sev-eral books, for the "Gunboat Series." Write for

ilst.
Jno. W. Frew, Grove City, Pa. 1500 tobacco tags
and a pair of lever ice skates, for a 4 or 5 draw tele-

scope.
S. H. Weinhandler, 68 West Houston St., New York City. A spy glass with case, for a field glass with

same.
VanW. Henkle, Greensburg, Kan. A Weeden right engine, for 50 old United States or force N. Higgins, Box 1231, New Brunswick, N. J.

lawn-mower, for an accordeon or photographic

Strovenski analyza Argost, E. P. Lang, Box 444, Parkersburg, W. Va. A walk-ing beam steam engine (cost \$5), for a pair of opera

glasses.
G. H. Rogers, 362 Willis Ave. New York City. A violin and bow for a pair of foils—Solinger blades

preferred.

I. F. Lloyd, Rockville Conn. 2 pairs of roller skates, a Waterbury watch, and foreign stamps, for

wiellis and how for a pair of foils—Solinger blades

I. F. Lloyd, Rockville Conn. 2 pairs of roller skates, a Watchury watch, and foreign stamps, for a B flat cornet.

I. F. Lloyd, Rockville Conn. 2 pairs of roller skates, a Watchury watch, and foreign stamps, for a B flat cornet.

B flat cornet.

S. Great Bend, Pa. 225 tin tags, 2 old coins, and 2 arrowheads, for nos. 296 to 228 of The GOLDIN ARGOS.

J. A. Casse, Great Bend, Pa. 225 tin tags, 2 old coins, and 2 arrowheads, for a volume of The GOLDIN ARGOS.

J. A. Casse, Great Bend, Pa. 225 tin tags, 2 old coins, and 2 arrowheads, for a volume of The GOLDIN ARGOS.

J. A. Casse, Great Bend, Pa. 255 tin tags, 2 old coins, and 2 arrowheads, for a volume of The GOLDIN ARGOS.

J. A. Casse, Great Bend, Pa. 255 tin tags, 2 old coins, and 2 arrowheads, for flat states, a spy-glass and a zither, for a watch.

C. B. Whitheek, Box 14, Coxsackie, N. Y. A 13 key clariont and instruction books, for a tenor of latest things, which tags, valued as \$15, for a 5 by 7 press with ontfat.

W. W. Lyon, 17 Union St., Newark, N. J. A large collection of curiosities, for a press, about 5 by 7 press with ontfat.

W. W. Lyon, 17 Union St., Newark, N. J. A large collection of curiosities, for a press, about 5 by 7 press with ontfat.

W. W. Lyon, 17 Union St., Newark, N. J. A large collection of curiosities, for a press, about 5 by 7 press, and 1 a printing press, for stamps.

William A. Tarr 10 Summer St., Booton, Mass. 27 hooks by Optic, Alger, etc., about 2,000 postmarks, C. L. Cassell 375 Vincennes Ave., Chicago, Ill. A pair of nickel plated American chib lee skates, valued at \$4, for a jointed fishing rod.

Daniel A. Crowley, 48 North Moore St., New York City, Confederate notes [1861], for foreign stamps; Frank E. Davis, Box 39 Hyannth, Mass. A prestring press, 2½ by 31's, with outfut, and a tagkel plated fie, for a larger press with calainet, two forts of the part o

trices, and rare stamps, for a violin. Write for description.

George T. Marquand, Herkimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A seroll saw a foot ball, and stamps, for a self-inking press and three founts of type. Write for description.

Harry Agres, 155 De F. D.

ription.

Harry Ayres, 155 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
gold rink medal, for a telescope, fossils, minerals,
dian relics, large United States cents, or foreign silver coins.

Jos. J. Eisengart, 395 Bowery, New York City.

double silver case, stem-winding Waltham watch, and a mariner's compass, for a rubber tired, steel

of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain the problem of the pro

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

BY EMMA FRANCES DAWSON. DY EMMA PILANCES DAMSON.

O. BLESSED Flag! sign of our precious Past,
Triumphant Present and our Future vast,
Esyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright,
Esyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright;
Load us to higher realm of Equal Right!
Float on in ever lovely allegory.

Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory."

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

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

®(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.

Cannon may thunder and roar at daylight, church bells and town bells wake the
early morning echoes with their joyful
clamor, fire-crackers may sizz, sky rockets
shoot, and fairy-like balloons dot the azure
of the avening sky, all these and many shoot, and tarry-like balloons do to me azure of the evening sky; all these and many more methods of celebrating the nations 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

if their thoughts are not furned behind it all to the cause for the uproar 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 towerds fostering this indiscensable portion of a truetering this indiscensable portion of a true

tering this indispensable portion of a true Independence Day celebration, the Argosy this week gives up a page to pictures and chat 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.

wholly rid us.

A haro 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. Nether 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 undwine fame and of which wins for men undying fame and

The dogged, dauntless, unswerving cham pionship 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

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 all 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.

of yesterday.

And to a high niche in this temple of



His paper, written as early as 1774, and entitled "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," is described as having of that never-to-be-forgotten winter at Valgeons and uncompromising advocate of constitutional freedom."

constitutional freedom."

There was no dallying 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 loved and revered by us all, and the prince displayed by the great man when he penned the epitaph for his tombstone may well be pardoned, for it contained the words: "au-thor of the Declaration of Independence."

thor of the Declaration of Independence."

Although hackneyed by frequent repetition and ofttimes sadly maltreated by school-boy declaimers in their first halting attempts at oratory, there is yet a ring of glorious, soul-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 but the actual sentiments of a bold and

but the actual sentiments of a bold and danntless 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 vouncestion

services to perform for the young nation much a after her assertion of independence had been backed up by loyal and effective fight-

tion from the sacred volume that is pe-culiarly 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 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 and sometimes, alas, without a thought of gratitude.

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 just so much in the scale of virtues adjudged to him. Our realm is so large, however, and the great majority of its citizens would the codes without its bourners. have to travel so far to find themselves without its boun-daries, that it is not so much to be wondered at that in many cases they accept its privileges and enjoy its pro-tection without giving a mo-ment's thought to either; very much as the perfectly healthy man does not realize that he po

sses anv



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

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 tor preterment an reward or nose who had taken active part in it remained to be considered, while the various conficting suggestions and plans of the borde 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 op-posing 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.

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 Alexan-

der Hamilton.

Already during the war, as aide-de-camp to Washington, he had proved himself invaluable in the

But once away from native land the thought of home awakens the slumbering patriotism, and we begin to understand what a power the United States, the youngest though it be, is among the nations.

The writer well recalls his sensations

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 spixed a lump; in his data. the world, raised a lump in his throat that diffused happiness and pride throughout his whole being.

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 hours a will more wonderful and lugrious. 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 marvelous, 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.

der Hamilton.

Already during the war, as alde-de-camp to Washington, he had proved himself invaluable in the discharge of the important and confidential during the accommander in chief. He moreover demanimous verdiet of each succeeding generation has assigned Thomas Jefferson.

der Hamilton.

Already during the war, as alde-de-camp to Washington, he had proved himself invaluable in the discharge of the important called variety and several provided the prosperity which untiring industry has enabled our forefathers to eration has assigned Thomas Jefferson.

esty have grown to be the marvel of the world! Then up with the flag, and a three times

tered into their labors," is another quota-tion from the sacred volume that is pe-

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 back-ward fire-cracker, whose dilatorines they have stooped down to investigate, we are have stooped down to investigate, we are sure, we say, that such whole-souled prac-tical celebrators will not shirk the risk of scraping their throats by cheering roundly for their country and its old time heroes, whose memories should be ever young.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

ECHOES 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.

pronounced by the veterans one of the finest ever seen at the academy.

The young horsemen saddled and unsadded, vaulted to their seats without use of the stirrup, rode at full gallop, and slashed leather heads of wooden enemies, pierced the heat of a foe by a tierce thrust, shot deadly wads igets 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 and the saddle and walled over, the charger still galloping, and seventhearts proud.

Finally came the bareback riding, with the same evolutions; and the exhibition closes with an illustration of how eneath him can leap behind the saddle of a more fortunate comrade, whose horse is still galloping, and escape from the field.

At 2 p. M. the pontoon bridge was built by a company of the same the bareback riding, with the same that is still galloping, and escape from the field.

At 2 p. M. the pontoon bridge was built by shape of a substantial bridge, 256 feet long, in less than ninety minutes. Over this an army 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 com-pared with the velocity in flight which has

been attained by birds.

In 1842 a pigeon flew from Ballinasloe in

In 182 a pincon flow from Ballinacloe in Ireland to Castie Bernard, a distance of twenty-three trisk miles, in eleven minutes, which gives the almost incredible rate of neutrod and sixty English miles per hour, as speed nearly equal to that of the common swift, which is without doubt the fleetest of This, rate of flight, however, must be regarded as altogether exceptional, since noting approaching it has been performed in more recent years. The average speed of the pigon is, in all probability, about quality and the proposed 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.)

pick+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'S PLAN OF ESCAPE.

"ICK 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 files, the difficulty would have vanished; but the precipice was too

the precipice was too abrupt for the most darabrupt for the most dar-ing and skillful climber to descend. Dick made an attempt to find a foothold on the slippery rock, but had to give it up as hope-

less.
"Once more, and most unwillingly, the explorers turned to retrace their steps toward the cavern where stood the colossal It was with a feelidol. It was with a feel-ing 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 trav-ersed by the subterranean river. idol. river.

river.

"Here they all flang themselves down, utterly exhausted with the labor and the excitement through which they had been passing. A strange drows in ess 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 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 in resisting it. He has always been, both as a boy and as a man, reso-lute and determined in a rare degree, and he was the only one of the band of travelers who could battle against the fatal in-fluences that were overpowering the others

"He sprang to his feet, and roused his "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 fame 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 eavern

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.

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 Masare's body lay would be the tomb of five more victims. more victims.

The only possible chance still left them 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

the open air by its means, even if there was a branch that would lead them to it.

the open as co. 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 Broad"Stay,' suddenly exclaimed." There's

head, as a new idea struck him. 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.'

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 is the country of the undertaking—the host puzzling part of the undert

"Carter produced two or three short lengths of stout cord from one of his pock-ets, where they had lain forgotten since the capture of the hunter's wagon by the Inga-nis. 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.

ne 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

A SUBTERRANEAN VOYAGE.

RISWOLD picked out a long piece of wood, with which he could keep the raft from running against the

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 vanited passage. The travelers were soon beyond the cavern, which was now brightly lighted up by the conflagration of the great wooden idol, and were swittly rushing into the unknown darkness before them.

"The channel was narrow, and in most

the unknown darkness before them.
"The channel was marrow, and in most places they could 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 ut-tered an exclamation of point of rock struck the lighted torch in his hand, and dashed it into the stream, where of course it

stream, where of course it was in stant If y axtinguished. The little band of voyagers was now in
utt-r darkness!

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

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 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 thun-dering 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 day-light. The travelers saw light. The travelers saw that they were still con-siderably 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 dasbing to the bottom of the cliff in a series of rapids

and cataracts.

"There was but little chance that the raft would bold together and float them safely down the falls. As they saw the dangerous situation, they rose 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

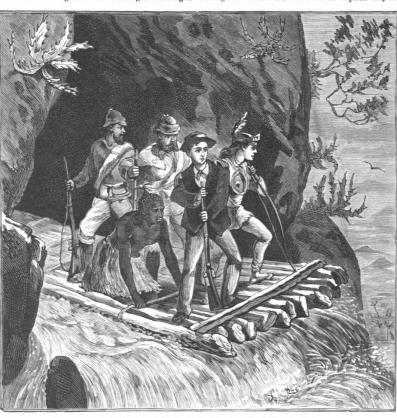
to receive the shock of the first plunge, at the same time preparing to spring from the raft when it broke up.
"All this had passed in less time than it takes me to tell it. The raft was hurried on by an irresistible force, and a moment later leaped madly over the first of the falls in the torrent's course.
"The cataract was some sight value for

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 out of the basin and down a loftier fall; then they dashed down in foaming rapids to the level plain beneath neath.

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

"There was a quantity of material from which to select. Some of the beams were "Fortunately, they found that the raft and far out into the basin below, plunging rotten, and others were of so heavy a wood that they would hardly float; but twenty party, though their united weight sub- under the water. It righted itself nobly



THE RAFT WAS SWEPT IRRESISTIBLY ONWARD AND OVER THE CATARACT

all the same,' said Dick.
"'How do you mean to do it?'
"'I mean to build a raft and float down.

"I mean to build a ratt 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, but 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 clift, 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.

"'I believe we might escape that way, | together if it should run against a rock or

together it it should run agains 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 ran among the scattered beams, and 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 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.

"But 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

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

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

"It was a splendid leap, and landed him safety. Griswold tried to imitate the in safety. Griswold tried to initate 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 far as they could away from the cataract. as far 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

Norman Vincent was not able to make a stroke, and would have gone to the bot-tom 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.

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 could hardly realize "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 fushion, it is true, and had come near to breaking their neels over the cataracts; but they felt most devoulty thankful for their deliverance from death in its most terrible fore. terrible form.

"However, their dangers and difficulties "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 till 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 destrined to discover. tined to discover.

"For the moment, reaction from the despair they had felt in the Cavern of Gurani span they had lett in the Cavern of Gram 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.

HE travelers climbed down the rocks over which the river fell towards the plain, and reached the law. 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 tiey did around the country of the Inga-

nis.
"Rest and refreshment were what they "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 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 mount-ing higher and higher toward the zenith. When the travelers first started to explore

mountains, and lower ranges of hills mountains, and lower ranges of hims 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 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 understand-

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

a creature that had been crouching there at the margin of the river sprang out and be-gan 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 rifte to his shoulder, and fired hastily—too has-tily as it proved, for the creature sped along with undiminished speed. "Hang it! cried the hunter, annoyed at his poor marksmanship; but before the

at his poor marksmanship; but before the brief objurgation was out of his mouth an-

brief objurgation was out or his mouth another rife shot rang out.

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

bullet through its head.

"With Joyous exclamations the travelers ran toward the prostrate beast. It was a heautiful 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.

"... Boer men called um riet box, ne said.
"Um flesh much 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.

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 Jung was being skill respect to the tender flesh was being skillfully roasted."

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 prespects now looked originer 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?

"As far as they could judge, they were

about midway between the coast of Ben-guela on the west, and the upper Zambesi on the east. Each of these points was

gueia 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 and them iz reaching their native land. Or again they might strike to the south and west, and strive to reach the European settlement on Walvisch Bay.

"All of them except Norman Vincent had so lively a recollection of the suffer-

had so lively a recollection of the suffer-ings they had endured in crossing the bar-ren region that lay between the western coast and the territory of the Inganis, 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

and tenon 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."

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

"Jingo was consulted on the subject, but when asked if he knew whither 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.

"Henry game ist dat; 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 Inganis. 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

selves on the ground beneath the shade of the bushes. Hiram Carter and Norman Vincent were too tred to wring out their wet 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 Jiugo did
"It was strange, perhaps, that Jiugo did not follow their example, but resisted the drowsiness he could not help feeling. He the white travelers enjoyed.

"Before they had been asleep five min-

utes the sentinel's attention was attracted

"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 be somewhat dry and barren, with but little vegetation. Was it a for the but had in the parched and sun-dried grass, like the old-time prairie fires of our own West?

"But it could lurdly 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.

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 attempt to escape the new stared them in the 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 Ar-Gosy. He can get you any number you may want.

HOT WEATHER READING.

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. If this be so, why should not the same regime be 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 herewith a description of a very cold New Year's

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

The suffering among the poor of the city frozen to the suffering among the poor of the city frozen to death. A small ilea 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, amountaing the frozen fingers and toes of the amountain give frozen fingers and toes of the The "cold snap" continued for two or three days, when the weather moderated and resumed its normal winty temperature.

EXPENSIVE CRACK FILLING.

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

mense amount of material and labor involved in this operation.

Not long ago the fine American ship Mary L. Cushing was on dry dock in this port for repairs to injuries sustained by running ashore on Block Island, and one of the workness and field to a reporter some interesting the standard of the control of the control

A BOY WRITES TO THE EMPLOAD

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 elemency.

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

peror William on his birthday:

"Data Kros—On thy great birthday thy subject offers most offent congratulations with the prayer to make the congratulations with the prayer to good king. And that thou mayst long be our good king. And that thou mayst long be our good king. And the congratulation of the congra

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, judg-ing from what a London Times correspondent has to say of their doings.

He states that a splendid idea of what the

He states that a selendid idea of what the hardy Cossek 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 stanisas or settlements of the Cossack territory. Mounted on lean, shaggy native horses, and and lances eight feet long, they formed the most wonderful infant cavalry ever seen.

These boys can already ride at a headlong pace, cling to their stirrups like monkeys, as they career along. His Imperial Muiestry, who arrived at the saluting point at ten o'clock amidst tremendous cheering, was greatly interested and annised by these Cosserver, and the saluting point in the saluting to their the saluting the saluting the saluting of the saluting the saluting

marked on any map of Africa that I ever saw. The map uzakers don't know much 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, to, 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 lack as ink, but this appearance, they now saw, was due to the darkness of the sever. Their though where it flowed.

"Far as the eye could see the level plain is tratched away to the north, without a sign of human habitation. To the south, and directly above them, rose the towering the several way to the north, without a sign of human habitation. To the south, and directly above them, rose the towering the form of the several way for the north, without a sign of human habitation. To the south, and directly above them, rose the towering the form of the several way for the north, without a sign of human habitation. To the south, and directly above them, rose the towering the form of the several way for the north, without a sign of human habitation. To the south, and directly above them, rose the towering the form of the control of the contro

WESTERN RANCH LIFE.

HE cowboy of the great Western cattle HE cowboy of the great Western cattle ranches is a unique product of nine-teenth century civilization; and the part he plays in the national life is both an interesting and important one.

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 than the discovery of gold in California, silver in Nevada, or petroleum in Pennsyl-

Its interest is shown by the halo of romance which has been cast around West-ern ranch life, and by the many letters which THE GOLDEN ARGOSY receives from youthful readers whose ambition is to become a cowboy.

come a cowboy.

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 Ancory are devoted. The artist, who had personal experience of the scenes he depicts so vividly and graphically, gives as good an idea of cowboy life, as it actually is, as could be obtained from lengthy written describitions. A few words of explanation.

is, as could be obtained from lengthy written descriptions. A few words of explanation, however, may perhaps be advantageously added to the spirited series of drawings. In the lower part of the picture we see the start of the band of mounted cowboys that accompanies a herd when driven from one range to another. The greatest of these movements is the annual migration of a movements is the annual migration or a rast number of eattle from the Southern nanches, chiefly situated on the wide plains of Texas, to the Northern ranges of Montana, Wyoming, or Dakota. Each herd usually consists of from two to four though the control of the sand head, and is managed by a "boss' cowboy, with eight or ten assistants, a cook,

and of course a provision wagon.

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. Away from their own ranges, the cattle are excitable and hard to manage.

cattle are excitation and nard to manage, whenever a halt is made, they must be "close herded," and sentinel cowboys patrol around them on guard. The great danger is the dreaded "stam-pede" of the herd. A thunder storm may strike terror into the uneasy cattle, or a panic may arise from some trivial cause. Storms are frequent over most of the cattle

ranges, and that section of the country has been called "the birthplace of the tornado."
"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 or ten-are carefully fed and tethered, and the herd is 'rounded up, that is, collected into as small a space as possible, while the into as small a space as possible, while the men continue to ride around the densely massed herd. Like horses, cattle derive courage from the close proximity of man. The thunder peals, and the vivid lighthough fashes with amazing brilliancy, as with lowered heads the herd eagerly watch the slow, steady pace of the cow-ponies, and no doubt derive from it a comforting sense of protection.

protection.

"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 heard of 4000 head will have broken through the line of horsemen and be away, one surging, bellowing mass of terrified beasts. Fancy a pitch-dark night, a pouring torrent of right, the ground not

be away, one surging, bellowing mass of terified beasts. Fancy a pitch-dark night, a point growth of the leaders. The grand total is something like 28.167 all body entirely strange to the men, but very boken, and full of dangerously steep water-coarses ard hollows, and you will have a coarses ard hollows, and you will have a coarse are coarses are departments. The grand total is something like 28.167 all body of the staff departments the down and the staff of the staff departments the down and the staff of the staff departments the total stage of the staff departments the down and the staff departments the down and the staff of the staff departments the down and the staff departments the total staff of the staff departments the down and the staff departments the down and the staff departments the down and the staff departments the torse are coarses and the staff departments the down and the staff departments the down and the staff departments the down are contained (specially the enlisted branching the staff departments the down and the staff depart

ing brutes, till they turn them. All the men pursuing this maneuver, the head-long 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 oppor-tunities for enjoyment. An occasional race between two of their bony, why steeds, or the excitement of a fight between two rival bulls, cannot compensate for the lack of the ease and comfort, as well as the pleas-ures, of settled existence.

ures, of settled existence.

The cowboy has done good work in the cause of civilization. The last twenty or twenty-five years have witnessed a marvelous 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. A quarter of a century ago, nearly half the area of the Union was, to say the least of it in a disturbed was, to say the least of it, in a disturbed condition. The settlers were exposed to the attacks of hostile Indians, cattle ruiders, horse thieves, or bandits from the Mexican frontier. Now a man may travel unarmed and in peace and safety through almost every foot of the Western States and Ter-ritories. And the cowboy has done much to bring about this desirable change.

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 evil 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. To quote the enthusiastic words of the Hon. Buffalo Bil, who will be acknowledged as an authority on the subject, "a cowboy is not a blackguard; nay, more—he is in nine cases out of ten better than his fellows, more especially as in nine cases out of the better than his fellows, more are the offspring of an effete civilization. He has certain attributes that commend him to creation. He is manly, generous, and into the cattle business developed, in their to creation. He is manly, generous, and brave. He is not merely a creature of impulse, but tues the gifts given him by his Maker with a discretion which might well be copied by more of us. In putting in these few words for a class of men who have only to be understood to be admired, 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 ac-

ount of the men who enlist as privates in the regular army of the United States, and herewith we add a description, culled from the same source, of their every-day life after they have donned Uncle Sam's modest livery.

In these piping times of peace the soldier's life is quite a happy one. When the recruit enters the service it takes at least three months to get him into proper shape, all 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.

I nere is, however, little to do on the from

a nere is, however, little to do on the fron-tier now except garrison duty, and with no large town or cities near wherein to waste money, the accumulation of five years can be saved pretty easily. In the regular army to-day there are: One !ieutenant-general, 3 major-general, 8 for lieutenant-general, 3 lieutenant-colonels, 23 majors, 66 copathins, 64 major lieutenants, and 44 second lieuten-ber and the colonels and between the commissioned branch, he above are the commissioned branch.

645 first frequency and the commission ants. The above are the commissioned officer), 40 quarrank next to a commissioned officer), 40 quarrank next to a commissioned officer), 40 quarrange and commissary sergeants, either trumpeters, hospital stewards, etc., 2,360 line sergeants, 1,380 corporals, and very nearly 18,000 privates.

rolls. His average pay per month, second enlistment is \$18. For this he does guard duty, attends roll calls, is detailed on fatigue at odd times, shoots his rifle, and plays baseball. The ordinary routine for a day is a

at odd times, shoots his rifle, and plays base-ball. The ordinary routins for a day is as follows:

Sunrise, reveille, roll-call. If a cavalryman, stables immediately afterwards, when each man grooms, feeds, waters his horse, and Fatigue at 7:30, when those not on other duty are detailed to do any extra work about the garrison, such as policing the post, clearing away old rubbish, watering trees, loading and unloading stores and supplies, and, in fact, attending to any other chores that need looking after. Duglers sound the first call for guard mounting. This is a ceremony of daily occurrence, and is for the purpose of relieving the old guard by a new detail, changing the officer of the day, ste, being really the beginning of the official day at all the forts. The post flag is run up at sunrise and lowered at sunset.

post flag is run up at sunrise and lowered at sunset.

After guard mounting drills are in order.

If the midsummer, when the weather is very the midsummer, when the weather is very the midsummer. There is little to do between nine o'clock and noon, the main duty being performed by the various fatigue parties, and perhaps, a garrison or general court martial manual to the state of the state of the state of the control of the state of the state

parade is held, which is also one of the most interesting ceremonies in the military calenters. Sturdays and Sundays are days of rest. The first of the two is generally utilized in cleaning up the arms, accouterments, bunks, barracks, etc., for the usual Sunday morning inspection. Inspection is the only duty on held 365 days during the year.

Target practice is most industriously observed during the favorable weather months. The old style paper targets, 6 by 6, stationary the strength of the standing, kneeling and lying positions. At these the soldiers fire, advancing, retreating, at a halt, on a run, etc., the exercise coming as near actual warfare and hostile conditions as it is are exact reproductions of an enemy in size and position, just as iff drawn up in line of battle or lying as skirmishers in the act of liting.

and position, just as if drawn up in line of battle or lying as skimishers in the act of firing.

Every per annual rifle competitions are held at department headquarters, which gives held at department headquarters, which gives held at department headquarters, which gives he was a first of the some of the fine medals offered as a reward for skill, as well as a pleasant tour of duty away from his regular station.

All this is very well, and is something in return for the long years of isolation on the turn of the long years of isolation on the turn for the long years of isolation on the turn for the long years of isolation on the turn for the long years of isolation on the turn of the long that the happen that the Indians in your neighborhood become suddenly belilgerent, break out into open rebellion, commence killing settlers and running off stock, whether it be in three feet of snow in winter or 120 in the after the depredating reds, and possibly get a few perforations without recognition from congress, as Indian warfare is not considered in the line of brevets.

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.

a remarkably accurate ear for sounds. It is stated that a boy only three years old, named Henry Graves Easly, recently gave an entertainment at the Reidsville opera-house, consisting of plano, organ, and mouth-harp music. Henry is the only child of his parents, who are residents of Rockingham County, born blind. He has been exhibited in several of the neighboring towns, and already has won a local fame.

A few nights ago at a farmer's house who a local fame, and a farmer's house the condition of the neighboring towns, and already has won a local fame.

A few nights ago at a farmer's house the condition of the neighboring towns, and already has won a local fame, and the second condition of the c

Since Ladies have been Accustomed to use Glenn's Sulphur Soap in their toilet, their personal at tractions have been multiplied, and it is seldom they are seen disfigured with blotches and pimples, or rough or coarse sting. Sold by devices r coarse skins. Sold by druggists. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black and Brown,

The Civil Service Reformers

say their object is simply to retain good men in office when you find them. This theory may be safely applied medicine. Those who have once tried Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for servicious swellings of blood and consumption, will also yet also provided the property of the consumption will also yet also provided which is good. "Adv."

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-Operating Washing Machines. No labor or wash-board. The best in the world. If you want one, write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey St., N. Y.—Adv.

40 PHOTOS of Female Beauties, 10c. 120 for 25c. Sure to Suit. Cat. 2c. GEM AGENCY, Orleans, Ind. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE A \$2.50 Gold Ring to all who will act as In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

In replying to this act.

IMPORTED JAPANESE CURIOS. Send 8c. for samples.

WM. STEWART. 73 Beaver St., New York.

Answer this adv.; mention The Illustrated Companion.

INFALLIBLE. Cures Weak and Inflamed Try it! 50e. E BIGNALL, 110 N. 2nd St., St. Louis. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

1 Stone Ring, 1 Band Ring, 275 Scrap Pic-tures & Verses, Book of Poems, Book Flir-tations, 40 Agt's Samples, All 16c. AUSTIN CARD CO., New Haven, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy. MONEY AND PLENTY OF 1T: \$10 every day. Don't wall. Send 2c. strimp for outfit at once.
J. R. SLDANE & O., Hartford, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

This 18K. Rolled Gold
plate Ring and 16p Sample Card Album,only
17c. W. C. GRISWOLD, Centerbrook, Ct.

plate Ring and 16p Sample Card Albun 17c. W. C. GRISWOLD, Centerbrod In rep., ing to this adv. mention toolen Arge MAGIC FRECKLE CURE

ANCIENT INDIAN RELICS!

Handy Book For Collectors by mail De. Contains illustrations and descriptions of mound and field finds, pipes, pottery, (whole), axes, hem-elder of the property of the property of the property collector needs a copy. Catalogues for them. La replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WILL BE PAID to the person coin Club Puzzle before June 18. This grand made in good faith to introduce the standard try for the principle of the propostage and try for the prize.

L. C. P. Co. Drawer 27, New Haven, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argusy.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argony.

PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS AND
FLESH WORMS.

"MEDICATED CREAM" Is the ONLY KNOWN, harmless,
pleasant and absolutely SURE and intailable cure. It
and ron Good in A piw DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin
and ron Good in A piw DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin
and ron Good in A piw DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin
and ron Good in A piw DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin
and roarseness. It is a true remedy to cure and NOT a
MORALERY, and clearing it of all muddiness
and COATSON ONLY, and THE AND THE COATSON
TO SURE AND THE COATSON ONLY OF THE COATSON
TO SURE AND THE COATSON ONLY OF THE COATSON
TO SURE AND THE COATSON ONLY OF THE COATSON
TO SURE AND THE COATSON ONLY OF THE COATSON ONLY
THE COATSON ONLY OF THE COATSON ONLY OF THE COATSON
TO SURE AND THE COATSON ONLY OF THE COATSON ONLY
THE COATSON ONLY ONLY ONLY
THE COATSON ONLY
THE COATSON ONLY ONLY ONLY
THE COATSON ONLY
THE COATS

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY.

We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of The Golden Argory as they appear from week to week. It is not a mere device for fastening the papers together at nere aeotee for fastering the papers together at the back, but takes the form of a regular book cover, with the name "THE GOLDEN AR-GOSY," stamped in gill lettering on the side, Each binder holds fifty-two numbers, or a com-plete volume; it keeps the paper neat and clean, and is extremely handy.

We are prepared to furnish it in two styles;

flexible press board, price 50 cents, or stiff maroon cloth, 60 cents.

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

SIXTEEN SPLENDID SIGRIES.

We have received so many letters inquirm whether back numbers of The Golden Abbods can be obtained, that we judge that most of our universons new readers would prefer to go many the state of the stat

The following stories have been commenced

The following stories have over communities:
THE CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS.
ALWAYS IN LUCK
THE BOY BROKER.
LITTLE NAN,
NATURE'S YOUNG NOBLEMEX,
PIRATE ISLAND,
THE LAST WAR TRAIL.
NED NEWTON,

THE YOUNG ACROBAT.
DICK BROADHEAD.
NED YELLOW THE STATE OF THE STATE O



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 RUFFALO RILL 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

bition 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 the long Buffalo Buffa

a live indian, watering me win evident interest. I know 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 prought 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 be built up by an Indian, and the next instant over six feet of dead Indian came down splash into the river.

be built up of the property of the property of the plains, and in the employ of Messra. Soon after this I went to business. I took to the plains, and in the employ of Messra to the plains, and in the plains of the plains, and to the plains, and to the plains, and to the plains, and the plains, and the plains, and the plains, and the plain of the plains, and the plain of the plains, I somehow found out how to hunt buffalo, a sport second to none, if you know how.

bounds, a sport second to hone, it you know is shall never forget the faces of five officers. I not on the prafrie one, now many years ago. They were after the face of the face of the sport of the face of the f

captain. buffalo."

captain.

At wants a most a mo

Brigham, who knew as much about the sport as I did: he speedly did.his part of the business, ow jumps brought us up to the herd. Raising "Lucretia Borgia," my trusty weapon, I almed at the first animal, fired and brought him down. Brigham, like the ideal animal that he was, carried me rapidly up to the next brute, not ten feet away; and, when I had on, until I had sline the did of the mext, and so do until I had sline the did of the mext, and so do until I had sline the did of the mext, and so do until I had sline the did of the mext, and so do until I had sline the property of the mext, and so do the mext, and is the sline that the mext of the laborers. It was about this time that Mexts. Goddard, it was about this time that Mexts. Goddard.

the contractors to the constructors, made me handsome offer, provided I would undertake to hunt for them. They required twelve buffalces per day. The work was somewhat dangerous, owing to the Indians, but the terms were handsome—860 per month. I took the were handsome—860 per month. I took the indians which time my engagement lasted, I killed 429 buffalces single-handed, and had many scrimmages with the Indians, and hair-breadth escapes.

It was during this period of my career that I was during this period of my career that I was during the period of the provided buffalces with the Indians, and hair breadth escapes.

It was during this period of my career that I was during the period of the provided buffalces with the Indians, and hair between the provided buffalces. The terms were settled as follows: We were to hunt one day of eight hours, from 8.4. M. to 4.P. M. The stakes were \$500 as adde, and the man who killed the most buffalce was to be declared the winner. The contest took place twenty miles east from 8 heridam, larted to see the match.

We were fortunate in finding animals, and had plenty of sport. We made three runs seach, and I killed sktyr-nine buffalces, my rival being content with forty-six. Not a bad ways work, a day which is an historical one days work, a day which is an historical one days work, a day which is an historical one days work, a day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work as day which is an historical one days work as day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work a day which is an historical one days work as day which is an historical one days work and the provided historical one days work and the provided historical one days work and the provided histo

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. Strange as it may seem. China is the first country to put herself in the position of a rival in this respect.

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.

Hong Kong and Canton, China.

Service in the Pearl River, between Hong Kong and Canton, China is almost similar to our well-known excursion boats, the Grand Republic or the Columbia, a type of craft that is new in England and China as yet.

Owing to the unawltable in consequence of the Chinese throwing large consequence of the Chinese throwing large of stones and rubbish into the bed to prevent the French from invading the stream everything has been done to insure a light water draft, notwithstanding the immense size of the Chinese throwing the stream everything to be the consequence of the Chinese throwing the stream everything has been done to insure a light water draft, notwithstanding the immense size of the Chinese throwing the stream everything has been furnished with a double bottom.

Pirates swarm about the Pearl River, and to prevent them from invading the vessel and massacring the crew and passengers, the damage to her keel, she between and received massacring the crew and passengers, the consequence of the chinese throwing the consequence of the chinese throwing the crew and passengers, the consequence of the chinese throwing the crew and passengers that the top, which can be calculated by the property of the creat which they first favor with their obnoxious presence.

they first favor with their obnoxious presented and their obnoxious presented with the second process. The sleeping berths of the ship will accommodate about three thousand pursuengers—a number that will surprise some of our local mariners who think the Pilgrim and other Sound boats are so big. The Europeans, Chinese, and Parsee Jews will be given separate apartments. The steering any This is essential, as the navigator will have to be stationed as provided in the property of the second proved as possible to see the numerous rocks that lie about the waters of the Peatl River. Two thousand passengers may comfortably stroll on the promenade deek at the one time. The steemer 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

telligent brute. He took the keenest delight in sport, and invariably took pains to aid me getting game. All he expected of me was the getting game. All he expected of me was the world always at op it expected of me was the would always at op it expected on the sport of the world always at op it expected on the sport of the world on disgusted. The would go on disgusted in the bufface country, and the would go on disgusted track was being laid in the bufface country, and the bufface of the world go on disgusted track was being laid in the bufface country, and the bufface of the world go on the ground the was being laid in the bufface country, and the bufface of the world go on the ground the was being laid in the bufface country, and the bufface of the world go on the ground the was being laid in the bufface country, and the bufface was the world go on the ground the was being laid in the bufface country, and the bufface was the world go on the ground the was being laid in the bufface country, and the bufface where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change to a retrieve the modern the world go on disgusted. It is a territory bordering on the northern line of Lincoln Country, Maine, called "this bufface where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own change where taxes are unknown. There is such a No-man's-land in our own the normal was a construction of the world in the particle of the particle or indian the bufface where taxes are unknown. The was always and the parti

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

Gluten Flourand Special Diabetic Food, e in caluable waste repairing Flours, for yspeptia, Diabetes Debility, and Children's are in valuab Dyspep mainly free from Starch. Six lbs to phy Six lbs. fee to physicians and clergymen who will pay appres charges. For all family uses dothing 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 the roughly taught by mail or personally tugitions proqued all pupils when competent, and for circular. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argory.

DYSPEPSIA its Nature, Causes being the experience of an actual sufferer, by John II MCALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sen to this adv. mention Golden Argony.

DO NOT STAMMER
BUT SEND FOR CIRCULARS,
DOUGLAS MCCALLUM,
II EAST WITH STREET, NEW YORK
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



OOKKEEPING WAGGENER'S you the double entry system for \$1.00. Mailed on receipt of 2. R. DEACON, publisher, 1206 t. Philadelphia, Pa. circular. D

CURE THE DEAF



Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn. given 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. Att. the curves are plainly illu-ant in Afrech and Privinges. By mail, ide-tally a privinges. By mail, ide-A complete Sporting Goods Catalogue mailed free on application. J. Skottli, 23 South Eighth St., Publishelphia, Pa. In replying to this adv. mention The Golden Argony

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM MADE

Plymouth Rock \$3 Pants

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



Every pair cut to order, and satisfaction guaran-teed or money refunded. Sent by mail or express upon receipt of \$3, and 35 cts. to cover postage (or

Setting

easy

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

BOUND VOLUMES

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. DENISON. 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. COOMER. FACING PERIL; BY G. A. HENTY.

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 PENANG PIRATE;

BY AN OLD TAR. AFLOAT IN A GREAT CITY; BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

STRUGGLING UPWARD. BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THE DORRINCOURT SCHOOL; BY BERNARD HELDMANN.

ONLY A BOY; BY MARY A. DENISON, 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

BY LIEUT. B. H. JAYNE.

Besides these serials, each of which printed in book form, would sell at \$1.25, or \$25.75 for 100 keV. The printed in book form, would sell at \$1.25, or \$25.75 for three hundred short stories, a large number of biographical sketches of eminent men, and a wealth of interesting and instructive articles and short matter. They contain nearly five hundred fine illustrations, and are strongly and handsomely bound in eloth, with leather back and corners, and gold lettering. The price of each youlume is \$1, expressage to be a strongly on the price of the self-would be self-would be

RABBITS and BANTAMS, Send for circular transfer, McGrew, Jr., Springfield, In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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

A book giving plans and specifications for 25 houses of all sizes, from two rooms up, sent, postpaid upon receipt of 25 Crnts.
Officing 60, 31 Rose St., New York.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argory.

SIDE EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee will guesselve the support of the support of

CARDS Free Nicest styles you all. Send your address and 2 stamps for mail. Bit had agents. HOLLY CARD CO., Meriden, Com. g → 15 GOLD LEAF CARDS, new style, name on, 10c. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy

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



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