

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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MOOSE DECLARES THEY HAVE REACHED THE SPOT.

THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK

BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

CHAPTER I.

A WAIF ON THE OCEAN.

"SAIL-HO on the weather bow!"
 "What do you make it?"
 "Looks like a ship's mast, with to it and haling us for help—leastways, that's what it seems to me!"
 "The Susan Jane, of and for Boston,

Massachusetts, with a cargo from London, had been caught at the outset of her passage across the Atlantic by what her skipper termed "a pretty considerable gale of wind." She now lay tossing about amid the broken waves of the boisterous Bay of Biscay, on the morning after the tempest, trying to make some headway under her jib, close-reefed topsails, and storm staystails, with a bit of her mainsail set to steady her, half

THE FIGURE OF A BOY WAS STRETCHED, APPARENTLY LIFELESS, UPON A MASS OF BROKEN SPARS AND WRECKAGE FLOATING ON THE STORMY WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

brailed up—although the task was difficult, with a nasty chopping cross sea and an adverse wind.

The vessel had recently passed a lot of wreckage that betokened they were not far from the spot where some ship, less lucky than themselves, had been overwhelmed by the treacherous waters of the ill-fated bay; and the news that a waif was now in sight, supporting a stray survivor, affected all hearts on board, and roused their sympathies at once.

The captain of the New England bark had already adjusted the telescope, that he carried in true sailor fashion tucked under his left arm, to his "weather eye," and was looking eagerly in the direction pointed out by the seaman.

"Guess we shall have to put more sail on her," said Seth Allport, mate of the Susan Jane, singing out from amidship, where he was on duty. "Guess so, cap'en, if you want to fetch him."

"It's risky work, Seth," rejoined the skipper, "for she's now got as much on her as she can carry. But I suppose it must be done if we're to pick up that poor fellow. Here, boys," he cried out suddenly, to the crew, "we must make a rest out of the mainsail!" Look smart, will ye!"

The effect of this sail was soon apparent. No sooner had the folds of canvas expanded to the wind than the Susan Jane heeled over with a lurch, as if she were going to capsize, bringing her bow so much round that her jib shivered, causing ominous creaks and cracks aloft from the quivering topmasts.

"Steady! How's the poor chap bearing now?" asked the skipper, hailing the look-out once more, as he lost sight of the wreckage.

"Right ahead. Just a trifle to the leeward, boss."

"How far off?"

"A couple of cables' lengths, I guess, cap'en. Better send a hand forrard in the chains to sling him a rope, or we'll pass him in a minute."

"Right you are," was the reply of the good-hearted skipper, as he rushed along to the foremast himself, with a coil over his arm that he might fling it to the man in the water as he floated within reach.

The broken spars, on which he could now plainly see that the figure of a man was lashed, swept nearer and nearer on the crest of a wave that bore them triumphantly on, high above the storm-wrack and foam.

"Poor chap!" thought the captain, aloud; "I'm afraid there's not much life left in him now; if there is any, I reckon we'll save him." And he uttered the words half-hexterously threw one end of the coil of rope, which he had already formed into a running bowline knot, over the spars as they swept past the side of the Susan Jane, while he fastened the other end fast inboard, slackening out the line gradually, so as not to bring it up too tight all at once, and so jerk the man off the frail raft.

"Easy there," he called out to the men aft. Let her head off a bit now, and haul up that mainsail again. Easy! Belay!"

"Thank God, we've got him!" ejaculated Mr. Rawlings, the solitary passenger on board the Susan Jane.

By this time the waif from the wreck was towing safely alongside the Susan Jane, in the comparatively smooth water of the ship's lee. In a few seconds the rough seamen who went to their captain's assistance had detached the seemingly lifeless form of the survivor from the spars to which he had been so securely lashed, and laid him, with the gentleness and tender care of women, on board the vessel.

"Slacken off those lee braces a bit, and haul in these to the weather-side!" said the captain, as soon as he had got back to his proper place on the poop again.

And then he went below to the cabin, down to which the rescued sailor had been carried, and where the mate, Mr. Rawlings, and the negro steward, were trying to bring him back to life by rolling him in blankets below the stove.

"Wall, how's the man getting on now?" asked the skipper as he entered the cuddy.

"Man!" said Mr. Rawlings, looking up on the captain's entrance. "It isn't a man at all. Only a lad of sixteen summers at best!"

"Poor chap! said the other, sympathizingly. "Man or boy, I guess he's had a pretty rough time of it out there."

"Just so," answered the passenger. "And it's wonderful he's still alive."

"Is he? I was afraid he was gone!" said the captain.

"No, sah. Him berry much alive, sah, yes sah," said the steward, who, having seen many half-drowned persons before,

had known how to treat the present patient properly.

"He'll come round now, I think," said the skipper, expressing more his hopes than his actual belief; for the boy had not yet opened his eyes, and his breath only came in convulsive sighs, that shook his extended frame "fore and aft," as a seaman would say.

"Yes, sir, he'll do. But it was a narrow squeak for such a slim youngster."

"So it must have been, Seth," replied the skipper to the mate, who had last spoken. "But his time hadn't come yet, as it had for many a brave fellow bigger and stronger than him! Look, Seth! he's opening his eyes now!"

The boy, whose lids had been previously closed, the long lashes resting on his cheek, had raised them, and the large blue orbs were fixed in a sort of wondering stare on the face of the captain.

"He has seen death, Cap'n Blower!" said the mate, solemnly. "I've noticed that same look on a chap's face before, when he was dug out of a mine, where he had been banked up with others through it, and he never expected to see God's daylight again!"

"It kinder skears me," said the captain, turning away from the boy with a slight shiver. "Let's come on deck, Seth. I guess he'll do now, with a bit of grub, and a good sleep before the stove. Mind you look after him well, steward; and you can turn him into my cot, if you like, and give him a clean rig out."

"Yes, sah, I hear," replied the steward.

But he started up before the others left the cabin.

"Him wounded, Cap'n Blower," said the man, in an alarmed voice. "Crikey! I nebber see such a cut!"

"Where?" exclaimed the skipper and mate almost simultaneously, turning round from the door of the cuddy and coming back to the side of the locker.

"Here," said the steward, lifting, as he spoke, the long clustering curls of hair from the forehead of the rescued lad, and laying bare a great gash that extended right across the frontal bone.

"Jerusalem! It is a slicer, and no mistake!" ejaculated the skipper.

"You bet," chimed in the mate; "but for the wash of the water a-stopping it, he would have bled to death! Have you got a needle and thread handy, Jasper?"

"Sartain, Massa Allport," answered the steward.

"Then bring it here sharp, and a piece of conge, or rag, and some hot water, if you can get it."

"Sure I can, Massa Allport. De cook must lab him coppers full, sah. Not got Cap'n's breakfast, you know, sah, yet."

"I forgot all about breakfast!" laughed the skipper. "I was so taken up with running across this young shaver here. But what are you going to do, Seth, eh? I didn't know you had graduated in medicine."

"Why, Cap'n Blower, I served all three of us, waffer Gettysburg as such."

"Wall, one never knows even one's best friends, really!" said the captain musingly. "And to think of your being a doctor all this time, and me not to be aware of it, when I've often blamed myself for going to sea without a surgeon aboard."

"That's just what made me so comfortable under the loss of one!" chuckled the mate.

"Ah! you were cute, you were," replied the skipper. "Kept it all to yourself, like the conkeys who won't speak for fear they might be made to work! But here's the steward with your medical fixin's; so, look to the poor boy's cut, Seth, and see if you can't mend it, while I go up and see what they are doing with the ship, which we've left to herself all this while."

Washing away, with gentle dabs of the saturated rag which the steward had brought in the bowl of warm water, the salt and clotted blood that covered over the wound, the mate soon laid it bare, and then proceeded with skillful fingers to sew it up, in a fashion which showed he was no novice in the art.

"How do you feel now?" he added, addressing himself to the boy, who had kept his eyes fixed on his face in the same meaningless stare as when he had first opened them. "Better?"

But he got no reply.

The boy did not even move his lips, much less utter a sound, although he was now well warmed, and there was life in his rigid limbs and color in his face, while his faint breathing was regular, and his pulse even.

"He looks very strange," Mr. Rawlings said. "Concussion of the brain, I should say."

And the steward, who did not know what to say, gave a confirmatory nod, expressive of his entire approval of the other's dictum. "I believe," said Seth Allport, "it's only a temporary shock to the system, and rest and attention will work it off in a short time."

"I hope you may be right," Mr. Rawlings said, doubtfully. "Sleep may do much for him; at any rate, I will remain in the cabin to watch him for a while."

So saying, he took his seat by the boy, while the mate proceeded to go on deck and rejoin the skipper, and the steward went to work to prepare breakfast.

CHAPTER II.

SETH ALLPORT'S PERIL.

THE wind had now got well abeam of the Susan Jane and lessened considerably, although still blowing steadily from southward and eastward; and the sea being also somewhat calmer, the good ship was able to spread more sail, shaking the reefs out of her topsails and mainsail, while her courses were dropped, and the flying jib and breast set to drive her on her way across the Atlantic.

"I guess picking up that boy brought us luck, Seth!" said the skipper, rubbing his hands gleefully as the mate came to his side and joined in the quick quarterdeck he was taking, varied by an occasional look aloft to see that everything was drawing fair. "Now, eh? We might set the top-gallants now, th'?"

"You're not a slow one at piling on the canvas, I reckon," answered the other with a laugh. "No sooner out of one gale than you want to get into another. Look at those clouds there ahead, cap'en," pointing to a dark streak that crossed the horizon low down right in front of the vessel. "I guess we aren't out of it yet!"

"Oh, never mind the clouds," rejoined the delighted skipper, whose thoughts were filled with the fond belief that the Susan Jane would make the most rapid run across the herring pond ever known for a sailing ship. "Guess we'll beat the Scotia, if we go like this."

"Yes; if we don't carry away anything!" interposed the mate, cautiously.

"Oh, nonsense, Seth! We've got a smart crew, and can take in sail when it's wanted! How's your patient getting on?" continued the skipper, turning to Mr. Rawlings, who had come up, the boy being in a profound sleep.

"Well, I hope," he answered; "he is resting very tranquilly."

"I suppose," that he's all right, and having a good cask in my cot."

"Exactly so, cap'en; and when he wakes by and by, I hope he'll be himself again."

"That's good news! Did he tell you who he was before he dropped to sleep?"

"No," answered Mr. Rawlings; "he did not speak."

"Not speak!" said the captain. "Why didn't he?"

"He couldn't," replied the other. "Whatever from the cut on his forehead, which, I cannot tell, but he has had such a shock that his nerves seem paralyzed. You noticed his eyes, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the captain. "But I thought that was from fright or a sort of startled awe, which would soon go off. I'm sorry I didn't have a look at those spurs before we cast them off; we might have learned the name of the ship to which he belonged. Don't you think, Seth, though, that he will recover?"

"I wouldn't have given him that order, if I were you, cap'en," said the mate, as they went down the companion together.

"Oh, Davit isn't a fool," replied the skipper, lightly; and the two entered the cuddy together, where they were welcomed by a hospitably spread table that spoke well for the cook's culinary skill.

"Josh is a splendid chap for fixing up things," said the skipper, heartily, as he poured a portion of capital stew into his capacious mouth with much gusto. "I'd back him against one of those French what-do-you-call-'ems any day!" alluding, possibly, to the chef of the hotel in Bordeaux at which he had been staying on the Susan Jane's previous voyage.

"So would I," echoed the mate, who was performing equally well with his knife and fork; but what he would have further observed must remain unrecorded, for at that moment a tremendous crash was heard on deck, and a heavy sea broke over the ship, flooding the cabin, and washing the two, with the debris of the breakfast table, away to leeward. They struggled in vain to recover their footing, until the ship righted again, the steward coming to their assistance, and being likewise thrown down on the floor, to add to the confusion. Then Seth Allport darted up the companion.

The disaster was so sudden that the skipper was quite startled; but what startled him more was the sight of the boy who had been saved, and who was supposed to be sound asleep, standing at the open door of his cabin, with his light brown hair almost erect, and his blue eyes starting out of his head with a look of unspeakable terror, and the blood streaming down his face from the terrible cut across his forehead.

"Mercy upon us, Rawlings, look there!" exclaimed Captain Blower, trying to regain his feet, and almost forgetting what might be going on around him, in his effort to help him. "He gone dead, or what?"

Before Mr. Rawlings or the skipper, who both rushed forward at once to where the boy was standing, could reach him, and before the negro steward, who was directly in his way, but was too dumfounded, could prevent him, the boy made one leap over the table and rushed out of the cabin.

The skipper and passenger followed him instantly, Jasper, who had recovered from his first astonishment as the apparition, being not far from the head, but who the two gained the deck, the confusion that was reigning there, and the perilous position of the ship, made them forget for the while the object that had called them forth.

Captain Blower's passion for "carrying on," in the face of the treacherous weather the Susan Jane had already experienced in the Bay of Biscay, with the prospect of more to come, as the mate had pointed out from the warning loc of clouds along the horizon in front of the vessel, had not diminished. The ship had been taken aback through the wind's shifting round, before the second mate Davit, who had obeyed the skipper's injunction to the letter, had time to take in sail, even if he had endeavored to do so without calling him first, as he had been enjoined on his leaving the deck.

The results of this recklessness were most unfortunate for the Susan Jane, as the forecastle would have snapped off sharp at the cap like a carrot, being struck not only the foretop-gallant mast, but also the maintop-gallant mast, with their respective yards and other spars, and the jib-boom as well.

The ship was consequently broached to, and tons of water were poured on to her from the mountainous waves that seemed to assail her on all sides at once, which, but for the fact of the hatches being closely battened down, would have soon filled her hold and caused her to founder.

If he had been reckless, however, Captain Blower was a thorough seaman, and knew how to command, and enforce his directions when the necessity arose, as certainly was the case here.

"Down with the helm hard!" shouted the skipper, through the speaking trumpet, his voice penetrating every part of the ship, fore and aft, above the roar of the elements and the noise on deck. "Clew up to contrary wind, and to next command, followed by an order to brace round the yards."

And the Susan Jane eased a bit, running before the wind with the aid of her maintop mast and top-gallant sail, mizen-stay-sail and foresail, besides the remnants of her mainsail, that was split into fluttering rags.

All the rest of her canvas so recently set being carried away, and floating alongside in a tangled wreck of spars and sails and ropes and rigging, matted together in an inextricable mass, Captain Blower now gave orders to have cut away, without further delay, as the men could be spared for the duty.

The first mate, one of the most active of men, had, the instant he reached the deck, set to work to relieve the ship, but as he was casting loose the lee braces from the cleets the lurch of the sail caught him, and at the same moment the maintop-gallant mast with all its belonging, coming down with a run, he was stunned for a second by some portion of the falling gear, and before he could recover his balance or take hold of anything to save himself by, was carried overboard with the wreck!

CHAPTER III.
THE LOST GOLD MINE.

AT nearly the same precise instant the boy darted out of the cabin aft, just ahead of the skipper and Mr. Rawlings, as if impelled by some unfathomable instinct, and bounded right to the spot where Seth was being swept away to destruction with a club over the seaman's collar with one hand, and one end of the tossil halliards with the other as they hung over the side. There he remained, swayed to and fro, partly in the water and partly out, holding on with the strength of his single arm in a manner that no one would have thought a man, much less a boy, could do—and neither man nor boy, except one bred to the sea!

Seth saw the distorted startled blue eyes of the boy, the light brown hair standing almost erect, the white bandage round his forehead, the blood on his face; but he could not tell nor think where he came from, and supposed, as he said afterwards, that he was an angel come to save him—and he would regard him as such all his life long!

"I'm blowed if he warn't," he repeated, when the captain laughed while Seth mentioned his sensations at the time and decried his thoughts, for he came just in the nick of time to grip hot 'o' me."

Mr. Rawlings considered that the boy had been awakened by the crash of the water striking the ship and the bleeding bursting out again from his wound, both of which recalled some fleeting thoughts, probably of the shipwreck in which he had temporarily lost his reason. But the men would not hear of this at all, ascribing Seth's rescue to some supernatural force, and fought on the part of "Sailor Bill." Thus the boy was unanimously dubbed, and was looked on thenceforth with the respectful, pitying care with which the Indians regard any imbecile person, by everybody on board, from the cook Josh—an other negro like Jasper, of whom he was intensely jealous, calling him, in the principle of "the pot and the kettle," a "nigger nuss-prond black fellow"—up to the captain, who, to tell the truth, shared some of the superstitious regard of the men for their protegee.

For the poor boy had, without doubt, lost his senses. He neither spoke, nor laughed, nor cried, nor was any perceptible emotion of pleasure or pain displayed by him under any circumstances.

One thing, however, was noticeable in him afterwards, and that was, that from that moment he appeared to attach himself to the seaman, just as a dog attaches himself to some master whom he elects to follow, and was never easy out of Seth's sight.

Seth Allport, talking it over with the skipper and Mr. Rawlings, gave a scientific explanation for his medical lore. He said that Sailor Bill's mental affliction was due to some psychological effect, which would wear away in time, and probably completely disappear if the boy had to undergo a shock precisely similar to that which had caused it. But, as neither he nor any one else knew what that shock was, of course they could not expedite Sailor Bill's cure.

In the meantime the damages of the Susan Jane were repaired, and in a day or two there were few signs of the mishap which had befallen her. She met with nothing more of an eventful character in her voyage; and after making a very fair run across the Atlantic, thereby gladdening the heart of just as a Blue Sea Sloop, Nantucket lights, rounding Cape Cod the next day, and dropped her anchor, finally, in Boston Harbor.

Before the American coast was reached, however, an arrangement was come to.

When taking his grog one evening with Seth Allport and Mr. Rawlings, the second mate having the watch, the captain was expressing his regret at the approaching loss of several of those who had sailed with him for many voyages. But, as he knew that they would ship in other vessels when they found that the Susan Jane was to be laid up for a thorough overhaul.

"Well, cap," Seth Allport said, "I shall not be sorry myself for a spell on shore. Since I had them three years over among the mines of California I get restless at sea after a spell, and long for a turn among the mountains."

"If you would like another spell at mining," Seth, I can put you in the way of it," said Mr. Rawlings. "I am on my way out to Dakota, to prospect a mine there. I will tell you how it has come about."

"I had a cousin, a wild young fellow, who left home in the early days of the Cal-

ifornian gold fever, and was not heard of for many years. Eighteen months ago he returned. His father and mother were long since dead, and having not a friend in the world he hunted me up, for we had been great chums in our boyhood. He was a broken man, and I did not think he had long to live. I took him in, and he lingered on for fifteen months, and then died."

"He told me all his history during the twenty years he had been mining, and a strange, wild story it was. He mentioned that in a valley in the west of Dakota he had discovered what he believed to be a most valuable gold mine. He began with four comrades to sink a shaft. For a long time the lode was poor, but at a depth of eighty feet they came upon ore of immense richness."

"Three days after they made the discovery, a band of Indians fell upon them. Ned's four comrades were killed, but he managed to escape. The Indians burnt the hut and destroyed the surface workings, and then left."

"Alone and penniless, Ned could do nothing. He made his way back to the settlement, and then worked on the railway. He was afraid to tell any one his secret, and was in no hurry, as he had no fear of any chance miners discovering the spot, which he said looked by no means a promising one. Then he fell ill, and a yearning for England seized him, and so he came to me."

"Before he died he gave me the fullest directions for finding the spot where, he said, a great fortune awaited me. I knew a little of mining, so I determined to undertake the adventure. I was preparing to start, when I met my old friend Captain Blower, and mentioning to him that I was about to take passage in a Cunarder for America, he said that he was sailing for Boston in a few days, and would be glad of my company. I accepted his invitation, and here I am."

"I have sufficient capital to open the mine and carry on operations for a year. I should be glad of an energetic man whom I could trust, and who understands the country and mining. I might travel far before I found one who would so thoroughly suit my views like yourself, Seth; so if you will throw in your lot with me, as working manager of the affair, we shall have no difficulty whatever in coming to terms."

"I'm your man," Seth said, holding out his hand. "There is nothing I'd like better than to join in with you."

And so the agreement was made, and before arriving at the end of the voyage Seth had selected four of the best and most trustworthy men on board to join the party. It was arranged that each, in addition to his pay, should receive a small share in the undertaking, should it turn out a success.

The band consisted so far of Tom Cannon and Black Harry, two of the foremost hands; Jasper the black stevedore, and Josh the cook, and other darkey, as has been already mentioned; besides Seth and Sailor Bill, whom Seth stoutly declared his intention, with Mr. Rawlings's consent, of taking with him.

Mr. Rawlings encouraged the seaman in his resolution, for he took great interest in the lad. He firmly believed that he would some day be suddenly restored to his senses by some similar mode to that by which he had been deprived of the proper use of his faculties.

When the Susan Jane's anchor was dropped, and the longshoremen came on board, the little party of Mr. Rawlings's followers went on shore, drew their pay, and took their discharge; and then, after a few days' stay, went by rail to Chicago, where Mr. Rawlings was to join them to make final preparations for their start to the far West.

They reached Chicago before the "boss," as they called Mr. Rawlings, as that gentleman had several business arrangements to make in New York.

At Chicago, Seth met an old Western friend of his, Noah Webster, who had just returned from a mining expedition in Arizona.

After much talk of their California days, Seth told him that he was going as lieutenant to an English gentleman, who was getting up a mining expedition to Dakota.

"I want eight or ten good miners, afraid neither of work nor Indians."

"What pay?" asked Noah, laconically. "Two dollars a day each, and all grub; double to you, Noah, if you will get a good gang together and come with me."

"It's a bargain," said Noah. "I could put my hand on twenty good men to-morrow; half of 'em were out with me. I will pick you ten of the best, and they ought

to be that, for it will be no child's play; the loins of Dakota are snakes upon miners."

Mr. Rawlings was greatly pleased upon his arrival to find that a band of stalwart and experienced miners had already been collected.

Previous to quitting Chicago, Mr. Rawlings acting upon the advice of Seth and Noah Webster, purchased a complete outfit of mining tools, and stores of all kinds.

And so, one fine morning, they started, full of hope.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE BLACK HILLS.

WE will pass over their railroad journey, during which nothing of interest occurred to the travelers, and their temporary stay in Bismarck, Dakota, which was at that time the last frontier town. Here they laid in a stock of provisions, and hired teams and wagons for the transport of their mining plant and general belongings, besides engaging a half-breed Indian to guide them to their destination.

After a month's march across the wilds of Western Dakota, they had arrived at the place which "Moose," the Indian half-breed, declared was the spot that had been indicated on the map which Mr. Rawlings had received from his cousin.

"Wall, boys, this is bully!" exclaimed Seth, as soon as the party had come to a halt, gazing round him with the air of a landlord taking possession of his property.

The scene was a beautiful one, and well merited the seaman's exclamation.

They were in the center of a vast semi-circular valley, surrounded on all sides but one by a chain of mountains. Into this valley ran several small streams that united in the middle of it in one deep gulch, which overflowed in winter with a foaming torrent—although there was now little or no water, and the grass and shrubs around seemed parched and withered for want of moisture. The "location," however, was a pleasant one, possessing all the proper requisites for a stationary camp as such as they contemplated; for within hand reach they could have wood, water, and forage for their baggage animals. The teams they had hired were at once unloaded and started back to the settlement.

When the mining party alone remained, a diligent search was at once begun for the shaft which had been sunk. This they knew was near the river.

Three days were spent, and no signs of the shaft were discovered, when Seth came across a short stump of charred wood at the edge of the river bed.

He led Mr. Rawlings and Noah Webster to the spot, and they agreed that this was probably the site upon which the dwelling-house had stood.

A few hours' search, now that the clew was obtained, led to the discovery of the lost shaft. The lode was now traced extending either way, and as it was at once agreed that it would not do to commence another so near the river, a place was fixed upon a hundred yards back from the old shaft, and the whole of the stores and tools were removed to this spot.

Then the whole force set to work to get up a large hut, which contained a large general room, where all would take their meals together, a store room, a bedroom for the men, and a smaller one for Mr. Rawlings, Seth, Noah, and Sailor Bill. A small "lean-to" as a kitchen was erected against the hut, and layers of coarse turf, eighteen inches thick, were built up against the outer wall all round for additional protection, as the winter would be bitterly cold.

The miners at Minturne Creek had a hard time of it, and their life was monotonous enough after they had settled down to work in earnest. Winter came and passed, and still they worked on steadily, notwithstanding that as yet they had met no substantial success to encourage them.

Spring arrived, and their hopes of an easy season of it were demolished in an instant, for the snow melted on the hills, and the ice in the valley, and the iron bands of the river were broken, causing a foaming torrent to dash through the gulch, that threatened to annihilate the whole party, as well as the result of their handiwork during the past months of bitter toil.

"It's a sorry season," they groaned, their house was in ruins; their provisions mostly spoilt, whilst the staging around their shaft was broken down and tons upon tons of water poured down the mine.

They reviewed their position, and grasped its salient points, not a single faint heart among them.

There was the iron hut and shanty to rebuild, the mine shaft and its supports to repair, the dam to mend and remake in its weaker places, the mine to pump out.

One day, the rougher part of the restoration of the camp belongings having been accomplished and not so many hands being now required for the further repairs needed, the hunters were sent on the hills, under the leadership of Mr. Rawlings, who had proved himself by this time one of the best shots in camp.

"The hull crowd, from the boss down to Sailor Bill, who wouldn't say nay if he could kinder express himself,"—as the ex-amine observed before the setting out of the expedition—"were dog-tired of pork and fixin's,"—and craved after game, or fresh meat of some sort.

Signs of sport, as has been already mentioned, were apparent enough; for traces of deer had been discovered by the Indian half-breed in the early morning, leading from the bank of the river as it entered the canyon below the camp from the hills. It was with all the eagerness of semi-starving men that the best shots of the party were picked out at once, and despatched to follow up the trail of the game.

Along with Mr. Rawlings was Noah Webster, who was a hunter, and as they had he was a miner; Moose, the half-breed Indian, and Josh the cook—Jasper staying behind by the express orders of Seth, although he was madly jealous of his brother darkey being preferred before him.

Upward and onward, through the scrub and brushwood and budding branches of trees, struggling over the trunks of fallen monarchs of the forest, that had been rooted up by wind or struck down by lightning, and lay across their path over rough volcanic rocks, and through ravines that trickled down tiny streams to swell the river below, they made their way slowly and tediously towards the probable lair of the deer. The traces of their antlered prey grew fresher and more distinct every step, the slot being sometimes plainly visible in the moist soil.

Presently, as they were emerging from a thicker growth of brushwood than they had yet passed through, they noticed, to their joy, right in front of them, feeding on a grassy plateau under the lee of a jutting cliff, a herd of what the Indian half-breed immediately declared to be mountain sheep.

Caution was now the order of the day. Mr. Rawlings still leading, with the Indian next him, and then the others one after the other in file, Josh proudly bringing up the rear, they stepped forward with the utmost care, keeping the wind in their faces so that they should not be betrayed by the scent of their clothing reaching the timid animals.

By degrees, they gradually got within a fair range of about eighty yards—for, although long distance shooting may be very useful as a test of skill at the Creedmoor target, it is quite a different matter when your dinner depends on the success of your shot; for, with that consideration in view, even the surest of marksmen likes to get within easy range of his game.

Mr. Rawlings and Noah Webster, the two best shots of the party, leveled their rifles together—after a brief nod from the Indian half-breed which seemed to say "Now's your time"—and fired simultaneously, aiming at two of the wild sheep.

At the very moment they did so, the report of a third shot was heard, that seemed like the echo of their own double discharge. When the smoke had cleared away, and the reverberations of the sound had died away, three of the sheep were observed to be stretched lifeless on the plateau, while the remainder of the flock were bounding away from peak to peak.

Mr. Rawlings did not notice anything unusual at first, as he had not heard the third rifle shot; but Noah Webster and the half-breed, who were much better accustomed to woodcraft, having had their senses sharpened by dangers which seamen never have to encounter—were alive at once to the perception of something being wrong.

"Injuns, I reckon!" muttered Noah under his breath, to which the half-breed growled a characteristic "Ugh," and the two sank down closer amid the grass, dragging Mr. Rawlings with them. Noah stopped his expostulations by clapping his hand across his mouth, and looking at him warningly, while the mountain lion to the rest behind them to follow their example.

All huddled together in the grass and tangled brushwood, hardly breathing for fear their presence might be discovered by some possible foe, they looked out carefully, awaiting the development of the situation.

(To be continued.)

EVENING.

BY CLARE BEATRICK COFFEY.

His signal fire the sun drops down the west,
And marshals all his cloudy hosts aright,
Restrengthening from his vantage ground oppressed
By the advancing armies of the night.
Slow fade the crimson banners from the blue:
A holy hush broods o'er the earth's calm breath,
One sound alone breaks the deep silence through,
A sleepy bird complaining from its nest.

EMIN PASHA,

And Stanley's Expedition to Central Africa.

BY CHARLES C. BURKE.

THE eyes of the civilized world are now turned eagerly toward Central Africa, where Henry M. Stanley is gallantly making his way to the rescue of Emin Pasha. With his little band of followers, Emin is still upholding the Egyptian flag, though the great revolt of El Mahdi severed his communications, and left him surrounded on every side by hostile tribes of savages.

But who is Emin Pasha, some of our readers may ask? His name is often seen in the newspapers; England, as well as the other countries of Europe, and also the United States, appear to take great interest in his movements; large sums of money have been collected to aid in his deliverance, and yet only among a comparatively small circle is the real history of the man and his work known.

When the revolution swept over the Soudan, one province after another fell into the hands of the malcontents. After the fall of Khartoum and the death of the heroic Gordon, the most important hold of Egypt in the Soudan was lost, and it seemed as if she must lose all that country lying between Wady Halfa—the farthest point on the Nile possessed jointly by England and Egypt—and the great lakes, Albert and Victoria Nyanza.

But matters went not quite so far. The pearl of the Soudan, that fair and fruitful strip of country extending from the Nile lakes to the fifth degree of north latitude, still remained under Egypt's rule. Over it still floated the red flag with its half moon, thanks to the zeal and self-sacrifice of the Egyptian governor, Emin Pasha, and his few thousand native troops.

Cut off from all communication with the outside world, deprived of the sustaining aid of the government at Cairo, dependent only upon himself and the resources he could extract from the barbarous provinces in which his lot was cast, and surrounded on all sides by a powerful foe, the brave man still held out.

Emin's real name is Schnitzer. He was born in 1840 at Oppeln, in the province of Silesia, in Austria. He studied medicine in Breslau, Berlin and Konigsberg, and in 1868 became a surgeon in the Turkish army. In his capacity of physician Schnitzer went to Egypt, where he made his name as chief general of his army, and then, as his superior abilities became recognized, he was appointed in 1878 governor of Egypt's equatorial provinces with the title of "bey."

Dr. Schnitzer, as for convenience we may continue to call him, is an accomplished linguist, speaking nearly all the languages of Europe, besides Arabic and numberless African dialects. Thus not only by reason of his skill in medicine, but also on account of his readiness of speech, he was a man eminently adapted to rule among the blacks.

And among these poor, ignorant souls, he has indeed done a great work. The great end and aim of his life has been to educate these benighted natives in so far as their nature is capable of responding to such methods. And so successful was he in this that while ruling independently in his province slavery was completely abolished.

He is following out to the letter the instructions given him by the Egyptian government. Since the year 1882 he has been quite cut off from the outside world, literally buried in the wilds of Africa. All that he can know is the fact that to the north of him the power of Egypt has been shattered, while to the southward the unfriendly king of Uganda lays a bar upon all attempts at rescue.

In one of his letters he expressed the hope that with Egypt helpless, Europe might be able to give him aid, in order that the civilizing work he has accomplished may not be lost.

A brief communication received from him bears date July, 1886. At that time he still held possession of ten fortified points along the Nile, together with Wadela, the headquarters. He had under him over 1500 soldiers, together with ten Egyptian and fifteen native officers, and twenty Coptic servants. His stores would last to the end of the year, but he hoped to hold out six months longer in case the wild native tribes did not attack him.

None of the Mahdi's followers had shown themselves since 1885, but Dr. Schnitzer feared that his own troops might desert on account of the scanty stock of provisions. They had been already obliged to clothe themselves with skins. As soon as the wild blacks discover how low hisarder is, his situation will indeed become serious.

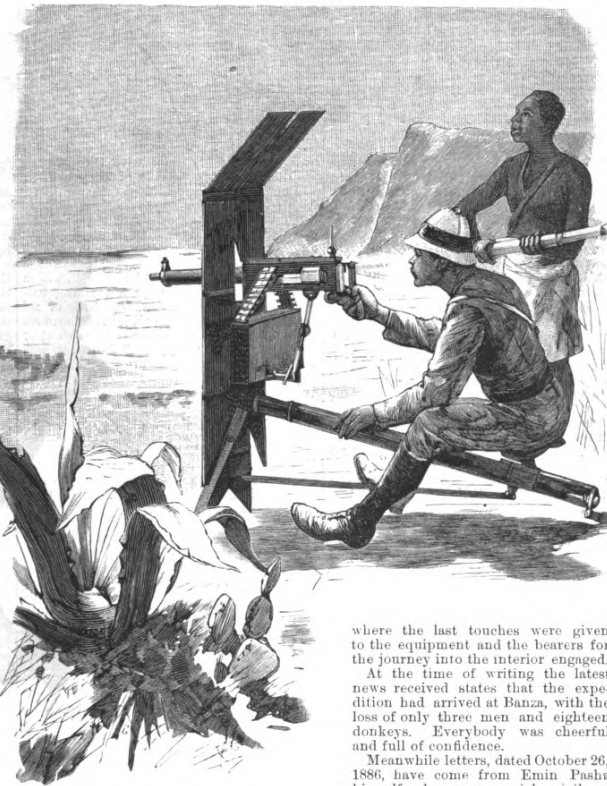
But help is nearing him. Some wealthy Scotchmen supplied the means to organize a relief expedition, and this, with the undaunted Stanley at its head, is now, as our

of cartridges, and once started a quick and unbroken succession of discharges is kept up. The gun is cooled off by water, which is poured in small quantities through the barrel. Eleven shots can be fired in a second. With its stand, this wonderful machine weighs about one hundred and thirteen pounds. It was invented by an American.

In spite of the presence of such an engine of destruction, the expedition is by no means one of war. Its principal object is the deliverance of Emin Pasha, and to convey to him ammunition, clothes and stores.

In short, the expedition, according to Stanley's own statement, is a mighty caravan provided with weapons, but also possessing the means of gaining the friendship of the chiefs through whose lands it will pass. Only when these show themselves to be openly unfriendly will Stanley have recourse to arms.

The end of February saw him at Zanzibar,



HENRY M. STANLEY AND HIS MAXIM GUN READY FOR ACTION.

readers know, on its way to deliver the brave Emin from his hard-pressed position.

Stanley's equipment was prepared in England in very brief time, and was adapted for both war and peace.

Its principal feature is a portable steel boat some thirty feet long, six and a half wide, and thirty-six inches in depth. It can be taken apart so as to make twelve separate pieces, each weighing about twenty-four pounds, and therefore light enough to be carried by two men. These parts are riveted securely with bolts when put together, and the joints made water-tight by rubber wedges.

This boat, designed for either oars or sail, can carry twenty-two men and half a ton of freight, and at the same time will draw very little water. It was built in thirteen days, and its several parts can be fitted together in half an hour.

In the event of an attack, Stanley has provided himself with a new and most destructive engine of war. This is the automatic Maxim gun. It stands on a folding tripod, as represented in our illustration, and is provided with a kind of shield against the spears and arrows of the enemy.

The firing of the first shot sets the machine in action. It carries its own supply

where the last touches were given to the equipment and the bearings for the journey into the interior engaged.

At the time of writing the latest news received states that the expedition had arrived at Banza, with the loss of only three men and eighteen donkeys. Everybody was cheerful and full of confidence.

Meanwhile letters, dated October 26, 1886, have come from Emin Pasha himself, who, as a special privilege, was permitted to send a messenger through ranks of the unfriendly tribes by whom he is hemmed in. He reports all well, but it must be remembered that he wrote more than six months ago. The outcome of the Stanley expedition, now forcing its way through incredible dangers and difficulties to his side, will be awaited with the most intense interest and anxiety.

HARD LINES FOR AUTHORS.

The feverish desire to "get into print" appears to be about as widespread as the rage for low-cut vests, creased trousers and drab derbies. It is not the mere desire to see one's own name invested with the reduplating glory of type, for as often as not the aspiring young author veils his identity beneath a *nom de plume*, or elects to submit his production without any signature whatever. The great, all-absorbing desire is to have the thoughts of our own mind, the creations of our own brains, put in such shape that thousands of our fellow men may read, enjoy and inwardly digest them.

Thus it is that weekly papers and magazines are fairly deluged with manuscripts offered for publication. The great army of would-be contributors will be deeply interested in what one of the most prominent of the editors of this class of periodicals—Mr. Henry M. Alden, of *Harper's Magazine*—has to say regarding the chances of success in

this favorite, but proverbially luckless calling of authorship. We quote from an interview obtained for the *Kansas City Times* by one of its reporters:

Mr. Alden is as busy a man as you can find in town. His desk is always heaped with manuscripts of all kinds, from all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, and they come from all parts of the universe. The first impression one gets as he looks at Mr. Alden's desk is that of a table strewn with trash, which has been emptied upon it. This is far from true, because the letters piled there have been very carefully read by another person, whose duty it is to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to decide whether the articles he reads are meritorious.

If he thinks so he outlines the plot in a few lines on a little slip of paper, pins it to the article and sends it to Mr. Alden, who is final editor, and who decides whether any of the articles shall be used. A good deal depends upon availability. A very good article may be too long or too short, or may have been recently touched upon, or else contain some idea that the editor does not approve. But let Mr. Alden speak for himself.

"What chance is there for a young writer in New York nowadays?" I asked.

"A fair chance, I think," he replied. "What I mean is, suppose a young man or woman should come to town with no other capital than a supposed talent for writing, what sort of headway could they make and what are their chances of success?"

"The chances are greatly against their making money. My long experience as a magazine editor has given me abundant opportunity to study the subject. Therefore, I can speak from experience and not conjecture. Take a young man fresh from college, a student of literature, who has given evidence of fine talents during his course of study, and he will be least likely to succeed as a magazine or newspaper writer.

"The reason is obvious. His mind has been dwelling in the past. His attention has been absorbed in text books while the fleeting events of the passing day remain unheeded. Set him down to pen an article and he will in all probability write an elaborate and learned dissertation on some subject which has no timeliness or public interest. The magazine idea, as embodied in *The Magazine* and *The Century*, has much of a newspaper character. What we want is something novel and interesting, some exclusive information of importance, some stirring description of contemporaneous character. It is the matter we desire, not the style, although good writing is also an essential element in magazine articles.

You can see, therefore, the difficulties in the way of newsmen. In the first place, it is not an easy matter to hit upon an acceptable subject, and in the second place, two-thirds of the articles that appear in each month in the leading periodicals have originated in the editorial rooms and been assigned to writers of established reputation to be written up. About the average number of articles to one issue of a magazine like *Harper's* is fourteen. Take the hundreds sent in for each number, and you can judge for yourself how limited the chances of success are.

"What kind of literature is most likely to meet acceptance?"

"Short stories and poems. Women are far more successful in writing these than men, they are better equipped to meet the demands of the age. Most stories sent to the magazines by men embody some attempt at plot. Now, almost every conceivable plot has been invented, and it is almost a miracle when anything strikingly original comes to us. Women, on the other hand, are more apt to employ the means which admit of a portrayal of subtle shades of feeling. These are the successful story writers of the day, and the same holds good. Men write poems of description and action, women of passion and feeling.

Generally speaking, young writers have a poor chance to make a living from the magazines. Some prefer to try a book, but publishers are chary and international copyright is still a thing of the future. Young writers, however, should consider this: very few of the successful literary men of the day achieved a reputation until late in life. They are so much content that they give them confidence that they will sooner or later gain the reputation they so much covet.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

It is not strange that man should be possessed of considerable curiosity to know just what sights are to be seen a mile or more down in the depths of the ocean.

Fortunately soundings with special instruments, as well as dredgings, have revealed some facts with which this curiosity can be gratified.

As to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea, there has been much dispute. Animals dredged up below are almost everywhere either have no eyes, or there are faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding. If the creatures in the deep have eyes, they are of a color of orange or red, or reddish orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimps and crabs have this brilliant color. Sometimes it is a red, red, or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines towards purple.

Not a green or blue fish is found. The orange red of the fish's protection for the bluish-green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or red fish appear of a neutral tint, and hide it from its enemies.

Many animals are black, others neutral in color. Some fish are provided with boring tubes, so that they can burrow in the mud. The surface of the submarine mountains is covered with shells, like an ordinary sea beach, showing that they are the eating house of vast schools of carnivorous animals.

[This story commenced in No. 236.]

IN SOUTHERN SEAS: OR JACK BLOWHARD'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTAIN BLOWHARD'S ATTACK.

"*MADRE DE DIOS!*" exclaimed Pepe, between his chattering teeth; "don't I tole you true? Dur come pirut scunner for sure!"

Jack, feeling a curious thrill run through him, wheeled sharply round, while Peltiah, with distended eyeballs, stood staring in the direction indicated by Pepe.

Gliding steadily and slowly toward the entrance of the harbor from behind the high point was a spectral schooner, whose white sails were bathed in the silvery sheen of the moonbeams, which gave her a still more phantom-like appearance.

No signs of the slightest breeze ruffled the smooth surfaces; yet slowly rising and falling on the long swells, she moved onward as though impelled by some invisible power, till when within a stone's throw of the harbor entrance, the vessel slowly came to.

No sound of rope or block or slatting sail reached their ears, but as they gazed, a boat shot out from her side, and five oar-blades, moving in unison, propelled it silently and swiftly toward the shore.

"It's the pirates' ghosts," gasped Peltiah. "Oh, Jack, let's run and hide—anywhere!"

"Pirate!" scornfully repeated Jack. "What a coward you are, Peltiah! It's the schooner Nancy, and Captain Blowhard has come for his boat!"

As if in attestation of Jack's assurance, the voice of Captain Blowhard was heard hoarsely exulting, as the crew pulled swiftly through the inlet and across the little bay.

"There's my boat, by the great horn spoon—pull, you fellers, pull! And by thunder," he added, excitedly, "there's those two young runaways standin' atop the cliff—jest let me lay my han's on 'em and carry 'em back aboard!"

Excited with rage and *aguardiente*, Captain Blowhard, in his red shirt, slouch hat, and long boots, did not look unlike a dissipated pirate chieftain. He sprang ashore as the boat's keel grated on the beach.

Whether he expected, single-handed, to capture the two runaways, and bring them down to the boat, or whether he purposed wreaking vengeance upon them, is uncertain.

But snatching up a boat hook, the ascetic captain, having found the place of ascent, scrambled upward over the various obstructions with remarkable ease and rapidity, considering his years and weight. "Guess you'd better stop right where you be."

The voice was that of Peltiah, who stood in the clear moonlight at the head of the stony steps. He had drawn back the boat lance in precisely the way he had seen Lascar Joe poisoning the iron for a "dart."

"Jest one leetle step furdur," said Peltiah, coolly, as Captain Blowhard, who was getting his breath, paused in evident indecision; "one leetle step, and I'll send this 'ere iron right about clean through ye!"

Peltiah afterward acknowledged that no money could induce him to do such a terrible thing, but, as he explained, "he was so dretful excited he didn't know jest what he did say."

"I s'pose you know, Peltiah," said Captain Blowhard, simulating great mildness of manner, "that you and that chum of yours is liable to be tried and impirns'n'd for runnin' away with my boat."

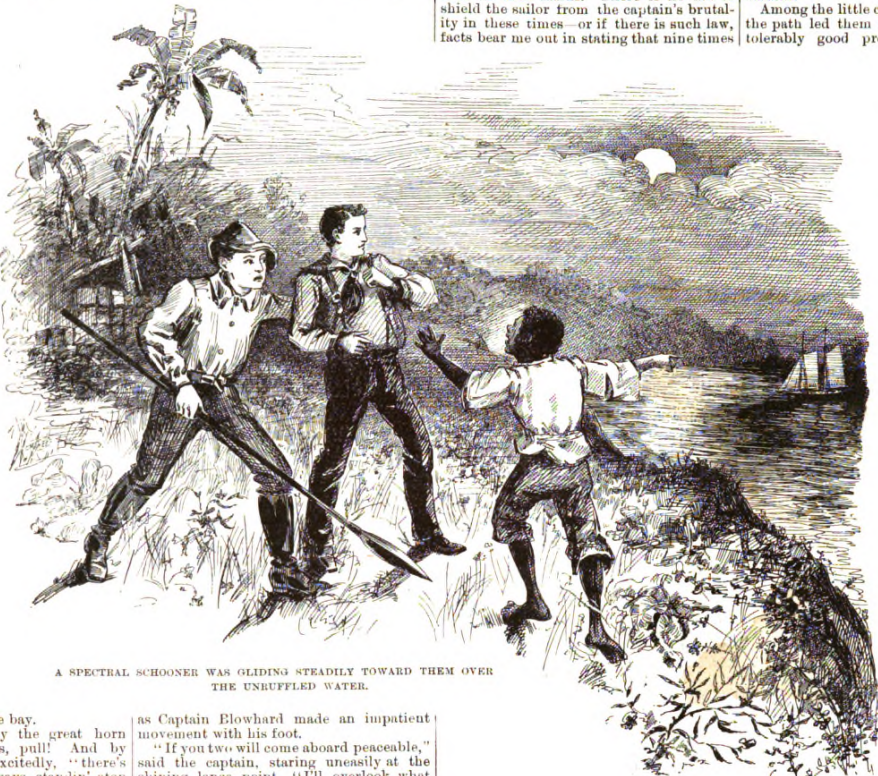
"You've got your boat—what more do you want?" earnestly answered Jack, who, with one hand thrust in the bosom of his woolen shirt, stood forward beside Peltiah.

"I want my revolver you stole from Lascar Joe, for one thing," snarled Captain Blowhard.

"Well, you can't have it—that is, not yet awhile," was the cool answer.

"Well, gimme the boat lance any way, Peltiah," urged the captain, choking down his anger, and simulating a voice of entreaty. "It's no better'n stealin', you know, to keep it," he added, assuming high moral grounds.

"You'll get it the wrong way if you jest one step higher," grimly responded Peltiah, mindful of the abuse and coarse insults he had received during the voyage.



A SPECTRAL SCHOONER WAS GLIDING STEADILY TOWARD THEM OVER THE UNBUFFLED WATER.

as Captain Blowhard made an impudent movement with his foot.

"If you two will come aboard peaceable," said the captain, staring uneasily at the slinking lance point, "I'll overlook what you've done, provided you turn to in good shape and behave yourselves."

For men were very scarce among the islands. And then again, Captain Blowhard was specially anxious to get Peltiah and Jack where he could have them at his mercy.

"We wouldn't set foot aboard the Nancy nor no other plum paddin' whaler for all the money she and you, and the owners to boot, is wuth," emphatically replied Peltiah, whose strong hands had never for a moment relaxed their hold on the lance, nor had his threatening attitude changed. "Would we, Jack?" he added, over his shoulder to his friend.

"No," briefly responded Jack; "so now you've got your answer, Captain Blowhard!"

"Then hang me if I don't drag you aboard head and heels before another week!" shrieked the Nancy's commander, whose red face became quite purple with rage. "I'll set Bellingham after you with his blowhoun's—I'll pay any man on the island ten dollars to put me on your track; I'll—"

"You'll bust a blood vessel if you don't hold up, cap'n," said the voice of Mr. Bolt, immediately behind him; "come on down, sir; that countryman looks as though he'd like nothing better than to let the lance slip out of his hand."

Thus adjured, Captain Blowhard discreetly retired, and they heard him breath-

ing out fire and slaughter all the way down till he reached the beach.

"When I do get you two aboard," shouted the captain, looking up and shaking his fist at the two forms standing motionless in the moonlight, "I'll string you both up to the main riggin' by the thumbs, and rope's end till your backs is raw—that'll be the best thing, then I'll pickle you down in salt brine—"

"When you get us aboard the Nancy, perhaps you will," called Jack, and that ended the colloquy. The spare whale boat was taken in tow by the other and hoisted to the cranes, the schooner's head paid off to the southward, and with the almost imperceptible upper currents of air filling her sails, she stood away from the island.

"What next, I wonder?" said Jack, wearily, as he turned away. For Captain Blowhard's threats, together with the difficulties that seemed to environ them, began to depress his usually hopeful nature.

To go aboard the Nancy was to take their lives in their hands. There is no law to shield the sailor from the captain's brutality in these times—or if there is such law, facts bear me out in stating that nine times

dream, and a fantastic one at that; and what an unpleasant awakening their disappointment with regard to the hidden treasure had been!

Homeless—a wanderer—such was his train of thought, and without a friend excepting Peltiah. Stop though, there was Miss Jennie. Yet even she regarded him as no longer living, and the chances were that they would never again meet, and he would never see in life the bright face of his girl friend again.

"It is not likely, for come what may I will never go back to Mapleton—I will starve and die in the city streets first," Jack said half aloud, as he rose to his feet.

"Plenty grass bed in lilly hone," suggested Pepe, observing the movement; "s'pose we go sleep."

Jack offering no objection, and Peltiah acquiescing with evident eagerness, Pepe led the way by a sort of cleared path, evidently cut through the vines and underbrush by some one expert in the use of the machete.

Among the little cluster of ruins to which the path led there was a stone dwelling in tolerably good preservation. The roof alone had been renewed with pine rafters thatched with spathes and fibers from the cocoa palm.

A narrow slit in the masonry served as a window; there was no chimney, and no door in the open doorway.

This much they discerned by the waning moonlight, as Pepe without ceremony disappeared in the gloomy interior.

Lighting a match, which he held between his fingers, Jack followed.

The flickering phosphorescent light showed only that there were two rooms—the one they had entered being guiltless of furnishing. There were bare walls and a stone floor, which latter, however, was covered several inches deep with a strangely pungent, though by no means unpleasant smelling grass.

Pepe was already curled up in the corner asleep, and extinguishing the match flame Jack and Peltiah dropped down on the fragrant bedding.

Whether it was that the odorous grass possessed any soporific powers, or because they were making up for lost time, neither of the two awoke till the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning.

"Where are we, any way?" drowsily muttered Jack, sitting upright and rubbing his eyes, while Peltiah did the same.

And then as they began to remember the events of the preceding evening, the two rose, brushed off the clinging grass, by way of adjusting their toilet, and passed out of the open doorway.

The little structure, standing apart from those which had fallen into ruins, was in the very middle of a contused growth of bananas, cassava, satinwood, cedar and dwarf palms.

Overhead was the dense canopy of their different-hued green foliage, shot through here and there by the golden sunbeams, and pierced at intervals by the smooth white trunks of stately palms.

Among these were the fruit bearing sapodilla, the guava and star apple, shaddock and mango, soursop and almond tree. And everywhere twined about stem and branches were gorgeous blossoms of parasitical vines and luxuriant creepers.

It was a scene of strange and romantic beauty, and I do not wonder that for a brief moment both Jack and Peltiah stood entranced.

But what—who was this? Beside a

brazier of burning charcoal, on which a companion, dipping to the one they had used the evening before was sending forth a savory steam, crouched a dwarfed and deformed negro, whose wool was whiter than the open boll of a cotton plant.

CHAPTER XVI.

DANGER IN THE FOREST.

"GUESS that's Pepe's granny," whispered Peltiah, gazing at this sable apparition in open-mouthed astonishment.

"It must be his great great grandmother then," replied Jack in a similar undertone. To him the old woman looked more like one of the witches in Macbeth than anything else he could call to mind, as at their nearer approach she turned her wrinkled face toward them.

Such eyes Jack had never seen in a human head, and he bent first upon himself and then on Peltiah, who uttered an involuntary exclamation.

Of a piercing blackness which age had not dimmed, they seemed to glitter like living coals in their deep sunken cavities, and Jack firmly believed he could see the pupils contract and dilate like a cat's.

Though greatly disconcerted, Peltiah, who had the profoundest respect for anything of the feminine persuasion, was equal to the occasion.

"Good mornin', marn, how d'ye do?" he exclaimed in a loud cheerful voice, advancing his hand as he spoke. "Hope I see you toler'ble well—gosh darn it, what be you doin' of? leggo my hand!"

For greatly to his dismay this strange old woman, whose inexpensive attire consisted of a gunny cloth sack with holes for the thrusting through of head and arms, seized his outstretched hand in her claw-like fingers, and without the slightest perceptible effort drew him down beside her!

"Isay, leggo my hand!" repeated Peltiah in obvious alarm, but strangely enough his utmost effort failed to remove it from the little withered up Voodoo woman's grasp.

"It was 'zacly like one time I took hold of the handles of a Calvinistic battery," he told Jack afterward; "all kinder prickly like, and I couldn't leggo mo'n nothin'!" Jack stood looking on with eager curiosity, as the old creature bent her weird features over Peltiah's broad palm.

"Umph!" she abruptly exclaimed, "of Paquita see nothin' for tell—white feller hard work all he, den come down here for notin'."

"You name Jack," said old Paquita, fixing her strangely piercing eyes upon the young fellow thus designated. "I look your hand bimeby diffrent way—plenty see there."

Jack laughed, but made no reply. In fact he had other things in his mind than the foolish babble of an old negro with the reputation of a witch among the superstitious island residents.

Had he known, as afterward, that as a Voodoo woman old Paquita was not only an idolatress but, incredible as it may seem in this nineteenth century, a follower of the cannibalistic practices still secretly pursued in some parts of the West Indies (see page in Hayti) he would have fled the spot in horror and disgust.

But just then two subjects occupied his mind—the one a vague wonder as to the whereabouts of Pepe, who was nowhere to be seen, and then a yearning to partake of the odorous stew which Paquita was even then removing from the brazier of coals.

The latter wish was destined to be gratified at once. Old Paquita, who, bowed by the weight of her years, did not seem more than four feet high when on her feet, brought a couple of empty calabashes and two iron spoons from the interior.

"Spose you eat brekfuns," she said, and neither of her guests needed urging.

True, a hot stew, in which Jack was conscious of the undoubted presence of chili peppers, garlic, onions, salt fish, yam, beans, sliced plantain and cassava, together with other unknown ingredients, is perhaps rather hearty eating when the thermometer stands at ninety-five; but they were both hungry, and therefore not disposed to be critical.

Pepe did not make his appearance till long after the two had finished their meal, and were sitting in the shade watching the antics of a monkey chained at the corner of the little stone dwelling.

"Hallo, Pepe, where you b'en?" asked Peltiah, as the youth applied himself with evident relish to the remains of the stew, which was placed before him by old Paquita.

"Go try find Lascar Joe—wanted my dollah he no gib me," responded Pepe, with a mouth full of stew and a face expressive of simple ingenuousness.

"No find him," he continued, shaking his woolly head. "Brack mans say he gone sail way off wid bad cap'n we saw last night."

Then one diffently, or rather two, seemed to be removed, if Lascar Joe and Captain Blowhard were both on board the Nancy, and the vessel herself out of the way for a time at least.

Yet if Lascar Joe had thus gone it would indicate that his search had been in vain—unless indeed he had discovered and reburied the gold, with full purpose of coming again prepared to take it away.

But all was conjecture. Time might or might not solve the mystery. One thing alone was certain—their own hopes of ever being enriched by the pirate's treasure had vanished with this air.

Old Paquita approached the spot where the two were sitting. Her black skinny fingers were clutched about the neck of a small dried gourd, such as are used by the West Indians in lieu of vials or bottles.

"Hold your hand out, Jack," said this strange old woman, fixing her glowing eyes full on Jack's own.

If he had wanted to refuse, Jack thought that he could not have done so. He seemed to be moved to obey by a power similar to that which the mesmerist exercises over his subject.

Extending his hand, old Paquita dropped from the neck of the gourd a small quantity of a deep purple fluid into his open palm, while Peltiah sat in speechless open-mouthed awe watching the proceedings.

"Look what you see in dat," she said, in a loud whisper.

At first Jack could hardly recognize his own countenance, browned with exposure to sun and wind, and short upper lip darkened with the suggestion of a coming mustache, so different were they from the pale, clear-cut lineaments which had been wont to look back at him from his bedroom mirror.

And then, all at once, this faded away. In its place, strangely enough, appeared the bright and animated features of his girl friend, as he had last seen her. The dark eyes were fixed into his own as though inspiring hope and courage. The red lips were parted in a smile. Then—

All was blurred and indistinct for a moment. Amongst what seemed to be a confusion of tossing waves and storm driven seas, he caught occasional glimpses of his own features again, anxious and troubled, so it seemed to Jack. And suddenly he was looking at the dear old homestead in Mapleton. There were the two big elms before the house, the rose bushes climbing over the verandah, and there, too, framed in the open doorway, Jack saw his own counterfeited presentment, a trifle older, a thought more manly, yet Jack himself in civilized garb, and with a smiling face.

"Lemme see, Jack," burst out Peltiah, whose eager curiosity could not longer be restrained as he saw the fixed intensity of Jack's gaze. Bending suddenly forward he awkwardly jostled his companion's elbow, so that the girl was filled from his palm, leaving no stain or trace.

Jack uttered an impatient exclamation, Peltiah an apologetic one, and old Paquita laughed shrilly.

"Never mind—you see him mo's' all," she said, and as she took her eyes from his face, Jack drew a sort of relieved sigh. After all, what had he seen much more than a sort of mental reflection of his own thoughts, aided possibly by a little mesmerist's play on the part of old Paquita?

"What was it, Jack?" asked Peltiah; but Jack only shook his head.

"I'll tell you some other time," he replied. "I think," he went on, as Pepe stood talking in a rapid undertone with the old crew, "that the best and only thing we can do, Peltiah, will be to have Pepe here show us the way back to the little settlement on the south shore now that the schooner is out of the way—"

"What—no! not make any more hunt for the money?" interrupted Peltiah with a look of dismay.

"Where should we look, Peltiah?" was the quiet response. "Either Lascar Joe found nothing at all, or he has hidden what he possibly did find away so securely that you and I might search a lifetime for it."

"Well, what'll we do when we git back to the settlement?" said Peltiah in more subdued tones, as rather unwillingly he began to accept the situation.

"Try and get a chance to work our way

to Barbadoes, or some large port in the West Indies, where we can find a vessel bound for the States," replied Jack, as cheerfully as he could, though he had many misgivings as he thought of the difficulties standing in the way.

And even if successful—what after arriving in the States?

However, it was no use to look forward too far at once, and putting aside as far as possible his anxieties, Jack dispatched Peltiah for the boat keg which had been left where they partook of the previous evening's meal.

The fish lines, matches, and boat compass, were the only articles of value it contained. These Jack reserved, and gave the remaining provisions to old Paquita, together with the long boat knife, in payment for their entertainment.

"Spose you gib me dollah, I show you way back to town," suggested Pepe, even before Jack had made known his purpose of returning thither. The colored youth seemed to have forgotten his promise of the evening before relating to displaying his skill in woodcraft. Or perhaps he thought he might show it equally well in the capacity of a guide.

Old Paquita took Pepe aside and committed a very small packet to his charge, which in the absence of a pocket he knotted to the extremity of his own shirt.

Then bearing the boat lance, which was nearly twice his own length, in one hand, and the hatchet in the other, Pepe led the way into the almost impenetrable forest—old Paquita calling out something in Spanish, which was probably meant for an "adios," after them.

A narrow path, evidently quite recently cut through the obstructing vines and creepers, took them in a direction nearly opposite to that in which the two had followed their youthful leader through a dense growth of tropical verdure. Flowering shrubs of every kind, air plants and orchids of strange and curious shapes, and fruits peculiar to the latitude, grew in bewildering abundance on every hand, yet no sound of bird or sign of animal life were heard or seen.

The air was hot and heavy with blossoming plants. Mosquitoes and gnats swarmed in myriads. Tiny red ants, scarcely bigger than a grain of sand, got between the clothing and skin, making existence almost unendurable. The thickness of the foliage kept off the cooling sea breeze, which nearer the shore disperses the winged torments.

"The distance 'to town,' as Pepe ambitiously styled the little settlement of sponge gatherers and turtle catchers, was not much over ten miles as the crow flies; but by the time they had got half way there, Jack and Peltiah were nearly ready to drop with the suffocating heat.

"I never see no Fourth o' July chill to this," groaned Peltiah, drawing his sleeve across his perspiring face; "and I wish ter gracious I hadn't never found the plaguy old letter to bring us down here on such a wil' gosse chase—"

"S-s-s-t," whistled Pepe through his thick lips, at the same time holding up his hand; "what dat?"

To away through the strangely intense stillness came the hum of a numberless insects seemed to intensify, came a distant and prolonged cry.

"Soun's jery like my dog to home when he's coursin' a rabbit," said Peltiah, and Jack's face paled even through its coating of tan, as he saw the sudden change come over Pepe's black features.

"Santa Maria! dem the gub'nor's blood—hoon's!" he exclaimed in unaffected terror. "What we gwine do now?"

(To be continued.)

WILL FORTS BE BUILT OF SNOW!

A good deal has been said and written of late years regarding the inadequate harbor defenses of our country. It is a singular fact that the great improvement made in explosives and ships of war, including torpedo explosives and dynamite guns, has not been accompanied by similar advancement in the art of erecting structures capable of offering resistance to such attacks. In this connection, it is of interest to note some experiments that were lately made at O'ahu to test the resisting capacity of a snowbank.

According to a contemporary report, Martin's gun was fired into a bank of well-packed snow were completely spent after traversing a distance of not more than four feet. Smaller bullets, in hard-packed snow mixed with ice, had enough to prevent digging into it with a sheet-iron shovel, did not penetrate more than about four feet; in perfectly dry snow, packed by natural drift, but capable of being easily crushed in the hand, a bullet penetrated about four feet, though fired from points only twenty or thirty yards distant.

THE SHIP OF DREAMS.

When silent lies the sleeping town

In its profoundest rest,

There is a ship come sailing down

Upon the river's breast.

White wings at that enchanted avon,

She saileth through the night,

And purple grows the gloom upon

The magic of her flight.

The bark she bears no mortal name,

No crew of mortal mold;

Ulysses' ship of song and flame,

Of cedar wood and gold!

She is the ship that Turner knew

When, in that enchanted night,

She floats far isles of music through,

And isles of memories.

And she is mystically fraught

With dreams remembered long,

The drift on the tides of thought

And all the seas of song.

She hath Ulysses by her helm,

As in the olden time—

This ship of a diviner realm

And of a fairer clime.

[This story commenced in No. 230.]



By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

NOTHING could have been more welcome to Kid than the news that he had received from his uncle's family, but he felt interested in hearing how they were getting on, and what they said about him.

This was the letter: "DEAR KID—I don't know whether these few lines will ever reach you for as you are traveling about I may not direct my letter right. But in the last New York Clipper which I consulted for the purpose, I found your route laid down, that is the route of the circus, and I thought that you might like to hear a little home news, for I don't suppose that your uncle, or cousin Ralph, favor you with many affectionate epistles. "First about your uncle. He is just the same as ever, sleek and foxy, and looking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. It would amuse (or perhaps provoke) you, to hear him speak of you. I overheard him the other day talking of you to the minister.

"I had grieved much, Mr. Talbot," he said, "over that misguided boy. Badly as he has behaved, I cannot forget that he is my brother's son, and I earnestly hope that he may, in spite of all, grow up to be a good man."

"Your feeling does you credit, sir," said the minister, who has been here only a short time, and hasn't found your uncle out yet. "Is it true, as I have been informed, that your nephew has joined a traveling show?"

"It is indeed true, Mr. Talbot," said your uncle, looking sad, "but shows you that his tastes are low and depraved."

"I should hardly think a circus would be a good school for a boy."

"No, sir, it is one of the worst. My nephew, I fear, will learn to drink and gamble, and be quite unfitted for any decent employment."

"Had you any news for him, may I ask? I think I have been told that you were about to apprentice him to a trade."

"Yes, I had made an arrangement with Mr. Bedford, a blacksmith of Oakford, a most worthy man, to teach him his business; but the boy barely remained one night under his roof, taking flight the next morning early, and making an engagement with the circus."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Watson, but isn't that rather a singular trade for a nephew of yours to learn?"

"You must remember, Mr. Talbot, that the boy has his living to earn. He has absolutely not a penny of his own, but has been indebted for years to my charity for his maintenance. I am not a rich man, and have latterly found the expense a serious item, so that I felt myself justified in arranging to have the boy earn his own living."

"The trade would hardly be attractive to a boy of studious tastes."

"He would need to follow it if he could do better, but I thought it wise to provide the boy with a trade so that he would have something to fall back upon."

"What do you expect to train your own boy to follow?"

"Ralph will probably be a lawyer," answered your uncle, with a proud smile.

"For my part if I had a son like Ralph I don't think I should speak of him with much pride."

"That will make a great difference between the two cousins socially," said the minister thoughtfully.

"Yes, no doubt. It cannot well be otherwise. If I were really an old man, as many suppose me to be, I would not mind giving Christopher and Ralph equal advantages, but it costs a good deal to educate one boy."

"I can understand that very well," said the minister with a sigh.

"You know he is trying to carry his son through college, and as far as the poor fellow finds it a hard job, for he always goes about very shabby dressed for a minister."

"Then, you can understand and appreciate my position," said your uncle.

"Of course all this talk of your uncle about finding himself unable to educate you as well as Ralph is nonsense and a waste of time. For he has just bought the Carver homestead in the North village for six thousand dollars, and paid money down."

"That doesn't look much as if he were struggling. Boston Ralph appeared last week with a bicycle—one of the new and expensive ones. He boasted to me that it cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars. That doesn't look much like

poverty, either. By the way, I met Ralph a few days ago, and I thought I would draw him out about you. So I asked him:

"Have you heard from your cousin Kit lately?"

"No," he answered, looking at me with a frown.

"I suppose he is still traveling with Barlow's circus?"

"I presume so, unless he has been discharged."

"I should think you would miss him."

"I manage to live without him," answered Ralph coolly.

"Do you think he gets much pay at the circus?"

"I presume he gets one or two dollars a week."

Now, as I happened to know from your letter how much you really care to consider a considerably amount, but I didn't give him a hint of it.

"The circus will close its season in October. I presume Kit will come home then," I went on.

"If he does," said Ralph, looking not at all pleased at the suggestion, "my father won't receive him here."

"He won't turn him out of the house, will he?"

"He will take him over to Oakford, to Mr. Dickford's. The boy may be glad enough to learn the blacksmith's trade then, after tramping about the whole summer without the comforts of a home."

"I don't think he would get many comforts at Mr. Dickford's, if report is correct," I said. "You would like to live there yourself, would you, Ralph?"

"Certainly not," said Ralph, looking quite disgusted at the idea. "That is a very different matter."

"I don't see how it is. You and Kit have been brought up exactly alike."

"That was father's fault. Considering that the boy had his living to earn, I think he ought to have made a difference between us sooner."

Really, Kit, that cousin of yours is one of the most disagreeable and conceited snobs in the list of my acquaintances. I met a fellow pupil of yours and his the other day, Walter Clinton, and asked him what was the matter with Ralph, looking not at all pleased at the suggestion, "my father won't receive him here."

"Then he is not popular?"

"I should say not. If we were running for an office in our school-fellow, I don't believe he would get a vote."

"How about his cousin, Kit Watson?" I next inquired.

"Everybody likes him," was the answer. "Why doesn't he go to school now?"

I told him:

"It's a shame!" he said warmly. "Kit is an excellent scholar, and generally stands very near the head of his classes, while Ralph is often below the middle."

"Yet Ralph is designed for a lawyer, while poor Kit is intended by his uncle for a blacksmith, only Kit took the matter into his own hands, and ran off with a circus."

"What is he doing there?"

"He is an acrobat."

"I am sure he will make a good one, for he always excelled in the gymnasium. Do you know whether he gets good pay?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

Walter widened.

"Why, that's splendid!" he exclaimed, "and I'm glad to hear it. That's a good deal better than being a blacksmith."

"For the present, yes, but Kit has no idea of following the business. He wouldn't have joined the circus now if he hadn't been compelled to."

"At any rate I am glad to hear of it, well. He can school next year at his own expense."

"Don't tell any one how well he is paid," I added, "and particularly his father. He has a very hard time to think that he is doing poorly. Some day he may surprise him."

"Walter pronounced, and he's a boy who will keep his promise."

"I think that is all, Kit, especially as I don't know what you will receive this letter. I hope so, however, for it will give me a notion of how you are. I miss you ever so much, and so do all the other boys except Ralph, and I don't believe you care to be affectionately remembered by him."

Your affectionate friend,
JAMES SCHUTLER.

Kit folded up the letter thoughtfully. Upon one thing he was resolute. If there was to be in future a society of his kind, he would be glad that he was in his own favor.

The next day he made an important discovery.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

THE circus was billed to show at Glendale, a manufacturing village in Western Pennsylvania. The name attracted the attention of Kit, for this was the place where his uncle had lived for many years previous to the death of Kit's father. He naturally desired to learn something of his uncle's reputation among the villagers, who, from his long residence among them, must remember him well.

The circus had arrived during the night. As a general thing Kit was not in a hurry to get up, but as usual, young man was in Glendale, he arose early, with the intention of improving his time.

Breakfast in the circus tent was not ready till nine o'clock, for circus men of every description get up late, except the razorbacks, who are compelled to be about very early to unload the freight car, and to put up the men who put up the tents. So Kit went to the hotel, and registering his name called for breakfast.

After he had eaten it, he strolled into the office, hoping to meet some one of whom he could make inquiries respecting his uncle. This was made unexpectedly easy. A man of about his uncle's age had been examining the list of arrivals. He looked at Kit inquisitively.

"I beg your pardon, young man," he said, "but are you Christopher Watson?"

"Yes, sir," answered Kit, politely.

"Did you ever have any relatives living in this place?"

"Yes, sir. My uncle, Stephen Watson, used to live here."

"I thought so. I once saw your father. He came here to visit your uncle. You look like him."

Kit was gratified to hear he had a warm affection for his dead father, and he was glad to have it said that he resembled him.

"Are you going to stay here long?" asked the villager.

"No, sir: I am here only for the day."

"Oh business," I presumed.

"Yes, sir," answered Kit, smiling. "I am here with Barlow's circus."

"You must be looking for money."

"You don't mean to say that you are connected with the circus?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

"In what capacity?"

"I am an acrobat."

"I don't understand it at all. Why should your father's son need to travel with a circus?"

"Because I have my living to earn, and that pays me better than any other employment you can get."

"But your father was a rich man. I always heard that."

"I supposed so myself, till a short time since my uncle informed me that I was penniless, and must learn a trade."

"But where did the money go, then? How does your uncle make a living?"

"He has my father's old place, and appears to have enough to support himself and Ralph."

"Sit down here, young man! There is something strange about this. I want to ask you a few questions."

"You wish the other day, want to see," said Kit. "I think myself there is some mystery, and I would like to ask some questions about my uncle. I don't know some one who knew him here. I suppose you knew him?"

"No one knew him better. Many is the time he had a loan here, and I always paid it. Always pay him the money, and I dare say he owes me well in the neighborhood of fifty dollars."

"Was he poor then?"

"He was in very limited circumstances. He pretended to be in the insurance business, and he would sell out the building where the hotel, but if he made four hundred dollars in that way it was more than any one supposed he would make."

"Then," said Kit, puzzled, "how could he have lent my father ten thousand dollars?"

"He lent your father ten thousand dollars, or there abouts, for some one who knew him that is perfectly ridiculous. Who says he did?"

"The says so himself."

"No one did me tell that fish story?"

"He told me. That is the way he explained his taking possession of the property. That is the only way he said he got the money."

"He said he had some of the money at various times, and had to take the bulk of the estate in payment."

"This is a queer and queer business, and I am not very much surprised to hear it."

"I am not satisfied that it was telling the truth. If you are correct, then, he had wrongfully appropriated my father's money."

"There is not a doubt of it. Did he drive you out of the house?"

"About the same. He attempted to apprentice me to a blacksmith, while his own son Ralph he means to send to college, and have my uncle pay for it."

I remember Ralph well, though he was a small boy when he left this village. He was very popular among the boys of his own age. He was always up to some mean act of mischief. He got my boy into trouble once in school by charging him with something he himself did not do."

"He hasn't changed much, then," said Kit.

"We both attended the same boarding-school, but I don't like to see him now."

"Was he much of a scholar?"

"No; he dragged along in the lower half of the class."

"We were you two good friends?"

"We didn't quarrel, but we kept apart."

"So his father wants to make a lawyer of him?"

"Yes; I have had a letter from Smyrna in which I hear that my uncle has just bought Ralph a bicycle valued at a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Money seems to be more plenty with him now than it used to be in his Glendale days. In the way, would you like to see the place where your uncle used to live?"

"Yes, sir, if you don't mind showing me."

"I will do so with pleasure. Put on your hat, and we will go at once."

They walked about a third of a mile, till they reached the outskirts of the village. Here they found a man of about Kit's own age, sitting in a garden. "Kit," said Kit's guide, "and there is the house which was occupied for at least ten years of your uncle's life."

Kit eyed the building with interest. It was a plain looking cottage, containing but four rooms, which stood badly in need of paint. It lay on a bare acre of land, rocky and sterile, attached to it.

"That is the residence of the man who lent your father ten thousand dollars," said his guide, "and he had a pond on it. Not much of a palace, is it?"

"It can't be worth over a thousand dollars."

"It was worth more when it was new, and he had eighty dollars, but he didn't get that sum in money, for it was mortgaged for six hundred dollars."

"You said my father came here once?"

"It was to visit your uncle. While he was here, he stood security at the tailor's for new suits for your uncle and cousin, and must have given your uncle some cash besides, for he appeared to be in funds for some time afterwards. He, you know, the loan, or rather gift, was on the other side."

"I don't see how my uncle dared to misrepresent matters in that way."

"I am not sure he ever was. He was convicted of fraudulent statements."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. —"

"Mr. Pierce, for your information."

"I hope you will make some use of it."

"I certainly shall," said Kit, his good-buddies, and he turned upon his heel.

"Whenever you do, my testimony will be at your service, and there are plenty others who will corroborate my statements of your un-

cle's financial condition when here. The fact is, my young friend, your uncle has engaged in a most shameless plot against you."

"I shall take no steps till the close of the season, but I will try to leave," said Mr. Barlow, who has been very kind to me."

"I shall go this evening to see you perform. Whenever you wish any additional information, I shall be glad to furnish it."

Kit was deeply impressed by this conversation. He was resolved, when the time came, to see Mr. Barlow, and lay claim to his dead father's property.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A TRAPEZE PERFORMER'S STORY.

Kit was on pleasant relations with his fellow performers here. Indeed he was one of the general favorite, owing to his obliging disposition and pleasant manners. He took an interest in their acts as well as his own, and had cultivated an intimacy with Louise Lefroy, the trapeze performer. He had practiced on the trapeze in the gymnasium, and had acquired additional skill under the tuition of Mlle. Lefroy.

"Some time you will make an engagement as a trapeze performer, Christopher," said the lady.

"No," answered Kit, shaking his head.

"You wouldn't be afraid?"

"I don't mind it. I am a very respectable performer; but I don't mean to travel with the circus after this season, unless I am obliged to."

"Why should you be obliged to?"

"Because I have my living to earn."

"It is a pity," said Mlle. Lefroy. "You seem to me a very good performer."

"Do you like it, Mlle. Lefroy?"

The lady looked thoughtful.

"I have to like it," she said. "Besides, there is an excitement about it, and I crave excitement."

"But wouldn't you rather have a home of your own?"

"Listen! I had a home of my own, but my husband was intemperate, and in fits of intoxication would treat me as his enemy."

"Then you have no boy?" said Kit, surprised.

"Yes; and I support him at a boarding-school out of my professional earnings, which are not very good."

"How old is he, if you don't mind telling?"

"He is ten years old."

"Is he sent to school?"

"No; he goes to school at home."

"Not all the time. I have as much as three months vacation. During that time I board near his school, and see him every day."

"I am glad to know that you are a professional performer?"

"No; nor do they know at the school. I would have you to know that I could not look down on him on that account. I pass for a widow, and in my quiet suit of black there are few who would recognize the dashing trapeze performer Louise Lefroy."

"What does he think of your long absences?"

"It is easy to explain those. I could not be expected to be near the boarding-school all the year, you know."

"Do you correspond with him?"

"I do not, but I trust a very honest boy who receives and forwards my letters and his."

"I am going to ask you another question, but you may not like to answer it."

"Speak plainly."

"Your husband is living, is he not?"

"Does he know that you are a circus performer?"

"No; and I would not have him know for many reasons."

"Would he feel sensitive about it?"

Mlle. Lefroy laughed bitterly.

"You don't know him, if you would not ask that I would not say so. He would not appropriate my salary. That is why I do not care to have him know how I am earning the living which I support myself in."

"I sympathize with you," said Kit, gently.

"Then you don't think any the worse of me because I am a trapeze performer?"

"No, not at all. Am I not a circus performer also?"

"Yes; but it is different with you, being a lady. I am sure you like to think of your mother or sister in my position."

"No; I would not, yet I can imagine circumstances that would justify it."

"Then you will understand why I do not wish my boy to know that I am a public performer. If I were an actress, I would not cut my mother's throat."

"I would like to see your son, Mlle. Lefroy."

"Some time you shall. But you won't tell him about his mother?"

"No, not a word can I say on that point."

"How old would you take me to be?" she added, abruptly.

"I don't know, but I must be thirty or more."

"I am thirty-four—no longer in my first youth. I don't mind growing old but for one thing. I cannot hope to be young enough for any man, I assure you."

"He should think, I am afraid I shall not have money enough by the time I have to retire to live on my own property."

"He will be growing up, and some day will be able to work for you."

"Thank you for the compliment, Mlle. Lefroy."

"I mean that I am not sure yet whether he inherits any of his father's bad qualities. You seem to me to have only good qualities."

"Thank you; but I am afraid you over-rate me."

"No, I think not."

"You wouldn't advise me to remain connected with the circus, would you?"

"I would not advise you to remain connected with the circus, and many of them that beset circus people, and there are few who wholly escape them."

"Many," thought Kit, "would be surprised to hear a noted circus performer speak in that way. They forget that circus employees are many like other people, and not a distinct class."

From this time Kit was disposed to look with different eyes upon Mlle. Lefroy. He did

not think of her as a daring actor, but rather as an injured wife and devoted mother, who every day risked her life for the sake of one who was dear to her.

"Did you know that your husband might be bred in the circus tent when you are performing?" asked Kit.

"It is my constant dread," answered Mlle. Lefroy. "When I do come out in my costume, and look over the sea of heads, I am always afraid I shall see his face."

"But you never have?"

"Never yet."

"Do you think if I should see that man I could go through my part. It requires nerve, as you know, and my nerves would be so shaken that I should be in peril. If you ever hear of my meeting with an accident, you may guess the probable cause."

"Then, if you do not recognize your husband among the spectators, it would be prudent to omit your performance."

"But that is what I propose to do."

Kit little imagined how soon the contingency which his friend feared would arrive.

Two evenings later Harry Thorne brought him a little note. He opened it and read as follows:

Come and see me at once. LOUISE LEFROY.

Kit ascertained where Mlle. Lefroy was to be found, and obeyed the summons immediately.

He found the lady in great agitation.

"Are you not well?" he asked.

"Well in health, but not in mind," she answered.

"Has anything happened?"

"Yes; what I dreaded has come to pass."

"Have you seen your husband?" asked Kit quickly.

"Yes; I was taking a walk, and saw him on the opposite side of the street."

"Did he see you?"

"No; but I ascertained that he is staying at the hotel. Now he is likely to follow the crowd, and attend the circus to-night."

"That is very probable. Then you will not appear."

"I should not dare to. But it will be a great disappointment to the audience. This trapeze act is always a popular one, especially in a country town like this. Now I am going to ask a favor of you."

Kit's face flushed with excitement. He foresaw what it would be.

"What is it he asked."

"I would like you to appear in my place this evening."

"Do you think I am competent?"

"You will not be out of your part, but you can do enough to satisfy the public. But, my dear friend, I don't want to subject you to any risk. If you are at all nervous or afraid, don't attempt it."

"I am not afraid," said Kit, confidently. "I will appear!"

(To be continued.)

WINTER INTO SUMMER.

It seems strange to think of obtaining gas from a well as it was water, yet the recent discoveries of natural gas in certain portions of the country are accompanied by even more peculiar phenomena, as witness facts recorded in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune* from a correspondent in Findlay, Ohio.

The largest well in the vicinity is that known as the Karg. The noise it makes can be heard for a distance of ten miles, and the pressure of the gas is eight or ten times as great as in steam boilers. This pressure is regulated at the well, but is remarkable even when noted at the small gas-burner which is used in the well and in steam boilers. This pressure is regulated at the well, but is remarkable even when noted at the small gas-burner which is used in the well and in steam boilers.

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One could start for the well in early February, wading through crisp snow, and as one approached the place the snow would become thinner and would finally disappear, giving place to short grass, with a few patches of rye. The rye was knee deep, gradually decreasing in heightness as the heat became more intense.

Trees situated around the well were leafing in February, and flowers budded at one or two spots. The flowers, though, had little opportunity for blooming. All through the winter the vicinity of the well was very dry, and the ground was very hard. It is seen any night in snowtime lying within the radius of heat, resting placidly with their feet to the well and their heads to the sky, a phenomenal spectacle for the season.

POETRY THAT PAYS.

In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, poetry is not worth the price of the paper it is written on, but in the thousandth case a big jump in value is attained. For instance, for one poem, "The Singing of the Crane," not half a dozen magazine pages long, the publisher has paid the princely sum of \$3,000. The Harpers paid him \$1,000 for "Keramok," and the same for "Mortu's Saintsmen."



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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Captain Francis W. Dawson, editor of the Charleston News and Courier. This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 309. Back numbers can be had.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE GOLDEN ARGOSY forwarded to him every week by the newsdealer from whom he is now buying his paper, or he can get it direct from the publication office by remitting the proper amount for the time he wishes to subscribe. Four months, one dollar; one year, three dollars.

WITH AN OCEAN BETWEEN THEM.

The truly wonderful nature of telegraphic communication is most forcibly impressed upon us when the invention is made use of in private life.
 For instance, during the latter part of June a famous actor was to celebrate his golden wedding by a dinner at his home in France. A friend in New York determined to commemorate the occasion in this country by also giving a dinner-party and having the two dining-rooms connected with one another by special wire on which to exchange toasts and congratulations.
 Of course it was necessary to hold the banquet in Europe at a late hour in the evening, otherwise the guests of the American annex must needs have been invited to dine in the afternoon, owing to the difference in time between the two countries.

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

THE HORSE AT DINNER.

In last week's issue of the ARGOSY there appeared a short item in which casual mention was made of the fashion horses who of tossing their nose-bags in the air while eating, thus losing a considerable portion of their midday meal.

While walking along the street the other day we noticed this habit, and as we beheld the oats fly over the side of the bag and fall upon the pavement, where there was no chance of their being recovered by the horse, we mentally deduced a moral from the homely incident.

Greediness is very apt to overreach itself. The horse tossed his bag in order to get his nose deeper into the dinner, with the result of leaving himself with less of "that dinner than he would have had if he had been content to eat quietly, and like a gentleman, so to speak.
 Now the moral of this—but why go further. The moral is so obvious that it "says itself," as the French would express it.

THE SYMPATHY OF THE SENSES.

A WRITER in a Philadelphia paper tells about a twelve-year-old boy of his acquaintance who has worn glasses ever since he was four. But this is not so remarkable as the fact that whenever the boy hears music at night—his home being near that of a gentleman who is frequently serenaded—he takes his spectacles out from under his pillow, puts them on, and then settles back in bed to appreciate, to the utmost of his powers, the free concert.

No dot the impression that what helps one sense will help another is a delusion, yet it is, in all probability, a very satisfying one. In the same category should be placed the

fashion people have of resting their tongues as well as their eyes while passing through a tunnel on a railroad train.
 Let any of our readers watch, the next time they are on the cars, and note if the moment the newspapers are put aside, conversation does not cease also till daylight is reached again.

STRANGER as at first thought the connection may appear, the enormous success of a book recently published has necessitated the slaying of 7000 goats and 20,000 sheep.

The work referred to is General Grant's "Memoirs," of which some 312,000 sets have already been sold. The publishers have paid Mrs. Grant nearly \$300,000 as her share of the profits, and the slaughter of domestic animals alluded to above was necessary in order to obtain the skins used in binding the volumes.

WHAT IS HEALTH?

WHAT is perfect health? According to a leading London physician, it is "that state in which the body is not consciously present to us; in which work is easy, and duty not too great a trial; in which it is a joy to see, to think, to feel and to be."

This is the condition in which every boy and girl ought to be. Yet how many in every hundred are there who can claim health according to this definition of it? Not very many, we fear; fewer, perhaps, in our cities than in the country; fewer, probably, among the "upper ten thousand," than among those who are popularly esteemed less fortunate.

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

WORK MASQUERADING AS PLAY.

HUMAN nature is made up of strange factors, many of them apparently inconsistent with one another. It has often been observed that the boy who pleads weariness as an excuse for not taking a walk of a few blocks to visit a family friend, will start off with great alacrity and freshness should a schoolmate call in to obtain his services in a game of baseball.
 This reminds us of the story told of a certain restaurant proprietor in Germany, in whose garden lay the stump of a tough-fibered tree, which he wished to use for fire wood.

But he was too indolent to chop it up himself and too miserly to hire a man to do it for him, so he set his wits to work to devise a plan by which the wood might be got into the proper shape without costing him either labor or money.

Many of his patrons took their meals in the garden, so this ingenious innkeeper placed an axe near the big stump, and over it the following notice was conspicuously lettered: "Practices in chopping wood may be had here gratis."

The scheme succeeded to perfection. Almost every guest hastened to display his muscle, with the result that in a brief time the arduous task of reducing the enormous mass to useful fragments was accomplished.

TO OUR YOUNG CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ARGOSY is continually in receipt of letters from readers asking whether we would recommend them to choose this or that profession, or requesting our advice in the matter of moving West or remaining East, and so on.

Now imparting counsel on such subjects is a very delicate affair. In the first place, we have absolutely no acquaintance with the abilities and capacities of those who thus address themselves to us, and while highly sensible of the honor conferred by the application, there are many occasions when we feel that we must hesitate before taking upon ourselves the responsibility of expressing an opinion that may influence a young man's whole future life.

Secondly, there are in many cases side issues and qualifying circumstances governing each individual's choice of a trade, or place of residence of which we, as strangers, have no knowledge, and which it does not occur to our young correspondents to mention. Hence we have before us, so to speak, only part of the facts.

We are always willing to express an opinion in a general way, and, wherever possible, consistently with due respect to ourselves and the inquirer, to gratify our friends by offering suggestions that may be of use to them in matters of particular moment.

SAMUEL N. DEXTER NORTH.

Editor of the "Albany Morning Express."
 MENTION has already been made in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY's series of editorial sketches, of the excellence which characterizes the newspaper press of the New York State capital. One of the best of the dailies published in that city is the Morning Express, of which Samuel N. Dexter North is editor in chief and general manager.

He was born on the 29th of November, 1849, at Clinton, Oneida County, New York. His father, Dr. Edward North, was professor of Greek language and literature in Hamilton College, situated at Clinton, the alma mater of Senator Hawley and many other prominent men. Young North studied at the same institution, and graduated there in 1869.

On leaving college he once entered journalism. His first occupation was that of local reporter on the Morning Herald, the leading Republican journal of Utica. Then two years were spent at the national capital, where he acted as Washington correspondent for several papers published in New York State.
 In 1873 Mr. North was appointed managing editor of the Utica Herald. For twelve years he remained at that post, finally resigning it in 1885 to undertake the management of the Albany Express, which he still holds.

Such a life of steady newspaper work may seem monotonous and uneventful, but Mr. North's progress from reporter to editor has not been without noteworthy features. We may mention especially his connections with the national census of 1880. He was appointed a special agent for the purpose of collecting and tabulating from the statistics of the American periodical press.
 This was a task of considerable magnitude, and necessitated a full year's work by a staff of thirty clerks, superintended by Mr. North. The result was issued in the form of a bulky and very interesting special census report, which gives full statistics of the history of the newspaper press of the country, and its condition in the census year, together with the able and complete sketch of its development.

This sketch traces the birth, rapid growth, and many distinctive features of the subject dealt with. We quote a paragraph from it which may interest the readers of the ARGOSY: "In its periodical literature for the young, the United States is incomparably superior to any other country on the globe. This class of journals, widely read as it is during the formative period, in all sections of the country, and by children of every class, grade, and nationality, is an educational influence not surpassed by any other agency at work to effect the elevation of the masses. It is greatly to be regretted that there are included among such periodicals a number of prints of the most unpropitious order, modeled upon the closeness upon the filthy, cheap literature for more adult minds, which pours in such an undiminished stream from the presses of the Anglo-Saxon nations. In most complete contrast, however, to the journals in question are other juvenile periodicals."

In 1885 Mr. North was selected as superintendent of the New York State census, and had commenced preparations for the work when the failure of the appropriation bill put a stop to the undertaking.
 In the same year he was elected president of the associated press of New York State, and re-elected in 1886. For many years he was secretary of the Oneida Historical Society, of Utica, and he has written a number of historical papers which have been published in the society's annals, in The Magazine of American History, and elsewhere.

Mr. North intends to issue a new and fuller edition of his work upon the census report. It will be a history of the newspaper

press of the United States, and he is now engaged in collecting materials for this purpose.
 RICHARD H. TITTEBRINGTON.

BEWARE THE BALLOON.

IN the Western and Southern parts of the country, in the localities where cyclones and tornadoes are apt now and then to make their appearance and lay waste the land, the settlers have in many cases provided themselves with special cellars and pits of refuge. But there is reason to fear that such sources of protection for lives and property may in the near future be required in every community.

The new menace to the public well is the balloon anchor. In accounts of a recent aerial voyage, we read that this novelty of the rope, with its pronged attachment, not only wrought havoc in fields of ripening grain, but tore up fences by the roots and narrowly escaped clutching a farmhouse and its tenants into the bargain.

Now scientific progress in the matter of journalism is making with the swiftness of birds through the air is all very well, and may some day replace express trains with wireless cars whirling as through space at twice the present rate of speed attained on the bosom of Mother Earth. We respectfully plead, however, for the substitution of a less terrible and more useful mode of transportation.



SAMUEL N. DEXTER NORTH.

terrorizing brake than the drag-rope and anchor. There are enough dangers and perils to be guarded against on the level ground about us without importing a fresh one from over our heads.

THE "HOLD FAST" VIRTUE.

A SNAPPING turtle is a strange thing from which to deduce moral maxims, yet the humble amphibian possesses a virtue which would be an incalculable benefit to a large class of weak-minded, purposeless members of the genus humanum.

This desirable quality was strikingly displayed not long ago when a small boy was swimming in the Erie Canal and had his leg nipped by one of the above mentioned turtles. It was in vain that he tried to shake or pull it from its grin. The determined creature held on, and not till its head had been cut off did the jaws relax. When once they have laid hold of an object, they never relinquish while life exists.

If it would cling to integrity in the face of the assaults of temptation with like tenacity, what a bettered world this would be!

HOME OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
 Home of our childhood! How affection clings And hovers round thee with its love-wing!
 Dearest thy hills, though clad in autumn brown; Than fairest summits which the cedars crown;
 Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer breeze Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!
 The stranger's gate waits home the exile's sigh,
 For the heart's temple is its own blue sky.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

We commonly slander more through vanity than malice.
 There is the pencil of the soul that pictures heavenly things.
 Judged by profession, there are no sinners, and judged by practice there are no saints.
 Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the land.—Coleridge.
 Modesty and the dew love the shade. Each shines in the open day only to be exhorted to heaven.—J. Paul Sena.
 Cowly followers are not to be liked; lest while a man maketh his train longer, he make his wings shorter.—Bacon.
 Advice is like snow: the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.—Coleridge.
 The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life.
 When at the bounding of the landscape the heavens appear to recline so slowly on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of love, a native land of love; and nature seems silently to repeat that man is immortal.—Madame de Staël.



LOOMING OVER THE RAIL OF THE SINKING BARK WAS THE PROW OF A GREAT IRON STEAMER.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.

BY HENRY F. HARRISON.

IN this age of steam navigation, cabin passengers in deep water sailing vessels are the exception, rather than the rule. Yet the bark *White Wings*, Captain master, already ninety days out from Boston to Yokohama, carried three—all young people.

But pretty Dolly Cutler, first on the list, was the captain's daughter. During the sixteen years of her motherless life she had sailed quite a good deal over the world with her father, but had never been to Japan. Hence her presence on board.

Young *Parmenas Veneer*, of Boston, had taken passage for two reasons. One, because his father, the Honorable *Parmenas Veneer*, was principal owner of the bark *White Wings*. The other, because he, *Parmenas, Jr.*, was attending the naval school at Annapolis, and hoped to get a few "points" in practical seamanship from the voyage. I say "a few" points. For what young *Parmenas* did not know about seafaring matters was hardly worth knowing. At least, according to his own idea.

The reasons inducing *Harry Fowler*, the third of the trio, to return to his home in Yokohama in a sailing vessel rather than a steamer, were best known to himself. He was a quiet and rather reticent young fellow, with intensely black hair and eyes, which, with a clear olive complexion, gave him the look of a foreigner, despite his unmistakably English name. He had been attending a school in Massachusetts, and boarding with his uncle. This was about all *Harry Fowler* had to say for himself, which was, in the eyes of *Parmenas Veneer*, a very suspicious circumstance.

It was nearing night, and there was every appearance of a heavy blow. Sail after sail had been reduced, until the bark was running before a strong breeze under two lower topsails and a fore staysail.

The three passengers were assembled on the top of the after house, enjoying the sublimity of the scene.

"In Yokohama," remarked *Parmenas*, complacently, "I shall make application for a lieutenancy in the Japanese navy, where I'm told American officers are in

great demand, and then I shouldn't wonder if—"

A dazzling glare of lightning, accompanied by a thunder peal which seemed to shake the heavens, drowned his remaining words. And as with it came the heavy rain drops driving before the wind, *Dolly* hurried below, followed by *Parmenas*.

Blacker and blacker grew the sky, and the ocean itself took on the same hue, only broken by the wavy lines of phosphorescence on every side. The blow increased to a gale, and the gale to a tropical thunder tempest of terrible intensity.

Harry, unmindful of the fierce rain squalls, stood hanging on by the mizzen gear, watching the bark flying on over the tremendous billows with a certain sense of exhilaration.

But all at once, out of the mist and murk, a tremendous mountain wall of water came rushing down on the weather beam.

"Hold on all for your lives!" thundered *Captain Cutler*; but his own voice was lost in the roar and crash as the sea boarded the bark just forward of the main.

One agonized cry rose above the din of the tempest, and *Mr. Rudolph*, the Belgian mate, was swept away like a straw on the retreating wave into the darkness. No boat could have lived for a moment, even could the bark have been brought to the wind without endangering her spars. And so, quivering in every timber, with tons of water running out through the smashed bulwarks, the *White Wings* slowly rose to her bearings and began anew her wild career.

Mr. Leach, the second officer, clinging to the weather rigging, made his way aft, where *Captain Cutler*, holding on by the binnacle, was anxiously watching the compass.

Hardly had he reached him when the arch overhead seemed riven in sunder by a glittering zigzag bolt which darted directly downward toward the quarter deck of the reefing vessel.

Harry was conscious of a blinding glare and a crash as though the sea and sky had come suddenly together. Beyond the shock itself he sustained no injury.

But *Captain Cutler* and *Mr. Leach* were both struck senseless, the latter being

thrown against the quarter deck with such force as to break his leg below the knee.

Harry sprang from the house just in time to grasp the wheel—the helmsman himself having been knocked down—throwing it up with all his force, as the bark was within an ace of broaching to.

"Aft, here, some of you—quick!" His clear voice rang out like a trumpet above the tremendous bellowing of the gale through the straining rigging.

The insensible men were carried below to their respective staterooms, and the usual restoratives applied. *Mr. Leach's* broken limb was his principal injury, and this was soon set by the English steward, who had some slight knowledge of surgery. *Captain Cutler* opened his eyes and raised himself in his berth, to fall back heavily. Not only his lower limbs, but his tongue as well, had been temporarily paralyzed by the shock.

Seeing this at a glance, *Dolly* handed her father the log slate, on which he scrawled:

"Tell *Mr. Leach* to keep the bark going."

Hesitating a moment, *Dolly*, without informing her father that his second officer was disabled, made her way with some difficulty up the after companionway, slate in hand.

The scene was one of terrific grandeur. On every side the tempest-riven sea, while the murky gloom overhead and around was shot through from time to time with lurid lightning.

The wheel had been relieved. Completely in his element, so to speak, *Harry Fowler*, bareheaded and drenched to the skin, stood watching the compass, as *Captain Cutler* had been doing but a little time previous. Despairing of making herself intelligible amid such a din of wind and sea, *Dolly* extended the log slate. *Harry* cast his eyes at the written message, and nodded cheerily.

"I'll look out for the bark—don't worry, *Miss Dolly!*" he bellowed; and curiously comforted *Dolly* returned to her father's stateroom.

A few moments later, *Parmenas Veneer*, who had been frightened nearly out of his senses by the electric bolt, crawled from his berth, and staggered across the cabin

to the open door of *Captain Cutler's* stateroom.

"Good heavens, *Miss Dolly!*" he exclaimed; "they're mast-heading the topsails—bark!"

From the deck, rising over the tumult of the gale, came a cheery chorus:

"Spread white wings and away she flies.
Blow, my bully boys, blow,
To smoother seas and clearer skies,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

A grim smile fitted across *Captain Cutler's* face as he listened to the sailor's "shanty," in which *Harry's* voice took the lead, and felt the increased motion of his vessel, which tore onward with redoubled force.

It was not alone that the favoring gale was thus being taken advantage of, but added sail enabled the bark to keep ahead of the great seas which followed threateningly astern, thus lessening the danger of their breaking over the quarter.

Secure in the belief that the deck was in charge of *Mr. Leach*, who himself had been a shipmaster, *Captain Cutler* sank off into a doze, holding *Dolly's* hand locked in his own.

Parmenas Veneer, in a very petulant frame of mind, crawled back to the cabin and glanced at the aneroid barometer. Surely the needle was indicating a change, and *Parmenas's* courage began to take a corresponding rise.

"Say, *Veneer*, can't you come on deck and give a hand?" exclaimed *Harry*, who had stepped below for a moment to change his drenched habiliments for dry ones.

To do *Parmenas* strict justice, I think he would have gone had he been aware that upon *Harry* was resting all the responsibility. Indeed, I am not sure but he would have insisted upon assuming sole command. But with his head buried in his berth blankets, *Parmenas* had known nothing of *Mr. Rudolph's* loss or *Mr. Leach's* misfortune. With two competent officers on deck, what need for him to expose himself like a common sailor?

"I guess I'll stay below and look out for *Captain Cutler*," returned *Parmenas*, feeling uncomfortable under the contemptuous glance given him by *Harry*, who, however, made no reply.

Stepping to the table on which lay the open chart, Harry bent over it, compasses in hand, made a measurement or two, compared the same with penciled memoranda on the chart's margin, and with a satisfied glance at the barometer hurried on deck.

Parnenas retired to his berth, and after a time got asleep, dimly conscious that the bark labored far less heavily.

When he again awoke it was daylight. Dressing hastily, Parnenas left his stateroom and ascended to the quarter.

Though still turbulent, the sea had gone down considerably, and the wind settled into a steady following breeze. The bark, with every rag of drawing sail set, was plowing her way swiftly through tossing white caps. Dolly stood near the house, while to young Veneer's dismay and amazement, Harry Fowler, at the break of the quarter, was giving off order after order with the coolness of an experienced shipmaster.

"Why, where's the mate?" cried Parnenas, turning to Dolly.

"He was washed overboard and lost last night," was the grave reply.

"But Mr. Leach?" queried young Veneer, with a gasp.

"Is in his berth with a broken limb," returned Dolly, rather enjoying young Veneer's incredulous stare.

"And your father?"

"Has recovered his speech, but cannot get out of his berth," said Dolly again, "though he thinks he will be all right by afternoon."

Yet Captain Cutler was not all right by afternoon. His legs seemed to be partially paralyzed, though otherwise he appeared well enough. But when very gently Dolly broke the news of the true state of affairs to her father, he was, to use his own expressive language, "completely struck aback."

"Father wants you to come down to his stateroom, if you please, Mr. Harry," said Dolly to the youthful commander *pro tem*, a little after eight bells.

Harry put down the binoculars, through which he had been watching the smoke of a distant steamer.

"You'll have to look out for the deck a few minutes, Veneer," he said, half hesitatingly, to that young man, who, with folded arms, was walking the gangway in gloomy though majestic silence.

"It don't look altogether clear to windward yet," continued Harry, with a glance at a hazy line against the horizon; "so if there's the least sign of its thickening up, be sure and give me a call."

"As though I wasn't as well able to take charge as that fellow!" muttered Parnenas, as Harry dived below.

The chart was taken into Captain Cutler's stateroom, together with the log book.

But the bark was nearing the straits of Sunda, and what with references to other charts, to sailing directions, and the like, the interview was greatly prolonged.

"If anything should happen, Harry," gravely remarked Captain Cutler, "Mr. Leach is disabled, my chief officer drowned, and my only dependence is upon you—"

A terrific crashing shock against the bark's side, which heeled her over and threw Harry bodily against the captain's berth, cut short his speech.

"Harry—Cap'n Cutler!" roared Parnenas down the companionway, and quicker than thought the former was on deck.

Through a sort of luminous haze which had suddenly covered the face of the deep, Harry saw looming over the bark's rail the lofty prow of a great iron steamer.

But the mischief was done! One side of the bark was cut completely through from the deck to a foot below the water line, and already she had begun to heel.

Again Harry's clear head and clear voice came into action.

"Two of you swing clear the quarter boat and stand by the falls! Martin, you, Gustave, and Bob Williams bring Mr. Leach out of his stateroom on his mattress and lay it in the boat's bottom. Handle him carefully, mind. Veneer—for heaven's sake try to keep your wits about you!"

"But the bark—is sinking!" howled Parnenas, who was tearing frantically about the deck, and seeing that no assistance could be expected from that source, Harry snatched a circular life preserver from the rack, and hastened to the after companionway.

"Miss Dolly—quick—put this on," he exclaimed, as the young girl, pale, but outwardly calm, appeared at the head of the steps. "I will look out for Captain Cutler. This way a couple of you,"—shouting to the watch.

But the sudden shock had done for the White Wings's captain what restoratives had failed to do. With his chronometer in one hand and the bark's papers in the other, he sprang up the companionway behind his daughter and took in the situation at a glance.

Boats were pulling from the side of the steamer, which was lying at a little distance from her engines slowed down, while those belonging to the doomed bark were already over the rail. Mr. Leach on his mattress was in one of the latter, and Parnenas Veneer had assumed charge of the other—as soon as it was in the water.

There was barely time for the three to take their places in the long boat which was quickly pushed away from the bark's side, so rapidly did she fill—going down inside of five minutes with every stitch of canvas set.

For once, Parnenas Veneer's self assurance was temporarily overshadowed by shame. He "set out" to call Harry when it began thickening up, he said, but thought he'd wait a little while as he didn't think the steamer anywhere near.

Captain Cutler was too angry to trust himself to make any reply. In fact, he did not open his lips to Parnenas until some time after the entire ship's company had been transferred to the steamer, which proved to be the Peninsular, of the P. and O. line, bound for Yokohama direct.

"The cargo was well insured, I'm glad to say," he remarked, dryly, "but your father's share on the share of the bark rotten. I don't think he'll feel over pleased when he comes to know *how* she was lost."

And Parnenas, feeling very small, had no excuse whatever to offer.

Two weeks later the Peninsular dropped anchor in Yokohama Bay. Captain Cutler, Dolly, and Parnenas Veneer were all to go ashore to the American consuls.

"Wait till to-morrow morning," said Harry Fowler, with a slight show of embarrassment, as he prepared to descend into a sampan alongside, "my father is very well acquainted with the consul, and perhaps it might be better to—wait till then," he added awkwardly.

Captain Cutler said indifferently that it did not matter much either way—still, he would wait if Harry was particular about it.

On the following morning a handsome Japanese steamer corvette of English build, flying a white flag with a red ball in the center, came to anchor very far off.

A boat pulled by neatly uniformed "Japs" came alongside the passenger steamer, with a note addressed to "Captain Phineas Cutler, late of bark White Wings."

The message was brief and to the point. Captain Phineas Cutler, Miss Dolly Cutler and Mr. Parnenas Veneer, are invited to breakfast on board the Corvete Yeddo at eight sharp.

PER ORDER OF COMMANDER.

Greatly mystified, the party had no resource but to obey, and a little later were rowed alongside the Yeddo, where they were received in considerable style.

But imagine the surprise of each and all, as Harry Fowler, in a handsome naval suit, stepped forward, lifting his cap.

"Allow me to conduct you below," he said, offering his arm, and in a state of extreme bewilderment, the young girl accompanied him to the handsome saloon, closely followed by her father and Parnenas Veneer, who was observed to pinch himself once or twice as though not sure whether he was dreaming or not.

It is not often that the average American has the honor of an introduction to a Japanese princess.

Yet Harry Fowler's mother—a tiny black-haired, sweet-faced lady, dressed in semi-European costume, had been the Princess Nakadi before marrying Captain Fowler, formerly of the United States navy, now commander of the Corvete Yeddo.

Parnenas, rapidly gaining confidence, spoke quite freely of his intentions as to the future lieutenantship, and Commander Fowler promised to use his influence as far as possible in his favor. Harry treated him with distinguished politeness, thereby heaping coils of fire upon Parnenas's well-oiled head, and Captain Cutler himself was happy in seeing others happy.

He was happier still, when on the following day he was offered the captaincy of a large American ship whose master had been dismissed for incompetency and drunkenness.

"It's the first time I ever knew good to come of sailing under false colors, Harry," he said, shaking hands with him heartily, "but I don't know what Dolly and I—and Parnenas Veneer too—would have done if you hadn't been aboard the White Wings." No more do I.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NEED NEWTON; or
THE Fortunes of a
New-York Housewife
By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,
Author of "Tom Tracy," "Number 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MRS. MCCURDY AS A STREET MERCHANT.

EARLY in the afternoon Mrs. McCurdy went out with Madge. She noticed the match girl's look of disappointment.

"You thought I'd let you go alone, didn't you?" she asked with a malicious smile. "I always have gone alone before," answered Madge.

"Catch me makin' such a fool of myself! You wouldn't be in a hurry to come back."

"I don't think I should," said Madge, readily.

"You'd go back to them Newtons?"

"Yes, I should."

"Leavin' your poor aunt to get along by herself."

"I am sure you could get along without me, aunt Bridget."

"Well, I don't mean to," said Mrs. McCurdy, emphatically. "Do you know what I'll do to you if you run away from me again?"

Madge did not answer, but looked troubled.

"I'll bate you till you can't stand. So now you know. It's hard upon a poor, weak woman like me to be obliged to follow you round, but I'm goin' to do it."

It was a question with Mrs. McCurdy where to go. It would not do to occupy the old stand on Bleeker Street, for Ned would be sure to go there in search of the missing girl. Nor would it be worth while to remain in Avenue A, for the persons whom they were likely to meet there were not of the class who buy matches in the street.

Finally Mrs. McCurdy decided to go to the corner of Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street. It was not as good a stand as could be found on Broadway, but on the other hand it was hardly likely that Ned Newton or his mother would think of going there.

Simply to watch Madge would have been tiresome and unprofitable, but Mrs. McCurdy had a scheme for making money herself. She provided herself with a dozen lead pencils for which she paid twenty cents, and asked three cents apiece. This would give a very fair profit, but she calculated that some would give her more out of pity, and others would give her money without asking for any equivalent.

Her first customer was a school-girl.

"Let me look at your pencils," she said.

Mrs. McCurdy exhibited her stock, with a glowing eulogium of their excellence.

"They don't look very good. How much do you ask?"

"Three cents each, miss."

"I can get better pencils at the store where I deal for two cents."

"You're not willin' for a poor woman to make a little profit," whined Bridget McCurdy.

"Well, I'll take one. Here's the money."

"Thank you, miss."

The next customer was a kind looking lady. Mrs. McCurdy was a shrewd judge of faces, and she made up her mind to appeal to the compassionate feelings of the new customer.

"Won't you buy a pencil of me, my good lady?" she asked, in a doleful voice.

The lady stopped and surveyed the portly street merchant.

"I don't need a pencil," she said.

"Please buy one to help me along," pleaded Bridget.

"Are you in trouble?"

"Yes, mum, indeed I am. I feel so sick I ought not to be out, but there isn't a crust to eat in the house, and my poor children are cryin' wid hunger."

"This is indeed sad!" said the kind-hearted lady. "You say you are sick."

What is the matter with you?"

Bridget paused to consider what should be her complaint.

"I've got the rheumatics, mum," she answered, after an instant. "It's hard work for me to stand up, indeed it is."

"The rheumatism is certainly a troublesome complaint. I have been afflicted with it myself."

"Then you can pity me, mum."

"Yes, I pity any one who is troubled in that way. I have a medicine at home which gave me much relief. If you will come to my house this evening, I will give you some. I think it will relieve you."

"How kind you are, mum!" said Bridget, exhibiting a gratitude which she did not feel. "If I can get enough money to give my poor children some supper, I will come. I wouldn't want to leave 'em hungry."

"Here is something to help you. No, I don't want any pencils. You can keep them to sell to others."

Mrs. McCurdy looked at the coin which her new friend put into her hand, and was rejoiced to see that it was a twenty-five cent piece.

"May the saints watch over you, mum!" she said, fervently. "This'll bring joy to the heart of my poor children. I'll buy them some bread and milk."

The good lady whose charitable feelings had been so imposed upon, walked on with the pleasant consciousness that she had relieved a deserving and destitute family. It is unfortunate that there are so many impostors, who, on being found out, prevent real cases of distress from being considered.

A little further up the street stood Madge with her box of matches.

"I wonder how Madge is makin' out?" said Mrs. McCurdy to herself.

She walked over to where the little match girl was stationed, and proceeded to catechize her.

"How many matches did you sell, Madge?" she inquired.

"Five cents' worth, aunt Bridget."

"Five cents' worth!" repeated Mrs. McCurdy, scornfully.

"Yes, aunt; it was all I was able to sell; indeed it was."

"You don't half try. Shure you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be takin' in so little. How much do you think I've taken in?"

"I can't tell."

"Here it is—twenty-eight cints. What do you say to that now?"

"You're a grown up woman, aunt Bridget. You understand business better than I do."

"But I'm wake and delicate, as you well know, Madge McCurdy. I ought to be in bed at home this blessed minute, but I have to come out here wid you, because I mistrust you. If you was sellin' matches for them Newtons, you'd have more'n five cents."

"I couldn't do any better for them than I have done for you, aunt Bridget."

"Then I'll give you a hint, Madge McCurdy."

When Madge was called by this name she always shrunk as if it hurt her. She was persuaded that she was not in any way related to her self-styled guardian, and the name which would have been a link between them was repulsive to her. Bridget McCurdy, however, was not a close observer, and she did not notice the effect the name had upon the little match girl.

"I'll tell you what to do, Madge. When a customer comes up, especially if it's a lady, you must look miserable and cry a little, and if they ask you what's the matter, tell 'em you are hungry, and you've got some little brothers at home that haven't anything to eat."

"But that wouldn't be true, aunt Bridget."

"What's the odds if it isn't? Shure, it will open their hearts, and may be they'll give you some money, and not take any matches at all."

"I wouldn't like to be telling a lie, aunt Bridget."

"Shure it's only a white lie. You ain't so good that it'll hurt you any. You'd tell a lie if you thought it would help you to get away from me to get back to them Newtons."

Madge did not reply. The temptation, she admitted to herself, would be very strong, and she was not quite sure whether she could resist it.

Just then a customer came up and bought five cents' worth of matches.

Mrs. McCurdy went back to her own stand, and in half an hour more had taken in twenty-five cents additional. And still she had nine out of the original dozen pencils left.

CHAPTER XLV.

MRS. MCCURDY'S HEALTH FAILS.

AFTER her unusual exertions, Mrs. McCurdy felt that she was entitled to a glass of whisky. There was no lack of places where the desired beverage could be obtained, but she didn't dare to quit Madge. It was certainly very unreasonable, she thought, that the match girl should wish to leave her for them Newtons, but as to the fact, she had no doubt.

A bright idea occurred to her.

Madge was standing beside an apple-

stand kept by a woman who might have been taken for Mrs. McCurdy's twin sister. To this lady the thirsty street merchant addressed herself.

"Will you have an eye to my little gal, mum, while I go into the saloon a minute?" she asked.

"And what's the matter wid your little gal? Can't she take care of herself—she's big enough?"

"She wants to run away. If she tries it, lay hold of her, or call a cop, and I'll be beholden to you."

"Is she your little gal?"

"Yes, mum; leastways she's my niece, and I've tuk care of her sence she was a baby."

"All right, mum! I'll do it."

Mrs. McCurdy entered the saloon, easy in mind.

"And what makes you be after runnin' away, little gal?" asked the applewoman, whose curiosity was aroused.

"Because aunt Bridget has taken me from home and pawned my clothes."

"Has she now?"

"Yes, ma'am. There's one favor I'd like to ask."

"What is it?"

"May I go into the book store a minute?" asked Madge, pointing to one two doors away.

"Yes, if ye won't run away."

"No, I won't."

"I'll thrust you, then. But be quick about it, or your aunt'll make a fuss."

Madge lost no time in running into the book store.

"Have you a postal card?" she asked.

"Yes; how many will you have?"

"One will do."

Madge paid down her penny and took the card.

"Will you lend me a pencil?" she asked.

"Certainly."

The match girl hastily wrote a note addressed to Ned, telling where she was, and under whose care. She had hardly resumed her place by the apple woman's stand, not yet having had time to put the postal into a letter box, when Mrs. McCurdy reappeared. Her face was flushed, and her walk slightly unsteady, for she had not limited herself to one glass of whisky, but had swallowed down three, to make up for lost time. She looked sharply to see if Madge was in her old place.

"Did she give you any trouble, mum?" she asked.

"Not a bit," answered the apple-woman. "She seems a good behaved little gal."

"She's a deep one. You don't know her yet. Madge, did you sell any more matches?"

"No; aunt Bridget."

"Then you're an idle, shiftless girl. I'm ashamed of you."

"Maybe I'll do better across the street. May I go?"

"Yes; if you think you can pick up a few pennies."

Madge's object in crossing was because she saw on the corner a letter box. As she passed it, there was a favorable opportunity, for a lady was just lifting the lid to drop in a letter.

"Please put this in for me," said Madge, in a low voice.

"Certainly."

So without any outsider being the wiser, Madge managed to post her message to Ned. Instantly her spirits rose. Now she felt sure that Ned would hunt her up and rescue her. Probably some time the next day she would be delivered from her thrall-dom. She could easily wait until then. So she pushed her trade with zeal, and in half an hour she had taken fifteen cents, which she thought doing very well. But Mrs. McCurdy's luck for the day seemed to be over! People grew shy of her, and were not disposed to regard her with favor.

The reason may readily be guessed. The copious potations of whisky in which she had indulged affected her breath and thickened her voice, besides making her gait unsteady.

"Please buy a pencil of a poor, destitute widdar," she said, addressing herself to a well-dressed man, who chanced to pass by.

"Fugh, woman!" he exclaimed, in a tone of disgust. "You've been drinking."

"I only took just the lasste little swallow," whined Mrs. McCurdy. "I'm so wake and delicate that the docther orders it."

"All I can say is, that your ideas of a little swallow are rather curious. From your condition, I would judge that you had drunk a tumblerful."

"It's the way it always affects me, sir. It goes to my head, not bein' used to it."

"You seem to be a liar as well as a drunkard. I have nothing for you."

"You're no gentleman, sir!" retorted Mrs. McCurdy, angrily. "Shure I was never called a liar before."

No answer was made, and Mrs. McCurdy lay in wait for the next passerby. It chanced to be a lady.

In answer to Bridget's appeal, she turned aside with a look of disgust.

"Won't you buy a pencil, my good leddy?" asked the weak and delicate Bridget.

The young lady only hurried on.

Indeed, bad luck seemed to follow Mrs. McCurdy, so that the soon got tired of her unprofitable quest. Besides she was growing sleepy, the whisky having its natural effect. She made her way to Madge, walking as straight as she was able, and said: "Madge, I think we'll go home."

"So soon, aunt Bridget?" asked Madge, who preferred being in the street to the confined quarters of the McCurdys.

"Yes, Madge, I'm feelin' sick. I mistrust I've been workin' too hard. Wake up, please, as I can't stand hard work as I could once."

"I could sell more matches," said Madge.

"Trade is beginnin' to be good."

"No, Madge; you'll have to go home with me. I'm so wake I can't hardly stand."

Therefore Madge, like a dutiful child, took the old woman's arm and led her steps homeward, Mrs. McCurdy leaning so heavily upon her that she found it almost too much for her strength.

Madge had considerably trouble in getting Mrs. McCurdy upstairs, as she was compelled to sit down three separate times to gather strength for a fresh ascent. When they entered the room John regarded his mother with amusement.

"Hallo!" he said. "Mother's at her old tricks again."

"I feel very sick, John," said Bridget McCurdy. "I was tuk sidden in the street. I don't know but I'm sun-struck. I think I'd better lay down, for I feel very fable."

"Your whisky-struck, more likely, mother," remarked John. "How many glasses did you take?"

"One or two, John."

"Three or four more likely. I'm ashamed of you, mother. An old woman like you ought to know better."

"And he's my own son!" said Mrs. McCurdy, with maudlin tears. "And that's the way he speaks of his mother."

"How many glasses did she take, Madge?"

"I don't know, sir. I didn't go into the saloon with her."

Mrs. McCurdy was by this time unable to sit up any longer, and lay down on her bed, where she sank into a drunken stupor. Madge was obliged to remain in the house the remainder of the afternoon and evening, not being trusted out alone.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MADGE VANISHES AGAIN.

MEANWHILE Ned and his mother were much troubled by the disappearance of Madge. They did not fear any serious harm, understanding that Mrs. McCurdy merely wished to appropriate her earnings as a match girl. But they had become so much attached to Madge and so accustomed to her presence that her temporary absence made them feel very lonely. Ned devoted all his leisure time to searching for the missing girl. Thus far, however, he had obtained no clew to the whereabouts of Mrs. McCurdy.

Visiting their former residence, he learned that Bridget McCurdy had been there in quest of information, but had said nothing of where she intended to live. There had been a very good reason for this, for when she called she had no idea herself where she could find a shelter.

On the second day, while going to lunch, Ned met Dennis Sullivan, a boy who had been a near neighbor.

"I seed Madge yesterday, Ned," he said.

"Where?" asked Ned, eagerly.

"Over in Third Avenue, sellin' matches."

"Where in Third Avenue?" asked Ned, quickly.

"Near the corner of Fourteenth Street."

"Was any one with her?"

"Yes, Bridget McCurdy. Is Madge livin' with her now?"

"Mrs. McCurdy stole her away a day or two sence. How was she lookin'?"

"She had a red face, and looked as if she had been drinking."

"What Madge?"

"No," laughed Dennis, "the old woman."

"Did you notice Madge?"

"Yes; she looked awfully shabby. She

had on a dirty calico gown and looked like a beggar."

Mrs. McCurdy has pawned her new clothes already," said Ned, indignantly.

"What time was it you saw her?"

"In the afternoon."

"Are you at work, Dennis?"

"No, not reglar. I sell afternoon papers."

"How much do you make?"

"Thirty or forty cents in the afternoon."

"I want to hire you to work for me this afternoon. I'll give you fifty."

"All right, Ned. What am I to do?"

"Go up to Third Avenue and see if Madge is there. If she isn't, hunt for her, and come around to our rooms to report this evening."

"All right, Ned; I'd just as lieve do that as sell papers."

"I'll soon have her back," thought Ned.

"When I do I'll take care Mrs. McCurdy don't get hold of her again."

Dennis Sullivan went to Third Avenue and looked in every direction for Madge, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"I may as well wait," he reflected. "Perhaps she'll be here soon."

But, for reasons which will be given hereafter, neither Madge nor Mrs. McCurdy made their appearance.

Remembering that Madge had been standing near the apple-woman, he concluded to ask for information from her.

He thought an apple by way of introducing himself to the favorable attentions of the street merchant, and then ventured to inquire, "Has the little match girl been here to-day—the same I saw yesterday?"

"No, she hasn't; do you know her?"

"Yes; her name is Madge."

"It's a mighty bad ould woman she's with, anyhow."

"You're right there. Mrs. McCurdy is a hard case."

"She got so drunk with the whisky yesterday that the little gal had to take her home."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"No, I don't; she went down towards Second Avenue. And why do you want to find her? Doesn't she belong to the ould woman?"

"She did once, but Mrs. McCurdy had to go to the Island for stalin'."

"Did she now? And she had the face to want to consort wid a decent woman like me!" ejaculated the apple-woman, indignant.

"When she was taken away, Madge was taken care of by a nice lady—Mrs. Newton. It's her son that has sent me to hunt for Madge."

"And why didn't he come himself?"

"Because he is at work in an office down town."

"I wish I could tell you more, but I lost track of 'em when they went away yesterday, and they haven't showed up to-day."

This was the sum of all the information Dennis was able to obtain. About five o'clock he went over to Ned's house, Ned having given him the address.

"I couldn't find out much, Ned," he began.

"She wasn't there to-day."

"We've heard from her," was the unexpected reply.

"You heard from her?"

"Yes; this postal came this morning after I had gone to business."

"What does it say?"

"Mrs. McCurdy has taken me away. I'm with her and her son, No. — Avenue A. Come and take me away, for I am homesick."

"I was just starting for Avenue A when you came, Dennis. Will you go with me?"

"Yes, I will; the ould apple-woman was right after all."

"What did she say?"

"That Mrs. McCurdy took Madge in the direction of Second Avenue. She got drunk, and Madge had to lead her home."

"I can't bear to think Madge is with such a woman," said Mrs. Newton.

"She won't be long, mother," declared Ned, stoutly. "I'm going after her now."

"I am afraid you will have trouble in getting her away. Madge says that John is with them. He's the one that came after Madge, you know."

"I can but try. Come, Dennis."

"Don't get into a fight, Ned. He is much older and stronger than you."

"I'll try strategy if there's any chance, mother."

The two boys took their way to Avenue A. The walk was a considerable one, for it is far to the eastern part of the city. They passed Tompkins Square, a welcome oasis in a desert of tenement houses, and soon stood before the house whose number Madge had given in the postal.

As they stood at the entrance a young woman came down stairs with a bundle under her arm.

"Do you live here?" asked Ned.

"Yes, and what of that?"

"Is there a family named McCurdy in the house?"

"A young man and his wife?"

"Yes."

"He moved this mornin'."

"Moved this mornin'!" exclaimed Ned, in dismay.

"Yes."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"I heard his wife say they were goin' to live in Brooklyn."

"Didn't they go very suddenly?"

"Yes; it was a chance to work he got, I heard his wife say. He's got a place in a saloon over there."

"Wasn't there any one in the family but the young man and his wife?"

"There was his mother and a little girl."

"Did you hear the little girl's name?"

"I heard the name of her mother."

"That's the one. The old woman and the girl went along with them to Brooklyn, did they?"

"Yes, they all went together."

Ned was deeply disappointed. He had a clew to be sure, but it proved to be of little value. All he knew was that Madge and her disreputable guardian were somewhere in Brooklyn. Now Brooklyn is a very large place, and the work of hunting and tracing Madge and the little girl would be difficult.

"I don't know what to do, Dennis," he said, sobsly.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinkin', Ned. Madge'll very likely be sellin' matches near one of the ferries. I'll bet a nickel we'll find her."

"We'll try at any rate, Dennis. But I hate to go home without her."

Before the boys parted it was decided that Dennis should go to Brooklyn the next day. (To be continued.)

THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE.

See Illustration, page 524.

THE imposing ceremonies which accompanied the dedication of the new facade of the cathedral in the Italian city of Florence marked the completion of a task undertaken twenty-seven years ago. This task was itself only a part of the work of beautifying and extending the grand church, which has been carried on at intervals for nearly six hundred years, and is still not fully finished.

This historical cathedral is the central object of a city of rare beauty and interest. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps with the single exception of Rome, are there so many monuments of by-gone power and glory, or such priceless treasures of art.

Florence has made a bright mark in the history of civilization. As Rome was in ancient days the central point of the earth, so Florence in medieval times the center of intellectual culture, where the fine arts reached the zenith of their glory, and where the modern Italian language and literature found their birthplace.

One of her churches—that of Santa Croce—contains the dust of Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Machiavelli; while in front of it stands the monument of another great Florentine—Dante. These immortal names, with those of Savonarola, Giotto, and many others that might be quoted, show the influence that Florence has had upon the development of the human intellect.

It has been a strange history on which the stately cathedral has looked down. It was first founded in 1294, when the world-wide commerce, the riches, and the power of Florence made her voice respected in the councils of Europe. Then it was that Arnolfo del Cambio was commissioned to design a cathedral worthy of the city's greatness.

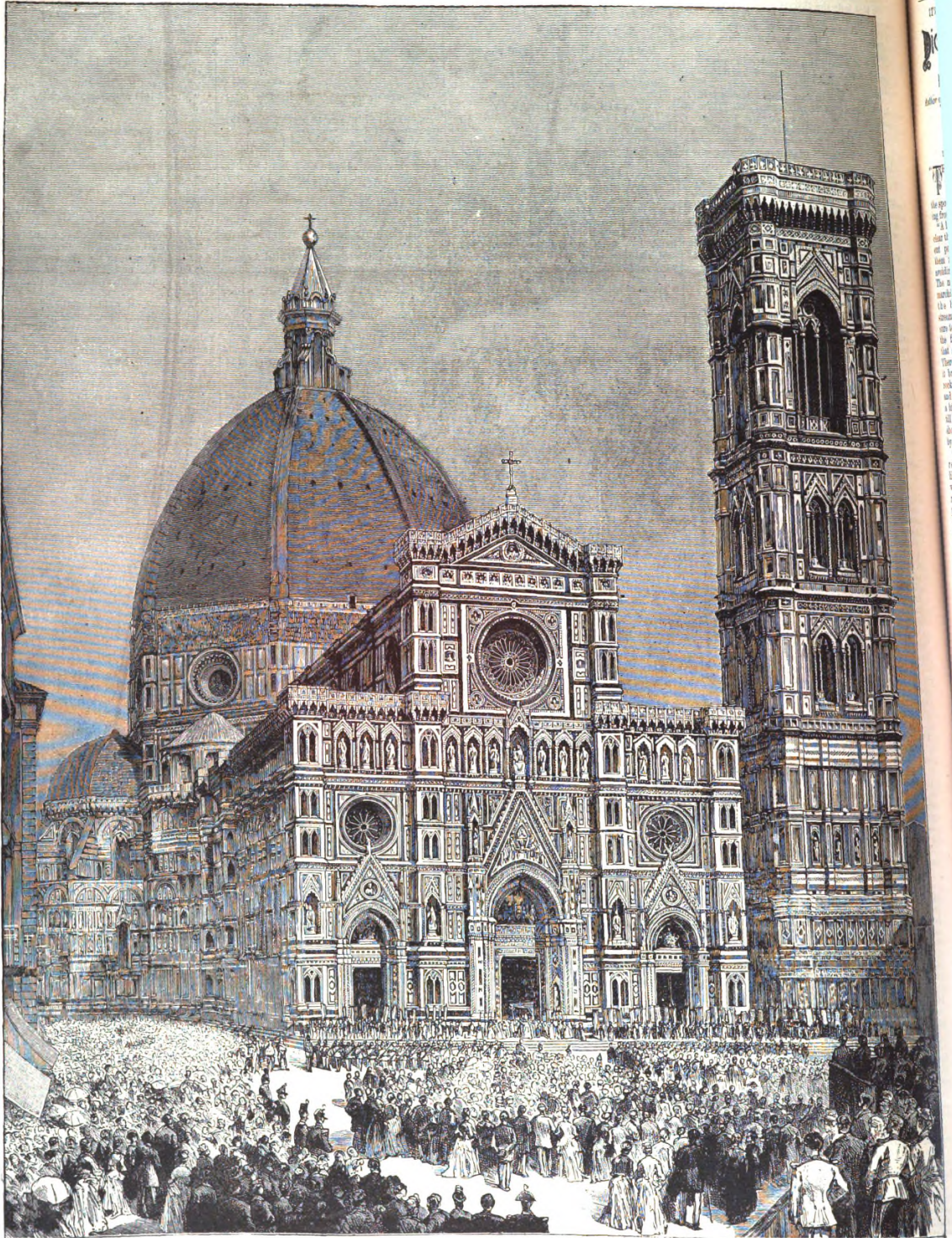
The work was pushed on continuously till 1498, under the architect's successors.

It was Giotto who commenced the beautiful campanile, or bell tower (on the right of our engraving), which was completed at his death. It is faced with colored marble, and is 292 feet in height. The great dome of the cathedral was constructed by Brunelleschi, who secured the prize in a public competition of models.

Then fierce internal dissensions caused the work to be laid aside. The tyranny of the Medici, the successive invasions of French, Austrian and Spanish armies, periods of non-political independence, the domination of Austrian princes, and a brief recovery of good fortune under Napoleon—all these passed away, leaving Florence exhausted and powerless.

Then came a time when her citizens arose and cast off the foreign yoke to join the new and united country of Italy. For six years, 1855 to 1871, Florence was the capital of the kingdom, and enjoyed a prosperity for which she has since paid dearly.

For three hundred years the front of the cathedral had been left bare and unfinished, when Victor Emanuel, in 1860, laid the foundation of the beautiful structure recently completed. It was dedicated in the presence of his son Humbert, the present king, and amid great enthusiasm on the part of the Florentines. It is pronounced by good judges to be "the noblest piece of decorative architecture of the epoch."



THE CATHEDRAL OF FLORENCE, ITALY. SEE PAGE 523.

[This story commenced in No. 233.]

Dick Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

FACE TO FACE WITH AN ARMY.

“THERE was not a moment to spare. The advancing host of natives was now within a quarter of a mile of the spot where the travelers were just arising from their brief rest.

“A hurried consultation was held. It was clear that their present position offered them no chance of avoiding discovery. The natives were marching close along the bank of the stream, and would be sure to pass through the fringe of trees that sheltered them. There was nothing for it but to climb the rocks above them, and endeavor to find a hiding place there till the African should have passed by.

“But in which direction were they likely to pass? They were marching directly towards the precipitous face of the mountain, which rose like a barrier before them. Did they mean to turn and move along the base of the rocks, either to the right or to the left, or did they intend to attempt to climb the steep slope?

“As the travelers watched the savages from behind a broken mass of rock where they had hastily sought refuge, they saw the vanguard slacken its pace, and finally come to a halt. The foremost warriors were now within fifty yards of them, and they could indistinctly hear, though they could not understand, the peculiar guttural exclamations which the natives uttered.

“It seemed as if they were in doubt which way they should march, and were discussing the proper course—which was not unusual under the circumstances. Apparently some unexpected difficulty had arisen, and their guides or leaders were at fault.

“In appearance these savages closely resembled the Ingania. Most of them were dark skin, and flat, hideous faces. They were armed with spears or assegais, and carried arrows, pointed shields which were decorated with various fanciful devices. Their attire was simple and inexpensive, consisting merely of a scanty tunic of skins or linen fastened around the middle of their bodies.

“Altogether they looked an ugly lot, and the travelers did not feel very cheerful. “They've got no firearms,” Dick whispered, “but there are so many of them, we couldn't do anything against them.”

“The only hope was that the savages would not discover their hiding place. For a time it seemed as if this was going to be the result, for one of the natives, who seemed to be an authority among them, was evidently urging them to turn off sharply to the right, and to take a course that would lead them away from the travelers. He pointed resolutely in that direction, and gesticulated vehemently, at the same time repeating some exclamation in his own language.

“Jingo gave a little start of surprise as

the native's utterance reached his ear, for he understood its meaning.

“‘Him speak all same Ingania men,’ he rapidly whispered; ‘him say turn away, march round mountains.’

“So these natives evidently belonged to the same race as the Ingania. The resemblance of their arms and appearance suggested this, and the identity of their dialect, to which Jingo testified, proved it beyond a doubt.

“But unfortunately the counsel of the savage was not accepted by his companions. After much vociferous deliberation, the main body of the army, which perhaps numbered two or three thousand in all, squatted down upon the level ground along the bank of the stream, while several scouting parties, of ten or a dozen men apiece, were sent out in different directions.

ing in little groups far along the bank of the river, noticed, from the shouts of the men on the mountain side, that something unusual had occurred. May of them rose and seized their weapons, and looked eagerly for the cause of the disturbance.

“As the five travelers came into sight, a great shout went up, and a thick column of dusky warriors advanced at a run toward them. The natives' pace soon slackened, however, and the run became a walk before half of the small intervening distance was traversed. It seemed as if they had expected the whites to fall prostrate upon the ground and grovel in the dust with terror, and were disconcerted at the boldness they showed in the face of such overwhelming odds.

“Yet on and on the savages came, keeping up their spirits with loud cries and

and fled over the plain, while the warriors in the van flung themselves to the ground in abject terror!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN.

“FOR a minute or two Dick Broadhead and his friends stared in speechless amazement at the extraordinary behavior of the natives, the cause of which they were entirely unable to conjecture.

“Then turning his eyes in the direction in which the savages who were first afflicted with the panic had pointed, Dick looked at the steep rocks above him. He saw a thick column of smoke pouring out of an opening in the face of the cliff, at a height of several hundred feet.

“The same fear that had fallen upon the natives passed through his mind, but only for a moment. He thought that a volcanic outburst was about to happen, and that the smoke was the forerunner of an eruption which would overwhelm the human beings at the base of the mountain. A second or two later, however, he smiled at his apprehension, before he had had time to communicate it to the others; and the probable cause of the phenomenon occurred to him.

“The great volume of smoke that must have been caused by the burning of the colossal image had probably filled the hollow where it stood, and penetrated the tunnels in the rock, till at length it had found its way out to the air, probably by the very opening in the cliff where Dick and his companions had stood and looked down upon the plain.

“Not more than an hour had elapsed since the travelers had started the accidental conflagration, and no doubt the ashes of the wooden structure were still glowing and smoking. Dick felt certain that he had guessed the real origin of what had so alarmed the natives.

“He communicated his idea to his companions, who had also observed the smoke, and they agreed that it was probably the correct explanation. At any rate, they did not fear a volcanic eruption, and the travelers now possessed an advantage over the natives which was quickly improved upon.

“Jingo grasped the situation at once, and without any prompting made good use of the opportunity. He stepped forward, raised his hand aloft, and announced in the loudest and most awe-inspiring tone he could command, that the white men had full control over the mighty forces of the mountains, and would use them to crush all those who made an attack upon them. They had caused the rocks to smoke, he went on, as a sign of their supernatural powers, and the fires beneath the earth were ready to burst forth in a moment at their order.

“He proclaimed all this in the Zulu tongue, and, as he anticipated, the natives understood him throughout. They were so terror-stricken that they believed every word the wily Kafir uttered, and howled to him for mercy.

“Jingo had to suppress a smile as he loftily replied that the great white princes did not care to slay these miserable miscreants who had dared to lift sacrilegious spears against them, and they would not suffer the consuming fires of their wrath to burst forth. The natives, he added, need not fear the smoke, as it would now pass away and they would suffer no harm.



THE TRAVELERS STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH THE SAVAGES, WHO WERE YELLING AND BRANDISHING THEIR SPEARS.

“The travelers now thought that they would be discovered at once, but although some of the natives passed close to them, their hiding place was not observed. They crouched there absolutely motionless, and several minutes of terrible suspense went by.

“Then they were startled by a loud yell from above them, and, turning round and looking upwards, they saw that their retreat had been found out.

“One party of the natives had scrambled up a crag that projected like a buttress from the face of the mountain, and directly overlooked the hollow where the travelers had sought refuge. The savage who had first noticed them was motioning downwards and pointing them out to his companions.

“The next moment a heavy spear came whizzing down, and narrowly missed Griswold's head, and then another and another. To avoid instant destruction they sprang out of their hiding place and ran out upon the level ground at the base of the rocks, where they were for the moment out of reach of the savages' missiles, but were in full view of the main body of the army.

“Here they stood in a compact body, with their backs to the rock, without hope of escape, yet determined to resist to the last.

“The savages who were seated or stand-

ing, and brandishing their spears and clubs to intimidate the enemy. But not a spear was thrown, nor did Dick Broadhead and Griswold discharge their rifles. They were unwilling to commence hostilities, and did not wish to fire first. Moreover, by reserving their shots they could perhaps use them with more telling effect.

“Nearer and nearer the natives gradually came, till the foremost were almost within a spear's length of the travelers. Here they paused in evident indecision. Dick's fingers were on the trigger of his rifle; and he held it in readiness to throw up to his shoulder and fire.

“It seemed as if the savages, like the Ingania, did not understand the shining steel barrels, and did not like their looks. They stood still, brandishing their spears, yet making no attempt to rush upon the whites.

“It was a moment of intense suspense, but suddenly an unexpected change took place in the situation.

“There was a confusion among the ranks of the army; in the rear, who had been eagerly pressing forward, and crowding upon the men in front of them, stood as if paralyzed by some horrible sight. Many fingers pointed up to the precipice above the travelers, and the war cries changed into a genuine howl of fear.

“A panic spread like lightning through the host; the rear guard broke ranks

"The savages seemed greatly relieved at this announcement, and rose to their feet in a group. Their faith in what Jingo had told them was fully established when they saw that the column of smoke had already ceased to issue from the rock, or had become so thin as to be imperceptible.

"A colloquy then ensued between Jingo and one of the savages, who acted as spokesman for the army. The Kaffir turned constantly to the white men, and translated for their benefit what was said by the other African. To keep up the supernatural character he had attributed to them, he always addressed them with an appearance of great respect and humility, which deeply impressed the savages.

"In the course of this conversation, the travelers learned a good deal about the army of natives.

"The warriors belonged to a tribe who called themselves Katendis, whose villages were, they said, two days' journey to the northward. Down the defiles of the stream. In old times they had dwelt on the very spot where they now stood, at the foot of the mountains that separated their land from that of the Inganis. Though akin in blood, the two tribes were hereditary enemies, and it was to prevent invasion by the Katendis that the Inganis so carefully guarded the few passages that led into their territory.

"But in the time of his grandfather, the native warrior went on to inform the travelers, the Inganis had gained a great triumph over their rivals. It was believed that they had made their way through the mountain by means of some of the caverns that penetrated the rock; at any rate, they had appeared suddenly on the other side in overwhelming numbers, and had surprised and almost wholly destroyed most of the settlements of the Katendis.

"A remnant of the defeated tribe had fled down the river, and founded new villages, where they had dwelt for two generations, always thirsting for vengeance upon their triumphant enemy.

"It had been their main object for many years to raise an army powerful enough to accomplish this design. They had multiplied in numbers till now they had assembled a host of ten thousand men (here the Katendi warrior was exaggerating grievously), and were marching forth to seek the Ingani villages and put the inhabitants to the sword.

"There was among them an old native who had undertaken to serve as guide for the army. He had declared that he knew the passages through the mountain which led directly into the enemy's country, and could conduct the army thither, if they would dare to follow him into the gloomy caverns.

"But on reaching the foot of the precipices the guide had found himself at a loss. There was no opening in the rocks where he had expected to find one. He protested that the spirits of the mountains had been exercising some of their witchcraft in changing the aspect of nature.

"The Katendi told Jingo that his name was Angol, and that he was a chieftain among his people, but bowed himself before the great white prince, and wished to learn his will. Would they reveal to their servants the secret passages of the rocks, which of course they knew? Or did they forbid them to pass the barrier of the mountains?

"Jingo reported these questions to Dick and his companions, who listened with rather unusual sensations. By a marvelous train of events, they were now placed in the position of arbiters of the destiny of two entire tribes of Africans.

"If they told Angol of the barricaded passage they had discovered, no doubt the entrance could soon be found and reopened; the Katendis would force their way through the cavern, and a terrible struggle with the Inganis would ensue, in which blood would flow like water, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of human lives be lost.

"On the other hand, could they induce the assembled white princes to disengage and return peacefully to their own land? It seemed doubtful; but they quickly determined to attempt it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE JOURNEY TO THE NORTHWARD.

"JINGO, in his capacity of interpreter, made known to the Katendi chieftain the imperative wish of the supposed 'white princes' that the army should abandon its blood-thirsty intentions and give up the cherished plan of invading the Ingani territory.

"Angol accepted the decision without

questioning it for a moment, but when he announced to the three or four white chieftains who had now come forward to the scene of conference, there seemed to be some dissent expressed. It was overcome, however, Jingo hastening the result by throwing in some blood-curdling references to the destruction that awaited the natives if they ventured to resist the order.

"On inquiring who was the commander of the Katendi army, Jingo was told that they had no king, but were directed by a council of chieftains, of whom Angol was one of the most influential. At any rate, he now succeeded in convincing the others that it was advisable for them to about face and march their followers back to the northward.

"Most of the chieftains who had gathered around Angol now dispersed through the army, to restore order among those men who had fled panic-stricken when the column of smoke appeared, and to give commands for the new direction of march.

"Soon the army was drawn up in readiness to move. Most of the warriors seemed to be impatient to do so, feeling a little uneasy, probably, while they remained at the foot of the mountain which had threatened to destroy them.

"Meanwhile Angol had turned to Jingo and respectfully asked him whether the white princes would be so gracious as to accompany their servant, and visit the villages of the Katendis, where he said they would be honored guests.

"This suggested a new idea to the travelers, and they saw that the best thing they could do would be to accept the offer. It would ensure them safe conduct and plenty of provisions for part of their journey, at least if they could maintain the goodwill and respect of the Katendis. And in their villages they might find guides who would be able to direct them another step toward civilization.

"At the same time they were but little refreshed by their brief rest, and their weariness was so great that they were not inclined to undertake a long march on foot. Dick suggested an expedition, however.

"'Couldn't we get hold of those?' he said, pointing to two or three litters which he saw among the army, belonging, no doubt, to some of the elder or more important chieftains.

"Jingo was instructed to give Angol a hint on the subject. He informed the Katendi that the white princes disliked to stain their feet with the dust of the plain, and that it would be well to offer them litters, or any other vehicle that might be available.

"Angol acted on the suggestion at once. He divined among the ranks of the army, and returned with four litters each supported on the bare shoulders of six stalwart warriors. How he had dispossessed the rightful owners did not appear, but he had managed it without any delay.

"The army was now in motion, and streamed off in a long irregular column along the bank of the river. The savages seemed considerably disconcerted at thus returning without having struck a blow at their enemies, and struggled onward without much attention to military order.

"The travelers were borne along at a fairly rapid pace, and they found the movement of the litters not unpleasant. No litter was offered to Jingo, and he had to walk; but he didn't seem to mind it, as he plodded along in his quiet, persevering style, beside the one in which Dick Broadhead was carried. Through him Dick kept up a conversation with some of the savages.

"They told him that there was plenty of game in the region they were traversing, and large game, too. Antelopes of several kinds were abundant. Elephants, buffaloes and lions also were to be found, and the Katendis said that they sometimes organized large parties to hunt these beasts with spears and lances.

"Dick inquired at this point if they knew the use of firearms. The native to whom Jingo translated and explained this question said that there was a thing like Dick's rifle (which Jingo showed him) in the village to which he belonged; it was kept there as a fetish, and regarded with great reverence, being supposed to have dropped from the sky.

"Dick Broadhead had supposed that the Arab trading caravans had carried firearms all over Africa; but in the vast extent of the continent there are no doubt many isolated tribes whom they have never reached.

"At this point the conversation was interrupted by loud shouts from the front of the army, where some unexpected event seemed to have thrown the natives into confusion.

(To be continued.)

NOR GREAT, NOR SMALL.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE power that built the stately dome on high,
And grandly vaulted rafters of the sky,
Teaches the linnets with unconscious breast
To round the inverted hove of her nest.
For mysterious power which governs all
Is neither high nor low, nor great nor small.

(This story commenced in No. 299.)

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

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,
Author of "The Great River Series," "Log Cabin Series," "Deerfoot Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GHOSTLY ENGINEER.

THE robbers now turned their attention to the safe, with its concealed pile of yellow metal. But the man with a hindrance at the outset in the attempt to gain possession of it.

The keys had been taken from one of the men, but they were useless without the combination. When the gsg was removed from the mouths of the guards, and they were threatened with death unless they gave the combination, one of them replied that the company, under the circumstances, did not allow the guard or agent to have the combination. They could tell how to open the ordinary safe in the corner, for it was necessary that they should do that in order to take care of the jewelry and valuables entrusted to them along the road.

The safe containing the seventy-five thousand dollars in gold had come direct from Chicago, and was on its way to Denver. Only at these two points could it be opened, since the combination was only known at those two cities.

The only thing, therefore, to be done was to break open the safe, and that, as you can well understand, was no child's play; but the robbers were not entirely unprepared. There was a single sledge-hammer among them, and there were strong arms eager to swing it.

Some of the party favored tumbling the safe out of the side door upon the ground, where there was a better chance of wielding the hammer, while the others insisted that the safe should be done just as well inside.

The leader, growing impatient, took the implement, and, raising it aloft, brought it down on the iron work, which resisted like so much solid rock. The others were standing around, watching his actions with much interest, their mouths fairly watering for the auriferous prize within.

Suddenly every one stared at each other. Then the leader, who had been swinging the hammer, threw it down and jerked aside the sliding door in front of the car.

The sound that had fallen upon the ears of the robbers was the puffing of Forty-Nine. Now, when they looked, they saw the sparks streaming from her smokestack, while the rapidly increasing puffs showed that she had started off like a bounding race horse, and was going at a pace that defied pursuit.

As the outlaws stared, they saw their two companions, who had been stationed on the engine as guard, leap to the ground, and come running back to the train.

"I told you it was a haunted engine," said Beckwith, attempting a rather incoherent explanation; "and now you'll believe me, I reckon."

"What's up?" asked the leader, with a savage exclamation.

"Why, while me and Ike stood there," replied Beckwith, "old Satan himself mounted the engine and took charge; we seen him, and we left."

"I told you my companion, or, as his friends called him, 'Smoky,' being appealed to in confirmation of his marvelous story, endorsed it to the fullest extent.

He stated that he and Beckwith were standing in the cab of the engine, each with loaded revolver in hand, looking toward the cars and listening to the sounds that came thence, when they heard a chuckle behind them, that is, in the direction of the boiler, toward which their backs were turned. Wheeling about, they saw a sight that froze them with terror. Seated in the place of the engineer was the most awful object on which they had ever looked. He was like a dwarf, with an enormous head, and a face as black as midnight itself, except the eyes, around each of which was a flaming circle of scarlet.

When the two men turned to look at him, he had thrown the reversing rod forward, and was drawing back the lever, which con-

trolled the steam, with the gentle, twitching touch of an expert. He moved his horrible face toward his companions, and chuckled again, as if to show that he was glad to have them as passengers on the journey to the sulphurous regions.

Forty-Nine made such a sudden bound that the two men were almost thrown off their feet. Hardly pausing to recover themselves, they leaped to the ground, brushed somewhat, and then hurried back to their companions.

Incredible as was this story, it was strictly true in every respect. Wait a brief while, and I will make it all clear to you.

Now almost any company of men would have ridiculed such an astonishing tale, and the leader of the robbers laughed scornfully, though most of his companions were awed by what they had heard.

"It was that engineer that you drove off the engine?" said the leader to the car warden. "He came back without any shooting-irons and ordered you away, and you were so scared you left."

"There he stands by the front of this car," replied Beckwith, who peered out in the gloom, and saw by the light of one of the lanterns the well-known form of his engineer. "Maybe he can tell what it was; if he can't, no one can."

The leader called out of the front of the engine for Ned to come into the car with them. Wondering at the meaning of the summons, Marvin readily climbed up among the masked outlaws. It may be said he had little fear that any of them—unless it might be Beckwith—would harm him.

The leader was in a rage, and he indulged in some shocking profanity.

"I want to know the meaning of that," he savagely demanded.

"The meaning of what?" asked Ned, innocently.

"The running away of that locomotive; how was it?"

Ned laughed in his hearty way, which showed his fine white teeth.

"How should I know anything about it? I wasn't on the engine; I was back here beside the car, where I was ordered to stand. Suddenly I heard Forty-Nine begin to puff; looking toward her, I saw she was off like a bound; the next thing I noticed was your men taking a tumble from the engine; why they did it I suppose they know better than I."

The grizzled old engineer looked round in the faces of the frightened fellows with such a quizzical expression that several broke into laughter. But, after all, this was a serious matter to them, and the leader was angry.

"Did you see any one else on the engine?"

"I did," was the firm response of the engineer, compressing his lips and shaking his head.

"Who was he?" continued the leader.

"I saw him plainly, and—"

Ned dropped his forefinger toward the floor several times, in a way that was more suggestive than any words could have been.

"What did he look like?" asked the leader, who, despite himself, began to feel the "creeps" moving down his spine.

"Well," replied Ned, using his advantage with care, "I hadn't a very good look at him, for, you know, there isn't much light in the cab of the engine, but the furnace door was open, and, by its glare, the figure seemed to be that of a dwarf, with an immense black face and blazing rings around his eyes; I think he had a forked tail—"

"There!" broke in Beckwith; "ain't that what we said?"

"Just exactly," added Ike, his companion, glad to see their story confirmed. "I see the tail, too, but I didn't say anything about that."

You will observe that the story of Ned, excepting as respected the tail, coincided with that of the two terrified outlaws who had taken their flying leap from the train. It convinced the hearers, including the leader, that the story of the haunted engine was true; and there was not one among them who did not believe that the dreadful father of all evil had suddenly mounted Forty-Nine, and taken charge of the throttle.

But there was also a practical side to the business, and it bore a very serious look to the train robbers.

Forty-Nine had but a short distance to run before she would reach Rapidan, the terminus of the line. There the grun being in the cab would quickly spread the news, and in a brief while a force would be organized which would hasten back to the spot, and assail the law breakers.

Clearly it would not do for them to stay where they were, for though all were well mounted, as extra horses had been brought for Beckwith and his companion, they would need every hour to make their escape out of the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

"NOW WE'LL FETCH HER."

NOW, it may not seem a very difficult task for a set of desperate men to take a railway train and make off in safety. The mere pillaging of a number of cars is perhaps easy enough, but it is the after business which is so serious.

You know that in some of the wild portions of the southwest there were several gangs of desperadoes who carried on their lawless deeds for a time in comparative safety. They were daring, well mounted, and they had almost impenetrable swamps, forests and mountains into which they could retreat, and defy pursuit, for the inhabitants were so awed that none dared to give aid to the officers of the law sent in quest of the highwaymen.

But this was only for a brief while. After a time, whenever crime was committed, the news was sure to be spread by telegraph, and instantly strong bodies of men started in pursuit. The outlaws were followed with as much persistency as General Miles hunted down Geronimo and his Apache murderers and it may be said that the phase of law breaking has been broken up.

The incidents of which I am telling you took place, as you will bear in mind, quite a number of years ago. The gang, as you have been informed, were mounted on fleet horses which were also capable of great endurance.

Beckwith had been a member of the party for a couple of years, and he had the most to do in forming the plans and carrying out the same. His friends had been loitering around Calumet for more than a week, awaiting the arrival of the gold which they knew would soon be shipped from Chicago. Several of them rode over the road from Calumet to Rapidan, so as to become familiar with all the points. Bear Swamp was fixed upon as the place where the train should be stopped and robbed.

Learning, through the aid of allies in Chicago, that the gold was shipped on the forty-fourth of December, he who signed himself "Hal" notified Beckwith, and all the arrangements were completed. It was the intention of the gang to throw the train off the track, they caring nothing for the lives that were likely to be lost thereby. How it was that Forty-Nine happened to be going at such a slow pace that she escaped, has already been explained.

The dangerous part of all this, as you can readily see, lay in the probability that a party of officers and volunteers were likely to be on the spot, and every five minutes that the train robbers delayed their departure, added to their peril.

But there was the seventy-five thousand dollars in gold at their feet, enough to give each of the party all the wealth he could conveniently carry away with him. It was hard to turn their backs upon that, and the leader determined that it should not be done without a struggle to secure it.

Handling the huge hammer to one of the strongest of his men, he told him to use it with might and main upon the mass of ribbed iron which had been put together for the purpose of resisting every form of attack that could be made upon it.

The fellow swung the implement like a blacksmith or boiler-maker, and it looked as if the safe, despite its massive strength, must soon yield. There were many muttered imprecations of impatience, because of the resistance which it displayed to these furious blows.

By and by the wielder of the hammer stopped, exhausted, and handed it to a companion. There were some dents in the black painted iron, and the brass knob of the door had been knocked off, but the interior was not yet reached.

"It must give way before long," muttered the leader, whose brow was covered with the perspiration caused by his anxiety; "can't you strike harder?"

"There isn't room here to get full swing," growled the other.

"Let's roll her out then." Strong hands seized hold of the safe, which, standing on rollers, was easily pushed to the side door, where it fell on its side to the ground, its enormous weight causing it to sink several inches into the soft earth.

"Now we'll fetch her," added the leader, catching the hammer from the hands of the other and swinging it aloft before he

brought it down with a resounding thump upon the heavy door.

It would seem that it must soon yield, but the resistance was obdurate to an exasperating degree.

"Tom," said the leader, stopping for breath, "walk up the road a little way and keep watch; the minute you hear anything, let us know and we'll light out; there's too much gold in there for us to leave behind, so long as there's a hope of getting it."

He passed the implement to another of his party, while Tom, as directed, moved up the road a short distance toward Rapidan. He knew that the engine could not run down upon them without giving notice of its approach. A minute or two would be enough for him to apprise his companions, when they could mount their horses, and dashing off, could laugh at pursuit. There were beaten tracks which they might follow through the swamp until they reached the open country, when their set animals would distance any sent after them.

The night continued clear and cold. Tom slithered as he took his position near the rails, where he was partly shielded by a large sycamore, so close indeed to the track that several of its limbs had been lopped off because of their interference with the cars.

"I wonder how they will make out," he muttered, looking back at the train, which, standing on the curve, was so slanted that he could see its twinkling lights throughout its whole length; "they've got a job before them, but the boys know how to use the hammer, and the safe has got to give in, if they have enough time to work. It won't do, however, to stay here too long," he added with a thrill of misgiving, as he reflected that the engine had already been gone a considerable time; "the captain is so anxious to get that gold that he is running a good deal more risk than is safe."

Fifteen minutes more passed and the same sights and sounds greeted him. There were the lights of the train twinkling in the darkness, the passengers within as quiet and motionless as if they were asleep, which you may be sure they were not.

On the ground beside the express car gleamed several lanterns held by the robbers, while one of their number swung the sledge-hammer aloft and brought it down with a dull thump upon the ponderous mass of iron.

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH ON TIME.

WHEN fifteen more minutes had passed, Tom became uneasy.

"I believe the captain will keep hammering at that old thing until fifty men slip up behind and make us prisoners. He has become so determined to get the 'boodle' that he has lost his head. One thing is certain—I don't propose to go here and be scooped in, even if the rest do."

By this time, the provoking safe began to show signs of yielding to the savage siege that had been pressed so hard and with such vigor. Had it not been for this, the captain would have given ear to the voice of prudence and galloped away with his men; but when he plainly saw a sinking of the thick iron door, he encouraged the one who was wielding the hammer to his utmost.

"We won't have to wait much longer," he said, uneasy, however, in spite of himself; "a few more blows like that will fetch it. Tom will give us plenty of notice of the return of the engine, and we can easily get out of the way."

But if the safe yielded, it did so with a tardiness that was enough to drive the men to desperation. They relieved each other every minute or two. The door had sunk slightly, and it was evident that the short iron bars which projected from its sides, top and bottom into the solid walls of the safe had been injured, but they were still strong and capable of great resistance.

The robbers had enough powder among them to blow up a dozen safes, but they lacked the means of using the fulminate. They were without drills, and if they had had them, there was insufficient time to drill a receptacle for the powder. The crevices along the door, ordinary nature close together, became so much closer from the continuous pounding, that they could not be turned to account. And so it was that only the hammer remained, and the success with that was not of a dazzling nature.

"Harr!" suddenly broke in the captain, as the man with the implement raised it aloft.

All listened, but nothing could be heard except the moaning of the wintry wind upon the trees.

"It was nothing," he added in a lower voice. "The door has yielded," he continued, stooping down and examining it by the aid of the lantern, which he took from the hand of a bystander; "it surely cannot hold out much longer, but, my gracious! did you ever see anything so tough?"

"I believe those fellows up there," growled Beckwith, referring to the guards whose gages had been restricted to their mouths, "know the combination well enough."

"No; they don't," remarked the captain, "and if they did, it would do no good now. The lock is broken and the whole door so knocked askew that five hundred combinations would not help us. Swing away, for time is getting short and we can't stay here much longer. There's more money in there than you can make in ten years, herding cattle. Jump, now what you can do."

Jake was the most muscular man of the party. He had already served two turns with the hammer, but he was now sufficiently rested to use it with as much power as before, and he did so.

There was certainly a perceptible giving way of the cumbersome door. It curved inward, so that the space within must have been considerably decreased, but for all that there was no recit through which the light gleamed of the precious metal could be detected.

Meanwhile, Tom the sentinel was growing more impatient every minute.

"I've stood here long enough," he growled, listening to the regular thump of the sledge-hammer; "it may be," he added with a curious freak of humor, "that they all know they'll have to break stone for ten or fifteen years and they're practicing to get their hand in."

Tom started and looked up the road. Nothing but blank darkness there. No gleaming headlight pierced the gloom, and the only sound that fell on his ear was the dismal moaning of the wind among the leafless trees.

But was that the only sound? He stepped forward, and sinking quickly upon his knees, touched his ear to the steel rail, which was as cold as an icicle.

As he did so, he detected a faint, dull roar which momentarily grew louder. He knew what it meant.

"By gracious!" he muttered, "that engine is coming back as sure as the world; it'll be here in three minutes."

Before he could rise to his feet a dark body sprang from the gloom, and, grasping him by the throat with one hand, shoved the muzzle of a pistol, as cold as the rail at his feet, against his cheek.

"O my single yawp and off goes the top of your head!"

Tom saw that his captor, in the language of the southwest, had "the drop" on him, and he succumbed.

"There ain't no use in fighting, stranger," he muttered, "when there ain't no use in it; I cave."

He observed that there were two men near him, and their presence was emphasized by the instant checking of a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, and the confiscation of all the weapons that could be found on the frontiers of his person.

Turning his gaze toward the train, Tom saw that he had plenty of companions in misery. The swamp on both sides of the track swarmed with men, who dashed from every direction upon the train robbers, calling upon them to throw up their hands.

Never were men caught at greater disadvantage, but many of the criminals were desperate, and, instead of obeying the command and the majority began shooting, while the others made a fierce rush for their horses tethered a short distance away in the woods.

The fighting was short but savage. Two of the assailants were killed and three badly wounded. Of the train robbers four refused to surrender and stood coolly fighting until they fell riddled with bullets. Three others were badly hurt, and, despite the skill with which the attack was made, the leader and Beckwith got away in the woods, secured a horse apiece and made off.

But their escape was only temporary. They were hotly pursued and run down two days later, when their horses gave out and their riders were in a pitiful condition. Thus not a single man of the party escaped, and all were sentenced to long terms.

There yet remains to be explained, however, the mystery attending the disappearance of the hunted engine.

(To be continued.)

A RAFT OF TOURISTS.

Not long ago a novel form of touring was noted in these columns in a reference to the fortnight's trip of horseback undertaken by a party of New York gentlemen. A dispatch from Lockhaven, Pennsylvania, brings tidings of a still more unique method of traveling for pleasure, for it states that a party of thirty-four ladies and gentlemen from Clearfield arrived here recently having made a trip on a timber raft down the Susquehanna River. They were about two days making the journey of about 150 miles.

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\$10. WILL BE PAID to the person who sends us a correct solution of The Lincoln Club Puzzle before June 1st. Full details are in our Circular. For 10c. we will introduce this fascinating puzzle. Over 100 already sold. Send 10c. postage and try for the prize. L. C. P. Co., Drawer 27, New Haven, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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E. T., East Albany, N. Y. No premium on silver 3 cent pieces of 1862.

L. B., Columbia, Tenn. The cent of 1820 is worth a cent. No premium.

C. S. T., Columbiana, O. No premium on the silver 3 cent piece of 1836.

F. B. F., Utica, N. Y. 1. No premium on the half cent of 1804. 2. and 3. No.

DICK BROADHEAD, Chicago, Ill. Apply to the congressman of your district.

O. D. F., Lebanon, N. H. We only make general announcements of new stories.

C. H. A., Bridgeport, Conn. The coin is a Franklin cent of 1787. No special value.

G. N., The Liberty cap cent of 1794 is worth 10 cents to 50 cents, according to condition.

STROGGER, Salem, N. C. We are not yet prepared to make the announcement asked for.

T. D., Philadelphia, Pa. The space can be used to better advantage. Thanks for your kind wishes.

C. H., Chicago, Ill. The author you mention has written for the ARGOSY and may do so again before long.

H. G. G., Buffalo, N. Y. The address labels on your paper can be removed by moistening till loose.

CASHIER, Nebraska City, Neb. Your coin is a two or piece of Denmark, issued 1874 to 1878. No special value.

I. B., Cincinnati, O. The numbers containing "Footprints in the Forest" will be sent you, post paid, for 65 cents.

INQUIRER, Greenville, Ky. We will send "The Young Circus Rider" or any other of Alger's books, post paid, for \$1.25.

INQUIRER, Worcester, Mass. The V nickel without "cents" is expected to command a premium about three centuries hence.

M. S., Jersey City, N. J. "Little Nan" was a girl's story and there is a good deal about the gentleman see in Mr. Putnam's serials.

E. W. G., New York City. Your device is ingenious to a degree; but we doubt if there could be any money in such an apparatus.

G. D., New York City. For information on pilots and pilotage, apply to the Board of Commissioners of Pilots, 40 Burling Slip, New York City.

P. B., Fort Huron, Mich. An article on the subject will probably be published later on. Space does not admit of an explanation in this place.

W. A. C., Hillsdale, N. J. 1. Any stamp dealer can supply specimens of the various issues of postal cards. Consult the advertising columns of recent issues of the ARGOSY. 2. Robins make a good pie or stew, but let them be, they should be preserved to charm the eye and ear, not destroyed to pander to the appetite. 3. Wild rabbits are excellent eating.

R. S., New York City. 1. See editorial entitled "An Unparalleled Growth," in no. 217. 2. The Third Avenue Theater contains seats as follows: Lower floor, 583; balcony, 646; gallery, 1250—total, 2479.

N. O. F., Boston, Mass. 1. Beneficial exercises for the morning are given in the article "Popular Military Instructions in no. 231. 2. Your handwriting is not undecipherable. It can be improved.

NED NEWTON, Jr., Chicago, Ill. 1. The Jackson 2 cent stamp was issued in 1863. 2. The 6 cent, in 1869. 3. The 7 cent, in 1871. 4. The first 12 cent stamp was issued in 1851. Color, black with head of Washington.

P. C., Cape Chin, Ont. 1. Choose the trade that suits your leanings and your capabilities. You will find that trade the best. 2. We would advise every boy to go through the common school at least, if his circumstances permit.

J. W. C., Augusta, Ga. Phonography has no fortunes to offer. Journalism is overcrowded, yet, like every profession, it has plenty of room at the front. A few journalists make thousands of dollars per annum; the average is under twenty per week.

INQUIRER, Henderson. Revenue stamps are receipts, given by the Government for taxes on various kinds of merchandise. Taxable goods must bear this evidence of the payment of the required tax. You will find a revenue stamp on the first box of matches you buy.

N. M. INDIAN, San Marcial, N. M. 1. You are above the average height of girls of your age. 2. No premium on the Peru dollar. 3. "Making" for making and "to" for too, cannot be characterized as good spelling. Other criticisms on handwriting in this column apply equally to your own.

WICKED HENRY, Philadelphia, Pa. Suggested as subjects for debates by boys. Resolved: Is horseback riding more conducive to general health than cycling; or, that city life is more to be desired by boys than country life; or, that of all the professions baseball offers the brightest prospects to the rising generation.

C. R., Wide Awake Ranch, Cal. 1. The best 100 yards time is 9 1/2, by Geo. Steward of England, a professional. Best amateur time, 10 seconds, by several persons. 2. The length of the running step or "stride" depends upon the length of the runner's leg; upon the runner's style and judgment, and upon the distance to be run. The length of the military "double" is 33 inches.

A. A. K., Chicago, Ill. To make rubber hand-stamp, set up paris in type; oil the type and place a guard half an inch high around the form; mix several persons. 2. The length of the running step or "stride" depends upon the length of the runner's leg; upon the runner's style and judgment, and upon the distance to be run. The length of the military "double" is 33 inches.

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