

# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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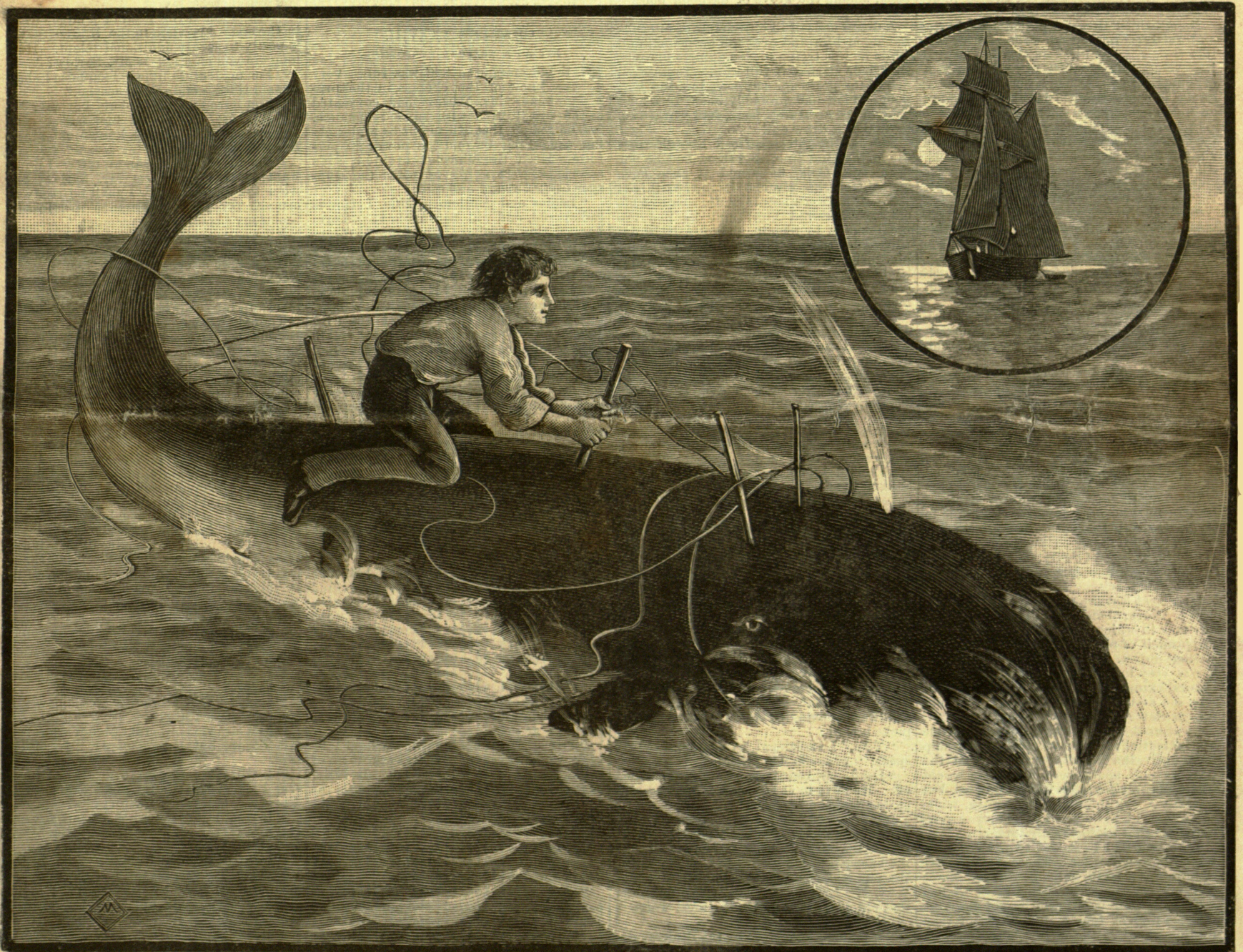
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TOM GALE CLUNG DESPERATELY TO ONE OF THE HARPOONS IN THE WHALE'S BACK, AS THE LEVIATHAN RUSHED AWAY AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED.

## TOM GALE'S RIDE.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

**T**OM GALE, a boy who was with us when I was mate of the ship Warren, was a comical character. I think that when he was fairly on shipboard, the people of his neighborhood must have experienced a sense of relief.

It is quite probable, however, that they predicted his speedy return. They could hardly have believed that he would remain with the ship during the entire voyage of three years. No; I am quite sure that they must have expected him by the very first homeward bound vessel that he could get on board of.

Had Tom Gale ever continued at any task until it was finished? Hadn't he gone to work, time and again, for some farmer, expecting to remain a month, and got home the next night? Was it likely that he would go through all the drudgery of a whaling voyage, returning in the same ship in which he went out?

There were a few of us on board the Warren who had known Tom from babyhood, and we could not regard him as an acquisition of much value. True, he was bright enough and active enough, but his energies, both mental and physical, had

always been employed in the way of mischief; and his nature appeared to partake more of the monkey type than the human.

We did not believe that Tom would ever amount to much anywhere, though we thought it wise in his folks to give him a long sea bath.

They could *try* it on him, at all events. It would be better than keeping him at home, where he would spend his time in teasing old Fan, the shrill-voiced witch, who lived down by the shipyard, or putting skunks under the schoolhouse, or striping some poor old horse like a zebra, with black and white paint, as it stood hitched to a post in the evening, or potting on white gloves and a beaver, exactly like those worn by dudish lawyer Spriggs, and then strutting along close behind that individual,

with an exact imitation of his manner, much to the amusement of the spectators.

Some of us called to mind the occasion when Tom made peace with old Fan by presenting her with a lot of nice large chips from the shipyard, and then, climbing upon the roof of her low hut, put a board over the chimney, so that she was almost suffocated with the smoke.

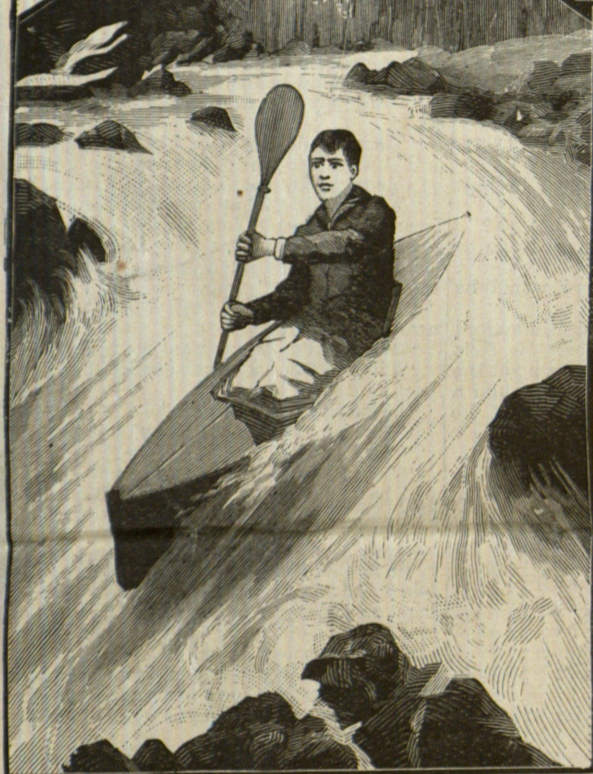
Such tricks he would now have to lay aside; for should he attempt them among a crew of sailors, he would soon be made sick of the fun.

The ship lay down the bay for a week before going to sea—Tom being sometimes on board of her, and sometimes on shore. He was as fond of going aloft as any other monkey.

"Some of these greenhorns," he said to







### CAMPING OUT.

BY CUTHBERT CARR.

There are several degrees of "roughing it" as a vacation pastime. You may form a big party, travel two or three hundred miles from home by rail or steamboat, and take along such a generous outfit in the way of big tents, tables, chairs, and cooking stove, that the roughness is all planned off the experience—and a good slice of the fun along with it.

Then, again, you may take your outing in a wagon or a good-sized sail boat, in which case you carry your bed about with you, so to speak, and, in a sense, don't camp out at all, but in.

In both of these instances it is more than probable that a servant or two will be taken along to do the cooking and cleaning up, which, of course, is a great help and convenience, but, at the same time, sadly interferes with a complete realization of the true joys of a life that was ostensibly entered upon solely for the sake of the contrast it affords to the conventional luxuries of the home.

But the camping party for the boys, that is, the one from which they are apt to extract the most pleasure, is the one limited as to numbers, say three or four congenial spirits, and with no lumbering impedimenta in the way of equipment, no bed but a blanket on the ground, and with only the star-studded sky for a tent. This is, we say, the way in which they would like best to camp.

Of course the first thing to be decided upon is where to go, although it is to be confessed that this rule is by no means invariably followed. Indeed, we have known instances where hours were spent in discussing what should be taken and how it was to be carried, before any member of the company had any well defined knowledge of where the camp was to be pitched.

The party may consist of the cheeriest possible mortals, the weather prove of the most enchanting and showerless description, and the fish fairly crowd about the hooks eager to bite, but if an unfortunate site has been selected, one whose proximity to a swamp inflicts rheumatism, malaria, mosquitoes, and wholesale ill-humor on the company, or whose too free exposure to lake or river breezes lays the foundation for colds destined to render one or more of the party miserable for days, in such an event all the other successes and delights count for naught.

Naturally all boys want to be near the water, so this should be one of the guide marks to be consulted. If the home of the would-be campers is on the banks of a river so much the simpler; after selecting the locality, all that remains to be done is to embark themselves and outfit in boats, and row or sail down or up to it. Otherwise, as good a plan as any is to have all transported to the spot in a wagon, which should be at once sent back again, lest its presence may infuse too much of a civilization flavor into the project.

Of course trees are essential features in camp life, so it is perhaps needless to mention that a wood is preferable to the open field or the bare rock. But do not get into the depths of a forest; keep to the outskirts, where the trees are not too thick, thus affording a chance for the sun to brighten things up.

It is not necessary to remind you that the ground should be high, sloping off on either side, so as to readily shed water in case of rain.

A choice location having been decided upon, the next thing is to seek out the owner of the property and obtain his consent to your occupancy of it. This may seem an unnecessary measure to some, but we can assure our young friends that not merely the courtesy of gentlemen, but common honesty requires it. Of course in a wild wilderness like the Adirondacks, or in the case of large tracts of land belonging to the government, the precaution may be omitted.

The second thing to be considered in getting up a camping party is what to take along. Do not commit the error of carrying too much, as though you were bound on a trip merely for the purpose of getting somewhere and trying to do away with the tedium of the journey by soft pillows, dainty food, and light novels.

As to the question of sleeping arrangements, we think we cannot do better than quote from a letter to the editor of *Forest and Stream*. It is written by a Denver gentleman, and as he has been in the habit of camping out for thirty-five years, and in various parts of the country between Florida and Washington Territory, his experience ought certainly to be worth something.

"In it all," he says, "I have never driven crotched stakes in the ground and built a bedstead thereon. Nor will I sleep in a wagon if there is ground under it upon which to spread my blankets. When out doors always sleep on the earth for comfort. Make your bed there as comfortable as time and circumstances will permit. If the ground is cold, or wet, or covered with snow, you must provide some kind of a foundation. It may be of hay, straw, weeds, brush, corn stalks or fence rails, but in any event stick to the ground. Don't roost on a perch like a chicken, and get every breath of air that blows and chills you from every side.

"Balsam fir boughs make the best bed of all beds; the tips broken off short and laid shingle fashion, bottom side up from head to foot. All the firs, hemlock, juniper, cedar and pine, may be substituted in the order named as to choice. Cherry, willow, alder, or any such shrubs follow next. If the ground is smooth and dry, and it can generally be found so in this Western country, it is plenty good enough. Under any circumstances, when camping try to provide yourself so as to sleep warm, and the nearer you get to the ground the easier that is accomplished. With a comfortable night's sleep you can endure almost anything the next day.

"Once, a long time ago, after pitching my tent, I was examining the ground for my bed when I found a very small rattlesnake, a young one. That was the only snake adventure I ever had in or about my sleeping place, and I never knew anybody else to have a similar experience.

"About shelter: a square of canvas sufficient for a 'dog tent' is good enough for anybody, though not as handy as a wall tent or a Sibley. I have lived all summer with nothing better, and other summers with nothing at all. He is a poor woodsman who in a forest of any kind cannot very quickly provide himself with shelter from rain or snow. It may be of palmetto leaves, of branches of trees, or of bark from the trunk of a tree. The favoring trunk of a tree may keep off the storm, or in a rocky country a shelter can often be found under a projecting ledge or in a shallow cave.

"A good thing always to carry along is a rubber poncho for each person. It is good to roll around the bedding when en route, to protect it from wet and dirt; or to put over one's shoulders when traveling in rain or wet snow. When night comes, if the ground is wet and the heavens dry, spread it under your bed. If the reverse, reverse it. With two small stakes at opposite sides of a bed for two, to support two corners of a poncho, the other two corners being stretched backward and held to the ground by a couple of stones or chunks of wood, a very good shelter is provided for your heads and shoulders. Then another poncho spread over the blankets to your feet, and you two can sleep blissfully through any ordinary rainy night. Use only woolen blankets for camp bedding. Let Arctic explorers have the fur bags and feather ticks."

After sleeping, eating. Of course none of you will want to carry a cook stove along, no matter how small it is. A very good substitute may be found in the three bar arrangement shown in the picture and described in Chapter V of the "Military Instructions," which appeared in no. 234 of the *Argosy*. In fact that and the following chapter contained so many useful hints concerning the provisions for a camping

party, that we will refer the reader to them at once, reminding him that he must use his own judgment as to the difference in amount that must be reckoned on between stores calculated to "keep" thirty boys and those destined to administer to the material substance of many times less than that number.

This mention of a military organization brings us naturally to the matter of leadership. That some one person should be at the head of ever so small a party is very essential to the success of the outing.

In the ordinary course of things he should be the oldest, and if possible should have had previous experience in camping; at least have been out with a party where he may have been the youngest, but still have enjoyed the opportunity of seeing how things were managed.

This leader having once been tacitly appointed, it goes without saying that all the others should defer to what he decrees, and rely on his judgment on all questions of doubtful expediency. Otherwise a disagreeable clash of opinions is sure to mar the general enjoyment.

Then it would be as well if at least one member of your party had some practical knowledge of cooking. It is all very well to anticipate the fun it will be to experiment, but when you find the coffee unfit to drink and the ham shriveled up to a crisp, and your sharpened appetites clamoring for supper, it will not be quite so apparent where the joke comes in.

This "cook" needs to be especially "up" in the art of frying fish, if your camp is to be anywhere within three miles of a water course. It would certainly be very mortifying, after catching a fine string of trout or pickerel, to be obliged to keep them till camp broke up and you could trust them to Bridget's skill at home.

Of course you will have seen to it in selecting the camping-spot that a spring from which to obtain fresh water is close at hand, for you will need a good deal, not for drinking merely, but for cooking and washing purposes.

One word as regards the last-named. Always see to it that your dishes and cooking utensils are cleaned after every meal. It would be as well to take turns at this task, or if you like, let all the party turn in and do the job up in short order, each taking a particular share of the work. And do not leave refuse around the tent or grounds. Either throw it in the river or burn it up.

Another "don't." Be careful how you treat the possessions of neighboring farmers. It is an all too common idea that apples, cherries, melons and peaches are common property, especially when a party of young people are out for a good time. The best way to show the fallacy of the theory is for each boy to put to himself the question: "Suppose my father owned this orchard, and I should see a company of picnickers slink under the fence and begin to shake the limbs of a choice pippin? Would I not feel very indignant and charge down upon them with a threatening cry of 'sick 'em, Towser?'" There is nothing like this "put yourself in his place" test for settling conscience qualms the right way.

A third and last "don't," don't be reckless, as we fear the young canoeist in the illustration is inclined to be. Especially be careful about handling fire-arms. In fact, in many cases just as good a time can be had without these dangerous adjuncts, for to a large majority of boys the reel and rod is as fascinating as it is harmless.

By observing these simple rules, not expecting too much and not staying too long, we think a camping party of three or more can manage to have a good deal of enjoyment while they are out, besides storing up for themselves a good amount of health for the coming work season and a stock of pleasant memories that will serve to lighten many a lagging hour.

#### THE GAUGE OF MERIT.

There is a whole volume full of suggestive thought in the idea hit upon in the course of a conversation between two members of a firm which we find recorded in the *Times*.

They were talking about the inefficiency of their assistants, and one of the gentlemen expressed himself warmly upon the subject. The other quieted him by saying: "Wait a minute. Did it ever occur to you that if those people were as smart as we are they would not be our assistants?"

[This story commenced in No. 236.]

**IN SOUTHERN SEAS; OR  
JACK ESBON'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE**

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SKIPPER OF THE DONNA.

PEPE'S boasted faith in the *felich* about his neck seemed to have left him. His teeth chattered, and his eyes rolled in such an evident ecstasy of terror that even Peltiah took the alarm.

"What'n time be we to do any way, Jack?" he asked, helplessly. Jack motioned to the wide-spreading branches of an immense *ceiba*, or silk cotton tree, close at hand.

"There's only one thing to do," he returned, rapidly ascending one of the dozen or more buttressed roots, which form a series of projections or shoulders some four feet from the ground, with spaces large enough for a horse stall between each two.

The others lost no time in following him, and they were not a moment too soon. Scarcely were they safely perched on one of the immense lower limbs than the two gaunt hounds came rushing down the cleared pathway with slavering jaws and bloodshot eyes.

Unfortunately for the fugitives the peculiar formation of the partly sloping roots made their refuge anything but a sure one.

In a moment their retreat was discovered. Don, the most sagacious of the two dogs, glanced upward, and uttering a fierce howl as though of exultation, drew back a little and then dashed madly up the easy incline afforded by one of the roots.

Pepe uttered a shrill yell of terror as the hound's yellow fangs clashed within an inch of one of the bare feet which he drew convulsively upward.

"Crack!" went Captain Blowhard's revolver, and the great beast fell sprawling at the foot of the tree in his death agony.

And now Cesar fiercely charged in his turn, as if from a desire to revenge the death of his mate.

Snatching the boat lance from Pepe's trembling hands, Peltiah darted it downward with all his strength.

The savage monster was transfixed by the keen pointed shaft, which severed some vital organ, and passed completely through his body. He gave one stifled howl and rolled over in his death throes.

Peltiah dropped from his perch, followed by the others—Pepe's eyes dilating to the size of tea cup bottoms as Peltiah drew the lance from the dog's body, and wiped off the blood with a handful of leaves.

"*Carramba!*" he exclaimed; "de gubner mos' die he be so mad—dem dogs he say wort hunderd silber dollah!"

"Serves him right for keepin' sech critters to pull human bein's down an' tear 'em to pieces—the man that would do it orter be served pooty near as bad hisself," excitedly responded Peltiah.

"Well, you'll have a good chance to tell him so," said Jack, coolly, "for here he comes, fairly frothing at the mouth, to judge from his looks."

"An' Cap'n Kelly along ob him," put in Pepe, shrinking back between two of the tree roots. Governor Bellingham, whose white teeth were set very close together, approached from the same direction as the bloodhounds, closely followed by a thick-set, red faced man, who wore, in addition to the regulation shirt and duck pants, a coarse straw hat and heavy leather shoes.

"More trouble," muttered Jack, as Bellingham, with a shout of rage at the sight of the dead dogs, flourished a heavy *machete*, such as is used by the West Indian to clear a path through the thick underbrush, and rushed madly toward the two. His

companion, who carried a rather dilapidated looking flint lock gun, simultaneously growled out an oath, and drew back the hammer with his thumb.

But the revolver still remained in Jack's hand, while Peltiah's manipulation of the boat lance was in itself not at all reassuring.

"You know what you done, you two runaway?" fiercely demanded Hannibal Augustine, coming to a sudden halt.

"Killed the only two bloodhoun's in the islan'—dogs wuth fifty dollars apiece to-day in Cuby!" growled Captain Kelly, who was a burly, middle-aged man, minus an eye and plus a badly scarred nose. His bloated

mestizo from the main land. Kelly himself was the only white resident—a thoroughly unscrupulous man of the lowest and most vicious propensities, made still more brutalized by his surroundings.

In connection with the colored governor he had picked up a good deal of money by returning runaway men to the whaling vessels cruising in the vicinity, but this was his first experience with any who had offered resistance.

Generally speaking, deserters after a week or two found even the hardships of whaling life preferable to being hunted through the tropic jungle with shot guns and bloodhounds.

to town along of me, and I'll tell you as we go along."

Without relaxing their watchfulness, Jack and Peltiah followed in Captain Kelly's footsteps, leaving Mr. Bellingham to such reflections as the loss of his two bloodhounds were evidently suggesting. Pepe still remained in hiding. From this fact our two friends presumed that he feared Mr. Bellingham's wrath if he was found in company with the slayers of the valuable dogs; so neither of them made any sign as to his presence in the vicinity.

It would seem from Captain Kelly's account that some years before he had left a vessel at Watling's Island, and remained there for a time "beach-combing," as he expressed it.

Then Mr. Bellingham bought a condemned pilot boat of some Nassau wreckers for a mere trifle, and Captain Kelly took charge of her as a sort of packet and freighter between Watling's Island and larger West India ports.

On the following morning, the *Donna*—this was her name—was to sail for Matanzas, in the island of Cuba, with a cargo of turtle, sponges, sugar cane, *cobra* (the dried kernel of the cocoanut) and a few other of the island products.

"It's nigh a three days' run at this time of the year," said Captain Kelly in conclusion, "and if you two fellers will agree to work your passage and pay ten dollars to boot, it's a bargain."

Of course they agreed. To what would Jack and Peltiah not have agreed, rather than remain on Watling's? The romantic beauty of the spot had no charms to keep them there a day longer than was actually necessary. Neither of the two were made of the kind of stuff which would be content to settle down into a life of slothful indolence and degradation, even had the opportunity offered.

It was nearly sundown when they reached the little settlement near the beach. A couple of clumsy ten or twelve ton sloops had come in from the sea, and having hauled alongside the *Donna*, which Captain Kelly pointed out to them, were transferring their loading of turtles and sponges into the schooner's hold.

The *Donna* was nearly twenty tons burthen, and must have once been a handsome and weathery little vessel. But the white paint on her hull was blackened and discolored, and in places had peeled off entirely. She carried no topmasts, and a stump bowsprit, which gave her a heavy lumpish appearance, and her dingy weather-stained sails were like a sailor's trousers—"patch upon patch and a patch over all," to use poor Jack's simile.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN KELLY'S TREACHERY.

THE *Donna* lay moored stem and stern to ring bolts driven into the coralline ledges of the left hand side of the deep harbor, within a few rods of the little settlement.

"Tain't likely Bellingham'll feel much like eutertainin' you to-night, seein'g's you've killed his two hounds," grimly remarked Captain Kelly; "so you two fellers can go right aboard. Bob, who is cook, steward, and fo'mast hand, will get you some supper, and you can sleep on deck if it's too hot below."

Thus assured, Jack and Peltiah turned their steps toward the little vessel, leaving Captain Kelly to his own devices.



SCARCELY WERE THEY PERCHED ON ONE OF THE BRANCHES, WHEN THE TWO BLOOD-HOUNDS CAME RUSHING DOWN THE PATHWAY.

visage was made more repulsive by a bristling red mustache.

"What did you think we'd do—sit still and let them tear us to pieces?" hotly responded Jack.

"The dogs wouldn't have hurt you whilst you was treed," said Captain Kelly, while Mr. Bellingham, in an ecstasy of rage, twined his fingers in his kinky wool, and with frightful contortions of his ugly face, seemed trying to lift himself bodily by both hands.

"Is it the custom in this island to hunt down sailors who leave their vessel here with animals like that?" demanded Jack, without heeding Kelly's remark.

"We do about as we please here, my young cock-of-the-walk," savagely replied Captain Kelly; "and as Captain Blowhard, who is cruisin' in the vicinity, left a standing reward of ten dollars a head for the two of you delivered aboard, we take our own way of getting hold of you."

"You haven't got hold of us yet, and we don't mean you shall while we are able to protect ourselves," said Jack, with a dangerous gleam in his dark eyes, which, with the words, caused Captain Kelly to step back involuntarily.

Peltiah said nothing, but his attitude with the boat lance, held in readiness for use, spoke volumes.

Captain Kelly was nonplused. He had spoken the truth when he said that they did about as they pleased on Watling's Island. The small population were descendants from old Carib stock, intermarried with Spanish creoles and an occasional

"The fact is," said Jack deliberately, "neither my chum here nor myself mean to go aboard the *Nancy* again while we've got arms and strength to resist—and you see we've got both. On the other hand, we'll give any man ten dollars—all the money we've got in the world—for a chance to be taken to some West India port where we can find a vessel bound to the States."

Captain Kelly exchanged glances with his colored coadjutor, who, untwining his fingers from his wool, scowled at Jack, and then, obedient to a gesture from Captain Kelly, stepped with him a little to one side.

The two talked together in an undertone—Captain Kelly urgent, Mr. Bellingham sullenly vindictive, to judge by his expression.

"Well," finally said the former, turning to Jack with what was intended as a conciliatory smile, "it's a dead loss of ten dollars, but we don't want to have no trouble, and I guess we can arrange it. Come back











THE HUNTERS, HIDDEN IN THE BUSHES, SAW A FIGURE STEP FORWARD INTO THE CLEARING.

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

## THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

### CHAPTER V.

ERNEST WILTON'S ARRIVAL.

THE hunters had only a minute or two to wait, but the suspense seemed to last hours to one or two, especially to poor Josh, the cook. In his fright of being scalped by a possible Indian, he would have cheerfully given up all his chances of gold in the mine and everything, to have swapped places with the envious Jasper and been safe in camp.

In a little while the listeners heard the sound of twigs being broken near them, as if some one were making his way through the copse. Soon they could distinguish, in addition, the heavy tramp of footsteps—they sounded as heavy as those of elephants to them, with their ears to the ground—trampling down the thick undergrowth and rotten twigs in the thicket before them; and they could also hear a sort of muttering sound, like that caused by somebody speaking to himself in soliloquy.

Then a nondescript-clad figure came out of the brushwood into the open clearing, walking towards the spot where the mountain sheep lay stretched on the sward, which was partly covered with the snow that remained unmelted under the lee of the cliff; and a voice, without doubt belonging to the figure, exclaimed in unmistakable English accents—

“Well, I never heard of such a thing before in my life! I know I am a tidy shot, but if I were to mention this at home they would say I was telling a confounded lie! To think of killing three of those queer creatures at one shot! By Jove, who'd believe it?”

The listeners burst into a simultaneous roar of laughter.

“It's only a Britisher!” said Noah Webster; and they all rose from their covert and sallied out into the open, to the intense astonishment of the new-comer, whose surprise was evidently mixed with a proportionate amount of alarm, for he clutched his gun more tightly at the sight of them, and stood apparently on the defensive.

“We are friends,” Mr. Rawlings said, “some of us your countrymen, if, as I judge by your accent, you are an Englishman. We are working a mine in this neighborhood. My name is Rawlings, and I am the proprietor of the mine.”

“My name is Wilton—Ernest Wilton,” the stranger said, taking the hand that Mr. Rawlings held out. “I am glad indeed to meet with a party of my countrymen.”

Mr. Rawlings then asked Ernest Wilton how he came to be wandering among the Black Hills.

“Well,” replied Wilton, “I will tell you my story. Some little time since I started from Oregon with a prospecting party that was organized to hunt up various openings for the employment of capital in mining and other speculative enterprises. With this party I crossed the Rocky Mountains, and went about from place to place, until about three days ago, when, while shooting amongst these hills of yours, either I lost them or they lost me. Here I have been wandering about ever since by myself, and would probably have come to grief if I had not met you.”

“By profession I am a mining engineer, but the mine I had come from England to work turned out badly, and I accepted another engagement, thinking to do a little sporting and exploring on my own account before returning to England—nice sport I've found it, too!”

Mr. Rawlings gave the stranger an earnest invitation to spend a day or two with them down at the creek.

The visitor readily accepted; and the game being lifted and slung on poles, the party started for the camp, Mr. Rawlings strolling on with his new acquaintance, and

the others following, talking earnestly together.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Rawlings laughingly apologized for its state of dilapidation, but assured the visitor that it was far more comfortable than it looked.

Seth came to the doorway, and the other miners gathered round, to inspect both the welcome supply of fresh food and the stranger.

“This is Seth Allport, my lieutenant and manager,” Mr. Rawlings said. “Seth, this is Mr. Wilton, an English mining engineer.”

“Jerusalem!” exclaimed Seth. “Now, who would have thought that?”

“You seem surprised at my being an engineer,” said Ernest Wilton, laughing at Seth's exclamation; for even the hungry miners, who had been previously clustered in groups around Josh and Jasper, surveying the cooking arrangements of the two dark-eyes with longing eyes, appeared to forget the claims of their appetites for the moment on the announcement of what evidently was a welcome piece of news.

They incontinently abandoned the grateful sight of the frizzling mutton, that was sending forth the most savory odors, and joined the leaders of the party who were interviewing the young Englishman.

“I shouldn't have thought one of my profession by any means a strange visitor,” Wilton continued.

“It isn't the surprise, mister,” replied Seth cordially. “No, that ain't it, quite, I reckon. It's the coincidence, as it were, at this particular time. That's what's the matter!”

“I'm sure I ought to feel greatly honored at such an imposing reception,” said Ernest, still rather perplexed at the ovation, which seemed unaccountable to him. “It is not such a very uncommon thing for an engineer to be traveling through these regions, is it now? especially when you consider that it has been mainly through the exertions of men of my craft, and the railways that they have planned, following in their wake, that the country has been opened up at all. I should have thought engineers

almost as common nowadays out West as blackberries in old England.”

“You are right there,” said Mr. Rawlings, hastening to explain the circumstances that had caused his arrival to be looked upon as such a piece of good fortune, quite apart from the friendly feelings with which they regarded him as a forlorn stranger whom they were glad to welcome to their camp. “But, you see, your coming, as Seth Allport has just remarked, has been almost coincident with a loss, or rather want, which we just begin to feel in our mining operations here.

“Your arrival has happened just in the nick of time, when we are nearly at a standstill through the want of a competent engineer, like yourself, experienced in mines and mining work. Hands we have in plenty—willing and able hands, too,” added Mr. Rawlings, with an approving glance round at the assembled miners; “but we want a head to suggest how our efforts can be best directed, and our gear utilized, towards carrying out the object we all have in view. I and Seth have done our best; but, what with the overflow of water in the mine, and the necessity we think there is now for running out side cuttings from the main shaft, so as to strike the lode properly, we were fairly at our wits' end.”

“I see,” said Ernest Wilton musingly, “I see.”

“An' if yer like to join us in that air capacity,” interposed Seth, thinking that the other was merely keeping back his decision until he heard what terms might be offered him, and that a practical suggestion about money matters would settle the matter, “why, mister, we shan't grumble about the dollars, you bet! As yer knows, the kernel kinder invited yer jest now, when we had no sort o' reckonin' as to who and what yer were. That'll be no worry about yer share ov the plunder now—no, sir.”

“Oh, pray don't mention that!” exclaimed Ernest Wilton, pained at the interpretation put upon his reticence in accepting the offer of the position made him. “Nothing was further from my thoughts.









[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 XXIX.

### A ZEBRA HUNT.

DICK BROADHEAD told Jingo to order his bearers to hurry forward. He was anxious to discover the cause of the disturbance among the vanguard of the Katendi army.

"The valley along which the river flowed northward was at this point narrower, bounded on either side by rolling hills of no great height, which were covered with short grass and low bushes. On the slope of one of these hills, on the opposite side of the stream, the natives had observed a herd of zebras grazing.

"Now the zebra, the striped horse of Africa, is an animal which the traveler cannot see every day. He keeps almost entirely to mountainous districts, and is only found in wild and untraveled parts of the country. And even when they are met with, zebras are not easy to kill or capture. They are as fleet-footed as the pronghorn of the Rocky Mountains, and generally as timid. They graze in herds on the hillsides, and station the oldest and most experienced zebra as a sentinel, to warn the others of any approaching danger.

"In this case the zebras seemed to be unusually bold. They stood fearlessly upon the grassy slope of the hill, in plain sight of the Katendis. Perhaps their curiosity at the strange spectacle of the passing army had overcome their timidity, or possibly they relied on the fact that a river separated them from the natives.

"The zebra is greatly prized by many of the native tribes of Africa, where he is found, not only for the sake of his flesh, but also, when captured alive and tamed, as a beast of burden.

"That the Katendis were not going to pass by the chance thus offered to them, was soon made clear. The joyful shouts with which the warriors who first noticed the zebras announced their discovery, were soon silenced, and preparations were made for a systematic hunt. A body of natives was dispatched along the stream, with orders to swim across it at a point half a mile further down, and by circling round to get behind the herd and drive it toward the lower ground. Another party of huntsmen was sent in the opposite direction, to intercept the animals' flight.

"The sporting instinct was very strong in Dick Broadhead, and a hunt for such unusual game as this aroused his interest at once. It would have been a very long shot at the zebras from where he now was, but by crossing the stream he might have got within easy range, if he approached them carefully among the bushes, for the wind was blowing from them to him, and they could not have detected him if he kept out of sight.

"He did not wish, however, to expend a single one of his scanty stock of cartridges, even though a successful shot would probably raise him still higher in the estimation of the Katendis. He was determined

to reserve them for cases of actual danger to the lives of the travelers—and such dangers were sure to arise.

"But he was anxious to join in the chase, and he wanted to find some better weapon than the long heavy spears of the natives. An idea was suggested to him by the sight of an assegai which was carried by a warrior who was marching near him.

"It was closely wound round, for nearly its whole length, with a narrow strip of what looked like thick, untanned hide, whether for ornament or to strengthen the shaft he could not tell. By means of Jingo's services as an interpreter, Dick obtained a loan of this weapon from its owner, and scrutinized it more closely. He found that the rawhide thong would answer his

purpose well, and provide him with the weapon he wanted.

"Hastily untwining it from the shaft of the spear, Dick found that it was smooth and flexible, and by tying a running knot in the end he provided himself with a very fair lasso. Dick knew something of the use of the lasso—a deadly weapon in skillful hands—and had formed the ambitious project of capturing a live zebra, if by good luck the herd came in his direction.

"The first thing to be done was to cross the river. This was accomplished without even wetting the soles of his feet. The natives who were carrying Dick's litter would not let him get out when he began to do so in order to swim or wade across. They bore litter and all to the other bank, fording the stream at a place where the water was very shallow, not rising above their knees.

"Dick shouted to Griswold and Carter to follow his example, and they easily made their bearers understand what was wanted,

use one with effect, so he borrowed an assegai.

"There was a long wait before the natives could get round behind the herd to drive it down toward the stream. Dick began to fear that the zebras would escape, as they had moved gradually round the slope of the hill where they had been grazing, and only one or two of them now remained in sight.

"Nearly an hour had been passed in the broiling afternoon sun, and Dick had almost fallen asleep, when the stillness of the tropical valley was suddenly broken.

"One of the zebras, who was probably the sentinel of the herd, raised his head and sniffed the air uneasily for a moment; then with a shrill whinny, he gave the signal of danger, and the stampede began!

"It was hastened by a series of yells that arose from different points along the crest of the hills. The Katendis had done their work skillfully. When the sentinel zebra scented their approach, they had already got behind the herd, and cut off its retreat.

"The frightened animals seemed not to know whither they should flee, and turned first to one side and then to another, or halted for a moment in indecision; then, following the leader, they dashed off at the top of their speed, striking obliquely down the slope and toward the river.

"The direction of their flight, however, would not bring them near the spot where the travelers were lying in ambush, ready to spring out upon them as they passed. The zebras were making for a spot between the hills and river, where there was a gap in the line of huntsmen that surrounded them on other sides.

"The natives who were with Dick Broadhead and his friends sprang forward with furious shouts, and tried to head off the escaping animals. They were too far away, and the zebras had almost passed beyond the hunters, and gained the open country beyond, when a dark figure sprang up directly in their path.

"It was Jingo. The white men had not noticed his absence, but while they were dozing as they lay in ambush for the zebras, he had slipped away, and posted himself where he foresaw that he might be able to do good service.

"The leader of the herd was close upon him when he leaped from a small hollow in the ground, waving his long arms, and yelling with all his lungs. Dick and his companions thought they had never heard such a hideous noise as the Kaffir made.

"His tactics were effective. With a snort of terror, the leading zebra turned sharp away and galloped off, apparently at random, and directly towards the spot where the white men were crouching among the bushes.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE KATENDIS AND THEIR FOES.

DICK BROADHEAD'S fingers tightened around the coil of the lasso as he saw the swift-footed zebras charging down upon him. He was crouching behind a low thorn bush, and in front of this there was a considerable stretch of open ground, along which the wild horses were rushing.

"The leader was not a half dozen yards from Dick when he sprang forward and stood directly in the path of the galloping herd. The animals were running so fast that it seemed as if they could not possibly stop or turn, and Dick must be knocked over and trodden under their feet.

"But the foremost zebra partially stopped himself, and turned off obliquely. In another moment he would have been out of reach, but before he could recover his speed, Dick had swung the coil of rawhide twice around his head, and sent it hurtling through the air.

"The throw was a skillful one, and a lucky one as well. As the zebra, in executing his sudden turn, tossed up his hind legs, the slip noose settled down upon one of his hoofs.

"For a moment the animal continued its career, and then, as the suddenly tightened rawhide pulled its foot from under it, fell rolling over and over on the ground. Dick had braced himself firmly to meet the shock, but he, too, lost his balance, and was dragged down, still holding the end of the lariat.

"He was on his feet in a moment, before the zebra could recover itself. Fearing that the rawhide might snap if he held his captive by it, Dick ran to the fallen animal, and grasped it by its head, to which he clung, in spite of all its kicking and strug-



AS THE ZEBRA TURNED TO FLEE, DICK SENT THE LASSO HURLING THROUGH THE AIR.



