

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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

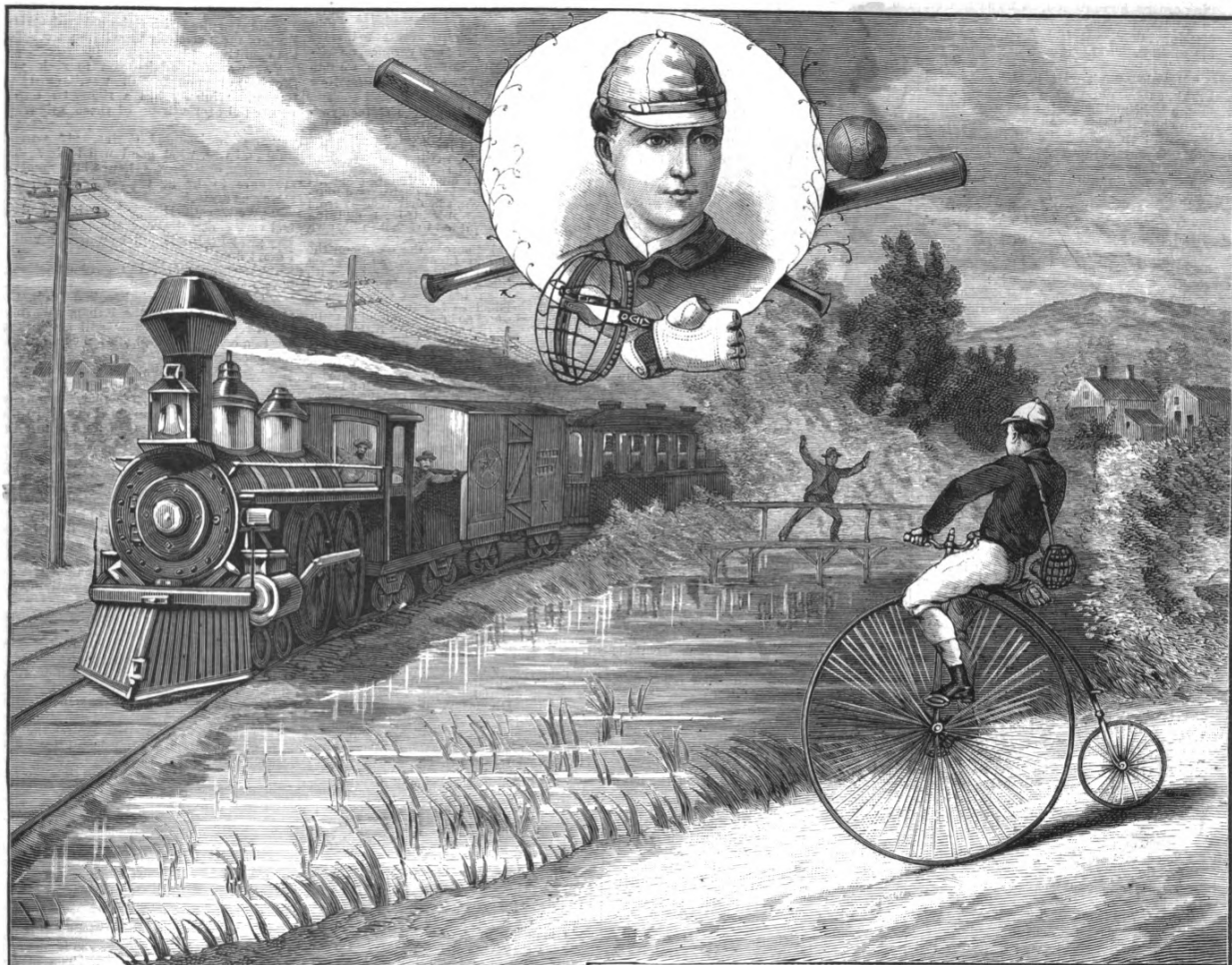
Vol. V.—No. 35.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 181 WARREN ST.,
PUBLISHER. NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

TERMS \$3.00 PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 243.



ON A DOWN GRADE.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

DEAR FRANK:—You must come over and catch for us Thursday afternoon. Carson has sprained his knee, and the Invincibles will beat us sure as guns if we can't get you on in his place. They've got Dawkins to pitch for them, and he's a strong card, you know, so please give your old nine a farewell helping hand. Hopefully yours,
FRANK HOFFER.

On behalf of the Nonsuch Nine.
If we don't hear will expect you.

Frank Livingstone read this note one July afternoon on his way up to his room to wash and get ready for lunch after a two hours' railroad journey from the seaside.

"Oh, mother," he called over the balu-

sters, stopping half way and letting his satchel drop with a recklessness that nearly sent it rolling down the staircase. "I say, when did this letter come for me? The one you just handed me, I mean."

"Why, day before yesterday I think it was," came the reply, from the direction of the dining room. "We didn't think it worth while to send it on to you at Sea Bright, as you were coming back so soon. Why, is it anything important?"

"Well, rather," answered Frank, dropping down to a seat on the stairway and reading the note aloud through the spindles.

NEARER AND NEARER THE TWO ONRUSHING STEEDS APPROACH ONE ANOTHER.
SEEMINGLY NOTHING CAN PREVENT THE BOY FROM
DASHING INTO THE CARS.

"But you don't belong to the Academy any longer, Frank!" commented Mrs. Livingstone, with an upward glance of maternal pride at her tall son, now a freshman at Old Orange.

"They want me to play, though, you see, as a special favor," explained Frank. "You see the Invincibles have got Dawkins, who's to be in my class at college, so it'll be fair enough. I'll just have to tear around lively though to get there in time."

"Where are you going to play?"

"At Glenham."

"But that's four miles from here. What time do you have to be there?"

"Game's called at three, I suppose, and it's nearly two now. But I can easily make it on my bike. You said lunch was almost ready, so I'll wriggle into my playing togs and be ready for it in a see or two."

Frank scrambled to his feet, and was soon rushing out of his tweed traveling suit and into his baseball rig with all possible speed.

"Hope that machine of mine's in running order," he muttered, as he dashed off to the dining-room.

"Now, don't eat fast, Frank," begged his mother. "They can wait till you get there."

"But they can't wait long," responded Frank, as he plumped a cherry into his mouth to keep ill-assorted company with a lamb chop. "Don't you see, if they hang back with an excuse the Invincibles will claim that they have forfeited the game. And as long as I haven't answered, they'll expect me. So you see I must be there on time."

Ten minutes later the Nonsuch catcher was trundling the fine, full nickel, 52 inch wheel down the piazza steps.

"I'll just give her a taste of oil and then she'll be O. K. and—bang the blue crickets, if I didn't forget all about it!"

The cause of this sudden change of tone was the discovery that the spring that worked the brake was broken, or rather the rediscovery of the fact, for until now Frank had quite forgotten that he had snapped it while making some foolish experiments before going to Sea Bright.

"But never mind," he said to himself the next instant, as he began oiling up. "I hardly ever use it any way, and I want to get over the ground this afternoon too quickly to bother with brakes."

So with a farewell wave of the hand to his mother on the piazza, and a promise to try and be back for dinner at seven, he mounted and sped off on his silent steed.

At first his catcher's mask, which he had flung over his shoulder, gave him some trouble by working around to the front, but he finally succeeded in adjusting it satisfactorily, and then lay over the handle bar and spurted.

The roads were in first-class condition, and Frank was soon spinning past gateways and telegraph poles like the wind. And glorious sport was this bicycle run, almost as enjoyable, in fact, he fancied, as would be the game at the end of it.

The weather was cool, and the roadway led through a most beautiful section of country, so it is scarcely to be wondered at that young Livingstone's spirits rose high, and that as he sped along he peckered his lips to whistle the refrain of a college song.

"I feel in prime condition for play this afternoon," he said to himself. "But I must be there in good time so as to have a little chance to rest after my run."

Faster and faster he flew along till the nicked spokes of the driving wheel resolved themselves into one steady shimmer, which flashed along the road like a concentrated ray of sunlight.

One, two, three miles were covered, and—"Here's for a glorious coast," murmured the young wheelman, as he emerged from a patch of woods on to the brow of a hill that sloped away invitingly to Glenham.

"Now for the home-stretch," and Frank placed his feet over the handle-bars, and leaning back went rolling down the incline in solid comfort.

Faster and faster, till a sudden flap of the catcher's mask against the spokes warned him that he must be careful with that piece of luggage hanging down behind.

"I guess I'll have to creep up my coast," he said to himself. "It brings that mask too near the wheel," and instinctively he felt for the brake to check his speed a little in order to permit him to regain the pedals.

The empty click reminded him with an unpleasant thrill of the useless state of that appendage.

There was no help for it now; he must keep on at the same increasingly fast pace till he had run for some distance upon the level.

But the road was a perfectly smooth one, there were no sharp turns, not even a wagon approaching, and remembering that he would reach the ball grounds all the sooner, Frank gave himself up to simply guiding the wheel and enjoying the arrow-like speed with which he went flying along.

The next instant, the sharp, prolonged sound of a locomotive whistle inspired him with a sudden fear. For less than a quarter of a mile ahead he recollected that the railroad track crossed the road, and that whistle warned him that a train was now approaching. Would he reach the crossing before it or after it, or would they both arrive there at the same time?

He could see now that the train was a long one—the Narragansett Accommodator—and even should the engine itself have passed before he reached the crossing, it would be equally fatal to strike any of the cars.

"If I could only make the engineer slow up for an instant," he thought, measuring the distance between himself and the approaching train, in a state of most horrible suspense. Then "My only hope is to get across in front of the locomotive," he decided.

An instant later, however, it would seem that if he could slow up himself the least bit he would stand a fairer chance.

It must be remembered that all these reflections flashed through Frank's brain within a second or two. The whole thing would be decided within a minute at the farthest.

Ah, now the engineer sees the threatening train, but there is also nothing for him to do to obviate it. On sweeps the iron horse and down spins the glittering wheel, still reflecting from its spokes a dazzling sunbeam, as though in mockery of the fate toward which it was hurrying its young rider.

Was there no way of saving himself? None, it seemed, for to turn the wheel so as to bring it, forcibly to a stop against the fence of a tree along the road was almost certain to result in a fatal shock, such was the terrible speed that had by this time been attained.

No, it was preferable to keep the machine in the middle of the road and take the chances of missing or hitting the train.

Suddenly, however, a peculiar expression shows out of the bicyclist's eyes, and his gaze darts slightly to the right. Is it possible that there yet remains a third course open to him?

It is fraught with some risk, to be sure, and requires nerve to take it. But Frank steadies his hand on the steering bar, and with his eye fixed on a point just this side of the railroad track waits and—hopes.

Nearer and nearer the two onrushing steeds approach one another. Seemingly nothing can prevent the boy from dashing into the cars.

Ejectment of horror escape from the flying fireman and engineer, when lo, the flying wheel is deflected from its course, almost on the verge of the track.

On from the road, across the smooth strip of grass that borders it, and straight for the pond spreads the runaway wheel.

Now this pond, as Frank happened to know, was rather a deep one, and passengers on the railroad had been in the habit of admiring the pretty feature it possessed in having its sodded banks slope with a gentle declivity into the water, with no ragged edges of loose turf to mar the picturesqueness of the effect.

And down this smooth slope Frank guided his wheel, both disappearing the next instant beneath the mirror-like surface of the pond.

"Oh, I'm all right. The water did just what I wanted it to, acted like a sort of safety cushion to fall on."

It was five minutes later, and young Livingstone was standing on the edge of the pond, calmly wringing the water out of the sleeves of his shirt. His experiment had resulted successfully, and his plunge into the pond had been attended with no worse consequences than a thorough wetting and a temporary loss of his bicycle.

But among the crowd that had soon gathered at the scene of the runaway exploit were two or three village boys, experts in diving, and Frank arranged with them to recover and rub dry his machine, while he himself hurried on to Carson's—who lived not far away—to borrow a catcher's mask and some dry clothes, in which to keep his appointment with the Nonsuch Nine.

For after having such a narrow squeak of it getting here," he observed, "there's

no good in refusing to play just because I've been in the pond."

Such was the dauntless spirit of the Livingstones. Indeed, so eager was Frank to make up for lost time that he gave Carson but the most meager details of his adventure, promising to furnish him with full particulars after he had helped his childhood schoolfellows to vanquish the Invincibles.

He did it too, and not till the cheers following the victory died away did Frank tell his friends of the hair-breadth escape he had had on the road.

The bicycle was recovered from the bottom of the pond in the course of the afternoon, uninjured. A brisk rubbing at the hands of the village boys already mentioned, soon restored it to its original polish, and shortly after seven Frank dismounted at home as nonchalantly as though nothing had happened.

"But surely that isn't the suit in which you started, Frank," remarked his mother. And then he explained.

AN ENTERPRISING PHILADELPHIA BOY.

It does not always require poverty to inspire a youth with pluck and perseverance, as witnessed by a boy's trip to Europe, which we clip from the Philadelphia edition of the New York World:

William Matthews Handy, the sixteen year old son of Editor M. P. Handy, of the *Daily News*, has just returned from a European trip that has proved in its character and results that it is worth writing and reading about. He is an odd sort of a little fellow, but he is a very keen and energetic boy, and with such a keen desire for a journalistic life that he can't be driven away from his office. He wanted to see something of Europe, and he wanted to see it in his own way.

Alone, he traveled across the ocean on the Pacific and in Liverpool he was admitted with only \$100 in his pocket, but with instructions to draw from certain designated points to replenish his purse when empty. He not only wished to see the country, but also the people, and so he determined to walk. This at first was tiresome to the little fellow, but he soon found himself willing to use the railroad cars. But a little plodding soon made the weak boy quite a sturdy pedestrian, and at the conclusion of his journeying through England, Ireland, Scotland, and France he found that he had walked nearly six hundred miles.

He trudged from London to Liverpool (230 miles) in a little over six days, and he consumed about the same time in walking from Liverpool to Kilmaree, a distance of 176 miles. The fifth day of the last jaunt he traveled forty-two miles.

The most remarkable thing about the boy's trips is that what he was absent from his days, forty-five of which were spent on land, his total expenses, exclusive of the steamship passages, were but \$45.25. He not only did not draw from the designated cities, but actually regained the British King at Queenstown with the larger portion of the \$100 given him still in his pocket.

The feeling of self-reliance with which the journey imbued the boy, and the invaluable results that he obtained, are well evidenced by his notes of travel. These he wrote each night at the end of his daily tramp, and at once mailed to his father. They show that he is a keen observer of the people, and are remarkably well written. There is not an uninteresting line in them. Some idea of the character of his labors may be gleaned from the fact that these notes cover 406 written pages, and comprise over 32,000 words.

He had was variously taken for book agent, runaway schoolboy, and American dynamiter, and in the latter character was once apprehended, but quickly released.

He stopped at nights at small wayside inns, and that he was bountifully provided for is shown by his greatly increased weight and the appearance of roses in his cheeks that never bloomed there before.

This is surely a tale that American boys can read with profit.

LIVELY ORNAMENTS.

In this part of the country, precious jewels are kept under lock and key for fear some body may walk off with them: in Mexico, however, they have to be jealously guarded to prevent them from walking off themselves. For it is in certain districts of that land that fashionable young ladies, according to the custom of the country, are dressed at night with the cauculo, the large and brilliant fly of the jungles of the interior.

When the cauculo is lively, it is the most beautiful of jewels in effect. These are about the size of a large "Goldsmith" beetle of the Eastern States, but should not be confounded with the Brazilian beetle that is frequently seen encased in gold.

In the evening, just before dark, there is a shower of them in the tropics. A cool of fire is waved at the edge of the jungle where the cauculo lives. The beetles flock to the light, and are easily knocked down into the road. From thence they are picked up and put into a joint of sugarcane, where they get fat and lively, and ready for use when wanted. The fire is produced by a stick with a dress with cauculos, which emit a strong, uniform light of an iridescent greenish character, is very striking.

After but these jewels are carefully re-impressed in the sugarcane until wanted again.

[This story commenced in No. 23.]

Dick Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SINGLE COMBAT.

"AS you may imagine, Dick heard this strange challenge to a single combat but with very mingled feelings. Should he accept it or decline? This was an important question which called for an immediate answer.

"Of course it was not want of courage that made him think of refusing to meet the young Kabango chief. Quite the contrary. Dick Broadhead was brave enough to fight, and, what was more, he was brave enough to decline a fight when that was the wiser course.

"He consulted with Griswold and Carter. Both of them strongly urged him to refuse the challenge.

"I wouldn't advise you to risk your life in any such foolish way," said the former. "Nobody has a right to expect you to fight for a tribe of these miserable savages."

"Besides," added Carter, "if you do fight and win, what good will it do? The Kabangos, or whatever they call themselves, are sure to break their agreement, and attack us again."

"Well," said Dick, "I confess I don't feel very cheerful about the matter either way; but I think it will be worse for us if I don't fight."

"Why do you think so?" questioned Hiram Carter.

"If I fight and win," replied Dick, "we may still have to face the Kabangos' army; but if refuse, the Ka-endis will go back on us, to a certainty, and both tribes would be our enemies."

"And if you fight and lose—?" suggested Carter.

"Oh, don't talk of that," answered Dick, resolutely; "you needn't try to discourage me, for I've made up my mind to defeat that young African."

"Griswold made one more attempt to dissuade the brave but somewhat reckless boy.

"Let me take up the challenge instead of you," he said. "I could fight the young chieftain, or any other fellow they like to pick out, and I could whip them too," continued the stalwart American, whose tall and sinewy frame, when compared with the less powerful physique of the natives, justified his boast.

"Dick refused firmly, and the rest of the party reluctantly acquiesced.

"The Katendis had been awaiting the result of this conference between the whites with evident excitement, and when Jingo announced Dick's determination to accept the challenge, yells of delight went up from their ranks.

"Then came the preparation for the contest. Jingo was commissioned to confer with the herald of the Kabangos, who had announced the challenge, as to the arms that the two champions were to use. He reported that Khama proposed that each combatant should be allowed a spear and a club. To this young Broadhead agreed, and after a few more preliminaries he sent word that he was ready to meet the challenger.

"The scene was a strange one as the two rivals stepped forth from the ranks of their respective hosts. The armies were drawn up about three hundred yards apart, the Katendis at the foot of the rocks that rose above the ravine, the Kabangos in the more open and level plain below. The rays of the sun, now near its setting, fell obliquely across the field of battle, and lit up the figures of the two youths who approached each other in the space between the hostile armies.

"What a contrast they presented! The young African chieftain was tall and slender, supple as the panther, dark-skinned, with a fierce light shining from his crafty eyes. His antagonist was three inches shorter, with a frame splendidly built for strength and endurance, and his face tanned almost as deeply as the other's by the tropical sun.

"Nearer and nearer they came, each on his guard against the other's attack. The two armies looked on in the awed silence of eager expectancy.

"Suddenly, when they were within thirty yards, Khama threw his spear with so rapid

a motion and to true an aim that it nearly proved fatal to Dick. It required all his agility to spring aside in time to avoid the heavy missile. It whizzed over his shoulder as he leaped to the left side.

"Then instantly recovering himself, Dick hurled his spear with all his force.

"But he was not skilled in the use of this weapon. His aim was wild, and Khama laughed derisively as the spear passed harmlessly by, and struck the earth some distance away from him.

"The smile was yet on his lips when young Broadhead rushed upon him and attacked him fiercely.

"By springing to the left, and coming upon his adversary from that quarter, Dick had gained an important advantage. The light of the sinking sun smote full upon Khama's eyes, and almost dazzled him. His opponent forced the fighting with all his energy, and rained a perfect shower of blows upon the young African, who parried most of them, but had no chance of returning them.

"The struggle was short, sharp and decisive. It was soon seen that Khama was no match for his antagonist, and he quickly realized the fact himself. Whatever courage he possessed seemed to evaporate entirely. It was whether he had ever ventured to issue the challenge.

"The silence of the Katendis, whose whole attention was centered upon the conflict in progress, began to be broken by murmurs of approval at Dick Broadhead's bravery, and shouts of joy at his superiority became manifest. This seemed to dispirit Khama so entirely that he flung away his club and took refuge in an inglorious flight!

"He ran as fast as his legs could carry him toward the army of the Kabangos, who received him into their ranks in a sullen silence, while the triumphant yells of the Katendis fairly rent the heavens.

"Dick still stood upon the scene of his victory—a victory so unexpectedly easy that he hardly realized it. His friends crowded around him, but he waved them back, fearing that the Kabangos might disregard the terms of the challenge and make a sudden onset while their opponents were in disorder. Consequently he used every effort to keep the Katendis arrayed in readiness to meet a treacherous attack.

"Herein he showed wisdom and foresight. The Kabangos were enraged beyond measure at the disgraceful cowardice of their own champion, and they did not stop to consider that they had agreed to submit in case he was defeated in the single combat.

"But in their rage, there was no unanimity nor good order among them. The commands of their leaders were disregarded; some of them held back, while the bulk of the army charged forward in broken and irregular array, to renew the fight.

"This treacherous onslaught was no more than was anticipated, and thanks to Dick's precaution the Katendis were prepared to meet it. They no longer remained behind the barricade. Encouraged by young Broadhead's victory they were drawn up in close order in a position some distance in front of the one they had formerly occupied.

"Again there was a desperate hand to hand struggle. The advantages, which had certainly been on the side of the Kabangos in the previous battle, were now neutralized, and the Katendis fought on at least equal terms.

"The white men could not hold back from the fight. They went into it with a will, and did splendid service. The enemy began to give way at the point where the long arms of Griswold and Carter were wielding their weapons with telling effect.

"The lower edge of the sun's remnant of light was touching the western hills, when above the roar of battle there came fresh war cries rising in the rear of the Katendi army.

"There was a moment of suspense. Were the new arrivals friends or enemies? Had a body of Kabangos made its way over the rocks to the rear, or were reinforcements coming from the upper villages of the Katendis?

"Of course, the doubt did not last very long. It was soon seen that the new comers were warriors who had been summoned by the Katendi messenger to aid in repelling the invaders. They came running down the ravine, shouting and raising their weapons, eager to join in the battle. There were several hundred warriors in all, and the coming of so large a body of fresh combatants gave the Katendis the Katendis, who fought with still greater energy than before; while their newly arrived

comrades plunged into the thickest part of the battle, and attacked the invaders with a vigorous onslaught that soon caused evident disorder among their ranks.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE VICTORS IN THE BATTLE.

"THE arrival of reinforcements proved to be the decisive point of the struggle. The Kabangos, already getting the worst of the fighting, saw that they had no longer any chance of victory. They became hopelessly demoralized. They broke their ranks and fled.

"The Katendis, whooping and yelling, chased them hotly, and cut down without mercy every man they could. The whites took no part in the pursuit; they were disgusted with the scene of slaughter, besides being weary after their exertions in the capture of their allies.

"Old Angol remained with them, and kept a detachment of his warriors to serve as their escort. There were several other chieftains among the Katendis who were pursuing their routed foes, and to them Angol relinquished the task of punishing the Kabangos, while he hurried with the white men toward his own village, anxious to discuss whether it had suffered from the invaders' attack.

"The old chief was in high spirits at the result of the battle, and treated the white men, and especially Dick Broadhead, who had so largely contributed to the victory, with greater respect than ever. But he still felt anxiety about the fate of his village.

"Another reflection, too, caused him some uneasiness. Jingo explained that Bengula himself had not been with the Kabangos, nor had their army comprised more than one third of all their fighting men; and that there could be no doubt that the savage monarch would make a vigorous effort to revenge the defeat of that day.

"His anger would be still more deeply kindled by the death of Khama, whose body had been found lying among those slain in the second battle.

"Angol feared an invasion by all the forces that Bengula could muster, and he besought the whites to remain with him to give him the benefit of their powerful assistance.

"This placed the travelers in a rather awkward position. It might be unwise to refuse further aid to their native allies, and yet they could not afford to delay their return to civilization by waiting in the Katendi territory. But then again, the country of the hostile Kabangos lay directly in front of them, and how could they cut their way through it?

"The subject was long and earnestly debated as they marched onward. Jingo was directed to inquire how far the territory of the Kabangos stretched, and learned that that tribe occupied the land on both banks of the stream, for a distance of three days' march.

"Then Griswold suggested that they might turn off to the east or to the west, over the mountains that rose on either side of the valley. Angol, however, informed them that beyond the mountains, to the eastward, there was a wide stretch of desert, over which it was impossible to travel, while to the westward the country was equally destitute of water.

"It was possible that the Katendi chieftain was exaggerating the difficulties of the surrounding districts in order to induce the travelers to remain with him and help him against the Kabangos; but on the whole it was decided that the best plan would be to continue their course down the river.

"For this purpose canoes must be built or obtained, and they must endeavor to slip through the Kabangos' country without exciting any hostility—if possible without being seen by the natives. They would effect this, perhaps, by traveling only at night, and concealing themselves during the day in the best hiding places they could find.

"The discussion of their future plan of operations was interrupted by a sudden exclamation from Angol. The old chieftain pointed eagerly forward, to a spot where through the faint gathering darkness numerous lights were seen to shine.

"There was a steep ascent before the travelers, and on climbing it they found that they had reached Angol's village. The chieftain's joy was unbounded when he saw that it had not been sacked nor in any way injured by the invaders. It lay on the western side of the valley, and the Kabangos had, as he now discovered, passed along the river without turning aside to attack it.

"The inhabitants crowded around the white men with many expressions of wonder. Their curiosity was turned into admiration when they heard, from Angol and the warriors, of the part that the visitors had played in the battle.

"It was not long before the rest of the Katendis, who had taken part in the pursuit of the fugitive Kabangos, began to return. They reported that their enemies were entirely cut to pieces, and very few had escaped.

"Consequently the occasion had to be celebrated with a characteristic African jubilation. The white men were interested spectators of the ceremonies, as they sat at the door of Angol's house, whither they had been conducted on reaching the village.

"There was much shouting and dancing, and many bonfires. The Katendis indulged freely in wine made from the juice of the palm, and worked themselves up into a fearful state of excitement, which increased as the night advanced.

"Some of their favorite liquor was offered to the whites, but declined.

"Towards midnight the travelers wearied of watching the festivities, and turned in to sleep within Angol's dwelling. It was a large but low hut, divided into numerous small apartments, several of which were readily placed at the service of the travelers. They found them exceedingly close and hot, and would have preferred to sleep outside upon the ground, had not the noise of the revelers made it impossible.

"So they stretched themselves upon rugs of skin, and rested as well as they could until the morning.

"Before sunrise they were aroused, as usual, by Jingo, and as soon as they had satisfied their healthy appetites they began their preparations to continue their journey. They were anxious to set out on that day, if they could, to avoid the long delay which might be caused if a Kabango invasion took place while they were still in Angol's country.

"It did not seem possible to take their departure without informing their hosts of their intention; so Griswold delivered a brief speech, in which he set forth that the great white princes had aided the Katendis to overthrow their enemies, and it was now their pleasure to travel to other lands; the brave Katendis no longer required their assistance, as they had already broken the power of the Kabangos, and could easily conquer the remnant of them; and they (the white princes) would be glad to borrow a good stout canoe, which would amply repay them for the services they had rendered.

"This was all translated to Angol, and he acquiesced, with some apparent reluctance. The canoe, he added, would certainly be forthcoming, together with other valuable gifts.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CANOE VOYAGE.

"IT occurred to Dick Broadhead to request as a gift the gun which, as he had heard from the Katendi warrior, was kept somewhere in the village as a curiosity.

"At his suggestion, Jingo questioned Angol on the subject, and the chieftain led the way to the hut where it was kept. This was close to his own dwelling, and seemed to be a temple of some of the native divinities. Its principal inmate was a huge and hideous idol, in which Dick fancied that he detected a resemblance to the colossal image that the travelers had found in the mountain cave.

"Angol, however, when asked whether he had heard of a great idol built in a vault in the heart of the mountain, only shook his head. He knew nothing of such a thing, he said. Dick concluded that the colossus might have been constructed by the Katendis' ancestors several generations previously, although their descendants had no recollection of it.

"The idol in the hut they were now visiting was surrounded with a number of small objects which had probably been placed there as ornaments to the temple, or gifts. Among them Dick noticed several elephant tusks, the skin of a lion, the horns of an African buffalo, and many other trophies of the chase. There were also vessels and trinkets of various kinds—probably spoils taken from the enemy in war. And in one corner of the hut lay the long-looked-for gun!

"Dick sprang forward and grasped it, with an exclamation of joy and surprise. The very sight of another firearm was

pleasant; but there was a further reason for his gratification.

"He had to expect to find a flint lock musket, or some old and worthless weapon which would be of no service to the travelers even if they could secure possession of it. Instead of this he saw before him a rifle of modern make, single barreled, in good condition and free from rust, though somewhat dirty, and, best of all, of exactly the same caliber as the two which he and Griswold already had, so that the same cartridges could be used for it.

"This was indeed a lucky find. Angol readily presented the weapon to them, saying that he would fill its place in the temple with some of the spoils of the recent victory over the Kabangos; and it was assigned by common consent to Hiram Carter, who after a careful examination pronounced the rifle to be a 'daisy.' In fact, he was quite anxious for a chance to test its shooting powers.

"'I'll have to wait awhile, I suppose,' he remarked; 'of course we can't afford to waste a cartridge.'

"'We may find plenty of use for all three rifles before we get through the country of the Kabangos,' said Griswold. 'The travelers were no better prepared to face the dangers that lay before them in their path, and the next move was made toward the river, where Angol promised to supply them with a canoe.'

"Half an hour's march led them to the bank of the stream, which was here, and as far down as they could see, broad and shallow, with a thick fringe of trees along either side, and many small densely wooded islands in its course. If the character of the stream remained the same, everything seemed to favor their plan of attempting to steal unnoticed through the enemies' country.

"Angol had sent on a courier in advance to order several canoes to be brought to the spot, and the travelers found the boats awaiting them when they reached the river. The canoes were built of bark, light but apparently strong and staunch. They differed in size; the largest were about twenty feet long, and capable of holding a dozen men.

"The travelers selected one considerably smaller than this, but large enough to give them all the space they needed. The boat was flat bottomed, and drew very little water, a quality which the shallowness of the stream rendered all the more desirable; its sides were high, and would—so the travelers hoped—afford them some protection from spears or arrows in case they had to run the gauntlet, with enemies on the bank of the river.

"Into this canoe they stepped, first placing in it their rifles, and a few provisions and skin rugs, which they selected from the numerous presents offered them by Angol and others of the Katendis.

"Dick Broadhead was posted in the bows of the boat, rifle in hand, to keep a careful look-out for any approaching danger; Norman Vincent sat in the stern, while the heavyweights, Griswold, Carter, and Jingo, took up their positions in the center, and squatted themselves down upon the matting in the bottom of the canoe—for there were no thwart—and industriously plied a pair of short paddles, taking it in turn to rest.

"The start was made, after a little farewell palavering, in which Jingo conveyed to Angol the thanks of the white men for his hospitality, and intimated that some day they might visit him again.

"'I hope it'll be a long time before we have to,' thought Dick; but he didn't say anything, and the natives would not have understood it if he had.

"And so the canoe voyage was commenced, and the travelers set forth to face the dangers and uncertainties before them. Whither the river flowed they still were ignorant, for none of the Katendis had been able to give them any information on that point. 'It runs to the northward, into the enemy's land, and beyond that no man knows,' had been the invariable reply to Jingo's questions.

"So all that day they paddled on. At first they went rapidly and without any special precautions; but as the day advanced they became more and more circumspect and apprehensive of danger; for they knew that they must be nearing the Kabangos' country.

"All went well, however, and they camped at nightfall in a grove of trees beside the river, without having seen any natives since they started. But in the morning, before daybreak, they were aroused by a loud noise that sounded close at hand.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO MAKE A CANVAS CANOE.
PART I.

It is a venture to say there is not one of our readers but would delight in the ownership of a canoe, and if the latter had been made by himself, all will agree that the joy of possession would be doubled. The plan for the construction of a canvas canoe herein set forth is one whose practicability can be vouched for by the writer, and if the directions are carefully followed by any boy who can do the simplest kind of carpentry, the results cannot be but satisfactory.

In the first place the framework of the boat should be made of 4 inch pine strips, 2 inches wide, the whole to be afterwards covered with the canvas. This method I have found to be far superior to that in which the strips are placed an inch or so apart.

To proceed to details, we will begin with the keel. For this, take a strip of pine 13 feet long, 1 1/4 inches thick by 2 1/4 inches wide. The adjustment of this I will explain later.

Next in order are the stem and stern posts, although one name will do as well as the

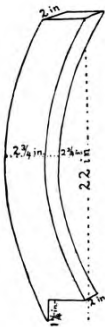


FIG. 1.—STEM POST, BEFORE TRIMMING.

other, both ends of the canoe being alike. For these it will be better to make a pattern first, either out of cardboard or some light wood; then take this pattern, together with that for the bulkheads—to be treated further on—to a planing mill, and have the parts sawed out.

The stems are made from 2 inch pine, their length being about 22 inches in a straight line, part of which is cut off afterwards, as in Fig. 1. This diagram is almost self-explanatory.

Here 5 1/2 inches is the distance from the outside of the curve to the straight line drawn from top to bottom, and the 2 3/4 inches is the distance from the inside of the curve to the same line. The 2 and 3/4 inches marked on the post represents the width of the stem, 2 inches being its thickness. At the lower end a square piece is to be taken out where the keel fits in.

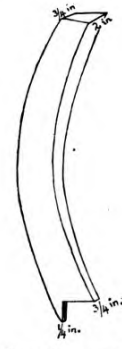


FIG. 2.—STEM POST, WHEN TRIMMED.

Each end is to be trimmed down on both sides so that it becomes a species of bent wedge, with a thickness of 2 inches at the top by 3/4 inches at the bottom. Be sure and take the same amount off both sides and not all off one side.

Next draw a line down the front edge

through the center, and trim off, on each side, from the top to the bottom and from the back to the front, until you have the stem 3/4 thick at the front edge and 1/4

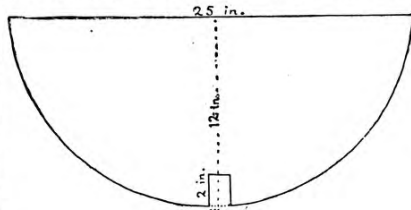


FIG. 3.—BULKHEAD.

inch thick in the same relative position at the bottom.

You will perceive that there are three steps in the construction of the stem. These you must study carefully, so as to be sure to make no mistakes. Of course you understand that each canoe requires two of these stems. Fig. 2 shows stems completed, with measurements in thickness at the different points.

By consulting this diagram you will see that the stem at the top is 3/4 inches thick at the front by 2 at the back, wedge shaped in fact. Again at the bottom it is 1/4 inch thick in front by 3/4 at the back. Also observe that the bottom is thinner than the top, this also forming a wedge.

Stems of this description give you very neat bow and stern posts, which parts have much to do with the shapening of the canoe, as any boat builder will tell you. Pine is plenty strong enough out of which to make them.

Please note that all the material used in the construction of the frame-work—with the exception of the ribs—is of pine.

We now come to the bulkheads. These should be of 3/4 inch pine, and should be cut from a board 12 inches wide by 4 feet long.

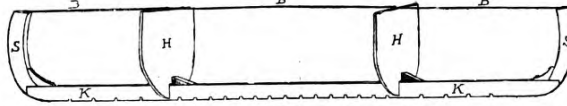


FIG. 4.—KEEL, POSTS, AND BULKHEADS.

K—The Keel; S S—Stem and Stern posts; H H—Bulkheads; B B—Temporary Braces.

When the two—four of course two bulkheads will be needed—have their straight edges placed together, they should form almost a circle. For the shape of each see Fig. 3.

By reference to this diagram you will observe that if the straight edge of the other bulkhead was placed beside this one, the diameter in one direction would be 25 inches, while at right angles to this it would be 24 inches. The substitution of 11 inches for the 12 shown in the diagram would give the canoe even greater buoyancy, although as it stands you will have a boat not easy to upset.

The slot in the bottom is where the keel fits in. It should be 2 inches deep by 1 1/4 inches wide.

The dimensions for the keel have already been given. This size will be found none too heavy, as all boats are built from the keel, it being this foundation, so to speak, that gives them firmness and stability. Be sure that your strip is perfectly straight, then find the center, measure 6 feet 2 inches on each side, and cut off any surplus. The keel will then be exactly 12 feet 4 inches in length.

If you want the well a little longer or a little shorter than 5 feet, you can arrange to have it so, but I made my well from the measurements here given.

For a five foot well, measure 2 1/2 feet on each side of your central mark and check off two bulkhead lines; then along the thinner side of the keel mark off, four inches apart, the positions for the ribs. On either end, or outside of the bulkheads, you may make them six inches apart, putting four on each end. The slots for the reception of the ribs should be half an inch wide and half an inch deep.

The ends of the keel must be trimmed to the shape of a wedge. By referring to Figure 4 you will see the keel ready to receive the ribs, with the bulkheads and the stems in position. There should be about fifteen slots between the bulkheads for the ribs, with the four at either end, makes twenty-three in all.

To fasten the bulkheads to the keel, cut two triangular blocks and nail to top edge of keel, and to these nail the bulkheads, as shown in diagram, which also shows braces for securing the keel. Be very careful not to split the stems when nailing. It would be better to use small screws.

We now come to the ribs. These should be of some wood that will bend easily, such as oak or hickory. I used hickory for my canoe, and found it excellent for the purpose. Get strips half an inch wide by a quarter of an inch thick, and about four feet long. You will require about twenty-five, allowing for breakages.

You may be able to obtain such strips as you want at a carriage maker's, or you can cut the hickory for yourself and take it to some mill to be ripped up and planed.

The strips should be free from knots and all imperfections. Allow them to soak in water for about a day before using and they will bend easily.

When the ribs are ready for use, lay your keel (with bulkheads and stems hanging down) across two benches or chairs, and with a good-sized nail fasten a rib into each slot. They are now perfectly straight, and will have to be bent around and tied with twine. Get some friend to help you with this.

Fasten the twine to one end of each rib, then press down on the other, and draw the ends of the ribs together until you have the right curve. This you will have to gauge for yourself. When estimating, use the bulkheads as your guide, and gauge the curve of the ribs from them.

Some of the ribs will bend a little more easily than others, and some will bend a little more on one side than on the other, but this will not matter, as when you put on your strips of pine lengthwise (stringers,

are two inches wide, so place nails 1 1/4 inch from each edge; through each rib make a hole for every nail with an awl, and then, with the hammer and a small piece of iron, clinch them on the inside.

Be careful to place two nails in every strip at each rib, as this keeps the stick from warping; and see that every nail is clinched. The nails being three-quarters of an inch long, a quarter of an inch is al-

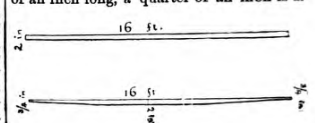


FIG. 6.—THE STRINGERS.

lowed after going through the stringers and ribs, for the clinching.

The first two stringers on each side of the keel, or, as we might call them, the bottom ones, you will find quite difficult to fasten when you reach the ends. You will have to get a friend to take the tip of each and twist it gently to enable you to nail it to the stem.

The nails used at this juncture should be 1 1/4 inches long, and you should have not less than five nails in each stringer to secure it properly to the bow and stern posts. These nails may come through some portions of the stem, but as they are clout nails, you have merely to clinch them.

About ten strips are required on each side of the keel, and you must exercise a little patience when you come to this stage of the proceedings.

Be sure to make a hole for each nail, or you will split all your ribs when clinching. First, work from the center towards one end, then go back and work towards the other.

After adjusting seven of the ten strips you must cut the last three on each side down at each end, otherwise they will run up too high at the stems and not be high enough in the center to make the proportions come out properly. In other words, you will have by three or four inches too much "rake."

To explain, look at Figure 6, and in the upper diagram you will see the shape for the strips that do not need cutting down. But six are to be made like the lower diagram, by beginning at six feet from each end and shaving them down to 3/4 inches wide. Three of these strips go on each side.

(To be continued.)

A DONKEY RETIRED ON FULL PAY.

The ARGOSY is always glad to record instances of kindness shown to the dumb-beasts who serve man so faithfully. A week or so ago it noted the respect paid to an aged Boston car horse, and now transfers from the *Portland Oregonian* an account of a similar incident.

The text for the article was furnished by the fact that one day there passed through the city by express a little, old, gray donkey consigned to the care of a party in Forest Grove. A notice on the side of the crate informed the curious that the animal's name was "John Kellogg," and that it was the property of Mr. N. S. Kellogg, with whom it shares the honor of the discovery of the Bunker Hill Mine, the richest mineral lode of the West.

The story goes that the patient, faithful animal has shared with his master the toils of prospecting for many years, packing his bacon and beans, his pick and shovel, and all his other belongings; sustaining himself on bacon gummies, tin cans, and what odds and ends and crusts his kind master could provide, eked out by any vegetation which came to hand—or rather, to the eye.

While prospecting in the Wardner hills, Mr. Kellogg one day sat down to eat his luncheon, and the burro, probably tired of the Bunker Hill was made and his homestead secured. Like a thoughtful, kindhearted man, he determined his faithful burro should share his good luck, and so he sent the animal by express all the way to Forest Grove, there to revel in clover the remainder of his days.

The little animal, as it stood, the express company's yard, attracted much attention. He had gorged himself on oats, and stood in the shade, a picture of content.

MISSING FROM A POET'S LIBRARY.

The concluding volume of the "Memories of Longfellow" contains some interesting anecdotes of the everyday life of the great poet. One day a little boy chanced to look over the titles of the books in his library.

"If you see 'Jack the Giant Killer'?" the child finally inquired.

Mr. Longfellow was obliged to confess that his collection did not include that venerable volume. The boy looked grave, and the next day he appeared with two cents as his contribution towards its purchase.

placing strips of wood, as shown in the second diagram, cause them to bulge out at what is to be the bottom of the canoe.

These strips are placed only between ribs that are inside the bulkheads, and not between the others. They are merely for temporary use, and are to be removed when the sides are all nailed in place. In the center of the canoe the ribs are almost flat on the bottom, and as they approach either end they become less and so. When the ribs are all in place you are ready for the stringers.

These should be of pine, 2 inches wide, 1/4 inch thick, and 15 or 16 feet long. There should be 20 or 22 of them, and they will cost \$1.25 or \$1.50. Your ribs are down in the keel half an inch, so that the keel is a quarter of an inch beyond the upper edge of the ribs. This is as it should be. Now when your stringers are laid on the ribs, together with the keel, they form a smooth surface.

To affix the stringers, you commence at the central rib. These stringers are to be fastened with 3/4 inch clout nails, of which you will need about one pound. The strips

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

CHAPTER VIII. RUMORS OF INDIANS.

ERNEST WILTON felt almost inclined to be vexed at first, thinking that the speaker had deliberately led him on with the intention, finally, of "selling" him, or perpetrating an April fool trick at his expense, it just being about that time of year. But after one steadfast glance at Mr. Rawlings's unmoved face, which bore an expression of honest sincerity that could not be doubted, he laughed off his annoyance, for he could perceive that his companion was perfectly guiltless of any attempt at a joke, and had said what he did in serious confidence.

"Did you not open the packet?" he said.
"No, I didn't do it at the time, thinking it might be some little keepsake or love-token which the boy would not have liked any prying eyes to look into if he were in the full possession of his faculties; and afterwards, when I wanted to, thinking that it might disclose his identity, Seth wouldn't allow it."

"Hullo!" said that worthy, coming up at the moment, with Sailor Bill in close attendance behind him as usual, "what are you two chaps a-conspiring about? I guess," he continued, with the broad smile that seemed to illuminate the whole of his rugged countenance and give it such a pleasant, cheery look, "you're up to some mischief about me, hey? I heard my name mentioned."

"We were talking about the boy, Seth," said Mr. Rawlings, smiling too.

"Speaking 'bout my boy, were you?" said he, turning half round as he spoke, to pat Sailor Bill's head kindly. "Poor fellow! He's a chap as can't do harm to none whatsoever, if he can't do 'em no good, as he once did to me."

"You can't forget that, Seth?" said Mr. Rawlings.

"No, nor won't as long as this chile draws breath neither," answered the ex-mate of the Susan Jane, feelingly, with a look of almost paternal fondness at the boy.

"Mr. Wilton here was wondering, Seth," continued Mr. Rawlings, "why you would not let me open that package round poor Sailor Bill's neck to see whether it would give us any clew to who he is."

The smile faded instantly from Seth Allport's face, which reassumed its normal grim, firm look, just as if some one had dealt him what he would have called a "back-hander."

"Mr. Wilton may wonder, and you too, Mr. Rawlings, but I jest won't, not if I know it. Nary a soul shall look upon it, till that thar boy opens it himself. I said that months ago, Rawlin's, as you knows well, and I say it now agin."

"I wish I could recollect whom he resembles, really," said Ernest Wilton, to give a turn to the conversation, which had got into such an unpleasant hitch. "There is nothing so worrying as to try and puzzle over a face which you seem to remember and which you cannot place."

"Yes," said Mr. Rawlings; "as a name sometimes seems to hover right on the tip of your tongue, and yet you cannot get it out, try what you may."

Seth Allport now requested Wilton to come and inspect the mine, and the four then proceeded in the direction of the shaft, Seth leading the way, with Sailor Bill, as usual, behind him.

"It must have been a rough journey for you, all the way from Oregon in almost the depth of winter," said Mr. Rawlings, as he and Ernest Wilton followed Seth Allport toward the shaft.

"Yes," replied Wilton, "it was a rough journey, with a vengeance. We lost a lot of animals and nearly all our baggage on the way; so when we got to Virginia City the majority of our party stopped there. I would have stopped too, I must confess, but a very energetic scientific gentleman suggested our pushing on, to explore some oil wells that were reported to be situated to the south of the Big Horn range."

"I know that place well," said Mr. Raw-

Virginia City itself, in a short trip by the cars from Bismarck."

"Thanks," said Ernest Wilton. "As I will be within easy reach of them in case of need, I shall be all the better pleased to remain with you."

"But to finish my narrative:—the weather was so bad after we left the supposed site of the oil wells, that we could make no headway at all; and on our arriving at Fort Kearney, which, to our mortification, was deserted, my solitary white companion, who had accompanied me faithfully so far, turned tail with two of the remaining Indians—of the Crow tribe, of course, rascally fellows!

"To make a long story short, with the remaining two Indian guides—who only came with me after I promised them a small fortune on my reaching a settlement—I managed to lose my way utterly; and then hav-

"I have heard some similar rumors myself," said Mr. Rawlings gravely. "The last scout that came here, just before the winter set in, brought word that the Sioux were preparing for the war-path, or something to that effect; and, as the red men themselves say, there is never much smoke without fire. I hope to goodness, though, that it is only rumor! An Indian war is a terrible thing, my boy. I've seen the effects of one, years since, and never forgotten it,"—and Mr. Rawlings laid his hand on Ernest Wilton's shoulder, as if to impress his words more strongly.

"Isn't there a military station near this of the United States troops?" asked the young engineer.

"About a hundred miles off or so," replied Mr. Rawlings. "We could hardly rely on them."

"Oh, that's pretty close for the backwoods!" said Ernest Wilton lightly, as he quickened his steps to join Seth Allport.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FLOODED MINE.

NOW, mister," said Seth Allport, when the young engineer closed up to his side, "you've seen our location, and you've seen ourselves—now, see the mine afore you. What'd ye think of it, hey?"

"The 'location' looked as favorable a one for mining purposes as it was charming to the eye; but appearances are not everything to those who toil beneath the surface of the earth, as Ernest Wilton well knew.

"What strata have you passed through?" asked he of Seth.

"I s'pose you mean the sile, don't you?" said Seth Allport.

The young engineer nodded an affirmative reply.

"Black m'nd—gravel—sand and clay—black sand by itself—and then quartz reef," replied Seth, laconically, repeating the words as if he were saying a lesson he had learnt from a book.

"And what have you got to now?" continued Ernest Wilton, pursuing his inquiry.

"Water," said Seth Allport in the same laconic way.

Ernest Wilton's face fell, although he had previously felt inclined to smile at the ex-mate's queer manner and abrupt speech.

"Water! It was the cruelest, most persistent enemy with whom the miner had to deal. Foul air and gas can be got rid of, but water, proceeding from invisible springs, ever welling up, and the more the quantity pumped up the greater the yield from the inexhaustible fountains of the earth, was an opponent that could not be conquered, an enemy of the most potent powers for ill indeed—a very vampire that sucked the blood of energy.

"That's a bad look-out!" said Ernest Wilton, shaking his head.

It was. It meant ruin to all their hopes and expectations; the inglorious end of the expedition; the sacrifice of all their toil and perseverance throughout those terribly arduous winter months; their waste of energy in struggling with the powers of nature.

Difficulties were only made for men to overcome, according to the maxim which had hitherto guided Mr. Rawlings and Seth Allport, and which they had preached to the more faint-hearted members of their party; and Ernest Wilton was a thorough disciple of their creed, for he was not to be daunted by obstacles, no matter how grievous and apparently insurmountable they were.



"DON'T FIRE, MR. RAWLINGS!" CRIED ERNEST WILTON; "IT'S ONLY WOLF."

lings eagerly. "The petroleum springs are by Poison Spring Creek, as the Indians call it."

"Do they?" said Ernest Wilton. "We couldn't see any creek at all; and even the scientific gentleman got tired out, and went back to Virginia City to join the others, and recruit before investigating the mining districts of Montana. I was so sick of the lot, however, that I determined to push on to Bismarck, and strike the line of the Northern Pacific, waiting till the spring came before I undertook any further exploring work."

"And that's how you came to us?" said Mr. Rawlings.

"Yes. Two of us started to cross the Black Hills from Wyoming, along with the Indians who engaged to guide us. According to the map I had with me, our route would have been to strike the north fork of the Cheyenne River, and follow it up till it emptied itself into the Missouri, when we could have followed the left bank of the latter until it took us right into the town of Bismarck, which is, I believe, the terminus of the railway."

"Why it runs more than a hundred miles farther west already," said Mr. Rawlings; "and if you wish still to communicate with your friends, you'll be able to join them in

ling lost the guides also, I wandered about hungry and cold until I met your hunters amongst the mountains, when all my troubles were ended."

"Thank goodness they met you!" said Mr. Rawlings cordially. "But those Indians must have deserted," he continued musingly. "They are much too knowing to have lost their way."

"Yes, I know it," said Ernest Wilton. "They were afraid of encountering any of the Sioux, who are near you, I think."

"Yes, too close to be pleasant," said Mr. Rawlings. "But we have not had any trouble with them yet."

"And I hope you won't at all," responded the other with much heartiness. "Those Crow Indians with me were continually talking about Red Cloud and Spotted Tail. I think those were the names of the chiefs they mentioned."

"Yes," replied Mr. Rawlings, "both have Indian reservations in Dakota, and not very far from here."

"Is that so? I thought that it might be only their yarning when they said so; but they mentioned those two chiefs in particular. I remember now, and asserted that they intended 'digging up the hatchet,' as they termed it in their euphonious language, as soon as the spring came round!"

The young engineer went down the mine to see for himself, and to his own opinion as to what was best to be done in the emergency.

He went down looking grave enough, but he returned with a more hopeful expression on his face, which at once cheered up the somewhat despondent spirits of those awaiting him above—for he preferred descending alone.

"Well?" inquired Mr. Rawlings, interrogatively.

"It might be worse," said the young engineer.

"That sounds good," said Seth Allport, his countenance, which had previously been grimmer than ever, beaming over its whole expanse, as if the sun was trying to shine through overhanging clouds and fog. Seth's phiz was as expressive as a barometer any day.

"I think I see a way out of the difficulty," said Ernest Wilton, to ease their anxiety, with which he could readily sympathize after what he had seen.

"What do you think of doing?" asked Mr. Rawlings, drawing a long breath of relief.

"Did you ever hear the old Irish saying that 'there's more ways of killing a pig besides hanging him'?" asked Wilton, instead of answering the other's question at once.

"Yes," laughingly replied Mr. Rawlings.

"Then," said the young engineer, "I am going to carry that precept into practice regarding your mine."

"How?"

"You have tried pumping without avail, have you not?" said Ernest Wilton.

"That's a fact," said Seth Allport.

"And you could never get the water lower than fifty feet off the bottom of the shaft?" pursued the young engineer, "could you?"

"Not a foot lower," said Mr. Rawlings.

"Then what think you of a counter-mine?"

"I don't quite understand you," said Mr. Rawlings. "Pray explain."

"Well, replied the other, "you see, at present there is only an intervening wall of about one hundred yards in thickness, dividing the shaft from the channel of the gulch outside. The upper part of the stratum is mere gravel, for as you found, in winter the river extends beyond the point where you are sinking.

"Judging by the eye, I should say that the mouth of the shaft is twenty feet above the level of the water in the river. So far you would naturally find no water. When you began work, the water in the river must have been ten feet at least lower than it is at present, consequently it was no higher than the solid rock where you began to work down in the quartz.

"So long as the river was below that level you naturally would meet with no water whatever, however deep you might sink, but directly it rose so that it was higher than the level of the rock, it would penetrate through the gravel like a sieve, and I will fill your shaft as fast as you can pump it out.

"Gradually the river will sink as the dry season comes on, and in the autumn will be again below the level of the rock. You can't wait for that, and must therefore carry your shaft from the top of the bed rock to the level of the water in the stream, say twelve feet in all."

"That sounds right," Seth nodded approvingly. "What's got ter be done?"

"The job is rather a difficult one," Ernest Wilton answered, "but the first place, we must widen the shaft by a foot down to the level of the rock, that will give six inches all round. Then we must square off and level the top of the rock, which will then be a level shaft six inches wide all round.

"While you are doing this we must make a drum ready. That is easily made. We must make four circular frame-works, fasten twelve-feet plank, carefully fitted together, and pitched outside them so as to make it perfectly water-tight. We ought to have a layer of hydraulic lime or cement laid on the rock for the drum to rest on; but if we have not got them, some well-puddled clay will do as well.

"Then when the drum is in the shaft of rock, its upper end will be higher than the level of the water in the river, and if the rock is compact and free from fissures we shall be perfectly dry however deep we may sink."

"And you feel quite sure that by lining this portion of the mine with a drum, as you describe, we shall get over our difficulty with the water?" Mr. Rawlings said.

"Quite sure," Ernest Wilton replied; "providing always that the rock is solid."

"Then it's as good as done," Seth said emphatically. "You have put us on the right track, Wilton, and we'll carry it through. I never thought about the river, and kept on wondering why that darned gravel kept letting the water through when it was as dry as bones when we drove through it."

While the preparations were being made and parties scouring the country for timber the young engineer bent his mind to the task of inventing some better mode of getting rid of the water than by manual labor—the mine being sadly deficient in a lot of necessary gear, besides steam-power, as Ernest Wilton had quickly perceived, although he had refrained from commenting on the fact.

"I'm sorry we haven't got a steam engine," said Mr. Rawlings, when the subject was mentioned; "but that was all Seth's fault. He would believe that a mine could be pumped out as easily as a vessel's bilge."

"That's me," said Seth, not a whit annoyed at the imputation. "I hate them donkey en-jines. They mostly chokes the pumps, and I'd liefer any day have hand gear an' a decent crew to clear ship with."

"That being the case," said the young engineer, "we'll teach our enemy to beat itself, or in other words, make water fight water. Look before you go," continued Ernest Wilton, pointing to the foaming stream that was dashing along the valley. "Look at the waste of energy there! Why, with a good undershot wheel that water-power is worth more than a hundred additional hands at the pumps. You don't know half the value of your property yet; why, that quartz there, waving his hand towards a heap of debris that had been extracted from an shaft and cast aside as waste, "if passed through a crushing mill would yield a handsome premium."

"I know," said Mr. Rawlings sadly. "But I couldn't afford the machinery."

"We'll soon manufacture it, with a little help from the nearest town, where we can get some of the articles we can't make," said Ernest Wilton sanguinely; "we've got the power to drive the machinery, and that's the main thing, my dear sir. We'll soon manage the rest."

"I'm sure I hope so," replied Mr. Rawlings; but he had received such a check from the mine already, on account of its turning out so differently to his expectations, that he could not feel sanguine all at once.

Not so Seth, however. His tone of mind was very opposite to that of Mr. Rawlings.

The ex-mate was as confident of their success now as when they left Boston, before he or the rest knew the perils and arduous toil they would have to undergo. All those trials vanished as if by magic from his memory, as quickly as the winter snow was now melting away from the landscape around them, and he thought he could see the golden future right in front of his mental gaze.

CHAPTER X.

A HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

WITHIN a few days after Ernest Wilton had joined the miners of Minturne Creek, the winter seemed to vanish all at once, the "chinook wind" coming with its warm breath from the Pacific through the gaps and passes of the Rocky Mountains far away to the west.

The operation of timbering the shaft making satisfactory progress, and Ernest Wilton, that was, to such wondrous, having been "got well under weigh," as Seth expressed it, the chief members of the party determined to have an outing into the open land lying beyond their own especial valley, in search of game.

The cry for fresh meat had again arisen in the camp and urged them on to renewed exertions to supply the larder, quite apart from their own inclinations to have another day off the dreary work of the mine, which seemed to fall most on Mr. Rawlings and Seth, as it was at their mutual suggestion that they went a-hunting.

Having so determined, they carried their determination into effect, and started.

"I should think you had plenty of game here?" said Ernest Wilton, when they had left Minturne Creek some distance behind them, and entered upon an extensive prairie that stretched before them, in waves of grass as far as the eye could reach, to the horizon.

"I should think so," said Mr. Rawlings. "Why, it swarms with it."

"What sort?" asked the other. "Any deer?"

"Every variety you can mention, almost. Deer, elk, moose—although these are to be found more to the northwards—antelope, mountain sheep—as you know already—grizzly bears, if you relish such customers—and buffalo, as soon as the sweet summer grasses crop up here, and the pasture to the south loses its flavor for them."

"That's a pretty good catalogue," said Ernest, who was a keen sportsman. "Any birds?"

"The most uncommon flying game, I guess, in creation," said Seth, "if you care to tackle with such like, though I prefer running game myself."

"Seth is right," said Mr. Rawlings; "you will have a varied choice there likewise; grouse, partridge, prairie fowl, wild geese, ducks—these two, however, are more to be met with in the winter months, and will be off to the Arctic regions soon—all sorts, in fact. And as to fishing, the salmon and trout—the latter of which you'll find in every stream in the neighborhood—beat those of England."

"Well," said Ernest, laughing, "if your report be true, as I see no reason to doubt, you must have discovered those happy hunting grounds to which all good Indians go when they die."

"Don't talk of Injuns," said Seth, with a shiver and a shake. "That's the worst part of the bull thing. If it warn't for them the place would be a paradise—it would so; but those Injuns spite it all."

"What he says is true enough," observed Mr. Rawlings. "We are in the very heart of the Indian country, with Blackfeet, Crows and Sioux, not to mention lesser fry, within striking distance; and if there would be a rising among them, as is threatened this spring or summer, it would be a bad thing for the people in the sparse and scattered settlements in Dakota."

"But the United States army has stations about here, eh?" inquired Ernest.

"Few and far between," replied Mr. Rawlings. "As I told you some little time since, the nearest one to us is at least a hundred miles away. Besides that, the detachments quartered here and there are so attenuated in their numbers that five or six of the so-called companies have to be concentrated together from the different outlying depots in order to muster any respectable contingent that could take the field against the Indians should they rise in force."

"An'them Sioux under Spotted Cloud, or whatever else they call their precious chief, ain't to be despised in a fress fight," said Seth.

"Pray don't talk any more about them," said the young engineer, laughing, as he took off his wideawake and ran his fingers through his curly brown hair. "I declare my scalp feels quite ticklish already."

"Them redskins 'ud tickle it a sight worse if they got holt of it," said Seth, grimly, cocking his rifle as he spoke. "But I heard somethin' rustlin' about that to the back of you, mister," he added suddenly, gazing intently in the direction he had intimated to the rear of the young engineer, where the prairie grass had already grown to some height.

"What was it?" said Mr. Rawlings likewise preparing his weapon, and telling Ernest to follow suit. "Did you see it at all?"

And he peered anxiously about to the right and left.

"Yes, jist for a minnit," responded the ex-mate. "It wer a longish sorter animal; catanims or a wolf, maybe. The jist that I see'd it again! Jerusalem! I have it!"

And he fired as he spoke, quick as lightning, as a dark object bounded from the cover and made a direct plunge at the young engineer, who was taken unawares, and came to the ground, as much from the suddenness of the shock as from the impulse of the animal's spring.

"Stay!" shouted Mr. Rawlings, as Seth was reaching forward to his clubbed rifle to where Ernest Wilton and his assailant appeared struggling together amidst the grass that almost concealed them from view. "I'll settle the beast, if you hold back a minute and let me have a clear aim."

But before he could get a shot, or Seth deal the deadly blow he contemplated with the butt end of his rifle, Ernest Wilton uttered an exclamation that stopped them both, and an exclamation of surprise and agonized entreaty.

"Don't fire!" he cried out in a voice which was half laughing, half crying. "Don't fire, Mr. Rawlings. It is only Wolf!"

(To be continued.)

(This story commenced in No. 230.)



By HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW KIT PROSPERED.

TOM KITT drove over the cow himself, and saw her placed in Mr. Watson's barn. The poor boy felt sad, for he and all the family were attached to the gentle animal, who was not only a favorite but a source of profit.

Stephen Watson was in the yard when the cow arrived.

"Father would like you to give me a paper agreeing to give back the cow when the five dollars are paid."

"Very well," said Stephen, with a smile. "you shall have the paper."

He went into the house and made it out. He had no objection to doing this, for he thought there was very little chance of the cow being redeemed. In that case he meant to purchase it at his own price.

On the way home Tom met James Schnyer, who, it will be remembered, was Kit's intimate friend in Smyrna.

"Where have you been, Tom?" he inquired.

"To Stephen Watson's."

"Didn't I see you driving the cow there? You haven't sold the cow, have you?"

"No; but we may have to," answered Tom, soberly.

"Why?"

Tom explained how matters stood.

"It's a shame," exclaimed James, indignantly. "I wish I had five dollars. I'd lend it to your father with pleasure."

"I have no doubt you would, James, but I'm afraid there is no help for us. I have thought of writing to Kit, though I suppose the poor fellow has all he can do to take care of himself. Can you give me his address?"

"Yes; that's the very thing to do. Kit will be sure to help you."

"He will if he can, I am sure."

"He is abundantly able to do so. Kit is receiving a large salary, but this is confidential, for he doesn't want his uncle to know it. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write him myself."

"I wish you would, James. I'm not a very good hand with the pen; and you will let him know how things stand?"

"I'll write to-day."

It soon got noised around the village that Stephen Watson had taken his poor tenant's cow as security for a small sum, and it did not tend to increase his popularity. He could not help noticing the coldness of those whom he met at the post-office and in the streets, but it had no effect upon him.

"They may look sour at me if they like," he said to himself, "but I mean to have my rights all the same. Unless Talcott pays arrears of rent, I shall keep the cow."

Meanwhile Kit had worked steadily, and acquired the good will of all his fellow performers. It must not be supposed that he was exposed to no temptations. He soon found that circus people are prone to drink and gamble.

"Come and take a drink, Kit," he was asked more than once.

"Thank you, if you'll let me choose the drink."

"Of course."

"Then I'll take a lemonada."

"That's a boy's drink."

"Very well; I am a boy," said Kit, good-humoredly.

This answered for once, but he found, after a while, if he accepted a treat he would be expected to respond in like manner, and this he did not like to do, not so much on account of the expense as because he felt that he was tempting others to take what would injure them. He then resolved not to accept any treats in the future. At first this led to some sneers at his puritan notions, but Kit was so unflinchingly good-humored that he recovered the good will of his companions, and was allowed to do as he pleased.

There was another habit even more dangerous to the purse. There were few of his associates who did not play poker. It was not uncommon to lose fifty dollars or even more at a sitting.

One evening Kit, who had just retired to his berth, was approached by one of the candy butchers.

"Hallo, Kit! Wake up here!" said his friend.
 "What is it?" asked Kit, sleepily.
 "I want you to lend me five dollars."
 "What for? I saw you only this afternoon with a roll of bills."
 "I haven't got them now."

"What have you done with them?"
 "I've lost them at poker."
 "Then you're foolish."
 "Perhaps I am, but I want to win them back, so lend me a five, that's a good fellow."

"I hope you won't take it unkind, but I can't do it."
 "Haven't you got it?"
 "Yes."
 "Then have you turned miser?"

"I don't think so."
 "Then why won't you lend it to me?"
 "Because I don't approve of gambling, and I don't mean to encourage it by lending you money to risk."
 "I tell you I want to win back what I have lost," said his friend impatiently.

"It makes no difference. Even if you were sure of winning, I have made up my mind not to lend money for that purpose."
 It takes some resolution to risk being called mean and a miser, but Kit did not care for unpopularity gained in such a manner. He had a chance to see for himself the evil effects of the gambling habit. There were those connected with the circus who gained large sums, but were always in debt, and at the close of a season were left without a cent to defray their expenses during the winter months unless they were lucky enough to get employment of some kind. He found that as a rule circus men begin every spring engagement in debt, and have to devote the savings of the first two or three months to pay it off. If ill health comes or an accident befalls them, they are in a poor plight. How they manage to pull through is a mystery.

Kit resolved that he would begin right. His income was large and his expenses small, and at the time when James Scuyler's letter reached him, apprising him of Mr. Talcott's misfortune in losing his cow, he had three hundred and fifty dollars to his credit in the hands of the treasurer of the circus.

The letter will not be inserted here, for the facts which it records are already known to the reader. I will only quote the closing paragraph:

"I know it will not hurt your feelings, Kit, if I say that I consider your uncle Stephen one of the meanest men I ever fell in with. If you could see how bad the poor Talcotts feel, and how serious a loss they would even for a single month, you would agree with me. They lose the milk and butter she used to yield, and they are in a worse condition to pay the arrears of rent than if they could still have her in their barns. I only wish Kit, that the property were yours instead of your uncle's. I am sure you would manage it in a different way. He is a mean, grasping man, and only cares for himself and his own interests. Ralph is no better. Indeed I am not sure but he is a little worse than his father. To my thinking a mean boy is worse than a mean man. I have your uncle's scheme of keeping the cow for he thinks the Talcotts won't be able to redeem it will fail.

"Let me hear from you at once.
 Your friend as ever,
 JAMES SCHUYLER."

Kit was very angry when he read this letter. It seemed a crowning act of meanness on the part of Stephen Watson. He knew very well under what obligations the family lay to Thomas Talcott, and he felt that he was carrying out what would be his father's desire in helping him to recover the cow.

Kit went to the treasurer of the circus and asked him for twenty-five dollars.
 "Are you going on a spree, Kit?" asked the official.
 "No; I am going to send the money to a friend who needs it."
 "Then here it is."

Kit got a postal order for the money, redeemable, not at the Smyrna post-office, but at the office in the next town, and sent it to James Schuyler.

"Give it to Mr. Talcott," he wrote, "and ask him not to let any one know who sent it to him. I would rather my uncle did not know that I am so prosperous."

CHAPTER XLII.

REDEEMING THE COW.

"WHAT a beautiful cow you have there, Mr. Watson!"
 This remark was made by Mr. Percival, a gentleman from New York,

whom Stephen Watson was entertaining as a visitor.
 "Yes," said Watson, complacently.
 "She is a very valuable animal."
 "No doubt of it. A neighbor of mine owns one not equal to her in appearance for which he paid eighty dollars. May I ask how much you had to give for yours?"

"The bargain is not concluded. I have taken the cow on trial, but shall probably buy her."
 "I advise you to do so."
 "She is worth more than I supposed," thought Stephen Watson. "I can get her at a bargain, too. I will offer twenty-five dollars to Talcott, and he will probably be compelled to accept."

It will be seen that Stephen Watson was ready to take advantage of the necessities of his poor tenant, who, as he rightly supposed, was not aware of the real value of his pet cow. It had been given to Thomas Talcott when a calf, and had grown up under his care. He had never supposed it worth in market over forty dollars, but the family was so much attached to it that he would not have been willing to part with it for a considerably larger sum.

"Really I envy you, Mr. Watson," went on his visitor, who was a merchant, and lived in the city. "Some time I mean to break away from the city, and get possession of a country place. Then I shall have a couple of Alderney cows, and luxuriate in the comforts which you can only obtain in the country, making my own butter and raising my own vegetables. You have realized that condition already."

"But should be willing to exchange it for your farm, Mr. Percival," said Stephen Watson, sincerely, for his visitor was worth at least a quarter of a million, and probably more.

"Oh, you don't appreciate your own felicity."
 "Yet you wouldn't exchange."
 "Well, perhaps I had better wait till I can realize my dream in the natural way. Then if there is a desirable estate near you, I may come down and take a look at it."

"Perhaps I may offer you mine."
 "But in that case you would move, and so take away one of my motives for settling down here."
 "You are very polite, Mr. Percival," said Stephen Watson, but he was a little disappointed nevertheless. He would have liked nothing better than to sell his place, or rather the one he occupied, to a man so rich that a few thousands one way or the other would not have mattered to him.

The two were stammering over the lawn when a poorly dressed man opened the gate and entered the yard.
 "Some one to see you, I apprehend," said the merchant, who was the first to observe Thomas Talcott.

"Yes, I see, a tenant of mine," said Watson. "I wonder what he wants?" he asked himself.
 Thomas Talcott stopped short, and said: "If you are busy, Mr. Watson, I can call again."

"I presume your business won't take long," replied Stephen Watson, curtly.
 "Speak up, and tell me what it is."
 "I've come for the cow," said the farmer. Stephen Watson stared as if thunder-struck.

"What do you mean?" he asked, sharply.
 "I've come to redeem the cow," repeated the farmer.
 "Do you mean to say you've raised the money?" demanded Watson.

"Yes, sir; I have brought it with me."
 "Step aside with me. Mr. Percival, will you kindly excuse me a minute?"
 "Certainly, Mr. Watson. I will sit down on your piazza."
 "Now," said Stephen Watson, when they were out of hearing, "let me know what this means."

"It is plain enough, sir. You took the cow because I could not pay five dollars of the last month's rent. You took it as security for the payment. Well, I have brought you the money, and I want the cow."
 Since Stephen Watson had learned the value of the cow, he was more than ever eager to retain her.

"Hark you, Talcott," he said. "I like the cow very well, and I should like to buy her. What price do you set on her?"
 "I don't want to sell, Mr. Watson."
 "But I will give you thirty-five dollars—that is, thirty dollars over and above the debt."

Thomas Talcott shook his head.
 "I consider her worth more than that," he said. "Besides, it isn't altogether the money. We've raised her from a calf, and all the family are fond of her. I should

rather take her back. Here is the five dollars."
 "I presume you borrowed the money."
 "Even if I did, I don't see how that matters."
 "Then I'll tell you how. You'll have the next month's rent to meet, and the borrowed money to pay besides. This you probably will not be able to do, and I shall only have to levy upon the cow again."

"I don't think you will have to do it, Mr. Watson. I have money enough in my pocket to pay next month's rent besides."
 Stephen Watson was cordially sorry to hear it. He saw that he must be prepared to go higher, if he desired to purchase the cow.

"I am glad you are getting along so well," he said. "But I think it unwise for you to keep so valuable an animal when a twenty-dollar cow will answer your purpose. I will raise my offer. I will give you forty dollars for the cow, reckoning in, of course, the five dollars you owe me."

"If you offered me fifty, Mr. Watson, my answer would be no. My wife and the children wouldn't hear of parting with Molly. No, I must have the cow."
 "I don't know that you have a right to claim it before the end of the month."
 "There's the paper you sent me by Tom. Read it for yourself. It agrees that I may have the cow back whenever I pay you the five dollars I owe you on account of last month's rent. It has your signature, and is good in law."

Stephen Watson read the paper carefully, as if to find some loop hole of escape, but none presented itself. When he made it out he had no idea that the farmer had any way of procuring the money, and so drew it up honestly.

After a little more fruitless chaffering he was compelled, much against his will, to surrender the cow, and the farmer drove it home in triumph.

"Hark you, Talcott," said Stephen Watson, coldly. "You have refused to oblige me in this matter; I shall remember it whenever you are short on law here again; and will show you no consideration."
 "Then I will try to be ready, Mr. Watson. 'Forewarned is forearmed,' they say."

The next day Stephen Watson had occasion to ride over to the neighboring town, and stepped into the post office.
 "Have you heard from your nephew lately, Mr. Watson?" asked the postmaster.

"No, sir."
 "I heard from him indirectly two or three days since."
 "In what way?"
 "I cashed a postal order sent by him to James Schuyler, of Smyrna."

"For how large a sum?" asked Stephen Watson, eagerly.
 "For twenty-five dollars."
 "That's where Talcott got his money," thought Watson. "The boy has probably sent him all he had saved up. Well, that often spoke of you. He'll come home penniless, and will have to submit to my terms."

CHAPTER XLIII.

CLOSE OF THE CIRCUS.

DAYS and weeks flew swiftly by. September gave place to October, and the circus season neared its close. Already the performers were casting about for employment during the long, dull winter that must elapse before the next season.

"What are your plans, Kit?" asked Antoni Vincenti, who in private called his young associate by his real name.
 "I don't know yet, Antonio. I may go to school."
 "Have you saved money enough to keep you through the winter?"
 "Yes; I have four hundred dollars in the wagon."

This is the expression made use of to indicate "the hands of the treasurer."
 "You've done better than my brother or I. We must work during the winter."
 "Have you any chance yet?"
 "Yes; we can go to work in a dime museum in Philadelphia for a month, and afterwards we will go to Chicago, where we were last winter. I could get a chance for you, too."

"Thank you, but I don't care to work in that way," he replied. "I went anywhere I would go to Havana, where I am offered a profitable engagement."
 "Has Mr. Barlow said anything to you about next season?"
 "Yes; but I shall make no engagement in advance. Something may happen which will keep me at home."

"Oh, you'll be coming round in the spring. You'll have the circus fever like all the rest of us."
 Kit smiled and shook his head.
 "I haven't been in the business long enough to get as much attached to it as you are," he said. "But, at any rate, I shall come round to see my old friends."

The last circus performance was given in Albany, and the winter quarters were to be at a town twenty miles distant. Kit went through his acts with his usual success, and when he took off his circus costume, it was with a feeling that it might be the last time he would wear it.

The breaking up was not to take place till the next day, and he was preparing to spend the night in some Albany hotel.
 He had taken off his tight, as has been said, and put on his street dress, when a tall man, with a frank, good-humored expression, stepped up to him.

"Are you Christopher Watson?" he asked.
 "Yes," answered Kit, in surprise, for he had no recollection of having met the stranger before.

"Of course you don't know me, but I was a schoolfellow and intimate friend of your father."
 "Then," said Kit, cordially, "I must take you by the hand. All my father's friends are my friends."

The face of the stranger lighted up.
 "That's the way to talk," he said. "I see you are like your father. Shake hands again."

"But how did you know I was with Barlow's circus?" asked Kit, puzzled.
 "Your uncle told me to see my old friends."
 "Have you seen him lately?" asked Kit, quickly.

"No; I saw him about three months ago at Smyrna."
 "What did he tell you about me?"
 "He said you were a wayward lad, and preferred traveling with a circus to following an honest business."

"I'm afraid you have got a wrong idea of me, then."
 "Bless you, I knew your uncle before you were born. He is not at all like your father. One was as open as the day, the other was cunning, selfish, and foxy."
 "I see you understand my uncle Stephen as well as I do."
 "I ought to."

"Were you surprised to hear that I was traveling with a circus?"
 "Well, I was; but your uncle told me one thing that surprised me more. He said that your father left nothing."
 "That surprised me, too; but I have got some light on the subject, and I feel in need of a friend and adviser."

"Then if you'll take Henry Miller for want of a better, I don't believe you'll regret it."
 "I shall be glad to accept your kind offer, Mr. Miller. Now that you mention your name, I remember it very well. My father often spoke of you. He'll come home penniless, and will have to submit to my terms."

"Did he so?" said the stranger, evidently much gratified. "I am glad to hear it. Of all my school companions, your father was the one I liked best. And now, before we go any further, I want to tell you two things. First, I should have hunted you up sooner, but business called me to California, where I have considerable property. Next, having learned that you were left destitute I decided to do something for the son of my old friend. So I took a hundred shares of stock in a new mine, which had just been put on the market when I reached Frisco, and I said to myself: 'That is for Kit Watson.' Well, it was a lucky investment. The shares cost me five dollars apiece, and just before I left California I sold them for fifty dollars apiece. What do you say to that?"

"Is it possible mining shares rise in value so fast?" asked Kit in amazement.
 "Well, sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't. Often it's the other way, and I don't advise you or anybody else that knows nothing about it to speculate in mining shares. It's a risky thing, and you are more apt to lose than to win. However, this turned out O. K., and you are worth five thousand dollars to-day, my boy."

(To be continued.)

AN ECHO FROM THE FOURTH.

A NEW YORK boy secured some dynamite cartridges from a stock used in blasting rocks, and stowed them in his pocket with a view to celebrating. He was smoking a cigarette, when his mother came suddenly upon him and he sought to secrete the forbidden article in his pocket along with the cartridges. The latter instantly exploded, blowing the boy ten feet in the air. He died shortly afterwards in great agony. The moral is obvious.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance.

Club rate.—Two weeks we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.

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

Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start with the beginning of some serial, unless otherwise ordered.

The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money to be before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of the subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.

In ordering back numbers enclose 5 cents for each copy.

No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Noah Brooks, editor of the Newark "Advertiser."

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.

Every reader of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY will be delighted to know that next week we shall commence the promised serial by OLIVER OPTIC. Its title is

The Young Pilot of Lake Montoban.

It is the latest, and we confidently assert the best work of all that the world-famous author has written for us. The stirring drama, whose scenes are laid on the wooded shores and islands of Lake Montoban, is narrated by his master hand with unrivaled vigor and freshness of style, and many fine touches of character drawing.

In "The Young Pilot of Lake Montoban" we offer to our readers the greatest of all the numerous attractions with which the ARGOSY abounds during the present summer. We are determined to maintain and even improve upon our high standard of merit, and we trust that our efforts will be appreciated by our readers.

Do not fail to let your friends hear of OLIVER OPTIC'S new story. It is one which they would certainly be delighted to read. You will confer a favor both upon them and upon us by spreading the news that "The Young Pilot of Lake Montoban" will commence in number 244 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, which can be had from all newsdealers.

THE ART OF MANAGEMENT.

How many times do we see, and hear, in connection with discourse about new enterprises or a revived business house, the phrase, "well managed it can be made a success." Ah, there is the secret, the proper utilization of the resources at command!

Given the same materials on which to work, what different results are attained by different men! And yet there is a great deal in the training. Let no boy be discouraged because he makes mistakes, blunders often and mayhap ludicrously. Let him "make of his failures stepping stones to success," and being sure that he has committed no mistake in the choice of a vocation, seek by every possible means to fit himself for the opportunity which will one day be given him to show what he can do in the way of management, either of men, affairs, or his own faculties.

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

THE LAUGH PROVES THE MAN.

SPEECH is not the only faculty that distinguishes man from the brute. Indeed, when we stop to consider the marvelous fashion in which parrots and certain other birds learn to imitate the sound of the human voice, it would almost seem that this barrier of separation has been broken down.

There is one thing, however, in which man

stands alone, and that is the power to laugh. None of the beasts, even the most intelligent and human-like, can emit those strange sounds that betoken pleasure or an appreciation of the ludicrous.

At the zoological gardens in London there is a very bright chimpanzee, called Sally, on whom experiments have been made with a view to ascertaining whether there is not any faintest spark of humor in the ape, which in appearance so nearly approaches to man. Her keeper put on some queer shaped and gay colored costumes, and went through various comic evolutions in Sally's presence; but she merely looked on attentively, without manifesting any signs that she thought the performance funny.

Suggestive though in this connection it is to be found in the fact that barbarous tribes of men laugh but little, if at all. How true it is that the lower down we go in the scale of civilization the more points of resemblance between man and the brutes do we find!

It will doubtless be a surprise to many out of town readers to learn that New Yorkers, envied as they are with brick and mortar, are not entirely cut off from the enjoyments to be derived from outdoor sports.

In Central Park there are more than a hundred tennis courts, to say nothing of lawns set apart for baseball, cricket, lacrosse and croquet. Permits for the use of these are issued to clubs of four or more persons, and in early summer afternoons the grass is brilliant with the gay costumes of the players.

It is reported that the principal cause for the rejection of the majority of the candidates recently applying for entrance to the military and naval academies was their failure to pass the physical examination, owing to infirmities produced by cigarette smoking.

In this connection it may not be out of place to mention that a morning paper the other day printed a list of twelve successful New Yorkers who neither smoke nor drink, including such names as Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Cyrus W. Field and Chauncey M. Depew.

"MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES."

On the last page of this paper will be found the announcement of a new series of books, to which we call the reader's attention. "Munsey's Popular Series" will consist of the best, purest, and most interesting works from the pens of standard writers for boys and girls. Each number will contain a complete story, and one will be issued every month.

These books, which are exactly similar, in all respects except the binding, to those which sell for \$1.25 each, will cost only 25 cents apiece, or \$3 for a year's subscription, which will include twelve numbers. They can be ordered through any bookseller or newsdealer, or will be sent post paid from this office. We heartily recommend them to all readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. By subscribing to this series they can soon become the possessors of a fine library.

"THE BEST LAID PLANS."

VERILY aeronauts are a courageous set of men. The same number of a morning paper that contains in its news columns the record of two balloon disasters, prints the ambitious announcement of a certain Dr. de Bausset, of Chicago, who proposes starting for the north pole in an air ship on June 1, 1888. This vessel is to be built, he hopes, by popular subscription, and the doctor generously offers to give to every thousand dollar subscriber a free passage on the occasion of the Arctic explorer's first trip to the polar regions.

One of the most remarkable features of the plan is the exactitude with which the timetable has been made out. The start will be made from New York, with stops of one hour each at Philadelphia, Washington, Toledo, Chicago, Omaha, San Francisco, Yeddo, and so on, the idea being to girdle the earth in an ever shortening circle until Greenland and the pole is reached.

As up to date the universal experience of balloonists has tended to prove that landings are made anywhere but at prearranged points, and that once on solid ground again the stay has been a permanent one, Dr. de Bausset has been ambitious in the outlining of his scheme, to say the least.

We are inclined to imagine, we may add, that the majority of the stockholders in the Transcontinental Aerial Navigation Company will considerably waive the privilege of the free passes accorded them for the trial trip.

EDWARD ROSEWATER, Editor of the "Omaha Daily Bee."

The subject of this sketch, Mr. Edward Rosewater, founded the *Omaha Daily Bee* June 19, 1871. He is a native of Bohemia, born in a village fifty miles south of Prague, in 1841. At the age of thirteen he migrated to this country with his parents, who settled at Cleveland, Ohio. Three years later, during which time he attended a commercial college, he entered the telegraphic service, continuing in that business for thirteen years.

He was thus employed in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1859, during the celebrated Wellington rescue case, and was intimately associated with the leading abolitionists—Professor Polk, Bushnell, and Professor Langton, who has since been United States minister to Hayti.

Mr. Rosewater soon after went South, where he remained until after the outbreak of the war. In the spring of 1862 he enlisted with the United States Military Telegraph Corps, and accompanied General Fremont throughout his West Virginia campaign.

Later, upon application, he was attached to General Pope's staff. He accompanied that commander during the campaign against Richmond, and remained with him until after the second battle of Bull Run. Subsequently he was stationed in the war department office at Washington, in the military telegraph service, where he remained until the summer of 1863, when he came to Omaha.

Omaha was at that time the terminus of the Pacific telegraph. Up to 1870 Mr. Rosewater was the manager of the Western Union and Great Western lines at Omaha. During a number of years he was the agent of the associated press, and telegraph reporter for a number of the leading Eastern dailies.

In the fall of 1870 he was elected to the legislature, and now for the first time dipped his ear into the political waters of the State. At present he wields a more powerful influence than almost any other man in Nebraska. In fact, so great has become the power of the *Bee* that men look upon its censure as fatal to their aspirations, and upon its favor as the forerunner of success.

To a greater extent than any other journalist in the West Mr. Rosewater has infused into his paper the strength of his own character, and the force of a tireless energy which is made apparent at all times, and in the consideration of any question. When the *Bee* takes a stand its wide audience listens to independent doctrine propounded by him individually, and the secret of his influence lies in the belief by the people that his expressed opinions are sincere. In other words, he says exactly what he thinks, even though some of his best friends may sometimes advise him to the contrary.

We have not space here to narrate the reverses and successes of this remarkable newspaper enterprise—how it was born as a passing thought, to aid the passage of a bill creating a board of education for the city of Omaha; how its unqualified success in this contest, against the opposition of the old established press, encouraged the editor to greater things; how an incendiary torch destroyed its office, the *Bee* being the first paper to announce the fact; how its editor has been maligned, threatened and assaulted, but persevered and gained success. The story of the *Bee* is a part of the history of Omaha; the newspaper and the city have advanced with equal strides.

Mr. Rosewater is an exceptionally hard worker. For many years he entered the office work at six o'clock in the morning, and did not quit it until late at night. The past year or two, however, he has somewhat

shortened the hours, but still accomplishes a great deal of labor daily.

As editor in chief, he inspires most of the important topics treated editorially, and every day he dictates to a stenographer from half a column to one column of editorial matter. He also directs affairs in the business department, and maintains a strict supervision over the news department. He employs the ablest assistants of any paper west of Chicago, and is noted for a willingness to pay liberally for satisfactory service rendered the paper in any capacity.

His advice and counsel are sought by men of high or low degree, to whom his views are imparted concisely and positively, and in such a manner as to give the impression that they are peculiarly his own. Upon the eve of an important local election it is not unusual

to see more than fifty callers daily asking for admission to the editorial rooms. As a rule everyone is accorded a hearing, and not a few of them seek to enlist the editor's support or advice concerning business enterprises.

The *Bee* building is near the foot of Farnham Street, the principal business thoroughfare of Omaha. It is a four-story building, the first story having a brown stone front, above being walls of pressed brick. The basement is perfectly fireproof—the ceiling being of iron and the floor of concrete. The *Bee* also owns a large plot of ground farther up the street, facing the beautiful and massive court house, and adjoining the new city hall building. Plans are now being made for a \$250,000 news-paper building to be erected on this lot, which will be commenced at once.

PUT ON THE BRAKE.

"ENOUGH is as good as a feast" is a motto that is as susceptible of application to the athlete as to the gourmand.

In the account of a recent tournament we read that the riders who came in respectively first and second in the two mile bicycle race fell fainting from their machines as the tape at the winning post was crossed. We have ourselves been present at another contest of the kind when one of the competitors was seized with cramps and had to be borne from the hall in suffering helplessness.

Such over-exertion of the muscles is surely harmful, and when put upon them in the way of sport, cannot be too strongly condemned. It is not heroism in any sense of the word.

Exercise, train and race as often as you will, but put on the brake in time.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THESE never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.

—South.

CONSCIENCE is not law; no, God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine it.

—Locke.

I AM apt to think that men find their simple ideas agree, though in discourse they confound one another with different names.

—Locke.

GRATITUDE is the virtue most defined and most deserted. It is the ornament of rhetoric and the libel of practical life.

—J. W. Farnley.

GOON temper, like a summer day, sheds a brightness over everything. It is the sweeter of toil and the soother of disquietude.

—Fennel.

NORMS but the right can be expedient, since that can never be true expediency which would sacrifice a greater good to a less.

—Whately.

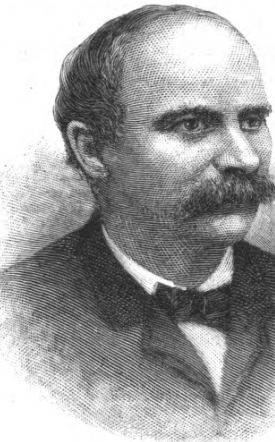
DEFT rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him.

—Becher.

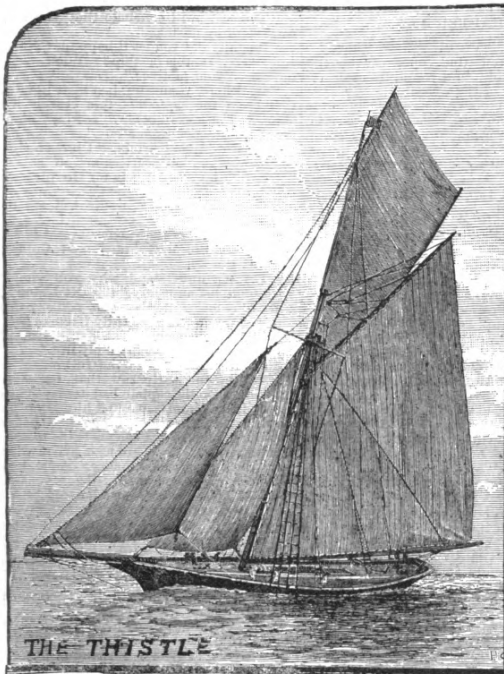
THE sound and proper exercise of the imagination may be made to contribute to the cultivation of all that is virtuous and estimable in the human character.

—Abercrombie.

GOD is a sun. He is the infinite good. Nothing but a living sensible communion with him can displace heaviness from the heart, and shed happiness over the life.



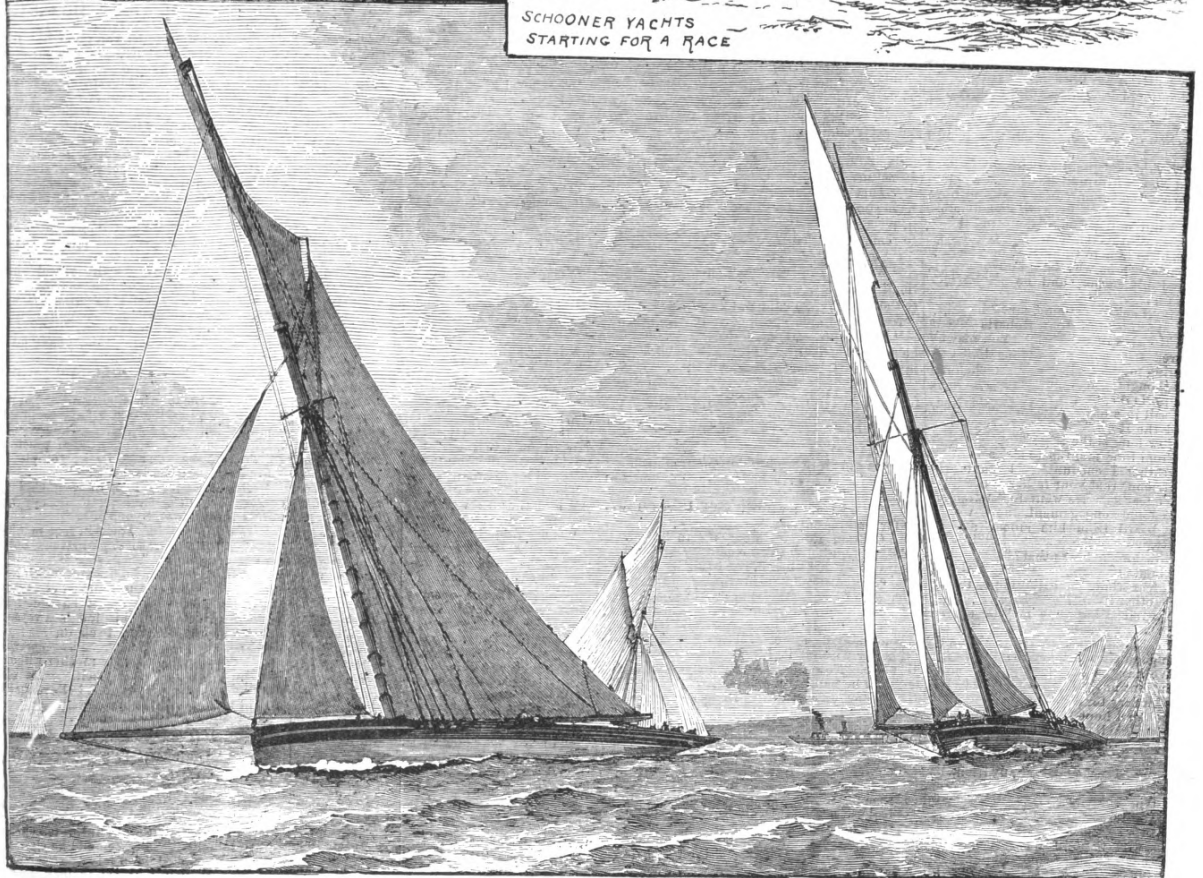
EDWARD ROSEWATER.



THE THISTLE



SCHOONER YACHTS
STARTING FOR A RACE



ON LIFE'S PATHWAY.

BY HELM MANVILLE.

There's many a slip on the stony hillside
Of life as we up to the summit would climb;
The pathway is narrow, the pitfalls are wide,
And we can go only one step at a time.
Then what wonder so many have made a misstep—
And fallen? Let us pause ere their sin we re-
hearse,
And still the reproaches that come to the lip.
For aught that we know we might have done
worse.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON;
or
THE PORTUGUES OF A
NEW-YORK BOATBLACK

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,
Author of "Tom Tracy," "Number 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER L.

NED WALKS INTO A TRAP.

NED was at his desk in the insurance office one morning when a tall man with a bronzed face entered.
"Is your principal in?" he inquired.
"No, sir," answered Ned; "but if you will take a seat I think he will be in soon."
"Thank you; I have some idea of insuring my life, and presume I can accomplish it through this office."

"Oh yes, sir," answered Ned, briskly. "Perhaps I can give you some information on the subject."

"No doubt you could," said the visitor, "but I am in no hurry. I will wait."
"All right, sir. Here is the morning paper."

The visitor took the paper, but only glanced at it casually. He lifted his eyes, and fixed them upon Ned.

"How long have you been in the employ of Mr. Hall?" he asked.
"Only a few weeks, but still I have picked up a little of the business."

"If you don't mind, let me hear your name."

"My name is Edward Newton," answered Ned, slightly surprised.

The visitor put on a look of astonishment.
"You are not related to the celebrated actor, Richard Newton?" he said, quickly.

"Yes, sir; I am his son."
"That explains the familiar look in your face. Let me shake hands with you for your father's sake," and the visitor rose from his seat, and offered his hand to Ned.

"Were you acquainted with my father?" asked Ned, with interest.

"Was I acquainted? I was intimate with him. In fact, we were schoolmates."

Ned did not dream of doubting the correctness of this statement. It was very pleasant to him to think that he was in the presence of one who had known and esteemed his father, and he shook hands cordially.

"May I ask your name, sir?" he said.

"I am known as John Roberts—Captain John Roberts, of the Petrel. You may have inferred from my appearance that I am a seafaring man."

"I thought you might be, sir. Between what ports do you ply?"

"I sail in a day or two for San Francisco, round the Horn."

"How long is the trip?"

"From four months to six, according to the weather I encounter. I am told, my good friend, that your father is dead."

"We fear so. He went to Australia on a professional engagement, and we have never heard from him since," said Ned, gravely.

"How long ago was that?"

"About six years ago."

"I fear there is little hope, then. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir; I hope she may be spared to me for many years."

"I echo the wish, my boy. I hope you are in good circumstances."

"We have experienced poverty and privation, but now we are comfortable. I get a good salary for a boy of my age, and as I grow older I hope to do better."

"I am glad to hear that. Some time I will ask permission to call upon your mother."

"She will be glad to see any friend of my father."

"I echo the wish, my boy. I hope you are in good circumstances."

"We have experienced poverty and privation, but now we are comfortable. I get a good salary for a boy of my age, and as I grow older I hope to do better."

"I am glad to hear that. Some time I will ask permission to call upon your mother."

"She will be glad to see any friend of my father."

"I echo the wish, my boy. I hope you are in good circumstances."

"We have experienced poverty and privation, but now we are comfortable. I get a good salary for a boy of my age, and as I grow older I hope to do better."

"I am glad to hear that. Some time I will ask permission to call upon your mother."

"She will be glad to see any friend of my father."

"I echo the wish, my boy. I hope you are in good circumstances."

"We have experienced poverty and privation, but now we are comfortable. I get a good salary for a boy of my age, and as I grow older I hope to do better."

"I am glad to hear that. Some time I will ask permission to call upon your mother."

"She will be glad to see any friend of my father."

planation of different styles of insurance by Mr. Hall. Captain Roberts took the annual report of two or three prominent companies, and promised to look into the matter.

"I shall not arrange finally," he said, "till I return from my present trip. I shall be sure to come here, as the father of your young clerk was an intimate friend of mine. By the way, Edward," he added, turning to Ned, "can't you manage to come on board my ship this evening? I shall be at leisure then, and I have some letters and memorials of your father, which I think you would be interested in examining."

"Yes, sir; I will come with pleasure," answered Ned.

"Let me give you the address, or rather, as I am stopping at the Grand Central Hotel, come there at seven o'clock, and we will go on board the ship together."

"Very well, sir!"

"Good morning, then!" said Captain Roberts, as he bowed himself out of the office.

Towards the close of the afternoon, Mr. Hall gave Ned two more pamphlets to carry to the captain.

"I think," he said, "from the way the captain talks, we shall be able to insure him for a good round sum. Did he say whether he was a married man?"

"No, sir, he did not say," answered Ned, and it occurred to him then that Captain Roberts had said next to nothing at all to himself. About all the information he had given was that he had been a friend and schoolmate of Ned's father.

At supper Ned told his mother of the new acquaintance he had made.

"Do you remember hearing my father speak of Captain Roberts?" he asked.

"I never heard the name," she answered, "but that proves nothing. Your father must have had many early friends of whom he has never spoken."

This seemed natural enough. Ned told his mother of the appointment he had made with Captain Roberts to go on board his ship.

"I shall be glad to see any memorials of your father," said Mrs. Newton with a sigh.

"How different would my life have been if he had lived!"

Ned did not continue the conversation. It always made his mother sad to speak of her husband, and he did not wish to give her any additional pain.

After supper Ned left the house and walked to the Grand Central Hotel, which was not far away.

He found Captain Roberts waiting for him in the reading-room at the rear of the office.

"So you are punctual," said the captain cheerfully. "Did you tell your mother of your meeting me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she recall my name?"

"No, sir; she did not recollect to have heard my father speak of you."

"That is strange. However, he may have spoken of me, but as your mother had never met me, she would hardly be likely to remember the name."

"Very likely you are right, sir."

"Well, suppose we start for the ship. Shall I call a carriage, or do you feel equal to the walk?"

Ned smiled.

"I am more used to walking than riding," he said. "I have not been accustomed to luxury."

"Very good; we will walk then. I prefer walking myself."

Captain Roberts went up to the cigar-stand and bought two cigars.

"How long have you served on the ship. Shall I call a carriage, or do you feel equal to the walk?"

Ned smiled.

"I am more used to walking than riding," he said. "I have not been accustomed to luxury."

"Very good; we will walk then. I prefer walking myself."

Captain Roberts went up to the cigar-stand and bought two cigars.

"How long have you served on the ship. Shall I call a carriage, or do you feel equal to the walk?"

Ned smiled.

"I am more used to walking than riding," he said. "I have not been accustomed to luxury."

"Very good; we will walk then. I prefer walking myself."

Captain Roberts went up to the cigar-stand and bought two cigars.

"How long have you served on the ship. Shall I call a carriage, or do you feel equal to the walk?"

Ned smiled.

"I am more used to walking than riding," he said. "I have not been accustomed to luxury."

"Very good; we will walk then. I prefer walking myself."

Captain Roberts went up to the cigar-stand and bought two cigars.

"How long have you served on the ship. Shall I call a carriage, or do you feel equal to the walk?"

Ned smiled.

Ned regarded the ship with interest, and followed the captain on board.

CHAPTER LI.

NED DISCOVERS HIS SITUATION.

NED followed the captain over the gang-plank, and found himself on the deck of the vessel.

The sailors were already on board, and if Ned had been an experienced observer he would have seen that the ship was ready for sea.

"How soon do you go, Captain Roberts?" he asked.

"In a day or two," answered the captain carelessly.

"Come to my cabin," he continued. "You can see how a captain lives. Have you ever been on board a ship before?"

"Not by invitation," answered Ned smiling. "When I was a young boy, I used to go on board occasionally, and was often driven off, as an uninvited visitor."

"Here you are my special guest," said Captain Roberts. "Well, here we are."

The captain's cabin was small, but looked comfortable. In the center was a table.

"Here I take my meals," he explained. "My mate usually eats with me, unless it is necessary for one or the other of us to be on deck. By the way, can I offer you some refreshment?" and from a small locked cabinet he produced a bottle of wine.

"Thank you, captain, but I never drink wine or liquor of any kind."

"All right! Here is some sarsaparilla," and the captain opened a bottle, and poured its contents into a glass. He turned his back to Ned during the operation.

Ned was fond of sarsaparilla, and he accepted the offered glass without hesitation.

"But," he said, "I have never heard of your father of which I have spoken to you," went on the captain. "You can amuse yourself with any of these books."

"Very well, sir."

After the captain went out Ned felt uncommonly sleepy. He fought against the feeling, but the tendency to drowsiness was irresistible. When Captain Roberts returned in half an hour, Ned was sitting with his head upon the table in a profound sleep.

Captain Roberts smiled with satisfaction.

"I gave him a powerful opiate," he said. "The druggist was right. It has done its work well. It will be fifteen hours before he wakes up. By that time we shall be well out to sea."

The captain lifted the unconscious boy, and placed him on a cushioned settee without disturbing his slumber.

"Now I will go and look for the men, and my enemies were triumphant."

When he opened his eyes it was past noon the following day.

He looked about him wildly, unable to call to mind where he was. But recollection was not long in coming to his aid.

He rose to a sitting posture, and an unwanted sound broke upon his ear. It was the swash of the waves as the ship rode through the sea. He felt, moreover, as he looked upward and downward, the motion of the ship. A terrible suspicion darted through his mind.

He walked to the door of the cabin with an unsteady motion, and ascending the stairs, stepped upon the deck.

There was no land in sight. Only the sky and the sea were visible, as the ship sped on its way.

"What does it mean?" Ned asked himself, with a terrible sinking of the heart.

"How long have I been asleep, and why was I brought to sea? Where is the captain?"

He was not long left in uncertainty.

Captain Roberts was standing on deck, only ten feet distant. He had a glass in his hand, and was looking out to sea.

"Captain Roberts!" said Ned eagerly.

The captain turned, and looked at him with a smile.

"Oh, you are awake, are you?" he said. "You have had a famous sleep."

"Why didn't you wake me up, and send me on shore?"

"Really, my boy, you were sleeping so sweetly and comfortably that I hadn't the heart to disturb you."

"But," said Ned, his dismay increasing, "it was necessary to go back. I shall be missed in the office."

"Your employer will have to get another boy."

"But"—and here Ned came near choking—"what will become of my poor mother? She will be wild with grief. She will think I am dead."

"Didn't you tell her you were going on board a ship?"

"Yes."

"Then she will conclude that you were carried off by mistake."

"But why did you let it happen, Captain Roberts? Is this a trap? What could have been your motive?"

"Look here, youngster, just bear in mind that I am the captain of this vessel. On shipboard my word is law. I won't stand any impertinence from a boy."

"But," said Ned firmly, "I have a right to ask why you have carried me off."

"Suppose we say it was for the pleasure of your society."

"I would rather you would tell me the real reason."

"I will take my time about it, and it will not be well to hurry me," said Captain Roberts sternly.

"I can't understand why you should wish to do me an injury," said Ned slowly.

"We only met yesterday, and you say that you and my father were early friends."

"That was an innocent deception. I never saw your father in all my life."

Now Ned understood the full extent of his misfortune. He saw that for some hidden reason the captain had deprived him of his liberty, and separated him from his mother and from all his friends. What he could not guess at was the probable motive.

Could he escape? Were he a prisoner on land there might be a chance. As matters stood escape was barred. There was no need to keep guard over him. He could safely be trusted anywhere on the vessel.

The miles of water that stretched in every direction were as effectual a barrier against escape as the strong walls of a prison.

"Where is this vessel bound?" he asked after a pause.

"As I told you yesterday, it is bound for San Francisco."

"Around Cape Horn?"

"Of course."

"And shall you stop anywhere?"

"Possibly at Rio. Why?"

"I thought I might induce you to let me go."

"Even if I were to let you go at Rio, you would be worse off than if you remained on board ship. What could you do there, in a foreign country? Were he a prisoner on land there might be a chance. As matters stood escape was barred. There was no need to keep guard over him. He could safely be trusted anywhere on the vessel.

The miles of water that stretched in every direction were as effectual a barrier against escape as the strong walls of a prison.

"Where is this vessel bound?" he asked after a pause.

"As I told you yesterday, it is bound for San Francisco."

"Around Cape Horn?"

"Of course."

"And shall you stop anywhere?"

"Possibly at Rio. Why?"

"I thought I might induce you to let me go."

"Even if I were to let you go at Rio, you would be worse off than if you remained on board ship. What could you do there, in a foreign country? Were he a prisoner on land there might be a chance. As matters stood escape was barred. There was no need to keep guard over him. He could safely be trusted anywhere on the vessel.

The miles of water that stretched in every direction were as effectual a barrier against escape as the strong walls of a prison.

"Where is this vessel bound?" he asked after a pause.

"As I told you yesterday, it is bound for San Francisco."

"Around Cape Horn?"

"Of course."

"And shall you stop anywhere?"

"Possibly at Rio. Why?"

"I thought I might induce you to let me go."

"Even if I were to let you go at Rio, you would be worse off than if you remained on board ship. What could you do there, in a foreign country? Were he a prisoner on land there might be a chance. As matters stood escape was barred. There was no need to keep guard over him. He could safely be trusted anywhere on the vessel.

The miles of water that stretched in every direction were as effectual a barrier against escape as the strong walls of a prison.

"Where is this vessel bound?" he asked after a pause.

"As I told you yesterday, it is bound for San Francisco."

"Around Cape Horn?"

"Of course."

"And shall you stop anywhere?"

"Possibly at Rio. Why?"

"I thought I might induce you to let me go."

"Even if I were to let you go at Rio, you would be worse off than if you remained on board ship. What could you do there, in a foreign country? Were he a prisoner on land there might be a chance. As matters stood escape was barred. There was no need to keep guard over him. He could safely be trusted anywhere on the vessel.

The miles of water that stretched in every direction were as effectual a barrier against escape as the strong walls of a prison.

"Where is this vessel bound?" he asked after a pause.

"As I told you yesterday, it is bound for San Francisco."

"Around Cape Horn?"

"Of course."

"And shall you stop anywhere?"

"Possibly at Rio. Why?"

"I thought I might induce you to let me go."

CHAPTER LII.

THE MCCRUDYS IN BROOKLYN.

MEANWHILE Madge had been carried by the McCrudy to Brooklyn.

John McCurdy, like his mother, was not fond of work. To be in an atmosphere of whisky with an unlimited opportunity to help himself, seemed like elysium.

His mother looked upon it in the same way.

"Shure it's you that are in luck, John," she said. "You couldn't get a lighter, more gintale place nor that."

John smiled.

"I suppose you wouldn't mind takin' such a place yourself, mother," he said.

"If it was the custom for ledlies to be bar-tenders, I wouldn't mind takin' the same," said Mrs. McCurdy, caudily.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do, mother. You'd drink as much as you poured out for others, and you'd be found lyin' under the bar before dinner-time."

"I'm surprised at you, John McCurdy, sayin' such a thing about your mother," said Mrs. McCurdy, with dignity, "whin no one knows better that I never take more than the laste swaller just to give me strength, because I'm so wake and delicate."

"I know what your swallows mane, mother. One of 'em wouldn't lave much in a pint measure."

"I scorn to reply to your insinervations, John McCurdy. When I'm dead and gone, you'll know what a mother I was to you."

"I know now, mother," answered John, dryly.

An express wagon was engaged, and by ten o'clock the small stock of furniture and personal property belonging to the McCurdys was on the way to Brooklyn. The future residence of the family was a second floor in a shabby house about two miles from Fulton Ferry. Here they were established before night, and as all were needed to help arrange the furniture and get things to rights, Madge and Mrs. McCurdy did not go into the streets to ply their respective vocations.

Mrs. McCurdy was quite beaten out by her unworked exertions, and about three o'clock her daughter-in-law she was going over to see John.

"I don't think he will care to have you call," said John's wife, eying her mother-in-law doubtfully.

"Shure I am his mother," remarked Mrs. McCurdy, with dignity.

"And I am his wife, but I sha'n't go to the saloon to see him unless I really need to."

"I don't nade my daughter-in-law to tell me what is right and proper for me to do. I'm older than you, and I come of one of the best families in Limerick."

"You will do as you please, no doubt."

"Of course I will."

"But I'm sure John won't like it."

"And why shouldn't he? Madge, stay with John's wife till I come back."

Mrs. McCurdy sallied from the house and took a straight course over to the saloon where John had found employment.

He was just pouring out a glass of whisky for a customer when the door opened, and the bulky form of his maternal parent became visible.

John frowned savagely.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"Shure I wanted to see where you worked, John dear."

"Well, you've seen, and now you can go back home."

"Shure I'm so tired I must rest a minute," said Mrs. McCurdy, as she sank into a chair and panted.

"The boss don't want women loafin' round the saloon, and it don't look well."

"I'm not goin' to stay, John; I only want to get rested."

"If you hadn't come you wouldn't have needed rest."

"If you'll give me a sip of the whisky I'll may be bring back my strength."

"Have you got any money?"

"Shure you wouldn't charge your mother anything, John?"

"Yes, I would. The saloon isn't mine."

"The boss won't know," said Mrs. McCurdy, shyly.

"You'd better go out. I don't want you here," said John, roughly.

"Won't you thrust me for a drink, John?" "I'll have some money to-morrow, and madge is goin' out together."

"It's of no use, I tell you."

The customer, a good natured young plumber, took pity on Mrs. McCurdy.

"Give the old lady a drink," he said; "I'll stand treat."

"Shure you're a gentlemán," said Mrs. McCurdy, gratefully. "Maybe you've got an old mother yourself."

"Yes, I have."

"You wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to deny her a drop of whisky when she naded it."

The young man looked sober.

"My mother wouldn't drink whisky," he said.

"Shure I wouldn't myself, for I'm a decent, temperate woman, only I'm that wake and delicate the docther tells me it is necessary for me to have it," Mrs. McCurdy said, many a time, "drink a little whisky now and then without hesitation, for your constitution requires it."

By this time Mrs. McCurdy had reached the counter, and John in a surly way poured her out a glass of whisky. Mrs. McCurdy gulped it down, and looked as if she would like another, but no invitation being extended, she slowly left the saloon. "Don't come here again," said John, sharply.

"Shure John's very hard on his poor old mother," muttered Mrs. McCurdy, as she walked away. "He might give me a drink every day, and the boss would never miss it. I don't see where John got his disagreeable disposition. It wasn't from his mother, for everybody used to say that I had the swatest disposition ever known, and there's no one but me knows how I have slaved to bring up John and now Madge. Instid of bendin' over the wash-tub, I ought to spend the day in a rookin' chair, and be tuk care of free by them that is beholden to me."

Mrs. McCurdy had drunk one glass of whisky, but it by no means satisfied her. "John gave me a very small glass," she said to herself. "I wasn't more'n half full. It was a poor trick for John to play upon his old mother."

"Well," she remarked as she entered the house, and sank into a chair, "I've seen John."

"Was he glad to see you?" asked her daughter-in-law.

"No, he treated me manely—and me his mother—but there was a kind young man in the saloon that stood treat."

"I shouldn't think you'd be willing to have a stranger treat you."

"And why not? If my own son will see his old mother sufferin' for a glass of whisky, and not give her any, when it wouldn't cost him a cent, there's no reason why I should not accept the offer of a nice polite young man."

"John drinks himself, but he doesn't like to see his mother in a saloon."

"What's the difference? I'd like to have you tell me. Why you're so wake and delicate as I am, and the docther tells you you made it to kape up your constitution, you'll have more pity for me."

John's wife did not reply, but she was longing for the morrow to come when her mother-in-law, whose society she by no means enjoyed, would be spending some hours out of the house. She got on very well with Madge, who proved a willing helper, and related her of many minor details. Having no child of her own, she would have been glad to keep her, and have Mrs. McCurdy seek another home, but she knew that such a proposal would bring down a shower of abuse from her unwellcome guest.

Meanwhile Madge was in good spirits, for she saw that the absence of John McCurdy improved her chances of escape. The next morning she found her opportunity.

John McCurdy had gone to his business, his mother had not yet roused from her slumber, and John's wife was out in the back part of the house attending to housework. Madge seized her hat, and opening the front door ran to the corner of the street, and turning sped on, not knowing where she was going, and not caring, but anxious to get out as soon as possible without herself and her old guardian.

(To be continued.)

MEANWHILE MADGE WAS IN GOOD SPIRITS, FOR SHE SAW THAT THE ABSENCE OF JOHN MCCURDY IMPROVED HER CHANCES OF ESCAPE. THE NEXT MORNING SHE FOUND HER OPPORTUNITY.

John McCurdy had gone to his business, his mother had not yet roused from her slumber, and John's wife was out in the back part of the house attending to housework. Madge seized her hat, and opening the front door ran to the corner of the street, and turning sped on, not knowing where she was going, and not caring, but anxious to get out as soon as possible without herself and her old guardian.

(To be continued.)

PEDESTRIANISM ON THE WATER.

Many attempts have been made to invent a pair of floating shoes which will enable that terrestrial biped, man, to walk on the surface of sea, river or lake. The principal difficulty lies herein: the shoes, to float and move easily, must be very light, and if the wearer once loses his balance the greater weight of his body prevents him from righting himself, and he floats head downward in the water till his friends see him being out by the heels.

The latest experiment in the difficult art of walking the water is reported from San Francisco, and is said to have been made by a classmate of the aged nineteen, is the aquatic pedestrian, and the Examiner describes an exhibition of his abilities, including a description of the shoes he wears, and how he balances himself.

They are modeled upon the monitor type of naval craft.

The treads are square, and into them he inserts his feet. The remainder of the space is honey-combed with air-tight compartments, and zinc fins are hinged on the bottom. These nautical shoes weigh nineteen pounds each, and the wearer simply stands erect and slides forward. In motion, the zinc fins lie flat in the water. Upon halting they fall, acting as a breakwater, and preventing the walker from being carried backward.

Whilst walked without a balance-pole, and for twenty minutes, he walked without one, and for twenty minutes from the wharf, and met with no mishaps. The crowd cheered the slender looking youngster.

His great success to give another exhibition of aquatic pedestrianism, and to take a knife along with him to kill any seals which might attempt to disperse his progress. His next feat will be to walk on the river from Sacramento to the Bay of San Francisco.



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all, only such questions as concern general interest can receive attention. We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

ENCLAINED WITH THANKS: "When I Went A-haling," "Saving An Enemy."

Will the author of "How to Make a Canvas Canoe," begun in this number, kindly send his name and address to this office?

T. L. S., Duffryn Mawr, Pa. 1. Perhaps. 2. Yes. See Jersey City, N. J. No premium on the dime of 1893.

E. C. T., Shenandoah, Pa. No premium on any of the coins.

N. E. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. No premium on the dime of 1824.

W. H. P., New York City. No premium on dimes of 1835 and 1836.

J. A., Syracuse, N. Y. No premium on the fifty cent piece of 1808.

F. W. P., Detroit, Mich. You suggest what would not be in good taste.

C. S., New York City. "Tom Tracy" began in no. 199 and "No. 91" in no. 179.

G. O. W., Anacostia, D. C. Your paper, *The Anacostia Herald*, does you great credit.

R. C., Somerville, Mass. You can probably obtain what you want at any Boston customer's.

D. W., Wilkesbarre, Pa. The average weight of a boy of fourteen is 86 pounds. Feet vary in size.

L. S., Wisconsin, Fla. Sunflower seeds can be purchased from any dealer for five cents a package.

W. F. K., Brooklyn, N. Y. If in good condition a half cent of 1804 should bring from three to ten cents.

H. C. A., Mystic Ridge, Conn. Average weight of young men of twenty-one, 135 lbs.; height, 5 ft. 6 1/2 in.

Subscribers, Troy, N. Y. We expect to publish an article on swimming and diving in the course of the summer.

Cowboy Billy, Leavenworth, Kan. It seems there has never been any book published on the subject.

G. L. F., Middleburgh, N. Y. 1. The numbers mentioned will cost you 75 cents. 2. Vol. VI will begin next December.

H. W. J., Newport, R. I. The coin you describe is not coined at the New Haven mint in 1787, and bears no premium.

F. W. S., Philadelphia, Pa. Again we warmly reiterate that there is no premium on the V nickels without the word "cents."

W. A. G., Sparta, Ill. We know nothing of the gentleman whom you inquire. Many thanks for your complimentary words.

J. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. Communicate with the *Illustrated Company*, 721 Broadway, or Lyman H. Low, 853 Broadway, this city.

L. Q. C. L., New York City. For answer to questions of this character, you are referred to some such journal as *The New York Tablet*.

T. D. A., Philadelphia, Pa. The estimated cost of St. Patrick's Cathedral when finished is placed at \$2,500,000, and about \$2,000,000 has already been spent.

H. Newark, N. J. There is a premium on the copper half of 1837 (if in good condition), of from five to ten cents. No premium on the half dollar of 1820.

B. McC., New York City. The "Boat Club Seal" is an Optic consist of six stories, contained in as many volumes; they will be sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.25 each.

T. D. A., Philadelphia, Pa. Snakes are oviparous, but the young are hatched from eggs. Some few varieties are ovoviviparous, i. e., hatched from the egg while still within the mother snake.

Lightfoot, Negaunee, Mich. 1. We have not received advices from the Wild West since its departure for England. 2. Average height of boys of 13, 4 ft. 9 in.; weight, 75 lbs. 3. It is not possible to say if you is the richest man in the world.

F. F. We are not acquainted with the code by which you describe their conduct; but we may say that a gentleman is not expected to carry a lady's parasol when the latter is not using it; besides, the gentleman is rarely fortunate enough to find one to use.

Snobs, Lapeer, Mich. 1. Your drawing is hardly good enough for the Argosy. Do not be in a hurry to leave your present position. Remember that the Argosy is the best worth two in the bush." See editorial on "Wood Engraving" in no. 238. 2. Your height and weight are above the average.

C. K., New York City. The Queen of England made a tour of inspection, on seeking permission to visit the parliament. There is no law requiring the President to visit foreign lands. Such a proceeding on the part of the Executive was probably never contemplated.

C. F. P., Oregon, Ill. 1. The penny you describe is a token of no special value. 2. The Chicago baseball nine is made up of the following players: Van Haltron, Clarkson, or Baldwin, p.; Ryan, c.; Sullivan, i. f.; Anson, 1b.; Pfeffer, 2b.; Williams, c. f.; Hains, 3b.; Daly, or Flint, c.; Clarkson or Valtrien, p.

J. E. P., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. You can obtain a little book called "Form of Government," relating to the Presbyterian Church, at 116 Nassau St., this city. 2. The name of the following churches belongs to the Presbyterian denomination. 3. We may publish biographies of the nation's rulers on the subject of our present editors' series, now nearing its end.

I. B. W. A., Indianapolis, Ind. 1. In making a woodcut, a wash drawing is made on the block, a pencil being used for some outlines and shading. The engraver then takes the block and... 2. This cannot properly be answered. 3. Usually a pupil, either in drawing or engraving, pays a tuition fee while learning, and then enters the profession. 4. An Inquirer's-Cad, Baltimore, Md. 1. If you mean a training-school for officers like West Point, there is no institution of the kind admitting boys of twelve; there are, however, many military boarding schools and day schools scattered throughout the country, with no age limit. 2. Dyeing is the only method for changing the color of the hair. 3. Buffalo Bill is now in London delighting British princes with the Wild West show. 4. It is impossible to state who is the best marksman in the world. 5. We expect to print an article on swimming in the course of two or three weeks.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of *The Golden Argosy*, but we cannot receive orders for articles or worthless dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except by mutual consent. No rough-cut paper back numbers or volumes of *The Golden Argosy*. We must decline all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the editor of this column.

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

H. W. Gilchrist, Franklin, N. H. Coins and postmarks, for coins.

Leon, 11 Union St., Newark, N. J. Curiosities and stamps, for type.

F. W. Anack, 65 North Fourth St., Columbus, O. Stamps, for the latest International album.

Fred B. Averil, Portsmouth, N. H. A printing press and outfit, for a violin valued at \$10.

G. N. Fellows, Box 10, Franklin, N. H. A 5 by 8 Excelsior press, with an outfit, for a 5 by 8 Excelsior press, with an outfit.

C. L. Jeffrey, New Berlin, N. Y. 7 books by Optic, Ellis and others, for books of juvenile stories.

W. F. Lee, Talbotton, Ga. A pair of roller skates and books, for Morse leather or telegraph outfit.

John Crowley, Salem, Mass. 10 books or 10 monuments of Witch Hill, Salem, for a font of script type.

Geo. P. Avery, Angelica, N. Y. A pair of Indian clubs and a French-English dictionary, for a small banjo.

Robert C. McConnell, Salina, Kan. 100 square cut Western postmarks, for 100 like Eastern postmarks.

Jno. T. Herr, 1114 Third Ave., Altoona, Pa. A magic lantern with 24 slides, for a pair of 3 or 4 lb. Indian clubs.

F. E. Newman, Richland Center, Wis. "She," "The Head," and other reading matter, for books.

Christ Brandon, New Plymouth, O. "Prairie Adventures" (vol. 46) pp. 1, for a volume of *The Golden Argosy*, or for books.

A. J. Whitton, Andes, N. Y. 20 numbers of the *Scientific American*, for a Tammen's Rocky Mountain mineral cabinet.

Chas. Kenny, 524 East 17th St., New York City. A Prize Holly scroll saw and a no. 2 polypoint, for a fishing rod and reel.

S. J. Steinberg, 438 South Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind. A skiff without oars, 15 ft. by 3 ft., for a selfinking press and outfit.

E. M. Murdoch, Jr., Wilmington, N. C. "Gascoyne the Sandalwood Trader" and "Stories of the Old World," for books on canoeing.

Conrad Geiger, 5 South Freedom St., Canton, O. A 4 by 5 camera, with box, lens, plate holder, etc., for a 48 lb rubber tired bicycle.

F. A. Denton, 712 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa. A new morocco card case for the first six numbers of vol. I of *The Golden Argosy*.

Anton Dwojak, Geneva, Neb. A pair of nickel plated, all clamp roller skates and outfit, for five fine shells, curiosities or a watch.

Clarence M. Hall, Box 359, Corry, Pa. A 12 foot row boat, with oars and rudder and a power scroll saw, for a 50 inch rubber tired bicycle.

John Holt, 320 Adams St., Frankford, Pa. A gold plated watch, chain and charm, for musical instruments, or a printing press and outfit.

Henry Meisinger, 71 Norfolk St., New York City. 3 books, cloth bound, for foreign and United States Department stamps. New York City offers only.

Harry S. Foster, 18 South Hawk St., Albany, N. Y. Electrical goods, for a printing press and outfit, or printing supplies, or a set of engraver's tools.

Arthur Hall, 176 West Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y. 100 tin tags and 250 United States and foreign stamps, for vol. III or vol. IV of *The Golden Argosy*.

J. H. Loewenstein, Jr., 133 East 79th St., New York City. A 38 nickel plated banjo, with nickelled frets, together with a long list of other articles, for a 50 or 55 Columbia bicycle, half nickel, with hall bearings.

W. C. Kurzweg, Box 52, Watertown, Wis. 75 varieties of forest stamps, for 250 United States envelopes, for the same.

Lyons Miller, 255 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 1000 foreign stamps, 1000 United States stamps, 1800 postmarks, and 2300 tin tags, for a printing press and outfit.

Frank McCoy, Lewistown, Pa. Tell's Atlas of the World, a magic lantern and several books, for a tent to accommodate three persons, or a row boat, or a canvas canoe.

G. De Looze, 1445 State St., Chicago, Ill. 225 United States and foreign stamps, a pair of B. & B. ice or roller skates and 4 books, for any volume of *The Golden Argosy*.

Arthur Starbird, Box 1026, Corry, Pa. An Uncle Sam selfinking press with type, and a vibratory telegraph, all complete, for two telegraphic keys and sounders and a battery.

Frank E. Foster, Iowa Falls, Iowa. A Home printing press and outfit, for standard books, including Chaucer; or a miniature steam yacht, for "Pool Play" and "Put Yourself in his Place."

H. S. Burgess, 1259 Myrtle St., Philadelphia, Pa. A manual control steam yacht, for 150 Lemsons, also instructions as to how to become a typewriter, a proofreader, and a telegraph operator, with other useful things, for vol. V of *The Golden Argosy*, to date.

ARTFUL JAKE.

BY WILSON BURTON.

JAKE had just finished his day's work in a little field on the outskirts of the village, had wiped the perspiration from his good-humored black face, and was in the act of drawing on a motley coat of many patches when he espied three little boys approaching from the direction of the country.

At the heels of the boys trotted a small dog, very short of limb, very muddy and very tired.

The party had evidently been hunting, and they were making a great display of a hare which they had caught.

What a fine, large, fat hare it was! The sight of it made Jake hungry and covetous.

"Hayo!" he cried, as the boys drew near, "what dat y'all little boys got?"

"A rabbit," answered the boys.

"What y'all gwine to do wid him?"

"We are going to eat him."

"Is y'all gwine to cyar him thoo town dat way?"

"Yes."

"Don't y'all know hit's gin de law to ketch rabbits in de spring o' de year?"

"No, who says so?"

"Mr. Samford say so. He's in de legislator, an' he low ever'body what ketch rabbits in de spring o' de year got to be 'rsted an' put in jail. Y'all better not let nobody see dat rabbit. Better gin him to me."

"I don't believe there's any such a law. What good would it do?"

"Hit'd do a heap o' good, honey, becase rabbits is gittin' mighty scarce in de woods. I speck dat rabbit what y'all done cotch is got a whole nistful o' young uns, an dey'll perish to death 'dout dey mammy."

"We are not afraid of being arrested. We'll go home the back way," and the boys started on.

"Hole on," cried Jake, climbing over the fence, "lemme see dat rabbit."

"Why?" inquired the boys in astonishment.

"Be'cause."

"Be'cause what?"

"Be'cause I ain't ready to die yet."

"Ain't ready to die?"

"No, dat I ain't."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean dat rabbit's poison."

"Poison?"

"He is dat."

"How do you know?"

"Be'cause all dese yer swamp rabbits is pison dis time o' year. I never knowed he was a swamp rabbit w'en I ax you for him."

"What makes them poison?"

"Be'cause dey eats pea-vines. Pea-vines don't hurt rabbits, but de juice gits in dey blood, an' hit's sho pison to folks what eats 'em."

The boys smiled incredulously, but made no reply. They knew, as anybody else in that region knew, that Jake was a story-teller after the order of Baron Munchausen.

Jake perceived that the battle was not won yet.

"Dat ain't de onliest reason dey be pison," he continued.

"What else then?"

"Dey has wolve in 'em."

"Oh, we know all about that. We felt this one's hide all over, and didn't find a single worm."

"Yes, but ef he had des one little bitty ole worm in him what y'all couldn't fine hid 'e 'nough to pison all three o' y'all."

The boys stood still and silent. The little dog cowered himself up in the fence corner and wagged its tail.

Jake understood the situation. If the boys had set out to sell the hare the purchaser might now have got it at a bargain, but

the owners of the game were not yet ready to give it away.

"We've brought him so far, we might as well take him on home and let our papas see ef there's anything the matter with him," said one of the boys presently.

"How fur is y'all done toted him?"

"About two miles."

"Pieh!" whistled Jake, and he stretch-



"HAYO!" CRIED JAKE, LEANING ON THE FENCE, "WHAT DAT Y'ALL BOYS GOT?"

ed his legs and elongated his countenance in such a manner that his three little friends were alarmed.

"What's the matter?" they all cried in the same breath.

"I was der a studyin' 'bout a little boy des 'bout de size o' y'all what I use to know down yander in M'renger. Dat boy des use to live in de woods huntin' ole Molly Cottontail. Folks tole him sump'n bad gwine to happen to him some day ef he didn't stop, but he never pay no 'tention to 'em. He hunt all summer, an' he hunt all winter, an' w'en de spring o' de year come he des kep' on a huntin', and sho 'nough! sump'n bad did happen to him."

"What happened to him?"

"I'm gwine to tell you 'bout dat now."

"Long dis time o' year de snakes what's been 'sleep all de winter, dey wakes up, an' dey're des sho hungry dey could mighty nigh eat a kyag o' ten-penny nails. De fust thing dey studies 'bout is ketchin' a rabbit, an' 'faint long 'fo' dey gits a chance, be'cause ole Molly's always 's-hoppin' 'bout in de swamp dis time o' year. De minute dey

wid snakes what's done choke deyse'f tryin' to swallow a rabbit."

"How can they get a rabbit's head out of a snake's mouth?"

"I dunno, honey. I aint no doctor, cep'n for de grunn' each. But I reckon they po's some mighty s'archin' sort o' grease in de snake mouf, an' dat loosen de rabbit haid."

"Well, dat boy what I was a tellin' you 'bout he cotch a rabbit what a snake been had, an' he toted dat rabbit in his han' 'bout two mile. Soon after he got home his han' 'bgin to swell, an' 'bit swell an' 'bit swell tell hit was big 'roun' es a elephant laig. Den de swellin' run up his arm, an' 'atter w'ile hit went all over him, an' he got bigger an' bigger tell at las' one day he busted, and folks yearned him pop five mile from dar."

The little boy that was holding the hare now glanced furtively at his hand.

The act did not escape Jake's notice.

"How did anybody know a snake had had the rabbit?" inquired one of the other boys.

"Dey knowed it by de signs dey seed on

de rabbit's haid. De snake's tushes always makes two little bitty marks, an' dar whar de p'ison go in at. Snake p'ison won't kill a rabbit, you know, but de fus' man what tech him'll ketch it sho."

The little boy that had the hare grew nervous. His eyes wandered restlessly from the faces of his companions to the head of the dead animal in his hand.

Noting his actions, Jake poked the hare's head with a stick, turning it first one side and then the other.

"Two mighty s'picious lookin' specks on dat rabbit's haid," he said.

"Where? where?" anxiously inquired the boys.

"Don't you see one right dar, an' an'er one right dar?" said Jake, indicating two tiny spots where the animal's fur had been slightly ruffled.

The boys had not noticed the spots, but they were there, and they did look suspicious.

"Honey, an't yo' han' sorter swelled a little?"

"It does feel stiff and cramped."

"Ha! dat's de ve'y word dat little boy said dat time w'en he got home."

A moment of silence ensued. The poor boy who held the game looked from one of his companions to the other as though he would search their hidden thoughts, and weigh the chances of his being able to drop the hare without incurring their ridicule.

One of them came to his rescue in a moment.

"We've talked so much about that rabbit I don't believe I can eat a bit of it," said he.

"Let's give it to uncle Jake."

He had not finished speaking before the hare dropped on the ground with a thump that awoke the little dog.

Jake shook his head.

"You can't gimme dat p'ison rabbit," said he.

"Let's throw it away, then."

"Y'all oughtn't to th'ow hit 'way, honey, be'cause somebody might come 'long an' pick hit up an' get p'isoned."

"What shall we do with it, then?"

"Bury it in de fence comder outside o' my fiel'."

"All right."

With a long stick Jake lifted the dead animal and tossed it over the fence. Then he climbed over himself, and with his hoe dug a little grave and buried the hare, while the boys watched curiously and fearfully through cracks in the fence.

The boy that had carried the hare was looking vigorously with his handkerchief when the funeral was over.

"Y'all better run 'long home an' wash yo' han's," said Jake. "I'm gwine down yander to de branch an' wash mine right now, be'cause some o' dat p'ison might a croupe up de stick an' got in 'em."

The boys were not slow to follow his advice, and as soon as they were out of sight Jake returned and disinterred the remains of Molly Cottontail.

The following day Jake and his family regaled themselves on stewed hare and dumplings.

THE SUN AS AN INCENDIARY.

Be careful during these hot days how you leave looking glasses lying about. A contemporary tells of a householder, who on returning home after a brief absence, discovered a shutter on fire and one of the rooms full of smoke.

Having extinguished the blaze, he looked for the cause, there being no fire in the room. It was discovered that a hand-mirror lying upon a table focused the rays of the sun on the spot ignited. Only a year previous, the same gentleman's house came near being destroyed in a similar manner.

[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 XX.

THE CHARMED CIRCLE.

THE little cabin of the Donna at its best was but a cheerless apartment. The table was a leaf attached to the paneling at one end in such a manner that it could be lifted out of the way. A cushioned locker on either side served as seats. There were two berths, a small, rusty stove in the corner, a swinging tray overhead, containing a bottle and two tumblers, a socket lamp, and an old marine clock which had run down.

Fortunately there were matches in a tin box tacked to the wall, and with some trouble Jack succeeded in lighting the lamp. Peltiah, finding a supply of charcoal in one of the lockers, contrived to start a fire, despite the tremendous rolling and pitching, which threw them from side to side whenever either relaxed his hold on whatever there was handy to cling to.

In Captain Kelly's clothes bag they found dry apparel, which was quickly substituted for their own. And despite the miserable accommodation, the hiss and roar of wind and sea, the grinding and creaking of the vessel's timbers, and the peril of their situation, yet cheered by the light and comforted by the warmth, both Jack and Peltiah began to feel themselves again.

While Peltiah was heating some coffee on the coals, Jack instituted a search for the boat compass, which had been taken from his person, together with Captain Bloward's revolver, while he lay in his drugged stupor. The revolver and Peltiah's money, appropriated at the same time, he discovered in Captain Kelly's berth; but the compass was nowhere to be found.

This led to a recital on his own part of the conversation he had listened to on awaking from his drowse. Peltiah heard it in silent astonishment.

"Wall, after this I can b'lieve most anything," he said, drawing a long breath: "to think we should a' been took in so by that innocent lookin' little darky! It ain't safe to trust anybody," he said, emphatically; "least of all the folks down in this heathenish country;" a sentiment in which Jack heartily concurred.

But neither of them felt inclined for further conversation, excepting such as was absolutely necessary. The failure to find that greatest essential to their hope of eventually reaching port—the compass—together with the continued violence of the gale, which was, in fact, as they afterward knew, a part of the devastating hurricane of '81, together with a hundred other anxieties, kept each absorbed in his own reflections.

Until the blow abated somewhat, it was useless to stay on deck, exposed to the fury of the elements. If anything perted, the schooner must unavoidably broach to, which meant almost certain destruction to the vessel and themselves, whether below or above deck.

So often a while, wearied and exhausted by what they had passed through, each crawled into a berth. A canvas loop was attached to the further side of Captain Kelly's. Through this Jack thrust his arm, and thus prevented from being hurled bodily out by the tremendous lurches of the schooner, as she was tossed from chasm to wave crest, he fell into a sort of waking sleep, if I may so term it.

Whether this lasted an hour or hours, he had no means of telling. But when Jack

awoke he became conscious that the violence of the gale was lessening.

Still the scene from the reeling deck was by no means reassuring. The intense blackness of the sky was replaced by a thick dun expanse of cloud, through which it was impossible to obtain even the faintest indication of the sun's whereabouts.

It was day—presumably the second of their storm driven passage—and that was all that Jack or Peltiah knew. The sea was slowly subsiding, and the wind, though very heavy, did not blow with the fierceness which had characterized it when they went below.

And now came the perplexity. Jack was quite sure that when the hurricane began it struck from the northwest. The sudden shift of wind by which Captain Kelly had been swept from the deck came from a dif-

till the wind shifted, which of course was about the time the gale began to moderate—say toward morning.

Peltiah thought it was toward morning, "or tharabouts," he added, cautiously.

"Say we ran about ten knots an hour for—well, it's safe to call it sixteen hours. That's a hundred and sixty miles. Call our lee drift two knots an hour for eight, yes, ten hours—twenty miles more. That makes a hundred and eighty miles at a rough guess that we've been blown off. We ought to run back in thirty-six hours, at the furthest, before this east wind."

Thus figured and reasoned Jack, on a basis of almost pure conjecture. But how could he do else, unless they continued to lie to till sun or stars again appeared, which neither was willing to do?

So they shook out the reefs, slacked off

And toward evening of this, the third day, the gale recommenced.

"I don't see but we might as well give up first as last, Jack," groaned Peltiah, as, bringing the little vessel to the wind, their only resource, they clung to the weather side of the house and watched the gathering gloom with anything but cheerful anticipations.

Suddenly Jack turned his eyes to leeward, with a slight exclamation.

"There's an island, at last!" he said, drawing a long breath.

Peltiah sprang to his feet, at the imminent risk of being sent headlong over the lee rail in the heavy lurches of the little vessel, and excitedly followed the direction of Jack's eager gaze.

"It's a mighty small one, if it is an island," he replied in disappointed tones.

Jack did not at once answer. As the schooner drifted rapidly toward the object which had arrested his attention, his newly awakened hopes began to diminish.

For the lee drift of the Donna, bringing them nearer and nearer to the something, showed him that the supposed island had an almost imperceptible rising and rolling movement.

"Must be a wreck," suggested Peltiah, as, after a prolonged survey, Jack acknowledged his mistake.

And yet, if a wreck, there was something mysterious about it.

For the surface, within a radius of perhaps forty or fifty yards around the object, was as smooth as a mill-pond, while on every side elsewhere and as far as the eye could reach, there was only a tumultuous mass of seething billows.

And as they stood staring in perplexity at what seemed to be the ruptured hull of a capsized vessel, the Donna, uplifted on the crest of a huge wave, was swept downward within the charmed circle.

The gale shrieked louder and louder through the straining fore-ribs, the spoo-drift, blown from the surrounding seas, filled the air, and the distended foresail seemed ready to burst from the mast-hoops, yet the vessel herself, no longer pitching and rolling, drifted across a comparatively smooth expanse directly toward the huge mass, as though drawn to it by some invisible power.

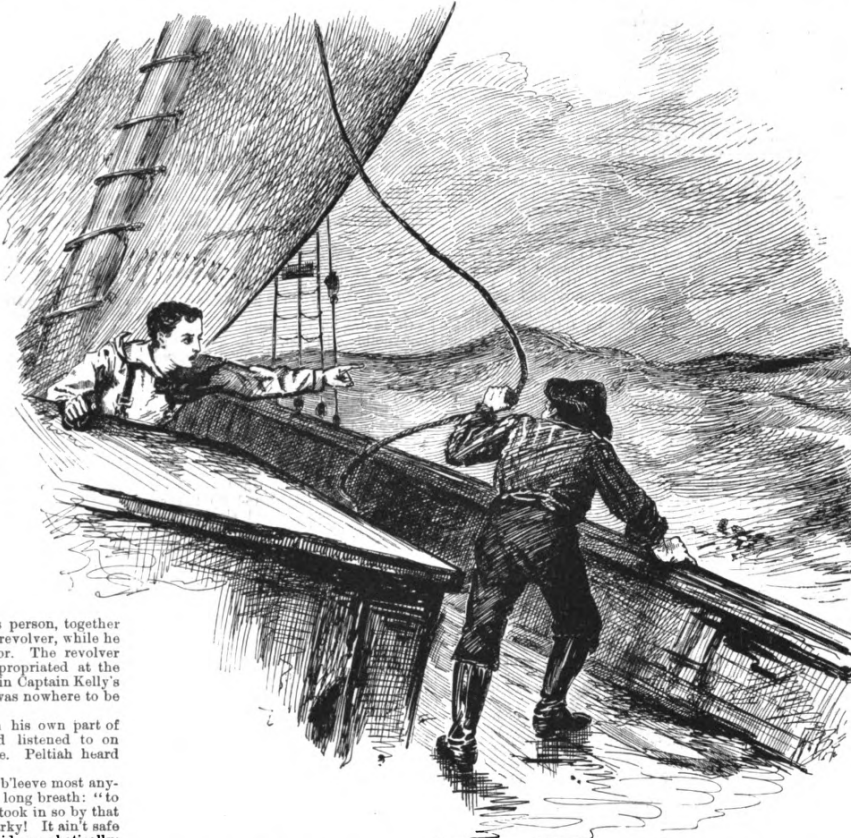
"A dead whale, by all that's wonderful!" Jack exclaimed, with a gasp of astonishment.

The mystery was solved. With his great bulk unflinched, the monster, gently rising and falling on the heaving swell, lay in the midst of what is technically termed by the whaling fraternity "a slick," formed by the oil exuding from the blubber, which had been punctured in various places by sharp lances.

The schooner's foresail and jib were at once lowered, and just as pitchy darkness began to settle down on the face of the deep, the vessel was secured to the oily mass, by a line over the bows secured to the stout staff of an iron implanted deep in the flesh.

Another line was taken out astern and made fast in a similar manner, and though the gale increased in violence, and roared fiercely over the surrounding seas, the Donna lay as easily as though moored to the pier in Mapleton River.

As they prepared their simple meal in the little cabin, Jack, who had listened to an old whaler's yarns in times past, explained to wondering Peltiah the cause of their sin-



SUDDENLY JACK ESBON POINTED TO LEeward. "THERE'S AN ISLAND AT LAST," HE SAID, DRAWING A LONG BREATH.

ferent direction—he thought either south or southwest.

Before the blow, then, in a northerly or northeasterly direction, the schooner had driven, till hove to; since which time she had been lying with her head within five or six points of the wind, drifting to leeward from two to two and a half knots an hour.

Somehow Jack got it into his head that the wind had slowly hauled round from the south to the eastward while the schooner had been lying to, from the peculiar action of the foresail once or twice when he had come on deck.

Then, too, the strong breeze blowing since the partial subsidence of the gale had, so he asserted, a very different feeling from the parching dryness of the beginning of the hurricane, for such they knew it must have been.

"It's pretty much like guess-work, this trying to tell the points of the compass without a compass, sun, or stars to go by," said Jack, who was sorely perplexed; "but this wind has a dampish, easterly feeling—don't you think so, Peltiah?"

Of course, Peltiah at once thought it did. Very well. The schooner had been running and drifting in an easterly direction

the sheets and put the Donna before Jack's east wind.

Jack steered out into the gray murk over the still storm tossed sea, while Peltiah, ever mindful of healthy appetites, heightened by the sea atmosphere, got one of the smaller turtles from the hold, and having decapitated it, prepared a portion of the meat for cooking.

The hours dragged slowly by, and darkness took the place of the dull gloom of what they called the day. The schooner was hove to again till it was light enough on the following morning to see a little distance ahead; yet still there were no signs of land.

They had stilled the pump, but thus far all was well in that direction. Though old, the pilot boat had been thoroughly built, and had stood the stormy test admirably.

As nearly as they could guess, it was now past the third day since Watling's Island had disappeared from their sight, when the young voyagers met with a new and singular experience.

The weather had shown no signs of clearing. The same dull, leaden sky overhead, the same heaving expanse of misty sea,

gular and fortunate shelter. He told him how whalboats that have "killed" a long way from their ship have ridden onto the most terrible gales, lying in safety under the lee of the oily body of their prey.

"Well, I'd never have believed it if any one to home had told such yarns, never!" was his companion's amazed comment. With the voice of the storm thundering above the surge and roar of the surrounding seas which seemed to wait in—so to speak—their strange retreat, the two finished their supper, and after a turn round the deck to make sure that everything was all right, went below again and turned in.

CHAPTER XXI.

OVER A SUMMER SEA.

STRANGE transformation greeted the eyes of the tempo driven mariners when on the following morning they came on deck.

As though the blow of the previous night had been the last expiring effort of the storm king, the sun, so long invisible, was at last breaking through rifted masses of cloud, which were driving before a strong yet steady wind.

The sea was going down, and its sullen grey aspect had already begun to take on its wonted tinge of greenish blue flecked with running ridges of foam.

The natural supposition was that some whale's boats must have been lowered in rough weather, and for some reason or other cut loose from the monster—a ninety barrel sperm—which itself had afterward died from the effects of its wounds.

Mingled with great clots of blood, which had been ejected from the stomach of the leviathan in its death agony, were half-digested fragments of gigantic squid, a bushel or so of small fish, and floating directly alongside the schooner was an irregularly shaped lump of an apparently buoyant substance, at the sight of which Jack changed color.

"If it should be," he exclaimed, as though in response to some sudden inward suggestion. And to Peltiah's amazement, his companion, scrambling below, returned with a pair of rusty iron hooks, with which he climbed down into the fore chains.

Inserting the irons into opposite sides of the floating mass, Jack called for a line, which he rove through the handles. Then he climbed inboard, and the two together lifted the prize, which they guessed might weigh fully fifty pounds, in one deck.

It was of waxy consistency, and palish green in color, with a faint sweetish odor. "Well, what is it, Jack?" impatiently demanded Peltiah, as the former glanced anxiously up from his examination of the lump, which was unlike anything Peltiah had ever seen.

"Do you remember when we were talking with Captain Howland about the voyage, he spoke of the Sea Fox having brought home eight or nine thousand dollars' worth of *ambergris*?" asked Jack.

Peltiah, who did not appear to follow Jack's meaning, said yes, he believed he recollected something of the kind.

"But what is *ambergris*, any way?" he asked. For there seemed to him no connection between Jack's interrogative response and the sticky-looking green lump lying before them on the deck.

Jack, who generally remembered what he had read, briefly explained that the horny mandibles of the squid or cuttlefish often remained undigested in the whale's internal economy. To this, certain secretions kept adhering, and the growing mass not infrequently produced a sort of stoppage which eventually resulted in the death of the whale.

"But what's the stuff good for?" persisted Peltiah, eyeing it curiously. "It is used as a basis for the most valuable perfumery and essences," was the quiet reply, "and it is worth—so I am told—from ninety-five to a hundred dollars a pound!"

To say that Peltiah was completely paralyzed at learning the value of this unexpected find is to put it very mildly. Jack had seen a bit of it in some museum, and knew that the sample before him was *ambergris* and nothing else—the same costly substance a lump of which weighing a hundred and twenty pounds was once found on the shore of the Leeward Islands by two native fishermen.

"If we can get back to the States with it, we won't have come on such a mighty wild goose chase after all, eh, Jack?" Peltiah exclaimed.

But how to get back—that was the question! The position of the sun, seen for the first time within the past four days, showed

Jack, by his great vexation, that he had made a most serious blunder.

No east wind had been sending the Donna onward toward the island sea. On the contrary, the breeze, almost due west, was driving them further and further toward the mid Atlantic!

For once Jack had been terribly out in his calculations.

This being the case, the schooner must be at least five hundred miles to the eastward of the nearest land—headed, in fact, for the Cape de Verde Islands rather than the Bahamas.

To beat back to the westward, having only his limited knowledge of the stars to steer by, seemed a desperate undertaking.

Better—so reasoned Jack—keep on still further to the east with the fair wind then blowing, and take the chance of being picked up by some of the north or south bound ships, whose track the schooner must soon be crossing, if he was anywhere near right; it, his conjecture as to the Donna's whereabouts.

There was abundant food on board, for turtle, bedded in the wet seaweed of the hold, can be kept alive almost indefinitely. There were some canned meats besides, and the two casks of water under decks would last a long time. The schooner herself had thus far proved staunch and seaworthy, even though her speed was lessened by the loss of the main-mast and mastsail. If he had only had a compass and a general chart of the western ocean, Jack saw no good reason why at that season, almost midsummer, they two could not have taken the Donna safely across to Europe.

Jack briefly communicated the result of his talk to Peltiah, who received it with a calm serenity, due perhaps in part to the acquisition of the *ambergris*.

"You're the head of this concern, Jack," was Peltiah's indifferent response; "and whatever you say I'm agreeable to. If we don't run across no ships," he went on, "all we got to do is to keep stiverin' on to 'arid sunrise, and we're sure to hit the land on 'other side sooner or later—there's enough of it."

As the sun rose higher and its rays began beating down with an intensity suggestive of an approach to somewhere about the 25th parallel of latitude, it became quite evident that a change of base—so to speak—would soon become a necessity.

A slightly offensive odor from the body of the whale was more than simply perceptible. Like turtles, the various sea birds of near and far—gannets and boobies, kittiwakes and gones, the scavengers of the ocean, began to gather on and over the huge carcass, while twittering above it were countless numbers of petrels, but little larger than land swallows.

Another form of ocean scavengers were there in readiness for the anticipated feast when decomposition should make it easier of attainment.

Terrible almost was it to look over the vessel's side at the triangular dorsal fins of half a hundred sharks, from the grey, less harmless in some respects, to the huge dirty white man-eater. Gliding among the others was a monster measuring full forty feet in length of a species peculiar to the South Atlantic.

Had enough were both Jack and Peltiah to depart from the maddening and dangerous neighborhood. It took but a few moments to hoist the jib and foresail, and very shortly the Donna was running off before the wind, leaving the floating bulk to taint the ocean air till finally, reduced to a skeleton by the winged and finny creatures about it, should sink to ocean depths, a loss of two or even three thousand dollars to the unlucky whaler forced to cut loose from the sperm by stress of weather.

And now for a time it really seemed as though their tribulations were at an end. The sea and sky were of the deepest and most intense blue; the ocean itself ran to the eastward in long, regular swells before a steady, yet strong westerly breeze.

Peltiah was below, and Jack, reclining comfortably on a stool by the side of the wheel, steered the easy-going schooner by the merest touch, keeping her as nearly as possible before the wind.

Presently to him appeared the freckled and sun-burned face of Peltiah, embellished with a wide smile, as his sandy head loomed up through the companionway.

"Found the boat compass and a chart to boot, Jack," he exclaimed with a rapturous chuckle, as he exhibited the two articles held respectively in either hand—and Jack uttered a joyous exclamation.

There was no mystery whatever about it. Peltiah had found the old greasy general chart of the Atlantic rolled up at the back

side of his mattress, which he had pulled out of the berth for an airing; and tucked down in the further corner was the missing boat compass, which they had somehow overlooked in their frequent searches.

"If we had only found them before," said Jack regretfully, as Peltiah spread the chart open on the cabin roof and placed the compass on a box near the wheel.

"If we had we shouldn't have found the *ambergris*," was Peltiah's philosophical response, and Jack was obliged to acknowledge that such was indeed the case, for of course the Donna would have been headed in a very different direction than that taken by a guess.

And so, as I have said, their tribulations seemed for a time to be ended. A compass, a chart, a summer sea and sky; youth, stout hearts, good appetites, a possibility that any day they might fall in with vessels bound in either direction, around Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, two casks of water, and a couple of score of lusty lively turtle hissing and clicking their shells together among the wet seaweed in the hold, canned provisions in the cabin cupboard and coffee in abundance—what more could a sea-farer's heart desire?

Particularly when they had also a lump of *ambergris* to sell for four or five thousand dollars when they should arrive in port, the proceeds of which were to be equally divided between them.

Think of living on turtle soup and biscuit of cassava flour, turtle steaks and sweet potatoes—turtle boiled, stewed and fricasseed!

Of looting idly at the wheel with no one to chide or question if through the helmsman's indolent carelessness the schooner's head was two or three points out of the way!

Of having no rope hauling or sail hoisting—nothing, in fact, to do but eat, sleep and steer, or idly watch for the expected sail.

Of catching bonita albioores or silvery sided and many hued dolphin over the stern with which to vary a turtle diet. They laid the little vessel to at night with a lantern at the mast head. There was no need for even a protracted watch on deck—or at least so reasoned Jack and Peltiah.

If either of them happened to wake and think of it, he clambered up the companionway steps, glanced sleepily up at the star sprinkled vault overhead, and going below, turned in with all possible expedition, to sleep till daylight. And thus for nearly a week.

In the equable latitudes of the South Pacific, such a succession of halcyon days and nights and smooth seas, permitting a seafaring experience like this, might be, at certain seasons of the year, the rule rather than the exception.

But in the variable North Atlantic a similar experience of sea going that made Peltiah over-confident, and gave rise to the first thing like any difference of opinion between the two young voyagers.

In all things heretofore, Peltiah, as has been seen, had deferred to Jack as the acknowledged "head." It is possible that this very deference made Jack a little inclined to exercise a slight show of authority of which he was heartily ashamed—when it was no longer his.

For six days the Donna had been doing her four and five knots under easy sail in the manner I have described. Twice they had seen a steamer's smoke against the distant horizon, but too far away to even discern which way they were steering.

Once a bark standing to the southward had been sighted, and Peltiah was for altering the Donna's course and trying to run near enough so that the tattered English ensign which they had discovered in the cabin, and set at the fore peak, might be seen.

This Jack had strenuously opposed. The bark, he had said, was doubtless bound round Cape Horn, judging from the course she was steering, which was south southwest.

This was a very wild guess, but one of Jack's faults was a certain obstinacy of opinion; and though Peltiah, glancing at the open chart, suggested rather dryly that

the bark might be sailing to some South American port—Montevideo or Buenos Ayres for example—Jack stubbornly adhered to his position.

Then Peltiah proposed that as they still had plenty of provision, and the weather seemed to show signs of continuing fine, they should steer in a more northeasterly direction and reach some English port.

"If a man can row a dory across the Atlantic in midsummer same as that Norwegian, or whatever he is, who was to the Seafarer's Hotel the night we were there, there ain't no reason why you and I can't take this little schooner across," he said, after another prolonged examination of the old chart.

"Besides," he went on, "it's likely enough we could sell that *ambergris* of ourn jest as well in England as in the States; and then we could get to London, or some of them big cities, and see the sights a bit fore we went back."

Now if Jack had quietly explained to his companion that the voyager in the dory was a practical navigator, provided with everything necessary for determining his whereabouts on the ocean from day to day, while they were sailing almost blindly, without quadrant or chronometer, or the knowledge of their own date if they had had them, Peltiah would probably have yielded his position at once.

But somehow Jack was foolish enough to take a slight offense at the tone and manner of his usually submissive companion, who himself was unconscious of having said aught to give offense.

"As long as I have the say in this thing," he answered with unusual sharpness, "I propose to do as I please, and according to my own judgment in the matter. As soon as we sight a ship or steamer bound to the northward, I shall steer for her, but I don't propose to be carried to San Francisco or round Cape Horn, nor yet to attempt any such foolish plan as you've just proposed. As for the *ambergris*," he went on, as Peltiah, flushing angrily through his coating of tan, was about to reply, "I'll attend to selling that at the proper place and time myself, as it happened to be the one who found it and therefore claim the right."

"You wouldn't find it," retorted Peltiah, "only for me gettin' of you down here to the West Injins—"

"On a regular wild goose chase," scornfully interrupted Jack.

"Wild goose chase or not," wrathfully said Peltiah, who, slow to anger as a general rule, was apt to allow little limit to his tongue when once aroused, "I notice you was mighty glad to fall in with some one that could pay for a night's lodgin' for you before ever I proposed we should make the v'y'ge together!"

Now of course this retort, which touched Jack's pride to the quick, was both unreasonable and unkind. But when in the heat of anger do people stop to consider the effect of their hasty speech?

It is no wonder what Jack's reply was, but it provoked an equally bitter one from Peltiah.

Words multiplied, as they always do in such cases. Jack, losing entire control of himself in his rage, called Peltiah "an ignorant country lout, only fit for a potato patch or a cowyard."

Peltiah sneeringly responded that may be he was—but none of his folks had ever borrowed money and run away with it—a thing which in his sober senses he would rather have cut a finger from his hand than have made.

Jack, who was quite beside himself with anger, grew very white, and sprang from the wheel with clenched fists.

"Don't you let it, Jack Esbon!" fiercely exclaimed Peltiah; "sure's you lay a finger on me you'll be sorry!"

But the schooner, taking advantage of the absence of her helmsman, was swinging slowly round, with a prospect of jibbing fore boom, so Jack was fortunately obliged to run back to the wheel and put the Donna on her course again.

Peltiah walked moodily forward, and, standing in the bows, looked steadily ahead without changing his attitude for at least two hours.

Words had been spoken whose effects were not so easily gotten over. If Jack were obstinate, so also was Peltiah, and the bitter taunts of each were ranking in their minds.

Each in his own heart determined that he would not be first to apologize for his hasty speech, and so the unhappy day dragged its slow length to a close in a sullen silence unbroken by either.

Jack left the wheel at noon, and went below, where he forged round for lunch,

while Peliah moodily took his place at the helm, and in a like silence Jack in turn relieved his companion at the proper time.

It was nearly dusk. The schooner had been brought to the wind rather earlier than usual. Peliah went below, as Jack presumed, to get the signal lantern to hoist at the foremast, that particular duty generally devolving upon him.

Now during the latter part of the afternoon, Jack had heard, and he supposed that the moody Peliah had done the same—a strange sound which seemed to come at irregular intervals from the distance, though in what particular direction it was almost impossible to tell with certainty.

As much as anything the sound suggested the whistle of a far away tug or small steamer. He had swept the horizon with the glass, and noticed Peliah doing the same afterward, but nothing whatever was to be seen but the same unvarying, wavering sea line, blending confusedly with the horizon.

As darkness approached, the mysterious noise, which seemed to vary in strength, certainly sounded nearer than two hours before.

"If it should be a steamer in distress," thought Jack; and yet somehow he could not convince himself that such was the case. Nothing like a vessel of any sort had been in sight since sunset. Moreover, at the approach of darkness a disabled steamer would never send up rockets or burning blue lights, which can be seen a great distance at sea.

"Why don't that fellow bring up the lantern?" growled Jack, who still felt sore and bitter as he recalled Peliah's hasty retorts to his own equally hasty taunts.

Going aft, he found the lantern lit and placed near the companionway at the after end of the trunk cabin, where Peliah, who, judging by sundry unmistakable sounds, was snoring in his bunk, had left it.

"I don't mean to turn in and sleep all night when there's a possibility that the noise I keep hearing may be a steamer," muttered Jack, as the distant sound, hoarsely resonant above the sighing of the wind and rush of the sea against the vessel's side, reached his ear.

Taking the wheel spoke from its becket as he thus said, Jack put up the lantern. Then, going forward, he held the lantern, he essayed off the fore and jib sheets.

While the Donna's head was slowly swinging off, Jack sprang lightly on the low rail, intending to unhook the signal haliards from the sheer pole to which they were belayed, attach them to the ring of the lantern, run it up to the masthead, and then hurry aft in time to steady the wheel and steer as nearly as possible toward the strange sound.

But somehow, in his hurry, Jack's foot caught under the edge of the sheet, whereby he missed his tip, to use the language of the sawdust arena.

He clutched at the fore swift, but it slipped through his fingers. Head first over the rail went poor Jack, striking the water at such an awkward angle that for the moment he was too stunned and bewildered to realize what had happened.

Fortunately, at the approach of nightfall, Jack had slipped off his shoes and stockings, for the sake of coolness. For the rest, he only wore a shirt and linen pants, girt about with a sailor's belt, knife and sheath; so recovering himself in a moment or two, he began striking out lustily, at the same time shouting with the full power of his lungs.

But the night, though pleasant, was pitchy dark, except for the spangle of stars glimmering overhead in a dusky canopy.

Vainly he listened for the sloop of the Donna's sail or the creaking of the foremast, to indicate her possible whereabouts. Not a sound could he hear but the sibilant hissing of the long even seas, upon which he was alternately upborne and swept downward into the watery chasms between them.

Again and again he cried aloud in very agony of soul, as he realized that every moment the strong yet steady breeze was bearing the Donna further and further from him—and this by his own act.

How long the Donna steering herself, would run off before the wind, it was impossible to tell. Peliah was a remarkably sound sleeper, and the yawing of the little schooner, or jibbing over of the boom from side to side, as she pursued her uneven course, would not ordinarily awaken him.

Luckily the water was comparatively warm and the air balmy. The love of life is strong, and though the situation itself was desperate in the extreme, Jack, hushing his strength as far as he could,

swam slowly and steadily with the long swells. They seemed to be bearing him in the direction of the hoarse whistling, which, as it grew nearer, assumed more the sound of a long drawn groan from a giant pair of lungs.

(To be continued.)

YACHTS AND YACHTING.

See Illustration, page 553.

THE invention of sailing dates far, far back into the mists of antiquity, and no name can be honored as that of the first man to cause a boat to move through the water by calling to his aid another element—air.

Yachts, as all our readers know, mark the highest step to which the art of sailing has attained. Merchants have their cargoes to consider, while cat-boats and craft of similar description are so small that the element of safety is continually coming up to limit their capabilities. Yachts, on the other hand, and as usually built by men of long purses, are they are destined to answer no other purpose than that of administering to the delight taken in sailing by their owners, everything is bent to the one end, and the result is a vessel perfect in its way. The fitting and furnishing of many of our American yachts is luxurious in the extreme, and comfort is so combined with safety that voyages across the Atlantic, and even around the world, can be made in them without any inconvenience.

But when we say that yachts are built for no other purpose than to gratify their possessor's pleasure in the way of sailing, we should qualify the statement by adding that of late years several yachts have been built with a view to getting the greatest possible speed out of the ninth page of this week's Argosy shows some of the latest developments of the art of yacht building.

In its upper left hand corner is the Thistle, the new Scotch cutter built this season to try and carry back to England the Queen's Cup, won by the schooner yacht America—now owned by General Benjamin F. Butler—in 1851, and ever since retained in this country.

The prize, known on this side of the water as the America's Cup, was offered by the queen on the occasion of the first international exhibition, to the winning yacht in a race around the Isle of Wight. Fifteen boats started, variously rigged as schooners and cutters, all of them, with the exception of the America, being English. The contest came off on August 22, 1851, resulting in a victory, as already stated, for the America. Only one other boat, and that a cutter, sailed over the entire course.

In 1857 the cup was presented to the New York Yacht Club by the owners of the America, as a perpetual challenge cup, and the next race for it came off August 8, 1870. On this occasion the English schooner Cambria competed with several American schooners, but came in tenth, the cup being won by the Magic, over a 40 miles course from Staten Island out to sea and back.

The following year the owner of the Cambria made another effort to capture the prize with his schooner Livonia. The challenge was for the best of seven races, and the contests took place in October in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook, with the result that the Livonia was beaten twice by the Columbia and twice by the Sappho.

In August, 1876, the American schooner Madeleine beat the Canadian schooner Contess of Dufferin in two races, and in 1881 the American sloop Mischief did the same by the Canadian sloop Atalanta.

In 1885 began the famous series of struggles between the English cutters and the American sloops, in which, as all our readers can recall for themselves, we have on both occasions been victorious, first with the Puritan against the Genesta, and last year with the Mayflower over the Galaten.

Unusual interest attaches to this season's contest, to come off in September, as it will mark the first occasion on which the competing British yacht is one built expressly for the purpose, as was the case with the Puritan and Mayflower.

In most of the trials recently made with her in England, the Thistle has beaten all her rivals, and the Clyde yachtsmen, it seems, are very sanguine of bringing back the cup after its long absence. She is possessed of enormous spars and capable of carrying an immense amount of sail.

Meanwhile we in America have not been idle. The designer of the Mayflower has just launched a new sloop, which has been

christened the Volunteer, but whether or not she will be the one selected to meet the Thistle will not be decided until after the usual trial races, to be held the last of August or the first week in September. In these contests the five competing yachts have each been built for the express purpose of defending the America's cup. They are the Puritan, Frisella, Mayflower, Atlantic and Volunteer.

A Lady's Secret.

"I'd give a good deal if I had such a pure, healthy skin as you have," said a lady to a friend. "Just look at mine, all spots and blotches, and rough as a jacket. Tell me the secret of your success in always looking so well." "There is no secret about it," was the reply; "Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' cleaned my blood, and when that was done, my skin, which was worse than yours, began to look smooth and healthy, as you see it now."

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

Since Ladies have been accused to use Glenn's Sulphur Soap in their toilet, their personal attractions have been nullified, and it is for this reason that it is so generally used. Sold by druggists. **Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye**—Black and Brown. 50 cts.—Adv.

1 Game Authors, 1 Game Dominoes, 14 New Songs, 16 Complete Stories by popular authors, Agent's Sample, 16 Bk. of Carols, 16 Bk. of Games, 16 Bk. of Histories, 16 Bk. of Poems, 16 Bk. of Proverbs, 16 Bk. of Sayings, 16 Bk. of Verses. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

100 Scrap Pictures, 1 Box Fine Note Paper and Envelopes, 1 Acent's Large Sample Book of Beautiful Cards for the Holidays, 100 Post Cards, 100 Envelopes. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$10. WILL BE PAID to the person who sends in a correct solution of **The Lincoln Club Puzzle** before June 1st. This offer is made in good faith to introduce this fascinating puzzle. Over 100 already sold. Send 18 cts. postage and try for the prize. **50 CENTS** for the puzzle. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3 Printing Press! Type Setting easy by **Keisey & Co.** Circular size \$8. Press for circulars, 50 cts. Send 2 stamps for List prices, type, cards, to factory. **Keisey & Co., Meriden, Conn.** In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CURE FOR THE DEAF **Pearl's Patent Improved Combined Ear Drum Treatment** restores the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Available, comfortable and always in position. All conveyances and when shipped, best directions for illustration, book with testimonials. **FREE.** Address F. HISCOP, 83 Broadway, N. Y. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

TO STOUT PEOPLE. **OBESITY** easily, pleasantly and certainly cured, without hardship or nauseating drugs. A valuable treatise showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanation **HOW TO ACT**, sent free when address is given. **50 CENTS** for illustrated book with testimonials. **FREE.** Address E. K. LINTON, 19 Park Place, New York. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A HANDSOME WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, OR HOLIDAY PRESENT.

THE WONDERFUL CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking, Reading or Invalid Chair, Loveseat, or Couch. **Price, \$7.00** and up. Send stamp for catalogue. **SHIPPED to all parts of the world.**

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES All furnished with the Automatic Coach Brake, and Retained at our Wholesale Factory Prices. Send stamp for Catalogue and Illustration Carriages. **THE LUBURG MANF'G CO.,** 145 N. 8th St., PHILA., PA. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY.

We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY as they appear from week to week. It is not a mere device for fastening the papers together at the back, but takes the form of a regular book cover, stamped in gilt lettering on the side. Each binder holds fifty-two numbers, or a complete volume; it keeps the paper neat and clean, and is extremely handy. We are prepared to furnish it in two styles, flexible press board, price 50 cents, or stiff narrow cloth, 60 cents. It is shipped by mail, fifteen cents additional must be enclosed in each case to prepay postage. Full directions for use accompany each binder. Address **FRANK A. MUNSEY,** 81 Warren Street, New York.

WILLS AND LEGALS

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning; tongue coated bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If neglected, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and sooner or later, induce a fatal termination. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever source they arise, in equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizer, restorer of the system, and promoter of digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength, in malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases. **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.**

CURES ALL HUMORS, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, "Pimples," "Fores," "Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, restorative and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Erys, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goiters, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

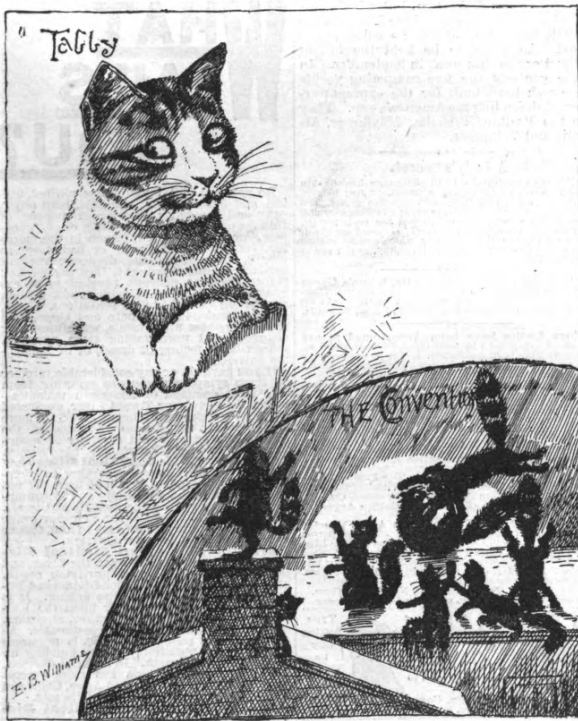
"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION, which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offered to the world, it was immediately to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too worrisome, and to a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, restorative, and nutritive ingredients, has gained great celebrity as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the **Liver, Blood, and Lungs.**

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy. Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

MAGIC FRECKLE CURE Promptly eradicates Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Blemishes, and all discolorations without injury to the skin, and restores the complexion to its natural beauty. It is a true remedy for every part of the world. Price, 25 cents. Send stamp for full particulars. **Dr. W. M. Potter,** Buffalo, N. Y. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND FLESH WORMS. "MIRACATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN, harmless, pleasant and absolutely SAFE and infallible remedy, it positively and effectively removes ALL, clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear and unblemished always. It is a true remedy for every part of the world. Price, 25 cents. Send stamp for full particulars. **Dr. W. M. Potter,** Buffalo, N. Y. **PRECKLE-WASH** cures Freckles, Tan, and makes the hands white. Sent post paid for 30c. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



A STRANGE CONTRAST.—TABBY BY DAY AND TABBY BY NIGHT.

AN EXTRA PERFORMANCE.

BULL fights are evidently not the style of amusement that doctors would recommend to patients who need relaxation that does not tell heavily on their nerves. At a performance near Saragossa, Spain, the other day, after two bulls had been dispatched without any special incident, the third, an animal named Salado, jumped over the barrier into the amphitheater, crushing an old man and a lad of eighteen.

It would be difficult to give an adequate description of the panic and tumult which ensued. The whole of the spectators jumped to their feet. In the twinkling of an eye, the space around the bull was vacated, and the crowd rushed into a corner, trying to protect itself by means of planks and sticks from his expected charge. A young man in one of the boxes tried to shoot the animal, but the three bullets from his revolver which he managed to lodge in him only served to increase his fury.

One of the men then tried to run him through, but he missed his aim, and the bull charged him furiously. The man stopped aside, and the bull's horns went so deep into the wooden paling that before he could withdraw them two men plunged their swords into him. Even this did not kill him outright, the enraged animal staggering some thirty yards and breaking down a number of benches before the breach was out of his body.

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

FIGHTING TACKLE Shotguns, Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.

Send stamp for Price List. Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

THE TEST OF THE ROADS FOR TEN YEARS.

By the majority of American riders of first class machines, prove the **COLUMBIA Bicycles & Tricycles** SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Illustrated Catalogue sent free.

POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York, Chicago.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Reach's Illustrated Book on Curve Pitching



Considered by all competent judges the best work of the kind published. ALL the curves are plainly illustrated. No Base-ball player should be without a copy, as it affects BATSMEN as well as PITCHERS. By mail, 15c. A complete Sporting Goods Catalogue mailed free on application.

A. J. REACH, 23 South Eleventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In replying to this adv. mention The Golden Argosy

CUSTOM MADE PANTS \$3.

Vests to Match for \$2.25.

Also, FULL SUITS at Popular Prices.

Send 6 cts. for Samples of Cloths, rules for Self-measurement, and other particulars, showing how we can make to measure, a pair of

The Celebrated Bay State Pants,

For \$3.

We give excellent value for the money incredible as it may seem. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Residence: American Express Co., Boston, Address: Mass. BAY STATE PANTS CO., 32 Hawley St., Boston

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET PERFUME.

In the category of luxuries there is none among the number at once so harmless, inexpensive and gratifying to the senses as a perfectly prepared perfume. COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET PERFUME for the Handkerchief satisfies the most exacting and fastidious.

SHORT-HAND

& Type Writing. College pamphlets with full set self-teaching lessons in either art, 10 cts.; book, 20 cts. No stamps. Haven's Colleges New York, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; San Francisco, Cal.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

No. 1. 25 Cts.

MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES

For BOYS AND GIRLS

Copyright, 1887, By FRANK A. MUNSEY. AUGUST, 1887. Subscription Price, Per Year, 12 Numbers, \$2.

Entered at the Post-office at New York as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE **MOUNTAIN CAVE.**

OR,
The Mystery of the Sierra Nevada.

BY
GEORGE H. COOMER.

ILLUSTRATED.

No copyright books by leading authors for boys and girls equaling this series in merit and purity were ever before published for less than \$1.25 a copy.

—THE PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK:
FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER.
1887.

"THE MOUNTAIN CAVE," the first of the above series of popular books, is now out. The first volume will contain twelve books, all of which will be by leading juvenile authors. The subscription price of Munsey's Popular Series is \$3 a year. Send this amount to the publisher, Frank A. Munsey, 81 Warren Street, New York, and your name will be entered for a full year's subscription, which will entitle you to 12 books.

Or if you prefer to buy the books by the single copy, you can get them from your bookstore or newsdealer at 25 cents each. If your dealer is not supplied with "The Mountain Cave," ask him to get it for you. "The Mountain Cave" and all following books in the series will be mailed to any address direct from the publisher's office on receipt of 25 cents. Remit by postal note, money order or postage stamps, and address your letters plainly to Frank A. Munsey, 81 Warren St., New York.

150 Elegant Scrap Pictures & Agent's new style sample book of beautiful embossed & decorated cards only \$1. National Card Co., North Braintree, Ct.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ALBUM WRITER'S FRIEND.

This book contains the largest collection ever printed of CHOICE GEMS OF POETRY AND PROSE, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums.

125 pages, paper covers, 15 cents; cloth, 30 cents. Stamps taken. Address: J. S. OGILVIE & CO., 31 Ross St., New York.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure. Being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. McALVIE, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS Free Nicest styles ever seen. Book of 5 samples free to all. Send your address and 2 stamps for mail. We pay for club agents. HOLLY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn. See 15 GOLD LEAF CARDS, new style, name on, 10c.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

A POTENT REMEDY FOR Indigestion, Acute and Chronic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera, Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases. Over 5000 Physicians have sent to us the most Flattering Opinions upon Digestylin, as a Remedy for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years, we have manufactured the Digestive Ferments expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year DIGESTYLIN has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent. It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great Digestive Power is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomachs. For the reliability of our statements, we would respectfully refer to the Wholesale and Retail Druggists of the country, and Physicians generally. Sold by Druggists, or

Price \$1.00. J. M. F. KIDDER & CO., 83 John Street., New York.

IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.