

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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The PILOT OF LAKE MONTOBAN

By OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "Every Inch a Boy," "Always in Luck," "Making a Man of Himself," "Young America Abroad Series," "The Army and Navy Series," "The Boat Club Series," "The Lake Shore Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIR SKIPPER OF MONTOBAN.

"HELP! Help! Save me, or I shall be drowned!"
The schoolmaster of Montoban would have said that he ought to be drowned

for calling it "drowned," for he was the principal of a big Union School, and he had dignity enough to fit out a whole county of district teachers; and if there were any unpardonable sins in pronunciation, one of them was "drowned," and the other was "deestrick."

"SAVE ME, DI! SAVE ME!" CRIED THE BRUTAL-LOOKING FELLOW. "I'M GOIN' TO BE DROWNED, DI, IF YOU DON'T GIT ME OUT OF THIS SCRAPE."

Miss Diana Singleray was a young lady of only fourteen; and some nice people said she was lacking in six feet, and that she was not a girl to laugh out loud; and she did not seem to notice the horrible pronunciation of the person who called for her.

The young lady was sailing a boat. That was enough to condemn her, in the opinion of the over-nice people who were with her. The wind was now blowing hard, but it was beginning to freshen somewhat, and there was even an occasional white cap on the lake, and the increasing force of the fresh waves only made the eyes of Diana sparkle and glow with delight. She seemed to be perfectly at home in her sailboat, and the sloop, about eighteen feet long, very broad on the beam, and as pretty a craft as any that ever floated.

In fact, she was actually in the boat as the skipper was for a malion; and that made it an exceedingly handsome sloop. The name of the young lady was on the stern of the craft, and she was wearing the white handkerchief she waved in the air as soon as she heard the appeal of the person who invited her to sail.

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He took no more notice of the fair skipper than she did of him. Picking up the boat-hook, he stepped up on the raft, and heaved it up a rope on the raft, and hauled it in. It was nothing but a clothes-line, and parts of the raft were visible. About twenty feet of it at the end answered the purpose of a painter. With this line in his hand, Tom stepped down into the stand-off.

As soon as she saw that her unwelcome guest was on board, Diana hauled in the main sheet, and the boat began to rise. It went off with a dart as soon as the sail filled, hauling taut the line Tom held, and nearly dragging him to the ground. But he was not a man to be daunted, and said himself on the raft.

"Let go of that rope, sir!" said Di, speaking in the imperative mood. "I am not going to touch that raft."

"Ain't you, though, Di?" returned the hoodlum, bestowing a coarse grin upon the fair skipper.

"No, I'm not!" exclaimed Di. Her pretty face crimson with indignation.

"Well, now, I guess you be, Di," added Tom Sawyer, as he moved towards the indignant young lady. "I guess I'll take that tiller now, and you can rest yourself." "Do you mean to take the boat away from me?" "I take the boat away from you, and I'm going to steer this boat; and I don't want no foolin' about it, neither," replied the ruffian, as he took another step towards her.

"I'll take the boat away from you, and I'm going to steer this boat; and I don't want no foolin' about it, neither," replied the ruffian, as he took another step towards her. "I'll take the boat away from you, and I'm going to steer this boat; and I don't want no foolin' about it, neither," replied the ruffian, as he took another step towards her.

CHAPTER II.

GALLANT YOUNG MAN.

LAKE MONTANA was very much in the shape of a pair of spectacles. The section of land which projected out in the middle was a considerable hill, and the two parts of the lake were, as if they were two eyes, looking at each other. On the opposite shore was another point of land, covered with rocky cliffs.

Above and below Nosemount, the lake was five miles wide, but it was only two between the eyes of the glasses, forming a strait or channel. Almost in this channel was Bunkel Island, and the strait between it and Nosemount, which was about half a mile wide, was a sloop of about the size of the one in which the young man and the woman appeared to be instructing the other in the art of sailing a boat.

The young man, who looked as though he might be sixteen years old, was not a little excited, and he had almost allowed the sloop to come to the point of the wind, which companion pointed at the shaking mainsail.

"I don't know what it was, Phin, but it seemed like the scream of a person in distress," added Phin, as he brought the boat to her bearings again. "Perhaps some boat has upset."

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and brought the bow around so that the sails filled on the former tack. "Here, Andy, you take the tiller," added Phin, as he rose from his seat.

"Just as you say, Phin," said the other, as he stepped up on the raft, and heaved it up a rope on the raft, and hauled it in. It was nothing but a clothes-line, and parts of the raft were visible. About twenty feet of it at the end answered the purpose of a painter. With this line in his hand, Tom stepped down into the stand-off.

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CHAPTER III.

THE CHAMPION OF THE FAIR SKIPPER.

ANDY had brought the Milly about so close that she was almost on the starboard tack, and he made his long leap while her sails were shaking. Phin had nothing to do but meet her with the helm as she headed away from the Diana. If he was disposed to resent the desertion, as he called it, of his companion, it was too late, and he saw that it was useless to attempt it.

Though Phin was not much of a boatman, he knew enough to take the sloop back to the starboard tack, and he was soon carried him out bearing into the Diana. He was vexed, and even angry, at the conduct of Andy, though he could not help himself. But he had no time to be angry, for the thing he needed most as a boatman was confidence, and the sloop heeled over when the breeze came in a manner to make him rather nervous.

Andy brought up on the half-deck of the Diana, Tom Sawyer was at the tiller, and Di-Singeray was seated on the starboard gun, as far as she could get from her brutal companion. Her cheeks still glowed with the indignation which she felt at the desertion of the hoodlum was still in possession of the boat.

"I didn't ask you to come into this boat, Andy," said Tom, "but that was what you wanted, and looking rather more intelligent than usual."

"I know you didn't, but Miss Singleray did," replied Andy, smiling at the other. "I came at her call, and not yours."

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champion of the young lady; but Andy was skilled in the art, though he had never had any serious practice, and his science and was ready for him. He had been on his guard, and he parried the blow artistically. He realized that it would be useless merely to stand upon the defensive, and he took up a barrel of shavings, but like a keg of gunpowder; and the blow aimed at his head was quick enough to knock him off.

As he parried the heavy blow of the bruiser with his left hand, he struck with his right, and planted a sledge hammer hit squarely upon the forehead of the antagonist, and he had pounded a bag of sand enough to know how to do it, and to harden his fist for such work. Tom, who was wards the tiller under the effect of the blow.

But fighting more than anything else, was his trade, and though he was utterly astonished at the result of the onslaught, his confidence did not desert him. In two seconds he renewed the attack. Andy looked his eyes ever and anon towards the stern of the boat, ready to enter upon the serious business of the encounter. He had a plan, and he arranged it so that the bruiser should start to rear the rull when he made the next assault.

Tom advanced furiously this time, and he struck with all his might, Andy got hit, though he fended off most of the blows of his antagonist. He watched his opportunity, and then he rushed on his heavy opponent, with his blood at the boiling point. He rained his blows upon the head of Tom, and crowded him against the washboard of the boat, just where he wanted him. He made up in elasticity what he lacked in strength, and got in two blows to one of Tom's.

When he had the bruiser in the desired position, he concentrated all his force upon the man, and pressed him with all the vigor he could bring upon him. The washboard was the impediment which Tom could not get over, and as he was crowded against it, he went over backward into the lake. Andy, as Andy had planned the result, if his powers could accomplish it. The victory was won, and Andy looked as though he had "been through the wars," for his face was covered with blood, and where it was not, it was a red enough to light a match upon. He was almost strangled for the want of breath, for he had exhausted his lungs in the fierce struggle. He seated himself at the tiller, gasping for breath, though he had the presence of mind to put the helm up, and keep the sloop from broaching to, as she was in the lake.

Tom Sawyer was in the lake, and in no better physical condition than his late antagonist. As the boat went ahead, he seized hold of the craft, and held himself there till he could recover his wind. Andy looked at him, and as he thought he was in a perilous situation, he put the helm down, and checked the headway of the boat.

"Help! help! I can't swim, and I shall be drowned!" gasped Tom.

"You can't play that game again," replied Andy, struggling for breath to utter the remark.

"Hold on to the raft, and you will be all right."

"I can't hold on!" yelled Tom.

"Then drown!" replied Andy.

However, he did not mean that, for he would have jumped overboard to save the man, and to bully if it had been necessary; but he did not intend to have him in the boat again. Neither of the late opponents was disposed to talk, for the want of breath. The Diana lay with her sails shaking, and Tom had no difficulty in keeping on the top of the water after the raft ceased to go ahead. In five minutes the boat recovered their breath, and all of Tom Sawyer's bad blood came back to him. His first effort was to secure a better position, and never fought after several trials and much splashing he succeeded in climbing upon the rocky shore.

"You don't fight fair, Andy Lamb! it was the bruiser's first criticism upon the late encounter."

"I don't fight at all when I can help it," replied Andy, very quietly.

"We're goin' to have this over agin, and fair or foul, I'll be with you within an inch of your life," shouted Tom, almost mad enough to cry.

CHAPTER IV.

A REINFORCEMENT OF HOODLUMS.

ANDY LAMB concluded that it was best not to try to win a quarter of an inch of his own consolation than for the benefit of such a foe as his conqueror had proved to be. He did not exactly understand how he had been defeated, for such an event had never happened to him before. He knew that he had been beaten him beyond his comprehension.

"You have had a terrible battle, Andy," said Di, when she had succeeded in quieting her nerves, which had been badly shaken by the savage fight she had witnessed.

"It was rather warm, but there was no

avoiding it," answered Andy, with a smile, for he could not help smiling when he looked at her pretty face.

"Are you much hurt, Andy?" she asked, with no little sympathy in her tones and looks.

"Not much, I think. The blood made a good deal of show; and I may have a pair of black eyes to-morrow, for that fellow hits hard, and is used to this sort of thing."

"But you hit harder than he did, Andy," added Di, with a triumphant expression on her face.

"When I got him against the washboard, he couldn't handle himself. I planned to get him pinched into that position, and that was where I got the advantage," roared Andy.

"I am ever so much obliged to you for what you have done; I am sure there is not another young man in Montoban who would have fought such a battle for me, or for any other young lady," added Di, blushing, and modifying her statement so that it should not be so closely applicable to herself.

"I never was in a fight before, and I never shall be again, if I can help it."

"If I had thought it would have been such a serious matter, I would not have had you engage in it for the world."

another blush. "But I understand you now, and I will take the tiller."

As Andy vacated his seat for her, he glanced at the shore. A movement there excited his attention. He continued to look, but he could not detect any motion. He was almost sure that he had seen a man pass from behind a stunted savin to the shelter of a mass of rocks. No one lived on the island, and hardly ever did any one land there.

"I am almost certain that I saw a man on the island," said Andy, as he went to the cleat at which the painter of the raft was secured.

"A man? Some one may have landed on the other side," suggested Di, as she looked at the island.

"I have just been entirely around the island with Phineas Barkpool; but we did not see a boat anywhere. Perhaps it was not a man that I saw, though I think it was," replied Andy, as he cast of the painter of the raft.

"What are you goin' to do now?" demanded Tom Sawyer, as Andy threw the painter into the water.

"I understood you to say that you were bound to Bunkel Island. Here you are; and you needn't thank us for towing you where you wanted to go," returned Andy, lightly.

Phin Barkpool felt himself very much aggrieved at the course of Andy, not so much because he had deserted him, as he was pleased to see the reason he had for doing so to assist the daughter of his father's bitter enemy. The war between the two houses of Singleray and the Bunkels had carried on for two years in the most relentless manner. It extended to every member of the family, and into the social and business relations of the town.

The Diana had hardly disappeared behind a point of the island before Phin discovered a row boat just ahead of him. It was full of young fellows of the hoodlum order. In fact they were the three other members of the quartette of which Tom Sawyer was the chief.

"Have you seen Tom Sawyer on the lake to-day, Phin?" asked Bob Rottle, who was in the stern of the boat with the tiller lines in his hand.

"Yes; and he has had an awful time of it," replied the skipper of the Milly, as he came to so that he could tell the hoodlums the news. "There has been a fight."

"A fight!" exclaimed all of them at once, with eager interest, for they were all Tom's true disciples.

"'T'wixt who?" demanded Bob Rottle.

"Between Tom and Andy Lamb," answered Phin.

"Then Tom knocked his eyes out of his head," added Josh Boole.

"No, he didn't; Andy knocked 'em overboard, and then took him to Bunkel," and Phin told the whole story.

"I am awfully sorry Tom had not been the victor in the battle."

"Give us a tow, will you, Phin? We are tired of rowing; and you can bet there is going to be another fight down to Bunkel Island if he don't run off," said Bob Rottle.

Phin Barkpool had not the slightest objection to seeing Andy thrashed after the events of the day, and he took the painter of the row boat and made it fast to the stern of the Milly. Besides he was afraid of the trio of hoodlums, and it was no prudent to refuse the request. The course was nearly before the wind, and in a short time, the skipper cast off his tow near the spot where Tom had landed. They pulled the rest of the way; but before they reached the wharf, which served as a wharf, Tom came down to the water.

The chief of the hoodlums wore a leather belt, and when he appeared to his chosen followers on the present occasion, a pair of revolvers were stuck into it on the left hand side, so that he looked something like a walking arsenal. His face was terribly battered. His hand flst of Andy Lamb, though he had washed the blood from it; and this was probably the first time in the current month that he had done such a thing as wash his face.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" shouted Bob Rottle, as soon as he saw his chief. "T'wixt the shooters in his belt!"

"My eyes!" cried Buck Fisher.

"Bully for Tom!" added Josh Boole.

"Where you been all day?" demanded Tom indignantly, as the boat touched the wharf.

"I thought to see you two hours ago."

"Ask me no lies, and I'll tell you no questions," replied Tom, facetiously, and with a smile on his battle-stained face.

"My foot, Phin, you've had your inferiors notice his armory."

"But where did you get the shooters?" persisted Bob.

"Can't we get some in the same place?"

"No, you can't; these were sent to me as a free gift by my grand, and she hadn't no more on 'em."

He certainly had not brought them from Montoban on his own; and he had never used them if he had had them in his fight with Andy, at least to frighten him. But Tom insisted that where and how he had obtained these weapons should remain a mystery.

"Had a fight and got licked, Phin Barkpool says," continued Bob Rottle, who was attempting to penetrate the mystery of the revolvers.

"Who says I got licked?" demanded Tom, stung to the quick by the insinuation.

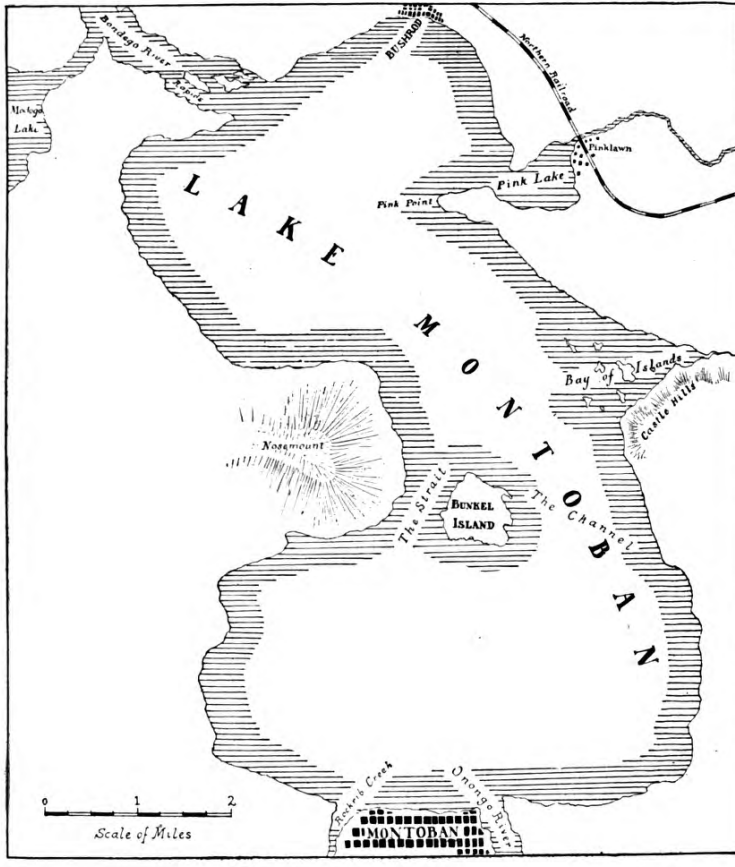
"Phin Barkpool says so; and says Andy knocked you into the lake," replied Josh Boole.

"It's a lie! If Phin, or any other fellow says that, I'll knock him out of his boots," returned Tom.

"My foot, Phin, you'll get into the boat. Andy ain't seen the end on't. I've been waitin' for this boat to finish him. I'll lick Andy till there ain't nothin' left on him; and then I'll take 'em into sausers," concluded Tom, ferociously.

Just then the Diana came in sight, and the boat containing the hoodlums started for her.

Andy Lamb was running into deadly peril, and the odds were heavily against him.



MAP OF LAKE MONTOBAN.

"I did not see any way to avoid it."

"I might have submitted," suggested Di.

"Submitted to what?" asked Andy, looking her in the face.

"I mean that I might have let him use the boat," she replied, with another crimson flush.

"I am afraid I should not have had courage enough to fight for the boat; I was afraid he would subject you to insult, and even violence, for I heard him threaten to bat you," Andy explained. "He is a bad fellow."

"I know he is; and I had my doubts about taking him into the boat. I would not do it till he said he should be drowned."

By the time the Diana with her tow was within fifty feet of the shore of Bunkel Island, Andy slowly hauled in the main sheet as he put the helm down, until he had brought the raft within a couple of rods of the land.

"Now, Miss Singleray, if you will take the tiller, I will rid you of your troublesome companion," said Andy, rising from his seat.

"Do you mean yourself, Andy?" asked Di, keeping her seat.

"I mean Tom Sawyer," replied Andy. "I don't care about landing on the same island with Tom."

"Are you goin' to leave me here?"

"That is just what we mean here."

"How do you think I'm goin' to get back?"

"We have not considered that question, and we leave you to settle it to suit yourself," said Andy, as the Diana passed out of talking distance of the raft.

I am exceedingly glad to get rid of the wretch, and I hope I shall never meet him again, especially when you are not near, Andy," said Di, as she looked at the bruiser, who had taken his paddle, and was working the raft to the shore.

"I hope I shall be near if you meet him under such disagreeable circumstances again," added Andy.

"But I won't give something to know whether or not there is a man on the island."

With this wind it would not take long to sail around it, and I was going to make that trip if the wind did not blow too hard. We will go now if you like," suggested Di.

Andy did not think it was quite proper for a young lady, though she was only fourteen years old, to sail alone with a young man; but he assented, for his curiosity was excited. Di filled away, and steered for the strait.

By this time the Milly had made some progress in the direction of Montoban, though not more than half as much as she would have made if Andy had remained on board.

HOW TO MAKE A CANVAS CANOE.

PART II.

THE construction of the canoe is now pretty well advanced, the framework having been put together. It should measure 12 or 12 1-2 inches deep at the center, and about 17 or 18 inches deep at the stem and stern. You will then have to cut off the 4 or 5 inches superfluous length of the stem and stern posts. The canoe should be about 30 inches wide across the top in the center, and 13 or 14 feet over the top in length.

Next obtain 4 strips of wood 15 feet long, 3-4 inch wide and 1-2 inch thick, for gunwales, and a pine board, 16 feet long, 5 or 6 inches wide, and 1-2 inch thick. The ribs will at present be projecting above the sides of the boat; cut them off about 1-2 inch below the edge of the top stringer. The bulkheads may be an inch or so lower than the sides of the canoe; but this will do no harm, and will not show when the deck is placed on the boat.

Now take two of the gunwale strips, and nail them about an inch below the upper

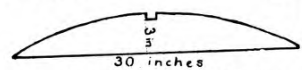


FIG. 1.—PATTERN FOR DECK TIMBERS.

edge of the canoe, on the inside, over the ribs, and extending from stem to stern. Fasten them with a nail at each rib. To strengthen the edge of the boat, take the tops that were sawed off the ribs, and fasten them to the gunwale and stringers with small nails through from the outside. The two remaining strips will not be used just yet.

You must see that the curve from stem to stern is quite even. You can do this by standing at one end and looking along the edge; and if any irregularities occur, cut them down.

Now for the deck timbers, which are made from the pine board mentioned at the beginning of the chapter.

First make a pattern of the curve you want to have. Take some heavy cardboard, 30 inches long and 2 inches wide, and cut it to the shape shown in Fig. 1. The pattern here curves 3 inches from the straight line, but a curve of 2 inches is sufficient if preferred. The slot marked at the top of the diagram is for a strip about

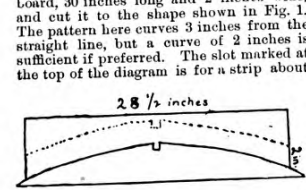


FIG. 2.—HOW TO MARK OUT DECK TIMBERS.

1-2 inch square to run through, along the center of the deck.

When you have made this pattern, measure the exact width of the canoe across the top, at or near the bulkheads, at the spot where the deck timbers are to begin. This spot may be six inches from the bulkheads, toward the center of the canoe, which would leave the well four feet long—a good length to accommodate one person.

If, however, the canoe is meant to carry two, the first deck timbers should be placed directly over the bulkheads.

In either case measure the width of the canoe at these points. Over the bulkheads this mark, as shown in Fig. 2; get it straight, and draw a mark around the edge of the pattern on the board. Then measure 2 inches from the edge of the pattern, and draw another line on the board—the dotted line in Fig. 2. Cut out along these lines, and you will have the deck timber, shaped as in Fig. 3. A piece is cut out of the ends to fit them into their places.

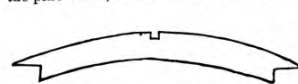


FIG. 3.—A DECK TIMBER.

measure off 28 1-2 inches. Find the center of this 14 1-4 inches from either end—and draw a line at that point.

Then place the center of the pattern over this mark, as shown in Fig. 2; get it straight, and draw a mark around the edge of the pattern on the board. Then measure 2 inches from the edge of the pattern, and draw another line on the board—the dotted line in Fig. 2. Cut out along these lines, and you will have the deck timber, shaped as in Fig. 3. A piece is cut out of the ends to fit them into their places.

About four of these deck timbers should be placed on each side of the well. Measure the distance between the first deck tim-

ber and the stem, and divide it into four equal parts. Mark off each of these parts, and at each spot marked make a deck timber by measuring the width of the canoe and proceeding as before.

As you approach the stem the timbers will be shorter and less curved, but the same pattern will serve to guide you.

There will perhaps be a good deal of trouble in making the ends of the deck timbers fit. Nail each of them through the top to the inside gunwale, and drive another nail from the outside, making a hole for the nail to avoid splitting. Some tight strips may be fastened along under the ends of the timbers to strengthen them.

Figure 4 shows the appearance of the deck, from above. In this diagram, W W

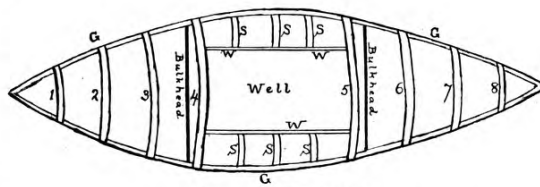


FIG. 4.—DECK OF CANOE.

G—Gunwale. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8—Deck Timbers. W W—Sides of Well. S S—Supports.

are the sides of the well, which are made of a strip 1-2 inch thick and 2 inches wide, placed between the two first deck timbers, and nailed to them at each end. They should be from 18 to 19 or 20 inches apart, according to the size of the canoeist.

Three timbers on each side, marked S in the diagram, must run from there to the edge of the canoe, to support the canvas. Light strips must also be placed across the top of the deck, and countersunk flush with its surface, to support the deck canvas and to keep it from getting baggy.

Lattice work may be placed in the well, to rest on the keel and ribs. Construct it of light pine strips, so that it will be easy to lift in and out of the well. Make it as shown in Figure 5.

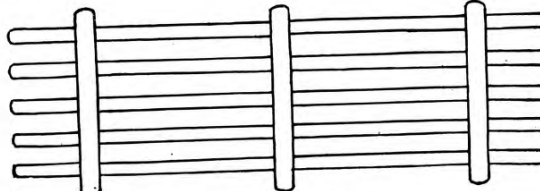


FIG. 5.—LATTICE WORK FOR WELL.

If you want to have a sail you can make a small board that will fit between deck timbers 1 and 2 or 3 and 4. Fasten it in its place, and then nail a block, with a hole for the mast to fit in, to the keel, about 1-2 to 2 inches ahead of the hole in the board, to give the proper slope to the mast.

You may also have a door in one of your bulkheads, to make a place to carry baggage, provisions, extra sails, paddles and the like.

I will not stop to describe a sail and sailing outfit, as nearly every one likes a different kind, but if you don't know how to rig one, get some friend to show you.

Now for the canvas. There are many kinds and grades, so I will not say which is the best or which to use.

It costs from 12 to 65 cents a yard; good material can be bought for 25 cents. It will take about 7 1-2 yards to cover this canoe. The writer's canoe was 44 inches wide, and one width of canvas was sufficient; if you get narrow canvas or ducking, it will take more, say ten or eleven yards of it.

When you buy your canvas, ask for the lightest that can be obtained, so long as it will shed the water.

Fasten the canvas on with small tacks, copper tacks being the best. Nail along the straight part of the keel first, always working from the middle towards the end. After this, stretch it well, and tack along the upper outside edge, placing the tacks about 6 inches apart.

When you have done this draw the canvas tightly around to the inside, and tack it to the inside gunwale or edge, drawing it

tight between the tacks on the outside. Always commence in the center and work to the end.

When this is finished around the top edges, cut a slit in the canvas so that it will fit around the stems, and tack it around them, first placing some white lead up the edge. Place the tacks 1-2 inch apart here.

Along the keel they should be about an inch apart, and around the upper edge about 1-2 or 2 inches apart. Next cover the deck, and tack the canvas along the edge of canoe lapping over the outside about 1-2 inch. Now your canoe is nearly finished.

Then take the other two strips of pine of the four mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, and nail them over this lap of the

with one blow of his paw. Seeing that she was no match for the bear, Mrs. Kennedy ran out of the house and closed the door behind her, imploring the animal to get out of the house. She then started to get her husband, who was working in the woods about a mile distant.

Samuel Kennedy's clearing was a mile from Kennedy's, in the opposite direction from that Mrs. Kennedy had to go, to where her husband was at work. Her way Mrs. Kennedy started for the Kennedy farm with a quart bowl to borrow some vinegar. When she reached the house and was passing the clearing, the bear, which was partially raised, she was nearly frightened out of her senses by seeing the big head of a lumbering bear in the doorway. Screaming at the top of her lungs, Mrs. Jackson mechanically hurled her bowl at the head and started back home as fast as she could run.

On the way it occurred to her that she had not seen anything of Mrs. Kennedy about the farm, and she felt sure that the bear had killed and doubtless eaten that good woman, and she so announced to her sixteen-year-old son John, the only person at home when she reached there, and out of breath.

John ridiculed the idea of there being a bear in Kennedy's house, but took his shotgun and started for the clearing, and accompanied by his frightened mother. Mrs. Kennedy had not yet returned with her husband when the boy and his mother got there, and the bear was to be seen. He then cautiously entered the kitchen. There was no bear there. The cellar door was open, and young Jackson thought if there really was a bear in the house it must be down cellar, and he started down the steps.

He had gone half way down when he heard a snort, and the next instant the bear came out of the darkness and started down the steps toward him. The appearance of the animal was so sudden and its bearing so belligerent that Jackson dropped his gun, came back up the steps and started to run, and was shut out of the house, slamming the kitchen door shut behind him, and leaving the bear a prisoner as he fled.

The boy's mother was just outside the door, and when he made his sudden exit from the house, without his gun, she ran toward her toward her house, where she had a rifle, and after the party had reached the house and reconnoitered the interior through the window, she saw the bear. They went in and prepared to hunt the animal in the cellar.

Kennedy lit a lamp, and he and Willis went down the steps with great caution. The cellar was searched in every nook and corner, but no bear nor any sign of a bear could be found. The house was hunted from the stairs and down, but the bear could not be found, and it was finally concluded that it had managed to squeeze itself out of a window, and raised the sitting room window, improbable as that seemed.

While the party in the house were regretting the escape of the bear and the advisability of starting a chase after it was being discussed, loud shouting was heard outside. Kennedy and the rest ran out to see what was the matter, and appeared on the scene again, this time with her husband. She was greatly surprised to see Mrs. Kennedy, who she firmly believed had been devoured by the bear, but managed to inform the party that the bear was in the chimney, and she had seen it poke its head out as she came along.

While she was talking the bear substantiated her statement by showing his head again out of the top of the chimney. The animal had entered the chimney at the sitting room fireplace, which was open, and worked itself up to the top. Before Willis could take aim and fire at the animal's head the bear drew its back again out of sight, and as it did not appear again after the anxious group had waited nearly a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Kennedy went into the house and lighted a bundle of straw on the hearth.

As the dense smoke from the straw rolled up the chimney, the bear quickly scrambled out at the top and dropped to the roof. Willis sent a ball at the animal, which struck it in one of its shoulders, breaking it, and the bear fell and rolled from the roof, falling almost in the midst of the party below. The wounded animal tried to rise and defend itself, but was too badly hurt, and another bullet from Willis's rifle killed it.

THE BIG MADE LITTLE.

THE oak tree is so often called the giant of the forest, that the fact of its being produced as a dwarf is all the more astonishing. But one of our contemporaries gives a recipe for doing this very thing.

First take an acorn, and tie a string around it so the blunt end, where the cup was, is upward. Suspend it in a bottle or hyacinth glass containing a small quantity of water, but be careful that the acorn does not touch the water. Wrap the bottle in flannel, and put it in a warm, dark place.

In a month, or less, the acorn will swell, burst its coat, and throw out a tiny white point. This is one root, and when half an inch long the water may be allowed to rise higher, but must not touch the root. As soon as the root begins to turn upward, as soon as this stem commences to shoot, the baby will require small doses of liquid manure, and the root can now extend into the water. In a week or so it will be ready to be moved to a window, where you can watch the development.

At first, the tiny trunk that is to be will resemble a whitish thread, covered with small scales. Then the scales will fall off, and the veins become erect. Little leaves will appear, veins will branch, and old leaves fall off, until you have a perfect miniature of the great kings of the forest.

deck canvas around the outside edge. First, however, taper these strips down to 1-4 inch wide at each end.

Now give the canvas a coat of boiled linseed oil. Half a gallon will be sufficient. Let it dry fully a day and a half, or longer, and then give a light coat of paint. When this is perfectly dry add another coat of heavier paint, and the boat is finished.

If you have followed these directions carefully, you need not be afraid about the shape or strength of the boat. The writer has made three of them, with great success, and by working on this plan in about 8 or 9 days you can turn out a good canoe.

This boat will only weigh about 80 lbs., and two boys of 12 years can carry it a considerable distance. Its construction will be

a pleasant pastime during a part of the vacation, and the canoe may be the source of much enjoyment during the latter months of summer and in the fall.

PERCY M. ADAMS.

AT HIDE AND SEEK WITH A BEAR.

ALTHOUGH the scene is laid in a farm-house kitchen, there is enough incident and excitement in the following bear story to satisfy the most exacting lover of tales of wild wood adventure. We quote it from the *New York Times*, in which paper it was published as a communication from Loek Haven, Pennsylvania.

William Kennedy and his wife live on one of the isolated farms in the region. Kennedy works in the pine woods, and his wife manages the most of the farm work, which consists chiefly in cultivating vegetables and raising a couple of hogs. A few nights ago one of their pigs was taken from the pen and carried off by a bear. The bear led Kennedy and a couple of companions a long chase through the wood, and finally eluded them entirely. One Wednesday forenoon Mrs. Kennedy left a potato field where she was hoeing to go to the house to get dinner ready.

Leaving the house in the morning she had not closed the outside kitchen door, and when she entered it on returning she was surprised to see a big bear coolly walking about in the kitchen. She called to Mrs. Kennedy, who ran to the woodpile and got the axe, and hurrying back to the house, met the bear on the door. She then made an attack on the animal with the axe, and retreated into the kitchen, closely followed by the courageous bear. Being cornered in the kitchen, turned on Mrs. Kennedy, and, rushing furiously at her, knocked the axe from her hands

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

CHAPTER XI.

A FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND.

ERNEST WILTON'S exclamation surprised Seth and Mr. Rawlings, who could not understand the situation. "Wolf! Who or what is Wolf?" said the latter, as Wilton rose to his feet. "The dearest and most faithful dog, companion, friend, that any one ever had," replied Ernest, with much emotion, caressing a fine, though half starved looking Scotch deer hound, that appeared in paroxysms of delight at recognizing his master, leaping up to his neck with loving barks, and licking his face to express his happiness and affection in the manner customary to dogdom, almost wild with joy.

"You never told me about him," said Mr. Rawlings.

"I couldn't. The subject was too painful a one," answered the other. "I brought him with me from England, and he never quitted my side day, or even night, I believe, for any appreciable time, until those rascally Crow Indians stole him from me, and made him into their favorite dog soup, as I thought, weeks ago. "Poor Wolf, old man!" he added, speaking to the faithful creature, and patting his head; "I never thought I should see you again."

"He's a fine critter!" said Seth, making advances of friendship towards Wolf, which were cordially reciprocated; "an' I wouldn't like to lose him if I owned him. I s'pose he broke loose and followed your trail."

"I expect so," said Ernest Wilton; "but how he managed to track me through all my erratic course amongst these mountains—or hills, as you call them—puzzles me. See," he continued, "they must have tied up the poor fellow, as well as starved him, or he would have probably found me sooner! Here is a piece of hide rope round his neck which he gnawed through in order to get free," holding up the tattered fragment of the old rope, one end of which hung down to Wolf's feet, while the other was tightly knotted about his throat, like a cravat, so as almost to choke him.

"That must have been the case," said Mr. Rawlings. "But hallo! what is Jasper coming after us for?"

"That durned nigger," exclaimed Seth, "is allers shirking his work. I told him he warn't to come with us this mornin', and here he is totting after us with some slick excuse or other."

"Hallo, you ugly mug!" he added, hailing the darkey, who was running after the party, and had now got close up; "what the dickens do yer want here?"

"Me see fine dawg, lubly dawg, Massa Seth, sailin' round de camp; and me foller him up, Massa Seth. Him berry good dawg for huntin', sah, and me don't want to lose him; that's all."

"Oh," said Seth, "that's all, is it? The dog is here, right enough, with the gentleman there who's his master," pointing to Ernest Wilton and Wolf. "And now, you lazy lubber, as you have satisfied yer mind, you can jist go back agin to that job I sot you on."

"Pray, let him stop now," said Ernest, pleased with the interest which the negro steward had taken in Wolf's fate, "as he has come so far. If we kill anything, as I hope we shall presently, he'll be of use helping to take the meat back to the camp."

"That's so," said Seth; and with this tacit consent to his remaining, Jasper joined the party, who now proceeded to look more carefully after the game than they had previously done, the young engineer's allusions to "meat" having acted as a spur to their

movements, besides, no doubt, whetting their appetites.

It was curious to observe, however, before they separated to hunt up a deer, of which there were but few traces about, when Wolf attached himself, like a proper sporting dog, closely behind Ernest, how interested the animal seemed in Sailor Bill, who accompanied Seth, of course, on their leaving the camp.

As soon as the dog had given, as he thought, ample testimony of his delight at rejoining his own master, he sniffed about the boy as if he also were well known to him; and he was nearly equally glad to meet him again, only leaving him when Ernest Wilton gave the signal to "come to heel."

It was singular; but no one paid much attention to it, except that Mr. Rawlings regarded it as another instance of how dumb animals, like savages, have some sort of especial sympathy with those afflicted beings who have not the entire possession

"What precious fools we all are!" he repeated, with the air of a Solon, and slaking his head solemnly with portentous gravity. "Please speak for yourself," said Ernest Wilton, jokingly. "Why this wholesale condemnation of our unfortunate selves? For my part, I should have thought that we were more to be pitied than blamed for our want of success."

"Oh, do you?" replied Seth, gruffly, although he was as good-humored as usual. "Then that's all you know about it. Don't you think it smart now for us to be wearin' out shoe leather when we've a heap o' mules eatin' their heads off and bustin' themselves in that shanty o' their agin the house for want of work."

feel a kick thar! But, I say, general," he added, turning to Mr. Rawlings, "I don't see why we couldn't go a huntin' on hoss-back as well as afoot. It would be easier nor walkin', hey?"

"Certainly it would if we had any horses, which we haven't," said Mr. Rawlings, with a smile; "and mules—which are the only quadrupeds we possess—are not exactly fitted for hunting purposes—at least I wouldn't like to try them. Besides, Seth, if I remember rightly, you do no shine quite so well on hossback as you do on a ship's quarter-deck, eh, old man? ha, ha, ha!"

And Mr. Rawlings's smile expanded into a laugh at the reminiscence of one of the ex-mate's performances as a cavalier soldier after they came to Minturne Creek, causing Master Jasper to guffaw in sympathy with a heartiness which Seth did not at all relish, especially after Mr. Rawlings's allusion to a matter which was rather a tender subject with him.

"You jest stow that, old ebony face," he said, angrily, to the negro, in a manner which proved that his equanimity was considerably disturbed. "You jest stow that, and hold your rampagous cacklin', or I'll make you rattle your ivories to another tune."

However, his passion had spent itself by the time he got out these words, for a moment afterwards he allowed a smile to extend over his grim features to show that he was himself again, the usual easy-going Seth, and that his natural good temper had now quite got the better of its temporary attack of spleen.

"I guess you're jist about right, Rawlings," he said. "I ain't quite fit to go saddle-wise on them outandash brutes; I ain't bred up to it like as I am to the sea! When I spoke of riding, hoss-come-der, I warn't thinkin' o' myself, though; I thought as how you and our new fren' here could ride the deer down better if you wer mounted, that's all."

"Very thoughtful of you," said Ernest Wilton, dryly; "but, you see, old man, elk and wapi—which are the only species of deer we are likely to meet with here, I think—can be better stalked than run down, as you suggest. However, the mules may come in handy for you, Mr. Seth, to run down the buffalo, when they arrive from the southern plains here, as they'll probably do now in a week or two, as the spring progresses. Look, Mr. Rawlings," he added, "that buffalo grass, as it is called, there in front of you, is growing rapidly, and will be soon breast high."

"That's right enough," said he. "But your remark reminds me of the old proverb about 'live horse and you'll get oats.' I wish I could get something now to go along with until the buffalo do come northwards. I'm sure I'm more sick now ever of that monotonous salt pork, after that taste of mountain mutton we had the other day."

"You bet," said Seth, laconically, with much emphasis.

And then the party resumed their trudge over the billowy surface of the prairie, directing their quest towards a clump of trees they could perceive in the distance, at a place where the ground sloped downwards into a hollow, the certain signs of some tributary of the Missouri cursing its way eastwards, amidst the recesses of whose wooded banks it was possible that traces of game might be found—that game which they were well-nigh weary of seeking.

To tell the truth, however, their want of success was not at all surprising, as the experience of the hunting party was extremely limited.

The Indian half-breed and Noah Webster, the two who were the most practically versed in the secrets of woodcraft, and thoroughly acquainted with all the various hunting dodges practiced out on the prairie, had been left behind in camp, especially at Seth Allport's request, that amiable worthy



A MAGNIFICENT WAPITI STAG LEAPED FROM THE COVERT AND BOUNDED TOWARDS THE HILLS.

of their mental faculties, and like themselves seen actuated by instinct rather than reason.

"Seems, mister, as if he war kinder acquainted with him?" said Seth.

"Yes," replied Ernest Wilton; "but that's impossible, as I've had Wolf ever since he was a puppy. My aunt gave him to me," he continued, aside to Mr. Rawlings in a confidential key, "and I ought to have been more thoughtful in writing to her since I left home. I suppose I am an ungrateful brute—more so than Wolf, eh, old fellow?" patting the latter's head again as he looked up into his master's face with his wistful brown eyes, saying as plainly as he could in his dog language how much he would like to be able to express his affectionate feelings more explicitly.

CHAPTER XII.

BO FOR THE HUNT!

"SAY, what precious fools we all are!" exclaimed Seth Allport, all of a sudden, without any reference to anything they had been speaking about, when the hunting party stopped a moment to rest after a long and weary tramp over the seemingly endless prairie, during which they had not caught sight of bird or beast worthy of a charge of powder and shot.

"Phew!" whistled Mr. Rawlings, through his teeth, his face assuming a mingled expression of surprise and amusement. "I declare I forgot all about the animals, I suppose because we have not lately had any occasion for their services. But they are in good condition, I've no doubt, as they have had literally nothing to do since they helped to carry our traps here in the fall, while they have fared better than us during the winter. Though forage has been scarce work has been scarcer, while our rations had sometimes to be limited. Oh, yes, they are certain to be filled out by this time, and been well looked after by our friend Jasper here," nodding kindly towards the negro steward as he spoke, that worthy having charge of the pack-mules amongst his other manifold duties as general factotum.

"Yes, Massa Rawlin's," interposed Jasper, glad of the opportunity of joining in the conversation, "they am prime. Dat obstreperous mule, President Hayes, gih me one good kick in tumnick dis marnin' when I see feedin' him. Him jist as sassy as dat niggah Josh; yes, massa, and so is all de other mules, sah."

"You'd better let your friend, that thar mule, have a shy with his heels at your woolly pate next time," said Seth, in his customary grim way. "I don't think you'd

wishing to distinguish himself by bringing home a deer "on his own hook," as he expressed it.

As regards his shooting powers, however, he was far more dangerous to his friends than any object he might aim at, being likely rather to hit those behind or on either side of him than the animal at whom he pointed his weapon in front; while, as for his skill in the stealthy approach of his prey in the fashion adopted by skilled deerstalkers, it may be mentioned that he strode through the tall prairie grass and brushwood as inconspicuous as if he were marching up and down the poop of the Susan Jane in a gale of wind, alarming every four-footed creature for miles round!

Touching the others, Mr. Rawlings and Ernest Wilton were both good shots, although not very familiar with deer hunting; while, of course, Sailor Bill and Jasper were "out of the hunt" in the literal sense of the phrase.

"I tell you what, boys," said Mr. Rawlings, when they had reached the timber they had made for, "we must separate, and each of us try his luck on his own account. I'm sure we're never likely to come across anything as long as we are all in a body together like this."

CHAPTER XXII.

A CHANCE SHOT.

THE remark at the close of the last chapter was made just at the right time, for they were in the likeliest spot to harbor deer they had yet tracked over; and if there was any occasion for their exercising caution and skill it was now.

The timber—mostly pine trees and cotton wood, with low brush growing about their trunks, forming a copse—was on both sides of a small river, which seemed easily fordable, with bright green grass extending from the adjacent prairie down to the water's edge.

"Right you air, boss," said Seth, wading into the streamlet without any more ado as he spoke; "my motter's allers to go forrud, so I reckon I'll take 'other side of this air stream ahead, an' you ken settle yerselves on this."

"A very good arrangement," said Mr. Rawlings, not at all displeased at Seth's pattering the river between them.

He and Ernest Wilton might possibly have a chance now of getting clear a deer for a shot, which they could not have hoped to do as long as Seth remained along with them.

"But pray take care of the boy," he continued, as he saw Sailor Bill follow in Seth's footsteps and wade into the stream, which came up beyond his knees; "the river may be deeper than you think."

"Never fear," sang out the ex-mate, lustily, in response. "Thar ain't water enough to float a cork boat; an' I'm lookin' out keeful and feelin' my way afore I plant a fut, you bet."

"All right," answered Mr. Rawlings. And his feelings were soon afterwards relieved by seeing Seth and his protegee reach the other side in safety.

A moment later, and they had ascended the opposite river bank and were lost to sight, their movements being hidden from view by the clustering branches of the young pine trees and spreading foliage of the brushwood and rank river grass, although their whereabouts was plainly betrayed for some time later by the tramp of Seth's heavy footsteps, and the crunching noise he made as he trod on the rotten twigs and dead wood that came across his path, the sound growing fainter and fainter in the distance, and finally dying away.

"Now," said Mr. Rawlings to Ernest Wilton, who, with Jasper and the dog Wolf, still remained by his side, "we are rid of poor Seth and his blundering sportsmanship, and have the coast clear for a shot; which way would you like to go best, up or down this bank of the river?"

"Down," answered the young engineer, promptly. "Seth, I reckon, as he would say to himself, will be certain to startle any game on that side long before he gets near it; and as the deer will probably take to the water, and cross here on their back track to the hills, I may possibly get a shot at one as they pass."

"A very good," said Mr. Rawlings; "please yourself. You go that way, and I'll go this; and the sooner we separate and each follow his own course, the better chance of sport we'll have. Only mind, Wilton, don't you shoot poor Seth and Sailor Bill at one discharge of your rifle, the same as you did those three mountain sheep the other day, eh?"

And Mr. Rawlings chuckled as he strode off up the stream with the negro.

"An' don't you bring down Jasper under the idea, he's a blackbird," retorted Ernest Wilton, before Mr. Rawlings had got out of earshot, as he started down the river bank with Wolf following closely at his heels, in the manner befitting well-trained dogs of high degree like himself.

Then followed a long silence, only broken, as far as each hunter was concerned, by the rustling of leaves and trampling of twigs as he pursued his way through the undergrowth, passing every moment to examine the ground beneath his feet and the thickets he encountered in search of deer tracks to and fro from the water, and giving an occasional glimpse at the prairie beyond, where the trees opened a bit, and their branches lifted enough to afford a view of the surrounding country, which only happened now and then, as vegetation was vigorous along both banks of the river.

Mr. Rawlings, it may be mentioned before going any further, was decidedly unlucky in his quest, not catching sight of a single moving creature, although the fact must be taken into consideration that the direction he took was somewhat over the same ground that the whole party had traversed, and that whatever game might have been in the vicinity must have been pretty well scared away before he tried his sportsman's cunning alone; Ernest Wilton, however, was more successful.

Shortly after parting from Mr. Rawlings and Jasper, as he was creeping stealthily through the tall prairie grass that bordered the grove of fine trees along the bank of the river, with Wolf following closely behind him, he noticed suddenly a movement in the undergrowth amidst the timber, just like the branch of a tree being moved slowly up and down.

Watching the spot carefully, he subsequently thought he could distinguish two little dark objects that glared like the eyes of some animal; so aiming steadily between these latter, after a brief pause he fired.

His suspicions proved correct; for almost at the same instant that the report of his rifle rang out in the clear air, a magnificent capiti stag, with wide branching antlers, leaped from the covert, and bounded across his line of sight towards the hills on the right; although from the halting motion of the animal he could see that his shot had taken effect.

"At him, Wolf!" cried he to the dog. But Wolf did not require any command or encouragement from his master; he knew well enough what to do.

Quick as lightning, as soon as the wounded stag had jumped out from amidst the brushwood, the dog leaped after him, and, in a few strides, was at his quarters. The chase was not of very long duration, for Ernest's bullet had touched some vital spot; and, within a hundred yards of where he had been struck, the wretched animal, on his knees, made a faint attempt to stagger again to his feet, and an equally unsuccessful effort to gore Wolf, who wisely kept without his reach; and then, with a convulsive tremor running over all his vast frame, fell over on his side dead!

"Hurrah!" shouted Ernest, so loudly that Mr. Rawlings, who was not very far off, heard his shout as well as Wolf's baying, and was soon on the spot, where mutual congratulations were exchanged at the noble game the young engineer had brought down so unexpectedly.

"Golly, massa!" exclaimed Jasper, his face expanding into one of his customary huge grins that seemed to be "all ivory and eyeballs," as Seth used to say; "why, he will serb us wid meat de whole week!" "You're not far wrong," said Mr. Rawlings, as he surveyed the heavy carcass of the wapiti, which was as big as an ordinary-sized pony, with a splendid pair of branching antlers; "and you'll have to go back and fetch the small wagon and a team of mules, Jasper, to take it home. It's a very fine animal, Wilton," he continued, turning to the latter, "and I almost envy you your shot!"

The young engineer made some chaffing answer, ascribing the credit of taking the game to Wolf, who stood panting guard over his prostrate prey, when the attention of both Mr. Rawlings and himself was suddenly distracted from all thoughts of hunting, and everything pertaining to it, by the faint echo of a rifle shot in the distance, again followed rapidly by another; and then, immediately afterwards, the sound of Seth Allport's voice appealing to them for aid, in ringing accents that rose above the report of the last shot.

"Help! Ahoy, there! help!"
(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 233.]

Dick Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE noise which awoke the travelers was so loud that all of them were thoroughly aroused at once, and sprang up to look around for its cause.

"They had camped for the night at a spot where the river bank rose to a height of about twenty feet above the water, and was covered with trees. At the top of this slope the travelers had curled themselves in the thick of the reeds, while the canoe was concealed among the tall sedge and aquatic plants that grew at the edge of the stream.

"Now that it was too late, they regretted the imprudence they had shown in keeping no watch. Indeed, it was more than wise had they adopted Dick Broadhead's suggestion, and paddled on as rapidly as possible all through the night, seeking some place of concealment at dawn.

"But he had occurred to Griswold that the danger of navigating in the darkness upon a totally unknown stream, rapid, shallow, and full of islands and obstructions, was perhaps as great as that of passing through an enemy's country by daylight; and he had half persuaded the others to agree with his idea.

"Moreover, the banks of the river had been low and marshy for some distance, and seemingly quite uninhabited; and the non-appearance of any enemy had beguiled the travelers into over confidence. Thus it came about that they had camped without keeping watch, and were taken entirely by surprise when awakened by a loud sound.

"The cause of the uproar was soon discovered. Beyond the belt of trees that fringed the river bank, was a stretch of open and cultivated country, as the travelers now saw by the dim dawning light. Close to the spot where they had camped was a small patch of rice, and in the middle of this there stood a native, shouting out at the top of his voice something which was of course unintelligible to the travelers.

"They easily reached the conclusion that the African had discovered the presence of strangers. He resembled in appearance the Kabango warriors whom they had seen on the battlefield, but seemed to be unarmed.

"At a little distance beyond the native and his rice field the travelers could dimly make out a number of low round objects, which they supposed to be the huts of a native village. Among these, a moment later, appeared some dusky forms in motion, and several of them came rapidly nearer in answer to the calls of the first native.

"The travelers could have defended themselves, by calling their rifles into play, against the Kabangos now in sight; who did not number more than a dozen; but it was impossible to say how many reinforcements would be summoned to the spot at the sound of the first shot, and discretion seemed to be under the circumstances, the better part of valor.

"Stepping quickly but as noiselessly as possible, to the water's edge, they took their places in the canoe, and shoved it off from the bank with their paddles.

"But the scraping of the rushes and water weeds against the side of the boat, betrayed their whereabouts to the natives, who were searching for them among the trees. Just as the canoe swung free, and began to sweep downward with the swift current of the stream, three or four of the natives appeared on the bank above them, uttering loud shouts to announce their discovery.

"Not all of these were unarmed, for a couple of spears were thrown in the direction of the fugitives. The rapid motion of the boat disconcerted their aim; one of them struck the water in its wake, the other pierced the side of the canoe close to the stern, making a small hole, fortunately well above the water line.

"A hundred yards further down the river divided into two branches, which flowed round an island of considerable extent, and covered with bushes. The travelers made all speed for the further side of the island, to find there a shelter from the missiles of the natives, who were

pursuing them along the bank with a great outcry.

"Narrowly escaping several more spears, two of which landed in the boat and were kept by the travelers for future use, they reached the head of the island. Some vigorous strokes of the paddlers were needed to force the canoe across the swift current; then it drifted into the shallow water of the right hand or eastern channel, and was held under the bushes on the island.

"Here they remained a few moments to watch the tactics of the natives, and to recover themselves from the surprising suddenness with which they had been aroused and forced to embark.

"Peering through the bushes, Dick Broadhead saw that their pursuers had halted upon the bank opposite the island, where they were uttering loud yells of baffled rage. Many spears were thrown, but without effect; for they could not see the canoe, and did not know behind which part of the island it was lying.

"Presently, however, they adopted a new device. Two of the most energetic natives jumped into the river and began to wade out toward the island. This was more dangerous to the travelers, for if these two savages succeeded in crossing the stream, there was no doubt that others would follow, and the situation would become remarkably unpleasant one. They watched the progress of the two savages, holding their rifles in readiness, and preparing at the same time to cast off their boat.

"The water was up to the natives' shoulders before they reached the middle of the stream, but they kept on, and gradually approached the island. Several others were now venturing into the water after them, and the travelers concluded that it was time for them to abandon their present position. They pushed off, but before the boat had gone six yards it was aground, and their frantic efforts to float it only succeeded in wedging it more firmly in the mud and weeds!

"At that moment the foremost savage, who had nearly reached the island, caught sight of the canoe through the bushes. He sprang forward, and was stepping upon the island, with his spear poised ready for the throw, when suddenly there was a swirl in the water, and he uttered a howl of dismay as a huge dark object rose close to his side.

"Dick Broadhead lowered the rifle which he had pointed at the natives, as he saw an enormous crocodile lift its head from the stream and seize the poor wretch by the middle in its hideous jaws!

"An awful scream from the victim, yells of terror from his companion, and the crocodile dragged its prey down into the stream. For a moment or two the surface of the water was broken by the reptile and the savage struggling together on the bottom; then all was still, and the spectators knew that the prey had been crushed in the reptile's jaws, to be swallowed piecemeal at its leisure.

"This shocking scene struck panic into the whole band of pursuers. Those of them who had entered the stream made for the bank again and scrambled up it as fast as they could. Here they all stood for a time as if undecided how to act.

"Meanwhile the travelers had managed to free the canoe with a united effort. Then they took advantage of the confusion among the savages to paddle down stream at top speed, and before the pursuers had recovered from the panic they were out of sight.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ATTACKED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

JINGO and Hiram Carter were plying the paddles vigorously, and the canoe made good progress down the stream. The light was rapidly growing stronger, although the sun had not yet risen, but was still concealed behind the low hills that rose to the east of the river.

"A light mist lay above the water, so that the travelers could not see very far ahead, and indeed could scarcely discern the banks of the stream, which here broadened out and flowed less rapidly. They hoped that this might help them to avoid detection in case there were any more enemies near the river.

"The banks at this point appeared low and swampy again, and there were many small islands in the course of the stream. Between these the canoe was guided, being kept as far as possible away from the sides of the river, and in the deepest parts.

"Dick Broadhead, from his position in the bows of the boat, kept a careful lookout

ahead, and acted as pilot. Where the stream was broken by islands, he selected the branch which seemed to be the deepest, and warned the paddlers of weeds, mud banks, or other obstructions that might be in the course.

"Notwithstanding all these precautions, the canoe more than once grounded in the shoal waters of the stream. Great beds of rushes grew nearly across the river at times, and through these the canoe had to be forced, disturbing great flocks of water-fowl that made the travelers long to bring down a few birds with their rifles."

"But the temptation had to be resisted, and the canoe forced forward as silently and rapidly as possible. The sun had now risen above the horizon, and its beams, dispersing the morning mists, shone dazzlingly upon the travelers' faces, for the river had swept round a curve and was flowing to the eastward."

"We ought to stop pretty soon, I think," remarked Griswold, "and camp on one of the islands for the day. We can draw up the canoe out of the water, and be perfectly safe there; and then we might start again in the evening."

"Let's go on for the present," said Dick. "There seem to be no inhabitants in the swamps beside the river, and nobody will see us. The further forward we go the better, and we can stop as soon as we see any signs of natives."

"Young Broadhead's suggestion seemed sensible, and was agreed to, although it got the travelers into trouble, as it turned out."

"The canoe was passing between two small islands in the center of a stream, in a channel that was free from weeds and apparently deep, when suddenly, to every one's surprise, it ran aground and stuck fast."

"Carter rose up, with his paddle in his hand, and thrust it downward into the stream to free the boat. As he did so, there was a sudden commotion in the water. The bottom of the river seemed to rise up beneath the canoe, which was capsized, and all its contents thrown into the stream!"

"The shapeless, hideous head of some aquatic monster appeared above the water, scorching loudly, and with its jaws wide opened as if to swallow one of the men who were struggling in the water."

"The instant he saw this strange apparition, Dick Broadhead knew its meaning."

"A hippopotamus!" he shouted, as he struck out for the nearest island, which was only a few yards distant."

"Thought it was an earthquake, or a volcano under the river," rejoined Griswold, following Dick's example, and blowing the water out of his mouth."

"A dozen strokes took Dick to the island, where he scrambled up the bank, and looked round to see what had become of his companions."

"Most of them were good swimmers, and were only very little behind him; but Norman Vincent was clinging to the capsized canoe, afraid to strike out for the bank. The boy's position was perilous, for the hippopotamus, as if enraged at the supposed attack on its travelers, appeared eager for revenge, and was making at young Vincent with open jaws."

"The great brute was within half a dozen yards of his intended victim when Dick, with a cry of alarm, plunged into the water, hoping to be in time to rescue his friend, who seemed to have lost his self-possession, and to be helpless in the face of danger."

"Dick Broadhead was a good swimmer, but the hippopotamus was faster than he, and reached the canoe before him. With a snort of rage, he sent his tusks crashing through the sides of the canoe, whose ribs collapsed like paper between the mighty jaws of the river horse."

"At that instant Norman Vincent let go his hold, and sank in deep water, only just escaping the great teeth that closed upon the canoe."

"Without a moment's hesitation, Dick, who had now reached the spot, dived after him. Grasping him by one arm, he drew the inanimate body of Norman, who had fainted away, to the surface, and toward the island upon which the others had sought a refuge."

"But he progressed very slowly, encumbered with so heavy a burden. The hippopotamus, who for a moment or two occupied himself in crushing the canoe to fragments, at length noticed the two boys endeavoring to escape him, and made after them."

"Griswold saw the danger, and promptly went to their assistance. He rushed into the river, swam out to Dick, and grasping

Norman's other arm helped to tow him toward the island."

"But still the hippopotamus gained on the fugitives. They were within a yard of the bank, and Carter's hands were eagerly outstretched to pull them ashore, when the monster came up alongside of them, and again expanded his enormous jaws to crush them."

"A heavy spear flew through the air, and entered the beast's opened mouth. It pierced his tongue, and made a deep wound in his throat."

"With a snort of agony, the hippopotamus closed his jaws, snapping the shaft of the spear, and leaving the point firmly embedded in the back of his mouth. Then he wheeled sharply, and disappeared beneath the surface of the river."

"The spear-cast was a skillful one, and Jingo, who threw it, had saved the lives of three of his companions. But how had he obtained the missile?"

"It was one of the two spears which had lodged in the canoe, and which the travelers had kept. When the boat was capsized by the hippopotamus, the long wooden shafts of the spears had caused them to float, and one of them was brought ashore by Jingo, who afterward used it with such good effect."

"The wounded Lippopotamus swam and waded to the eastern bank of the river, bellowing loudly, and evidently in great pain. Then he disappeared in the marshy ground beyond the stream, and the travelers saw no more of him."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN ENEMY LYING IN WAIT.

THE travelers had escaped the attack of the infuriated monster, but their situation was now a gloomy one indeed. Their canoe was destroyed, and they were stranded, without means of escape, upon a small island in the middle of a broad river flowing through swamps which, for all they knew, might extend for many miles in every direction."

"Worst of all, their rifles had gone to the bottom of the river, leaving them without any weapons, offensive or defensive. By diving they might possibly recover the guns, but they would be useless, for their entire stock of cartridges was soaked and utterly ruined."

"Never since they were captive in the Ingan's huts had their prospects seemed so poor as they now did, and they all felt bitterly disheartened. After passing through so many trials and vicissitudes, to be thus cut off from escape, and left to perish in an overwhelming flood. But difficulties were only made to be overcome, and there is hardly any situation so hard that no way out of it can be found. No one knew this better than our friends, and they were not the men to yield long to despondency."

"A council of war was held to try and hit upon a plan of escape."

"Well, we've got to get off this island somehow," said Griswold, "and I suppose we shall have to swim to the mainland and try to force our way through the swamp."

"Let's look over the island, and see if we can find anything to help us," suggested Carter."

"It did not seem much use to do so, for the island was merely a strip of mud about eighty yards in length. It was thickly covered with tall weeds and bushes, but no trees grew upon it."

"As they went up and over the island the travelers, as they made their short tour of exploration, saw the trunk of a large tree which had been brought down the river, perhaps at a time of flood, and stranded there."

"At the sight of this, Dick pointed to it, for an idea had struck him."

"If we can launch that trunk," he said, "we might sit upon it and float down the river till we come to a place where the banks are more practicable than the swamps that surround us here."

"Good idea, Dick," said Griswold. "It would be a rough sort of craft, but I believe it would help us."

"The next operation was the lanching of the big log, which was stuck pretty fast in the mud. By the united efforts of all five, however, it was loosened and pushed out into the stream, and they seated themselves astride upon the strange vessel. Their feet were stuck in the water, and it was an uncomfortable kind of navigation; but as it was the only one available under the circumstances, they had to make the best of it."

"What if a crocodile should take it to his head to nibble at our feet?" suggested Norman Vincent.

"Well, it would be awkward, for a fact," replied Dick Broadhead, who was next to him on the floating trunk; "but I don't think any crocodiles are likely to attack so large a party."

"On and on drifted the log, with its five passengers clinging to it, as the current moved slowly down. The time, too, passed slowly by, every minute seeming like an hour to the men trying this desperate chance for their lives."

"Gradually the river bent round to the westward again. From the point where they had camped on the previous night the stream ran in a great loop-like curve, the ends of which were not very far apart; and now the travelers were approaching a point only about two miles in a direct line from the spot where they had fled so hurriedly from the attack of the Kabangos."

"Had they known that the savages, well acquainted with the river's course, had cut across the neck of land round which the stream curved, and were waiting to attack them as they passed downward, their spirits would have been even lower than they were."

"But they never dreamed it, as they floated drearily on. They had gone two or three miles, which seemed to them like twenty or thirty, when they noticed that the banks of the stream were a little higher. The river seemed to have left the marshes, and to be flowing through land more fit for habitation and cultivation."

"Now I should think we might leave this old log and swim ashore," said Griswold at length."

"The tree trunk had been carried very near to the right bank of the river, and it was to this side that the travelers were looking, measuring the distance to the shore, and selecting a place to land. But suddenly, as Dick Broadhead uttered a low exclamation, and pointed to the left bank, and further down the stream."

"Following the direction of his gaze, the travelers saw two large canoes moored to the bank."

"If we could get one of those!" said Dick in a low tone. "It would be better than going ashore."

"Here an unpleasant incident occurred. As the passengers on the floating log turned sharply round to look at the canoes, it rolled so that they nearly lost their balance. Their desperate effort to recover themselves made matters worse, for it set the log turning the opposite way. It rolled completely over, pitching the travelers into the water as neatly as a bucking pony dislodges its rider."

"As the right bank of the stream was only a few yards away, it was almost as easy to get to the shore as to land. Still, they made for the shore, Dick Broadhead assisting Norman Vincent to reach it in safety."

"Then, croning among the bushes that fringed the stream, they looked across the river at the coveted canoes, and discussed the possibility of getting possession of one of them."

"A little way back from the stream, on the opposite bank, they could see a native boat, but probably no one was near. Still, no human being was anywhere in sight, and it looked as if one of the party might swim over to the boats and bring one or both of them back with him."

"Jingo, who was the best swimmer in the party, offered to perform this operation, and the others agreed to entrust the service to him. If no natives appeared, there would be no great difficulty or danger in the task; but if he might find an owner of the canoes on the other side who would dispute their possession."

"We ought either to have both canoes, or to destroy the second one," said Dick Broadhead, just as Jingo was preparing to commence his mission."

"Yes, that's so," replied Griswold; "it might hinder the natives from pursuing us. Here, Jingo, he added, turning to the sailor, "take this"—and he drew his large clasp knife from a pocket of his coat—"and cut a hole in the canoe you don't bring and sink it."

"Jingo merely nodded, put the knife in his mouth, and waded into the stream. As soon as he was beyond his depth, he struck out with long, sweeping strokes, that rapidly carried him across the current. The travelers watched him as he neared the opposite bank, and reached the spot where the two canoes were moored."

"The river was broad, and they could not exactly make out his movements from their hiding place across the river. But he acted rapidly, silently, and with complete success. A moment later, one of the canoes was waterlogged and rendered entirely use-

less; the other Jingo cut loose from its moorings, deftly swung himself into it, grasped the paddle which he found lying in it, and started with powerful but noiseless strokes across the river."

"The travelers were delighted to find themselves once more in possession of a canoe, which was a strong, staunch boat, similar in size and build to the one destroyed by the hippopotamus."

"We must move on a little further down the river," said Griswold, as they discussed their next move. "Then I think we ought to find a place to hide till night; but it won't do to hide right here, for the fellows who own these canoes will find out about them before the day's over, and it wouldn't be healthy for us to be so near."

"And so they embarked once more, and stole on, cautiously and slowly, keeping close to the right bank of the river."

"They had not gone very far, when Dick, who was again posted in the bows, to keep a lookout, turned round with a look of alarm upon his face."

"Stop!" he cried, "run into the bushes, quick! there are six or eight canoes full of natives right in front of us!"

(To be continued.)

A FAMOUS AUTHOR AT WORK.

THE mantle of Daniel De Foe, author of the immortal "Robinson Crusoe" seems to have fallen, if on any modern writer, on the Frenchman, Jules Verne, who calls to his aid the depths of the sea, the bowels of the earth and the limitless expanses of atmosphere to assist in the construction of his stories."

One of Mr. Verne's countrymen furnishes the *Mail and Express* with some interesting data concerning the famous author's methods of work.

In the first place it is stated that his avowed object has been to write books that the young could read with profit.

He says himself that he never commenced to write a story without knowing how it was going to end. He writes the plot, then studies the details. The results of his studies are in notes of one word in columns, on sheets of paper, letter size. These words refer to books in his library or to other notes of ideas or facts. When he has become familiar with his notes he writes the story. His manuscript is remarkably neat, on the left of a letter-size page; leaving a wide margin at the right for the dates. Ah! the dates they strike me more trouble than you can imagine!" he exclaims.

His proof-reading costs a good deal of money to the author, he says. He sends his original manuscript to the printer without an erasure, and there are eight successive proofs to be corrected by him. He is fastidious in the extreme with regard to his style; that has to be absolutely faultless.

He goes to bed at 8 o'clock, gets up early and at work until midday in his cosy workshop on the second floor.

"I have another work under way," he informs the correspondent. "I have thought that there was room for another Robinson. There is 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' the 'Mysterious Island.' The first Robinson is alone, the second has a family, the third is a company of engineers, men of learning."

In the last volume the story of a boarding-school for boys. There are eighteen of them; fifteen of them are English, two French and one American. I shall place them upon a well-fitted yacht, that shall be shipped upon an island that is not well known, but that exists. The eldest boy is 14 years of age; the youngest 8. They shall have all the necessary tools to take care of themselves."

"I trust you will make the American boy a fine fellow," suggested the reporter.

"I will give the name of my best parts. I have a profound veneration for the American people. I want to see them lauded as they deserve. I will give the American boy of the story is to be the practical, progressive boy of the party."

In the hall that leads from the stairway to the work-room is a large chart of the world, a planisphere upon which M. Verne has traced in lines of different colors, the voyages of his heroes.

His entire work, when completed, is to be the amusing description of the earth's geography.

A WEATHER WHISTLE.

As old saying is to the effect that truth may be found at the bottom of a well, and according to reports from Meyrin Switzerland, prophecies also are to be extracted therefrom.

In that village some disused wells have been hermetically sealed and devoted to the novel purpose of serving as barometers to the people. In this arrangement an orifice of about one inch in diameter is made in the cover of the well, by means of which the internal air is put in communication with the external. When the air pressure outside diminishes, the air from the orifice of the well escapes and blows a whistle in connection with the orifice, and in this simple way notice is given of the change in the atmospheric pressure. But if, on the contrary, the pressure increases, a sound of a different and well-understood character is given by the entry of the air into the well, and the probability of fine weather is announced.



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The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Nelson Dingley, Jr., of the "Leviston Journal."

This series of sketches of leading American editors commenced in No. 209. 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, five dollars.

PLAYING PLAYING.

If the craze for baseball goes on increasing in the present ratio, we may expect to see theatrical managers in business all the year round. That is to say, as soon as the regular winter dramatic season ends, they will close the doors of their theatres and dividing their companies into nine, play them all summer in high-board enclosures to immense audiences.

We have been led to make this prophecy by learning that a low estimate of the receipts in a single season of five months at Boston puts them at \$125,000. As the expenses cannot very well run higher than \$50,000, this leaves a clear \$75,000 net gain. Verily in the national game the country has a bonanza.

THE INVENTOR'S TRIALS.

It seems strange that in this age of advanced science and multiplied inventions mankind should be so incredulous. The inventor's lot is indeed an unenviable one, until he dies and reaps fame for his tombstone inscription.

In law it is the custom to believe a man innocent until he has been proved guilty, but in the realm of science and discovery everything new is a "fraud and a swindle," according to popular belief, until time has so tested its merits that there is nothing for it to admit that "there may be something in it after all."

A man cannot invest fifty cents in a patent potato parer without calling forth a half pitying smile on the faces of passers-by.

We are so fearful of being "taken in," that we will not give out of our sympathy and encouragement to those who labor so hard and faithfully for the universal good.

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

PLAYING SMART.

Boys and men, too, sometimes get themselves into a good deal of trouble by attempting to "play smart." We all of us like to win the approval and applause of our companions, and a large number of persons seem anxious to distinguish themselves by showing others how easily they can do things "out of their line." It is probable that a brakeman on one of the New Jersey railroads will not soon again attempt to achieve renown by this method.

A locomotive was having its furnace-pans cleaned out near the round-house, when the men who were engaged in the work called out that they would like to have the engine moved a little ahead. The engineer was occupied in oiling up at the time, but a brakeman, who happened to be about, sprang into

the cab and proceeded to show how much he knew about starting a locomotive.

He did start it and so unmistakably that there was no stopping it. The next instant the ponderous iron horse plunged off the end of the trestle-work into the mud, where its wheels continued to revolve in useless power till somebody succeeded in shutting off the steam, but this was not until considerable damage had been done.

As for the over-confident brakeman, he contrived to save his neck by leaping to the ground and then promptly resigned his position with the company.

It strikes one as rather odd to be told that noise is a good thing with which to put a person to sleep. Yet it is even so. And it is just as true that sudden silence will awaken a sleeper, for it is the interruption to the existing state of things, not that state itself, which induces or disturbs slumber.

Recognizing this principle, an English medical journal calls for an invention that will cure insomnia by producing a continuous buzzing noise like a humming-top, when placed near the sleeper's pillow.

RELAXATIONS OF ROYALTY.

For the past few weeks public attention in England has been divided, pretty equally between the queen's jubilee and Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. It is an open question whether the people of the United States have cause to feel proud of the great success with which the last named entertainment has been crowned, but the fact remains that the exhibition has been "taken up" by royalty with the most unqualified manifestations of approval and delight. Indeed, the enthusiasm of these princely visitors has at times risen to such a pitch that they could not content themselves with being spectators merely, but must needs enter the arena and actually take part in the performance.

Thus the cable brings reports of the strange spectacle of the Princess of Wales, her son Prince George, and two or three visiting kings from the Continent mounting the Deadwood coach to become passengers during the exciting ride dispersed by the attack of the Indians and the rescue by the cowboys. It is certainly a novel sensation, that of being the object of a ferece, yet perfectly harmless, onslaught by a band of painted savages, who have been trained to go just so far and no further.

And we may surmise that it doubtless possesses an additional flavor of freshness for these blue blooded personages, surfeited, as they must be, with the perfunctory adulations called forth by their rank.

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 DECLINE OF THE HORSE.

It is about time that horses should organize themselves into a Protective Brotherhood or Industrial Union, to take steps in the matter of providing occupations whereby they may earn their daily oats when the trades in which they are at present employed throw them over for a motive power that will neither slip on the frost of winter nor wilt beneath the sun of summer.

Already on several horse railroads, electricity is used to propel the cars, and it will probably be many years before the majority of the lines in our large cities will be operated by this means.

But our equine friends have scarcely seen a chance to recover from the shock of this first inroad upon their prerogatives, than somebody comes forward with a demand on Mr. Edison for an electric truck, a wagon to run about the streets on the ordinary pavement, and thus be the means of doing away with the annoying blockades that are so common at present.

"Horses take up just as much room as the trucks they draw, as a simple matter of feet and inches," asserts this enemy to the descendants of Pegasus, and then he proceeds to heap insult on injury, by adding: "but their irregularities of movement cause them, as a matter of fact, to consume twice as much space as the wagon."

Verily it would seem that the horse's occupation, as far as commerce is concerned, is to be forcibly wrested from him, and the result may be such a cheapening of the equine quadruped that beggars will ride.

NOAH BROOKS.

Editor of the Newark "Advertiser."

The career of Noah Brooks, editor of The Daily Advertiser of Newark, New Jersey, has been one of varied activity in journalism, literature, and public life.

He belongs to an old Massachusetts family, founded by William Brooks, who came to Scituate upon the ship Blessing in 1635. He was born at Castine, Maine, on the 24th of October, 1830, and at the age of eighteen went out into the world to make his own way.

He had been educated as an artist, but he soon exchanged the brush for the pen, and entered the field of literature and journalism. For five or six years the young writer worked in Boston, at that time the literary center of the country; then he followed the star of empire, first to Illinois, where he engaged in

business, but without success; next to Kansas, where he made an equally unfortunate experiment in farming; and finally to California, during a revival of the gold mining fever.

Here, in company with Benjamin P. Avery, afterwards United States Minister to China, and another partner, Mr. Brooks started a daily paper, the Appeal, at Marysville, Yuba County. In 1862, the sudden death of his wife, whom he had married in Massachusetts, and of their only child, broke up his home in California, and he returned to the East.

He went to Washington, and acted as correspondent of the Sacramento Union, then the leading journal of California; and his letters, over the signature "Castine," were widely read on the Pacific coast. He was among President Lincoln's most trusted friends, and was about to undertake the post of secretary to the President at the time of the latter's assassination.

Crossing the continent again, Mr. Brooks became for a short time naval officer of the port of San Francisco, and then returned to journalism as managing editor of the Alta California of that city.

In 1871 he came to New York, having accepted the position of night editor of the Tribune. Four years later he transferred his services to the New York Times, and remained for nine years as editorial writer on that paper. Several of his books were published during this time.

It was in 1884 that he first undertook the management of the Daily Advertiser of Newark, the foremost journal of that busy and growing manufacturing city.

All through his active and wandering life Mr. Brooks has accomplished a great deal of literary work. While in San Francisco he was a frequent contributor to the Overland Monthly, of which Bret Harte was editor. Scribner's Monthly has published a number of sketches from his pen. One of them, "The Cruise of the Balboa," related the seizure of a vessel on the Pacific by Chinese coolies, who massacred the whole crew except the captain, who fortified himself in the cabin and held out against the murderers for several months, until the vessel arrived in Japan. So graphic and realistic was the tale that sailors wrote to the author for further particulars, and a naval officer actually sent to Washington a report of "additional facts, which, as an officer of the navy, had come under his observation."

Another story, "Lost in the Fog," first published in the Overland Monthly, attracted attention by its realism and originality. It told how some voyagers, who lost their bearings in a fog on the Californian coast, came to land at an out-of-the-way Spanish settlement whose inhabitants had never heard of the American conquest, and believed themselves still under Mexican rule.

Mr. Brooks's favorite branch of authorship is that of stories for the young. "The Boy

Emigrants," "The Fairport Nine," and "Our Baseball Club," are probably known to many readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He takes a deep interest in the welfare of all young people.

"The future of our boys" to quote the substance of an article which he recently contributed to the Epoch, "is the future of our country. We have not the slightest doubt that it will be a brilliant and substantial one; but the individual cases of marked success must always depend on the capacity and industry of the individuals. Boys who look upon life as a serious problem, that must be worked out and not played out, are able to take care of themselves. The idlers, who expect to live off money which they do not earn, are the drones in the great national hive of industry." RICHARD H. TITHEBINGTON.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY.

Why cannot everybody look on the bright side of things? We mean in reference to little

every-day happenings that are apt to try the patience, test the temper and turn an ordinarily pleasant man or woman into a temporary "cross-patch."

A Boston paper prints the account of a street incident that illustrates pointedly the virtue we wish to emphasize.

The writer states that in passing a certain corner one morning he observed two fashionably dressed ladies engaged in a violent altercation and apparently on the point of coming to unladylike blows.

On approaching closer he discovered that the lace sleeve of one had become entangled around a button on the dress of the other, and both were pulling at the snarl in a fierce endeavor to release themselves by force, instead of waiting patiently till one or the other had quietly studied the best means of unraveling the tangle. The result was that both ladies became angry, the knot was drawn tighter and was not finally severed until the lace was torn, which of course did not tend to smooth the troubled waters.

The next day the same gentlemen, at almost the same spot, saw another meeting between two strangers whose garments caught fast as they were passing one another. But this time it was a young girl and a stout Irish woman. The former smiled and the latter dropped a courtesy as they both came to a stop.

"Sure, miss," she exclaimed, "it's a sign we'll meet in Heaven!"

The young girl smiled again as she replied: "Wait a moment and I will unfasten it," and in half a minute the two were free and going on their respective ways with unruined tempers, untorn clothing, and the memory of an odd little incident to laugh over at home.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

He who seems not to himself more than he is, is more than he seems.—Goethe.

We neither know nor judge ourselves; others may judge, but cannot know us; God alone judges, and knows too.—Walter Collins.

POWER is not always proportionate to the will. One should be consulted before the other, but the generality of men begin by willing and act afterward as they can.

FOLLY consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.—Locke.

INQUIRIES after happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of consolation and supporting of one's self under affliction.—Addison.

EVERY one whom we distinguish as natural has independence of mind. The judgment may not be correct, or founded on the wisest grounds, but it is what it professes to be—the man's own opinion.

Those who do it always would as soon think of being concealed of eating their dinner as of doing their duty. What honest boy would pride himself on not picking a pocket? A thief who was trying to reform would.—George MacDonald.

THE true proof of the inherent nobleness of our common nature is in the sympathy it betrays with what is noble wherever crowds are collected. Never believe the world is base; if it were so, no society could hold together for a day.—Butcher Lytton.



NOAH BROOKS.



"BY RELIABLE INFORMATION WE KNEW THAT SHE HAD ON BOARD AT LEAST \$2,000,000 IN GOLD, AND I WENT FORWARD TO WATCH THE CHASE."

JUST HIS LUCK.

BY HENRY F. HARRISON.

THE denuded carcass of an eighty barrel sperm whale had just been cast loose from the side of whaling bark Sampson, nearly becalmed off the New Zealand coast.

As the immense mass drifted slowly astern it was almost hidden from view by swarms of seabirds which quickly settled upon it. All around it the oil-smoothed surface of the sea was lashed into foam by the tails of ravenous sharks and greedy albatrosses.

To a landsman such a sight would naturally have a strange interest. John Daymer, who had never seen anything of the kind before (for this was the first whale taken by the bark which had been out almost a year) stopped turning the big grindstone for a moment to peer over the bulwarks at the singular spectacle.

"Now then, John, what are you staring at?—attend to bizness," growled the old boatsteerer, who was holding the edge of a spade to the stone, and John meekly resumed his task.

Turning a big grindstone from 8 A. M. till nearly 12 M., without cessation, is not an over pleasant task under any circumstances. On the greasy deck of a whaling vessel, piled as high as the main sheerpole with immense slabs of blubber sizzling in the heat of a tropic sun, the task under such circumstances is peculiarly disagreeable. From the blazing fires of the brick "trywork" fed by "scraps" of blubber, a thick cloud of black suffocating smoke streamed aft, filling the eyes and nostrils till it seemed almost unendurable. Yet the grindstone handle was preferable to the handle of the far heavier mincing machine which reduced the slabs of blubber into "leaves" for the great iron kettles, and of the two evils John had chosen the least.

"How happened a well brought up boy like you to come aboard this old blubber hunter?" suddenly asked the boatsteerer, whose name was Marston. With a rather grim smile he had been furtively eyeing John's look of disgust as he watched the half naked Portuguese crew slipping about the deck besmeared with oil and grease.

"It was just my luck," half involuntarily responded John, who was considerably surprised at the question. Mr. Marston had not addressed him half a dozen times during the voyage, except while he was pulling "stroke" in the starboard boat. And then his remarks had been briefly emphatic—not to say profane.

"I wanted to go to sea," John went on, emboldened by the lingering remnant of the boatsteerer's smile, "so I came to Boston to ship. Nobody wanted any greenhands. I was ashamed to go home. So I fell in with a pleasant man who said I could make a big lot of money whaling. I signed a paper and he took me to New Bedford. Then I came aboard the Sampson."

"Ah, exactly," returned Mr. Marston, trying the edge of the blubber knife, "you made an ass of yourself and then lay it all to your luck, ah?"

"Things always went wrong with me," moodily replied John, ignoring the pointed remark. "I've been called 'unlucky John' ever since I can remember. I've always been in hot water through losing or breaking something or other, from a little boy. The folks died, and Uncle Jim got what property ought to have come to me. He wasn't good to me—he—"

"I heard a book-learned man say once," dryly interrupted Mr. Marston as eight bells was struck, "that good and bad luck was only another name for good and bad judgment—what do you think about it in your case?"

John was spared the awkwardness of an answer by the announcement of "eight bells—get dinner the starboard watch!" Making his way cautiously forward, he secured his allowance of beef, hard tack and molasses sweetened tea. Then seating himself on the heel of the bowsprit, apart from his swarthy shipmates, he began discussing his dinner with an excellent appetite.

"A-r-r-r-blets a-r-r-r-blets!"

From aloft at the fore and main came this cry simultaneously!

Pots and pans were dropped, and a rush made in the direction of the boats, as Captain Spike sent his voice thundering forward.

"Con-found this getting any more

whales," muttered John Daymer, the only laggard. The rest were thinking of filling the empty oil casks in the hold. John was only thinking of filling his stomach just then. Besides, to him another whale only represented more nastiness and hard work. The owners would get the most of the money, so what did it matter?

"John, stay aboard and help the ship-keeper. I want some one to pull stroke better than you can," hastily exclaimed Captain Spike, as the boats were being lowered.

John didn't care much either way. Pulling stroke was a heart breaking task—helping the shipkeeper, who with cook, steward and spare hand, worked the bark and got up the gear, was back breaking—that was all the difference.

While "trying out," the bark was laid under short canvas. Moreover, only that morning the cutting gear had been sent below. So while Manuel, the shipkeeper, took the wheel to steer after the flying boats, three men (including Johnny) first of all made such sail as was considered safe, in view of a coming squall which was blackening the sky to windward.

"You, John, get down b'low—pass up dem block!" was the next order.

In the hot, stifling hold, reeking with foul odors and new oil, Johnny tugged and perspired, passing along coils of rope and heavy warp chains to the men at the main hatch, who pulled them on deck.

The last ducky warp had slipped behind an oil cask, where Johnny, half dead with heat and fatigue, worked vigorously to extricate it.

All at once a chorus of cries arose on deck, and almost at the same instant came a stunning crash against the side of the old bark, whose outer planking, eaten to the core with dry rot, yielded to the terrible blow like so much pasteboard.

Over went the Sampson on her beam ends. A coil of hawser sliding to leeward pinioned unlucky John against the cask in such a way that, as he saw the torrent of water rushing in on the other side of the hold, he thought his hour had come.

But with the energy of despair he worked himself free and reached the deck, which was now a laterally inclined plane. The

bark, whose topsail yards were in the water, was rapidly settling.

Where were the shipkeeper and his helpers? *Where was the spare boat?*

At one rapid glance John took in the terrible situation, and this was what he saw: An immense barnacle-lacked bull sperm swimming round and round the sunken bark, whose planking had been crushed by a blow from the leviathan's mighty head. Four boats pulling madly out of range to avoid a like fate, and the blackness of darkness only broken by livid flashes of lightning, hovering over the face of the deep.

And scarcely had all this been made visible, than with a rush and a roar like that of a tornado, the squall struck.

When John dashed the water from his eyes with one hand, he found himself swimming vigorously away from a great foaming swirl of sea, where a couple of spare spars and some drifting debris were circling as in the eddy of a whirlpool.

Then he realized that the bark had gone down, the whale gone under, and the boats gone off.

"And I'm a gone sucker," he was about to mentally add. But remembering that this was slang, he instead mechanically repeated: "Just my luck!"

Which of course brought to mind Mr. Marston's remark about bad judgment and bad luck. But in this particular instance it was the whale, not himself, that must be accused of bad judgment.

While these thoughts drifted vaguely through his mind, John noticed a partially submerged sea-chest drifting past. This he swam to, and by resting his own chest upon it, found that it served as a tolerable buoy.

Well, it thundered and lightened and blew as it only can do in those latitudes. There was a lashing about the sea chest, and to this John clung through the livelong night, tossed to and fro like the veriest straw.

The chest itself, which had proved such an ark of safety, had belonged to a strange old English sailor who had been killed by a blow from the flukes of the only whale they had taken on the cruise. As is customary on board some whalers and men-of-war, the deceased sailor's effects were to

have been auctioned off to the highest bidder, to which end the sea chest had been brought on deck that very morning. John remembered it particularly, because old Bob, its owner, had once said that he was the only sailor afloat as could brag of "a sea chest known to be a hundred year old."

Now, I have no thrilling tale to tell, of days of exposure and hunger and thirst, with never a sail in sight, as too often happens when a man thinks that such would be of course be his luck; but it wasn't. A little after dawn on the following morning the tropic squall wore itself out, and two hours later John and his sea chest were picked up by a P. and O. steamer on her homeward passage to London.

As a rescued sailor he was for a time an object of interest, both for passengers and crew. He had hoped to find at least a change or two of clothing in the chest, and was not disappointed, though of course it was nothing particularly nice. Something else he found—that there was a false bottom to the box, which in some way had become loosened by the action of the waves.

Beneath it was only a flat parcel like a government envelope neatly secured in oiled silk. This being opened, John found, greatly to his disappointment, only a very old letter written in faded ink on a sort of parchment.

"I hoped it was bills—just my luck," he said, with a sigh, as he unfolded the letter. Then, lying comfortably in a forecastle berth, while his clothes were drying, he spelled out the following:

ON BOARD AMERICAN PRIVATEER }
DAVE, JUNE 3, 1812.

DEAR SON BRADISH—I write these few lines, having now but a short time before you get into notion with H. M. S. Frigate Neptune. Yesterday, 10 A. M., Delaware Capes bearing S. S. E., ten miles distant we sighted and chased British sloop of war from South America. By reliable information we know she had on board at least £2,000,000 in gold and £1,000,000 in diamonds, and a few sea shells. She wore ship and stood directly in shore, we following, of course, hulling her with our long tom amphiships. I went forward to watch the chase. All at once the sloop of war struck a reef not laid down on our chart, and went down inside of five minutes, with every soul on board. I at once lashed our wind, after taking accurate bearings of the reef, which are these. [Here followed certain compass courses and distances from certain given points and landmarks, which of course would not be proper to state, for reasons that will appear further on.]

And now, my dear son, I must hastily close—thy art beating to quarters on deck. If spared, will finish another time. God bless you.
BRADISH KEATON LORING,
Commander.

John thought it rather a funny letter, but gave the matter no further heed at the time. What had happened almost seventy years before might have been of interest to antiquaries, but to him it did not matter much. He

"So you are the lad who had such a narrow escape from drowning," said a pleasant voice—"and by your face I should say you were a countryman of mine."

John raised himself in his berth to meet the friendly gaze of a pair of keen grey eyes.

"I am—that is, my name is Bradish Keaton Loring—" said the stranger, who judging from his dress and manner, was one of the first cabin passengers, "and I thought I would—what's the matter!"

For as he heard the peculiar name, John's eyes protruded like a lobster's, and he turned as nearly pale as any healthy, sun and wind tanned boy can do.

"Oh, nothing," returned John, with the calmness of the most profound amaze—"nothing at all—only I've got a letter for you!"

"A letter for me," echoed Mr. Loring, staring in his turn at the speaker, who without replying extended the ancient document he had been reading.

Mr. Loring was evidently given to taking things coolly. He read the letter through from beginning to end. A gradual uplifting of his eyebrows alone betrayed his inward emotion. Unless it except a very prolonged whistle when he had finished.

"This letter," he said, "was written by my grandfather Loring the same day he was killed in action. It was intended for my father, then a navy lieutenant who died some years ago. But how under heaven did you—"

Johnny hastily explained. The sea chest which bore a date, 1738, curiously inscribed on the lid, originally belonged to Commander Loring. How it finally came into the old sailor's hands will never be known.

Mr. Loring told Johnny that the story of the sunken treasure ship had been a family legend, so to speak. Different parties had tried to locate the wreck, but in vain, having only the vaguest clew to guide them.

"And now, John," he said earnestly,

"how much shall I pay you for this letter?"

"Why, nothing," was the surprised answer, "it's yours; I haven't got any claim to it." A shrewd, money-loving boy would have driven a sharp bargain and hung out for a large sum. But as John might have said, that wasn't his luck.

Well, the upshot was, that Mr. Loring said he'd "make it right." A vague term, but being honest himself, John believed that other people were the same, which sometimes is a safe thing to do.

Anyway it so proved in his particular case. On reaching America, Mr. Loring took John with him to his home in Philadelphia, where he has organized a company who are fitting out a schooner with divers diving apparatus and everything needful to prosecute the search for the sunken treasure of which ten per cent. goes to the United States government and the rest to the finders, when found.

John, who will help sail the schooner is to receive a generous share of the recovered millions. He is a distant connection of my own, and in concluding a long letter, from which I have gathered the details of this story, he says:

"But it will be just my luck if we never find a dollar."

[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 XXIII.

ON THE DRIFTING BUOY.

PERHAPS there is not a situation in the world so terrifying, nor one which brings with it such an utter sense of desolation and despair, as to be overboard in mid ocean, trying to keep afloat, in a darkness so intense that even the stars appear as diamond dust against a background of black velvet.

Such was once my own experience, and such was Jack Esbon's on the night when falling from the Donna's rail, he struck out—as his only resort—in the direction of the strange sound which I described at the close of the last chapter.

On and on, till a growing sense of weariness warned him that, unaccustomed as he was to swimming any extended distance, he would not be likely to hold out very much longer.

But the deep resonant blast sounded very near, and as a long wave swept him downward, a huge shapeless black mass projected itself out of the darkness so near an with such unexpected suddenness that an involuntary cry escaped the swimmer.

Throwing out his hand, it touched a cold slippery surface that he knew by the feeling was iron. As the great object sank slowly downward in the hollow left by the receding wave, Jack saw that it tapered upward somewhat in the shape of a cone, while around the lower part ran an iron rail, which at that moment was brought within his reach.

Grasping this with a desperation born of the emergency, Jack drew himself upward and under it just as the tank like structure, with another deep sighing utterance terminating in a hoarser cadence, rose—not perpendicularly, but at an angle corresponding to that of the heavy sea by which it was uplifted.

Drenched and shivering, Jack dashed the water from his eyes and crouched upon a sort of narrow iron shelf which encircled the cone shaped structure. Here he began to examine as well as possible the nature of his strange refuge.

Above him the tapering mass which he knew must be made of hollow boiler iron, diminished in size, till, connecting with a short steel piping, it terminated in a large cylindrical copper arrangement. From this, as though keeping time with the heave of the sea, came the sonorous sound which had so perplexed and bewildered him.

Jack was only vexed at his own stupidity at not having guessed at the true cause before. It was simply an automatic or whistling buoy, like one he had passed near Monhegan Island, while on a yachting trip two years before.

But the one he had then seen was safely anchored above a reef, while the buoy to which he was clinging had doubtless broken from its moorings in the late gale, and been driven out to sea very much after the manner of the schooner Donna.

Well, here at least was safety for the present, and possibly the hoarse whistle might become the means of his ultimate rescue.

The shelf and guard rail were designed for the support of workmen in case the whistle at the top should foul with rust or seaweed, as it sometimes does, or otherwise get out of order.

Inside of the rail, and at an elevation which presented him from being submerged in the waves, unless the sea should be considerably higher, Jack was able to maintain his hold without much difficulty. The weight of several fathoms of the severed chain cable attached to the bottom, not only kept the buoy in a partially upright position, but prevented it from rolling to any great extent.

So with chattering teeth and shaking limbs, Jack crouched on the shelf and clung to the rail. I am glad to say that with the first return of anything like collected thought, he did not forget to thank his Heavenly Father for His saving mercies, and humbly ask forgiveness for all his own past neglect.

How bitterly and remorsefully he recalled his previous angry feelings and utterances toward and to Peltiah, need not here be told.

"I have no one to blame but myself," he thought, sadly, "my sharp answer began the trouble between us, and was the cause of bringing me where I am now—I wonder how it will all end!"

And then, curiously enough, the picture he had seen in the palm of his hand, through the real or imaginary medium of the old Voodoo woman, came before his mental vision almost exactly as he had seen it then, and, though in no sense whatever superstitious, Jack derived a sort of vague comfort from it.

And so through the long night watches, tossed hither and thither at the caprices of the waves, as though he were a fly or a champagne cork, Jack clung, drenched with occasional showers of spray, eagerly watching for the first glimmer of coming dawn.

As with the drowning man, only more deliberately, his life passed before him in review. Jack's own father had died shortly after he was born, and poor Jack had but a dim recollection of his gentle mother, whose love for him, however, was a never dying remembrance. She, too, passed away, leaving him to the tender mercies of a stepfather who cared for no one on earth excepting his selfish self.

School and schoolmates, a rather secluded home life, the boy and girl friendship between himself and pretty Jennie Darling, his stepfather's disgrace and flight, and the incidents which had occurred since he left Peltiah—as he told himself forever—all came following each other in long array.

But at last the growing glow in the east dispelled these visions, and with an eagerness which can hardly be imagined, Jack watched the ruddy dawn give way to the golden light of the rising sun.

Vainly, however, he strained his eyes over the tossing foam capped sea. Not a sign of a sail was anywhere visible, though it hardly seemed possible that the Donna could have got so far away, unless Peltiah's slumbers continued the livelong night.

Nor were there signs of any other vessel or steamer, and hour after hour, as the sun crept higher in the heavens, drying Jack's drenched clothing and imparting warmth to his chilled frame, he sat hungrily watching every part of the distant horizon in search of a sail.

Hungry too in a literal sense, added to which came the premonitory symptoms of the torturing thirst that by another nightfall was in itself almost unendurable.

Of the succeeding twenty-four hours Jack has no connected recollection.

He dimly remembers the monotonous growling of the whistle above his head, which nearly drove him wild, and thinks of seabirds flapping their broad wings almost in his very face.

He believes he became slightly delirious on the morning of the third day in which neither food or water had passed his lips, and that he alternately sang songs or battled fiercely with Peltiah, who he imagined was trying to climb over the guard rail and throw him off.

And then came deliverance! A noble ship under full sail was bearing down upon the buoy, and rounded to with topsails aback, light sails clewed down, and courses hauled up, within a cable's length of his floating refuge!

As one in a dream, he saw a boat lowered and put off from her side. Some one in

the stern clutched at him as he feebly clambered over the buoy rail—he was pulled into the boat—and all was darkness!

CHAPTER XXIV.

JACK'S RESCUERS.

"Oh the Dreadnaught she's howling up the wild Irish shore. Where the rot he boards us as he's often done before. 'Fill away your maintopsail board your maintack also.' Bound away to the westward in the Dreadnaught we'll go."

JACK ESBON woke to consciousness with the last two lines of this famous old sea song ringing in his ears, chorused by some half dozen voices in almost as many different keys.

At first, he was not quite sure but that the song was part of his delirium. But turning himself with some little difficulty in what he found was an upper berth in the forecastle of a large ship—to judge by the size of the room and number of his inmates—he glanced downward.

This was no visionary fancy. Seated on as many sea chests were five or six sailors, bearded and bronzed, showing the types of at least three different nationalities.

Two had the light hair and whiskers and rather prominent blue eyes of the Norwegian or Swede, while a third—undersized, low browed, and long armed—Jack fancied must be a Russian. In this conjuncture he was nearly right, Peter Petrovitch being in fact a Russian Finn.

Dan Leary, an unmistakable Hibernian, with red hair, bristling mustach, and good natured face, was the fourth, while English Ned, a sturdy type of the British merchant service tar, and Bob Raymond, a thorough bred American sailor, made up the six, who had evidently been below but a short time.

The latter, who was a splendidly proportioned young man of thirty or thereabouts, with a strikingly handsome face despite its marks of rascals' dissipation, looked suddenly up from the occupation of filling a clay pipe to meet Jack's bewildered gaze.

"Ah, young fellow," he said in a deep yet singularly pleasing voice, "so you're coming round all right, eh?"

Jack smiled rather faintly, and made an affirmative sign, for as yet his tongue and lips, parched by intense thirst and the effects of salt water, were not equal to speech.

Taking a bowl from the corner locker, where the bread barge and the sailors' pots and pans were kept, Bob stepped to the side of the berth and proceeded to ply Jack with spoonfuls of biscuit soaked in wine, a little at a time, till he had enough.

"Old man's orders were to feed you light at first," said Bob cheerily, as he then held a tin pannikin of water to Jack's lips; "and the same about drinking;—there, that's enough."

"What ship's this?" asked Jack weakly, as he lay back with a great sigh of content.

Mr. Leary, who was not troubled with bashfulness, and had been watching for a chance to put in a word, answered before his shipmate could reply:

"The Joker twenty-two days out from Boston with a general cargo for Manila, me lad," he said, with a pleasant twinkle in his grey eye. "A fine ship, good officers, burrin' the bucko's second mate, and a fair crew considerin' they're all firr'nens 'ceptin' Bob here, English Ned and meself." Manila! Jack dimly remembered that it was a port in the Philippine Islands of the North Pacific.

Were his wanderings never to cease? What next had fate in store for him?

Such were the not unatural questions which came to him while he listened mechanically to the rush and surge of the sea without, as the ship went rolling and plunging on her billowy course.

He lay without speaking in a half drowsy state, as the watch talked together while they were getting ready to turn into their respective bunks.

"It seems a bit curi's that we should a' lost Jack Dawes off'n the fore yard arm in the blow night afore las", an' picked up this chap, which whilst he was ravin' like when we tuk him aboard called hisself Jack," said Dan Leary, knocking the ashes from his pipe, which he carefully deposited in the side of his berth.

"Not 'arf so curious as the yarn the steward told Bob about 'ow the old man come to change his course from south to son' son' west, an' that was 'ow we run across the hantomatic buoy," returned English Ned, who was pulling off his heavy sea-boots.

"How vos dat, Bob?" asked one of the

Swedes, Andrew by name, his compatriot and chum being known as Carl.

"Why," slowly returned Bob, whose speech and manner, as Jack noticed, were at times far superior to that which might be expected from a common sailor, "as nearly as I can tell, it was somehow this way. Last night when the old man went below at eight bells—so the steward said—he saw some one writing on the log slate in the outer cabin, but I think the steward added that part himself. Anyway, 'steer SSW' was written on the slate under the day's work in a queer kind of handwriting. The mate and second mate swore they knew nothing of it, and the passenger had turned in long before. He was quite struck aback, rubbed out the words and took the slate into his stateroom. And when the mate called him at midnight, there it was again 'steer SSW.' Now, I reckon we made considerable easting in the last blow, and a point or two west of south wouldn't matter much, so Captain Darling changed the course. In the morning watch the lookout heard the whistle of the drifting buoy and you know we sighted it at daybreak, with Jack there hanging to it for dear life, and out of his head. That's all I know about it."

"Der boy was not born to be drown," said Peter, the Russian Finn, with a grunt, as he bundled boots and all into his berth. "A vorse course you'd say that, you old wizard," returned Dan Leary—for I may remark in passing that among sailors there is a sort of half superstition that a Russian Finn is possessed of supernatural powers. "Maybe you're hantin' that not-bein' born to be drowned, he'll be hung, accordin' to the old sayin'," added Leary, but the Finn made no reply.

All hands were soon buried in the sound heavy sleep peculiar to the seafarer, whose alternations of four hours below and four hours on deck in fair weather, may be, in foul, eight hours on deck and ten minutes below.

The steward, who rather to Jack's surprise was a full blown Chinaman, called, not inappropriately, "Li," brought in a smoking bowl of broth, which he fed to Jack very much as Raymond had done, and with such good effect that the young fellow began to feel quite like himself as the hours wore on.

By night Jack was sitting up in the berth, and on the following morning he declared that he had been lying still quite long enough.

Jack's hair, which had been suffered to grow to an unwonted length, was matted with salt water crystals, necessitating what Mr. Leary facetiously called a "prison cut." The dark down was then scraped from his face by Andrew, who officiated as barber, and for the first time in weeks Jack glanced at his own reflection in a hand glass brought out from Bob's chest.

No wonder he uttered an exclamation of astonishment and dismay.

Was this the Jack Esbon whose pale clear cut features, and dark hair, with a decided tendency to curl at the ends, he had so often seen in his mirror in other and happier days?

A haggard sunburned face, with deep sunken eyes, bloodless lips, and, strange of all—short bristly iron gray hair, returned his startled look.

Heaven, how changed! No one who had known him two months previous—no, not even his stepfather himself—would have recognized Jack Esbon. His own father, so he dimly remembered having heard his mother say, was prematurely gray when a very young man. Probably this tendency, together with the trials and sufferings of the past three days, had brought about this latter remarkable change, besides leaving its traces in Jack's countenance itself.

"I'm only eighteen, but I look twice that," said Jack ruefully, as he handed the glass to Raymond with a deep sigh.

"You'll begin to pick up and get your good looks back again in a few weeks," laughed Raymond, as Jack, attired in sailor apparel which had belonged to the drowned seaman of whose berth he had formally taken possession, prepared to go on deck for the first time, with the morning watch. Well, a new, and to any one but a seafarer, interesting scene presented itself to Jack's eyes, as after breakfast, at seven bells, he emerged from the port side of the forward house, which was divided into two compartments for the port and starboard watch respectively.

The morning itself was bright and clear. The sky was flecked with soft fleecy clouds, and scarcely less blue than the dancing sea.

The decks had just been washed down under the supervision of Mr. Farr, the long legged, angular, round shouldered first officer, who was swarthy of feature, with high cheek bones, glittering black eyes, and a voice which could make itself heard above the roar of a hurricane.

The running gear was neatly coiled on the pins, and the starboard watch, whom Jack had not before had the opportunity of seeing, were putting away the buckets and brooms.

Foreigners they were indeed to judge by features. A hook-nosed Frenchman, two greasy looking Italians, a swarthy Spaniard, and two dark-featured, sinewy, snaky looking fellows whom Bob said were Malays. And Jack mentally thanked his lucky stars that his lot had been cast with the other watch.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WRECK OF THE DONNA.

"SEND the young fellow we picked up afe here, Mr. Farr," called a broad chested, powerful looking man, who, with a cigar between his lips, was pacing the weather side of the poop with the regularity of a pendulum swing.

Mr. Farr beckoned Jack, who walked aft rather unsteadily.

"Cap'n Darling wants to speak to you—Jack, I believe you call yourself," he said, in rather sharp, yet by no means unkindly tones.

"Captain Darling! Could this be the ship J. O. Kerr, mentioned in the newspaper paragraph which had announced Jack Esbon's untimely fate—the name being condensed to *Joker* in the sailors' vocabulary? And Miss Jennie, Clarence Vandyké—yes, and Carlos Fontaine as second mate—the three were probably on board? Would they recognize him? The fate forbid!"

Such were the thoughts that rushed through his bewildered brain, as Captain Darling, who was a rather heavy man, descended leisurely to the main deck and surveyed the young fellow before him.

"Well, how was it?" he asked briefly but not unkindly, while at the same moment Carlos Fontaine, emerging from the cabin, stopped and stared at him very hard.

Jack's heart beat furiously. He was not willing that any one with whom he had been acquainted in Mapleton should see and know him in his low estate—least of all, Clarence Vandyké or Fontaine.

"Too well he knew in the latter case, that as an ordinary sailor before the mast he might expect no mercy from a fellow of Carlos's vindictive disposition. No matter how humane the shipmaster himself, his officers have every opportunity of wreaking their will upon such sailors as may have incurred their displeasure, if there is a brutal man on board."

But he need not have feared. Jack Esbon, believed to be dead, was unrecognizable in the coarsely dressed sailor, whose age, if judged by his stubbly gray locks and haggard face, might be anywhere from twenty-eight upward, for as I have said before, Jack was large and tall for his years.

Not the faintest shadow of recognition was apparent in Fontaine's gaze. Greatly relieved, Jack, whose voice was still hoarse and somewhat broken, related as much of his story as seemed necessary. How with a companion he had run away from a Provincetown whaler at Watling's Island, and been blown off in the Donna with the loss of Captain Kelly and the black. How, having fallen overboard, leaving his companion asleep in the cabin, he had swum to the drifting buoy, and finally been rescued by the boat from the Kerr.

As a rule shipmasters are not inquisitive. So many strange things had occurred in Captain Darling's experience that Jack's story was prosaic and matter of fact. He asked nothing of his antecedents. A captain cares nothing about such things.

So his name was Jack, eh? Thus Captain Darling, leaning against a stanchion and surveying the proportions of his new recruit with evident satisfaction.

"Same name as the poor fellow lost off your yard arm the other night. Bob what's his name, in the same watch, took charge of the lost sailor's sea chest. He,"—Captain Darling—"would have it turned over to Jack, who would at once be entered as ordinary seaman at eighteen dollars a month. Jack Smith was as good a name as any. Easy enough for a fore and aft sailor to learn the ropes in a square rigger. Needn't turn to till he was stronger, unless he liked. Want to take a trick at wheel? Very good. Mr. Fontaine, let Jack here relieve Andrew, and set him at work on that old maitre-sail that wants new roping."

So, speaking in short and disjointed sentences, Captain Darling took his station on the poop again, while Jack went to the wheel as Andrew's relief.

It is an easy matter enough to steer a ship, if one can steer a schooner accurately, after a little practice; and as Captain Darling possessed a brief hint or two in regard to watching the swing of the ship's head, Jack soon found himself keeping the Kerr along on her course with comparatively little difficulty.

Captain Darling, with a satisfied nod, glanced into the compass, and then went below for a look at the chart or barometer, which every good shipmaster consults as carefully and as often as a true Christian his Bible.

Presently Jack heard a familiar voice ascending the companionway two of them in fact, and again his heart began to throb violently.

"At the wheel did you say, father?" said Miss Jennie's clear tones, "why, is the poor fellow strong enough?"

"Strong enough or not, he offered to go of his own accord, and that shows that he's anything but a loafer," replied her father genially. "Fact is," continued the captain, "I like the looks of the fellow. Curious his name should be Jack," he added, "Jack Smith."

"Jack," repeated Miss Jennie softly, but she made no comment, and a moment later she came up the companionway steps.

"Just take a look at the compass, Jen," called her father; "course now is south half west."

Jack pulled himself together, and lifted his eyes to those of the young girl, as she stood with one slim hand resting on the end of the cabin, gazing at the rescued sailor with interest.

A shadowy look of perplexity crossed Miss Jennie's face; but bending down she glanced at the compass.

"All right, sir!" she said, loud enough for her father to hear, and then from the corners of his eyes Jack saw her give him another and this time a thoroughly puzzled look.

"You are feeling better, I hope," she said, and Jack rather hoarsely replied, "Yes, a great deal better," in the submissive respectful manner of a sailor answering his superiors.

Jennie made rather a pleasing picture in her close-fitting suit of dark blue flannel and jaunty sailor hat, as she turned and glanced upward at the swelching canvas and tapering spars.

The sea tan, which had touched her but lightly, only gave an added look of perfect health to her expressive features, and in Jack's eyes she was prettier than ever.

Clarence Vandyké was the next to make his appearance on the quarter—far too clearly dressed for the deck of a sailing ship, where comfort rather than style is the rule always adapted by the sensible passenger.

He stared very hard at Jack, who, for the moment forgetting himself, returned the look almost defiantly.

"Say," drawled Clarence, "hadn't you better be watching the compass? for a common sailor seems to me you're kind of cheeky looking—"

"No talking to the man at the wheel!" called out Captain Darling from the cabin.

For the captain, who was no respecter of persons, had a hearty dislike for the drawling effeminate ways of his passenger, whose presence on board was of course due to the fact that Vandyké Sr. was principal owner in the Kerr.

Winning slightly under the rebuke, Clarence turned from the wheel and walked along the weather side of the house to the break of the quarter, where Miss Jennie was standing and looking intently up among the intricate maze of braces and running gear.

"In a sort of morning, don't you know," said Clarence, as though he were saying something very original.

But Miss Jennie, who had accompanied her father on a number of long voyages since her mother's death some ten years before, was to use Captain Darling's expressive phrase, "a born sailor-ess."

She had taken her father's binoculars from the top of the house, and was gazing through them as some object a short distance ahead, and so made no reply to Clarence's greeting.

Taking the glasses from her eyes, Miss Jennie walked aft, glanced at the compass, then at the nearly squared yards.

"Let the ship come up to the south by west, Jack," she said as coolly as a veteran shipmaster. Yet, curiously, Jack's heart gave a responsive throb at some fancied

change of voice as she pronounced his name.

"South by west it is, miss," responded Jack, changing the wheel a couple of spokes. "Father," called Jennie down the companionway, "there's a wreck of some kind right ahead," and in a moment Captain Darling was at the quarter.

"Let her come to a little more. That's it steady now," said Captain Darling, stepping to the rail, as the drifting hull of a small dismasted vessel was brought directly abeam.

All eyes were fixed on the wreck, and Jack could not refrain from casting a glance over his shoulder at it as the ship went flying past.

"The Donna!" he involuntarily cried out.

For, as the dingy white hull lifted itself for a brief moment above the wash of the sea, which was level with the broken rail, he caught a glimpse of the small figure-head, a female bust, presumably that of some Spanish donna, to which he had laughingly called Peltiah's attention when they went on board at Watling's Island.

"The schooner you were on board of?" asked Captain Darling, abruptly.

"Yes, sir," was the low answer; for Jack was thinking of the probable fate of his companion, and the angry words he had said rose remorsefully to his mind.

"The schooner was in collision with some sort of vessel," Jack heard Captain Darling say to Miss Jennie, as he finally closed his binoculars with a sharp snap, after the wreck was lost to sight in the foaming wake of the Kerr. "I could see with the glass where she had been cut half way down to the water line on the port side."

"Do you suppose there was an—er—possibility that the other chap was picked up, cap'n?" asked Clarence, carelessly.

"It is possible, but not at all probable," was the rather curt reply; and for a moment Jack's eyes filled with a moisture that was no discredit to his young manhood. He hardly gave the lost ambergris a thought. Peltiah's generous heart, his courage and kindly disposition, had greatly endeared him to the young fellow whose lot had been so strangely cast in with that of the country youth.

At the end of the two hours, Jack was relieved, and descended to the main deck. He still felt rather weak and dizzy, but was determined to merit the encomiums he had heard from Captain Darling's lips, as well as to lose no time in gaining a knowledge of his new duties.

(To be continued.)

A FRESH ELECTRIC MARVEL.

SCIENCE bids fair to rob the wag of his little joke about the man who refuses to accept a telegram because it is not in the sender's handwriting. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, Professor Elisha Gray, of telephone fame, is perfecting an invention with wonderful possibilities, and which promises great results. It has already reached that stage which insures its practical success, the experiments thus far proving eminently satisfactory. The "telegraph" bears the name of the apparatus will be known, which, by the way, conveys a very fair idea of what the instrument really is. Once in operation it will be possible to telegraph a message to deliver to New York from a telegraphic order to buy or sell 100 or 10,000 shares of railroad stock, an exact fac-simile of the order being reproduced in that city at the same instant it is written here. If the Chicago man happens to be in New York and wants to send his wife a check for money he simply writes it out in that city, and the moment he is through it is in his wife's hands in the Western city.

The electric current, of course, is an important factor in the invention, but the chief feature is the plate of the instrument on which the writing is done. No particular kind of pen or pencil has to be used; in fact, a sharp-pointed instrument of any kind, or even a piece of wood, will answer the purpose. The paper on which the writing is done and the autograph reproduced do not have to be prepared, for in the first possibility, as in the present one, the plate which gives the impulse to the machine, while the reproduction is brought about by a tracing point, which may be a properly inked pen or even an ordinary lead pencil, answers the purpose of the receiving machine at the other end of the line.

A number of experiments with the machine have been made at Highland Park, where Professor Gray's laboratory is, all of them of the most satisfactory character. The circuit was not a very long one, but the tests were of that kind which indicated that the length of the circuit did not matter much and that the work could be done over 1,000 miles of wire as perfectly as over 100.

Professor Gray has not yet applied for patents on the invention, but it is fully covered by caveats, so that he has removed the injunction of secrecy and feels free to talk upon the subject with his friends. He is inclined to think the machine will be required in all cases where absolute accuracy in the delivery and filing of an order is required, and that it will eventually supersede the present system of telegraphic communication; in fact, that an operator will simply transcribe a message, and, while in the act, so doing, will see it any point on the continent, the reproduction at the other point always being a fac-simile of the writing of the person at the machine.

AFTER ANTELOPE.

BY PERCY EARL.

"WELL, good luck to you, old fellow. Wish I could go along, but this confounded rheumatic elbow does me up for hunting for a couple of days any way. You'll find us camped on the other side of the Buttes any time after six. I'm going to set my mouth for antelope steaks for supper, too, so don't disappoint a fellow."

"I'll aim my steadiest," was my reply, and touching my heel to Jack, I shot out over the plain towards the towering, odd-shaped hills aptly named Church Buttes.

It was some years ago, and my friend Tom Berrian and myself were jogging across the continent with the mule train of Captain Filber, bound for Denver, where we proposed going into business. Mean-

time we were getting all the recreation possible out of this prolonged camping-out existence, which, now that we were entering upon the region of game, promised to be all the more enjoyable.

It was unfortunate that just at this period Tom should be confined to the wagon with an attack of his old enemy, and at first I declared I would give the antelope another day's grace and keep him company.

But he had been ordered the route before and asserted that the best sport was to be had just in that neighborhood.

"Besides," he added, "my being laid up will give you an opportunity of taking Jack. I'll put him against any horse on the frontier for sporting purposes. He never quivers in a muscle when you fire, and is as sure-footed as a goat. There's only one thing he's afraid of."

But before Tom could tell me what that was, Mrs. Filber came up to inquire how "the elbow" was, and the subject was dropped.

Jack certainly was a splendid animal, black as a coal, straight limbed as a deer, and endowed with an intelligence almost as wonderful as that of a dog.

Tom had purchased him some two years before in Nebraska, and declared repeatedly that it would take a small gold mine to induce him to part with the horse.

As may be imagined, therefore, I felt both honored and pleased by the loan of him for my day's hunt among the Buttes after antelope.

My usual mount was a massive grey charger Tom had dubbed The Giant. He had a lumbering gait which would probably have reminded me of the pace of a camel if I had ever ridden one of those ungainly animals, besides being possessed of a trick of stopping suddenly when he was cantering along that on more than one occasion—till I learned to watch out for it—came near landing me on my head in front of him.

"Now this is something like," I said to myself, as I rode off that morning on Jack. I had provided myself with a little lunch and was therefore prepared to spend the entire day in pursuit of the much-prized game frequenting the region.

But whether it was owing to my happening to choose the wrong passes, or because a recent hunting expedition had rid the hills of one half its denizens and frightened away the other, certain it is that not a single prong-horn did I see in a four-hour's ride.

I had poked into every conceivable cranny too, behind boulders, around clumps of bushes and up steep ascents, Jack's sure-footedness rendering this searching investigation a matter of comparative ease.

At last I halted for a breathing-spell, choosing an enticing spot by the side of a brook that bubbled peacefully down the mountain-side.

Retaining hold of Jack by a lengthened rein, I permitted him to crop the grass, while I threw myself down in one spot and my rifle in another under the inviting shade of a cottonwood tree.

After resting awhile, I proceeded to re-

gale myself on the tongue sandwiches, crackers, jam and cheese Mrs. Filber had put up for me.

I had just scooped up a cupful of water from the brook and was sipping it with my gaze wandering off over the rim up the mountain-side, flecked with the shadows of feathery clouds, when I suddenly became aware of the fact that some object had darted across my line of vision and halted behind a large boulder some hundred yards or so above me.

"An antelope, by all that's lucky!" I exclaimed, and impulsively I sprang to my feet and started in the direction of the boulder to investigate.

As Jack's bridle was on my arm, he of course had to follow me, and we had gone quite a little distance before I made the humiliating discovery that I had left my rifle lying on the ground by the brook.

centered on a patch of woods some eighth of a mile down the slope, and for the moment I could make out nothing further.

The next instant I fancied I saw something bright in motion, coming towards me, too. I looked closer and—Great Scott!—it was Indians, a whole band of them in war paint and feathers!

"So that's what you're afraid of, Jack, my boy," I muttered, turning like a shot to fling myself into the saddle, and gave free rein to the impatient horse.

We were off in a trice, whither I scarcely knew. For the moment I trusted wholly to Jack's instinct of self-preservation, and merely held a tight rein to keep him from stumbling.

The next instant a chorus of wild war-whoops told me, without the necessity of turning my head, that I was discovered and pursued. As though inspired with fresh

ing from my course diagonally, I described a great circle on the mountain-side, riding all the time as hard as I could, so that presently I saw before me the very spot where I had eaten my lunch.

And there was the rifle lying just where I had left it.

As the Indians' cries were by this time receding in the distance up the mountain, in which direction they doubtless supposed I was still fleeing, I had no difficulty in halting Jack long enough to permit me to recover my weapon.

"Now for the trail!" I muttered, and taking my bearings from the position of the sun, I chirped to Jack and off we flew again, but this time down the slope in the direction of the canyon.

But I soon found that I was not yet by any means out of the woods. Of course I could not rely on the intervening boulders

to cover my retreat at every point, and with a very short space of time I was made aware of the fact that I had been once more sighted by my dark skinned pursuers.

If I could make a short cut, so could they, and shrewdly judging that my objective point was the trail through the canyon, the whole band of them, as an open space on the hillside enabled me to see, presently turned and came charging down on a diagonal course intending to intercept me before I could reach the road.

Then ensued a race such as I hope never to have to run again. Talk about exciting contests, I felt that life and death hung on the issue, and Jack's swiftest pace seemed like a lagging one to me as I measured with my eye the gradually decreasing distance between the Indians and the point for which I was aiming.

But poor Jack needed no urging to do his best. Sadly spent as he must have been from his recent flight up the mountain, the cries of the savages spurred him on till he suddenly noticed that the course to which I held him was apparently taking us straight towards them.

"Go it Jack; keep it up, boy," I called to him, as I noted with apprehension

his slackening pace.

Suddenly he swerved to one side and started on a wild plunge down a steep declivity to the left. I had just time to fall forward and clasp my arms about his neck to escape being pushed from the branches of the trees, which here grew quite thickly. For one instant I gave myself up for lost, expecting to be crushed to death by a horrible fall.

But Jack's sure-footedness stood us both in good stead, and the next minute I found myself on the other side of the clump of trees on the canyon trail, and almost in collision with Captain Filber's train. Jack must have become aware of its proximity by some instinct, and impetuously sought protection in a wild rush towards it.

As rapidly as possible I told of the swooping down upon the trail of the Indians, and preparations were hastily made, both defensive and offensive. But the sight of the first wagon cover scattered the savages like leaves before a storm.

"Yes, that's what I meant to tell you," remarked Tom, when he had heard my story, "that Indians are the only objects capable of inspiring fear in Jack."

"Well," I replied, "I can't say that it's an ugly trait, for if it lost me an antelope, it's long odds that it saved me my scalp."

THE LATEST IN FANS.

The only drawback to fans is the fact that the exertion required to manipulate them is often productive of an additional amount of heat instead of the reverse. Hence a self-working "cooler" will be warmly welcomed.

What is called an automatic fan has been recently patented. It runs, or rather sways, by a spring and is guaranteed to go for an hour. If this class of fan is adopted, to be fastened to the headboard of a bedstead. In the hottest nights this simple apparatus will keep a man cool enough to fall asleep. Should the heat afterwards awaken him, he has only to wind up the fan again, and he is assured another hour of comfort.



JACK, WITH HIS FORE FEET PLANTED FIRMLY, POSITIVELY REFUSED TO MOVE ANOTHER STEP.

"Well, I am a brilliant sportsman!" I said to myself. "One would think I expected to have the prong-horn stand quiet after I sight him till I can get my gun and lay him out. Come, Jack."

I turned to retrace my steps, but the next minute was brought up with a sudden jerk by means of a sharp tug on the bridle. It was Jack, who with his fore feet planted firmly, positively refused to budge another step.

In vain I coaxed and clucked, patted him on the neck and threatened him with the switch I carried.

He not only hung back with all his might, but manifested unmistakable signs of fear at something which he evidently scented or saw in the direction of the valley below us.

What was I to do? I did not dare leave the horse where he was while I went to get my rifle, for it would never do to risk his running away and becoming lost in the hills. On the other hand, I was equally disinclined to give in to his freakish notion and go off leaving my rifle behind me, to say nothing of losing a shot at the prong-horn.

But what could have caused Jack to act in this inexplicable manner? He was ordinarily the most docile of animals, with never a trick nor a habit to make things unpleasant for his rider.

Then all of a sudden my friend Tom's unfinished sentence recurred to my mind.

"There is only one thing Jack is afraid of," I repeated, as I glanced back at the trembling limbs and quivering nostrils of the splendid animal.

That one thing was evidently now in the near vicinity. But what was it? Not a sign of any living being could I see in a hasty glance around me.

Then I noted carefully the direction of Jack's gaze, and discovered that it was

vigor by the fact, Jack broke into a still madder gallop, leaving me with all I could do to stick to the saddle.

On we dashed through sage-brush, over rocks and between boulders so close together that more than once I grew white with the fear that both horse and rider might become wedged in the passage.

Again and again the blood-curdling warcries rang out on the air, and to my strained nerves it seemed as though they were closer at hand with every fresh outburst. Perhaps, after all, I thought, it might have been better for me to have stood my ground and not allowed the Indians to see I was afraid of them.

Still, to have done that would certainly have resulted in the loss of Jack, as I am convinced he would have forcibly broken loose from my hold had I attempted to make him face the red men. Then I was without a weapon.

"It would be a grim sort of joke," I thought, "if the Indians should find my rifle and shoot me with my own gun."

The course Jack struck had been straight away from the enemy, but after I had collected my faculties a little, I decided that it would never do to trust to chance to bring me to a permanent refuge.

I must try to find a way over the hills that would bring me out near my friends. But what if I should stumble upon another band of Indians in the meantime, unarmed and helpless as I was save in the swiftness of my horse!

But could I not find a means of regaining possession of my gun? We had dodged past so many boulders that I felt certain that by this time the redskins must have lost sight of me for the moment, although I could still hear them shouting off to the left.

I determined on a bold move. Deflect-

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON,
The Perilous of a New York Bartender

By **ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,**

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

CHAPTER LIII.

ADVENTURES OF MADGE.

THOUGH there seemed little chance of pursuit, Madge lost no time in putting as great a distance as possible between herself and the house from which she had escaped. After making two or three turns she slackened her speed, thinking herself comparatively safe. But an unforeseen danger menaced her. She had inadvertently reached the street where John McCurdy's saloon was located. The door being open she casually glanced in, and her eyes rested on the familiar face of her guardian's son. He, too, caught sight of Madge, and suspecting that she was running away wished to follow her. But he was in the act of mixing a drink for a customer, and felt obliged to continue. As soon as he had finished he darted out of the door, and began to look around for Madge. But she was nowhere to be seen.

He addressed himself to a boy who was lounging near the street corner.

"Say, Johnny, did you see a little gal pass here just now?"

"What sort of a little gal?"

John McCurdy quickly described her.

"Yes," said the boy.

"Quick! Which way did she go?"

The boy pointed in just the opposite direction to the one actually taken by Madge.

Without a word, John McCurdy ran off in pursuit.

"Guess he won't catch her very soon," muttered the boy, thrusting his tongue in his cheek.

The boy, in misleading John McCurdy, was partly influenced by the spirit of mischief, partly by the thought that Madge was likely to get into trouble if caught. It was fortunate for Madge, as she would readily have been overtaken had her pursuer taken the right road. As it was, John McCurdy came back panting and disappointed. He found the same boy at the street corner.

"Did you find the gal, mister?" he asked.

"No, I didn't. Are you sure she took this street?"

"Guess I've got eyes," was the laconic reply.

"Then why didn't I find her?"

"She must have turned off down a side street."

"Perhaps she did," assented McCurdy.

"Is she your gal?"

"She's my cousin."

"Has she hooked it?"

"Yes; she's a bad child. If I get her back I'll give her such a lickin' as she'll remember."

"I guess you can do it," said the boy, noting the powerful frame of the bartender.

"I'll tell you what," said McCurdy, with a happy thought, "do you want to make some money?"

"I should smile. What yer want me to do?"

"The gal will want to go to New York. She'll inquire the way to Fulton Ferry. I want you to go down to the ferry and nab her. Will you know her when you see her?"

"Yes; I'll know her fast enough; but she'll get there before I do?"

"No, she won't. She hasn't any money to ride, and will have to walk."
"Do you want me to ride?"
"Yes; here's a quarter. Take the cars right down to the ferry, and wait there for her. When you see her bring her back here."

"S'pose she won't come."
"Call a cop. Tell him it's your sister that's run away from home."

The boy grinned.
"It'll be no end of a lark!" he exclaimed.

"Shall we ride back?"
"Yes, you may as well. If you walked she might slip away again."

"Yes, sir."
"Do you know the woman's name?"
"Yes, sir; it is Mrs. McCurdy."
"Then you knew her before?"
"Yes, sir."
"Why did she want to take you away from your friends?"

"She wanted me to earn money for her to buy drink."

"Where did she take you in Brooklyn?"
"I don't know the name of the street. I never was in that part of Brooklyn before."

"Don't your friends dress you any better than this?" asked the policeman, noticing Madge's ragged attire.

"Yes, sir; but Mrs. McCurdy pawned my good clothes, and gave me these to wear."

"She seems a bad woman. If you could tell me where she lived, I would arrest her."

"I don't know the street, sir. I have turned so many corners that I have got puzzled."

"Very likely. And now you want to go back to New York?"

"Yes, sir."
"Do you think you can find your way?"

"If I could once get to Fulton Ferry I would be all right."
"I can direct you there. Have you money to pay your way over the ferry?"

"No, sir," answered Madge, who

She felt very much encouraged by this meeting, though at first she had been very much alarmed to find herself in the grasp of a policeman.

In a little less than half an hour she reached the square at the head of Fulton Street, where are to be seen the Court House and City Hall.

"Brooklyn is almost as nice as New York," thought the little match girl. "I wouldn't mind living here if aunt Bridget wasn't here."

A gentleman of whom she inquired the way directed her to go down Fulton Street, and she hurried on. Fifteen minutes more brought her to Fulton Ferry, from which so many horse car lines radiate. The little match girl's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She was about to pass through the passage into the waiting-room when a large boy grasped her by the arm.

"Come back," he said.

"What for?" asked Madge, in alarm. "I don't know you."

"That makes no odds. I've been sent to bring you back."

CHAPTER LIV.

MADGE IS DIPLOMATIC.

DOOR Madge! It was a sad blow to her thus to have the cup of freedom dashed from her lips.

"Who sent you?" she gasped.

"The man what keeps the saloon."
"I know who it is. It is John McCurdy. I haven't anything to do with him."

"I don't know nothing about that. He give me a quarter, and told me to go after you."

"Was that all he gave you?"

"Yes," grumbled Jack. "And I've had to spend five cents for car fare. I s'pose he expects me to take you back on the cars, but you'll have to walk. So come along."

"Wait a minute," said Madge, who had an idea.

"If you'll help me back to my friends in New York I'll give you more than a quarter."

Jack's attention was instantly arrested.

"How much will you give me?"

"Fifty cents."
"I don't believe you've got so much money."

"I hav'n't, but Mrs. Newton or Ned will give it to you."

"Who's them?"

"They are the friends I live with."

"Are you sure they will give it to me?" asked Jack Murphy suspiciously.

"Yes, I know they will. They'll be so glad to get me back."

"S'pose they don't?"

"But they will!" answered Madge confidently. "I'd be willing to earn money and pay you myself."

"How do you earn money?"

"By selling matches."
"I don't know," said Jack wavering. "What's the man want you back for?"

"He wants me to sell matches, and give him the money. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Never seed him before in my life."

"He's got a mother that drinks. She's the one that wants me to work, and give her the money to buy liquor. Hav'n't you got any sister about as big as me?"

"No, but I've got one littler."
"You wouldn't want her to be with a drunken old woman, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't."
"Then won't you help me to get back to my friends?"

"How will I be sure of the money?"
"Go along with me, and I am sure Mrs. Newton will give it to you right off."

"Where does she live?"

Madge answered the question.
"That's a long way. It would cost me twelve cents to get back home. Would that come out of the fifty cents?"

"No; I will ask Mrs. Newton to give you



THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR OF THE SALOON JOHN MCCURDY CAUGHT SIGHT OF MADGE AND AT ONCE SUSPECTED THAT SHE WAS RUNNING AWAY.

"How much am I to get for all that, mister?"

"You can keep the change. Now hurry up."

"That'll be just ten cents," said the boy, shrugging his shoulders, as McCurdy went back into the saloon. "He must think my time's of vally. Ten cents for a couple of hours and may be more. No matter, Jack, you'll get a ride out of it, and there ain't no other pressin' engagements to occupy you."

So Jack Murphy swung himself on a passing car, marked "Fulton Ferry," and rode away on his errand.

Meanwhile Madge, her heart fluttering with alarm, flew along without any definite idea as to where she was going. She attracted the attention of a policeman whose suspicious were aroused. He laid his hand upon her shoulder. Madge looked up into his face with a terrified glance.

"Where are you going, little girl?" he asked.

"I am going home, sir," she answered, in a tremulous voice.

"Where is your home?"

"In New York."

"How do you happen to be so far from home?" asked the officer, eying her keenly.

"A wicked woman stole me away, and brought me to Brooklyn."

"And you have escaped from her?"

had not thought of this before. "How much is it?"

"It is only two cents. That needn't trouble you. I will give you the money."

"You are very kind," said Madge, gratefully.

"I have a little girl of my own about your age. I shouldn't like to have her carried off as you have been. If you are hungry I will give you money enough to buy buns at the baker's yonder."

"Thank you, sir, but I have had my breakfast, and I am not hungry."

"Well, here are the two cents. Now make all the haste you can, for your friends are probably worrying about you," and the kind-hearted policeman resumed his walk, first, however, telling Madge in what direction to go to reach the ferry.

"I didn't know policemen were so kind," thought Madge.

that extra, and your expenses over besides."

"All right! I'll do it. Come along. We're too late for this boat, but will catch the next."

"I hope you won't get into trouble with Mr. McCurdy."

"He can't do nothing to me. I won't go near him."

"Suppose he sees you some day?"

"I'll fix it up with him. Don't you trouble yourself about that!"

The two went into the ferry waiting-room, and a few minutes later on to the boat.

"You're a good boy!" said Madge, disposed to regard Jack as a friend.

"No, I ain't; I'm a hard case. Everybody says so."

"I don't say so. What do you do for a living?"

"Not much of anything. The fact is, I'm lazy."

"Is your mother alive?"

"Yes, and she's a hard working woman. She pays the rent, and keeps things going."

"Don't you think you ought to help her? You're a strong boy. How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"If you'd get a place, and earn three or four dollars a week, it would help your mother very much."

"So it would. I never thought about it much before."

"I wish you'd do it."

"Why do you wish it? You don't know mother."

"No, but I know you. You'd be a good boy if you wanted to."

"I say, little gal, you're a good un. I ain't a bit mad with you for talking to me that way. I guess I'll do as you say. I'll give mother the fifty cents you've promised me."

"That's right!" and Madge put out her hand and clasped Jack's in a friendly way.

"Mother won't know what's come over me. She'll think I'm crazy."

"It isn't any harm to be crazy that way," said Madge smiling.

When the two reached the other side, they walked to Madge's old home. Jack was not willing to spend any part of the small stock of money remaining in his hands, and Madge had exhausted her means when she paid for her ferry ticket. They kept up a friendly conversation, and were now on the best possible terms.

Mrs. Newton was sitting in her rocking-chair in a state of anxiety and depression. She did not know what to make of Ned's disappearance, and this coming so soon after Madge had been taken from her, plunged her almost into despair.

The door opened suddenly, and almost before she could distinguish who it was Madge rushed up to her and threw her arms around her neck.

"Madge!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Is it really you?"

"Yes, mother, and I'm so glad to be home. Come in, Jack!"

Jack, who had lingered on the threshold, now entered the room.

"He brought me home, mother," said Madge, "though John McCurdy sent him to take me back to him and aunt Bridget. Isn't he a good boy?"

"Yes, Madge. I am very glad to see him."

"I told him you would pay him for his time and his expenses."

"So I will," said Mrs. Newton, taking out her pocket-book and drawing from it a dollar bill. "Take this, my good boy, and with it my thanks."

"I wasn't to have so much as this," said Jack, with unusual candor.

"Never mind, you are welcome to it all. If you will wait half an hour I will have some dinner ready for you and Madge."

Jack was nothing loath, having a good appetite at all times.

"I am glad to have one of you back," said Mrs. Newton. "Now it is Ned who has disappeared."

"Ned gone!" exclaimed Madge in amazement.

"Yes, Madge; and then Mrs. Newton told the story of his agreeing to visit the captain of the *Porter*."

"Why don't you send down to the office where Ned worked and ask about him?"

"I went there early this morning. Ned had not been there."

"What did they think?"

"That he must have been carried off in the ship."

"If he was, he'll come back again some time, mother."

"Something may have happened to him," said Mrs. Newton, anxiously.

"I don't believe it. Ned was so strong and smart. He wouldn't let anybody carry him off as aunt Bridget took me."

"We will hope so, my dear. I shall miss Ned terribly, but if I thought that he would come back to me some time I would try to bear it. I can bear it better because you are restored to me. Does Mrs. McCurdy know where I live?"

"No; I didn't tell her."

"That is well, for she might be coming back to claim you, and I would not like to move; for Ned may write, and if he does he will write to this place."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if he came home to-night, mother."

Mrs. Newton shook her head in incredulity. Still Madge's hopeful words encouraged her, and the girl's presence was a great comfort.

Jack Murphy, after a hearty dinner, took his leave, and returned to Brooklyn. He decided to call at once on John McCurdy and report that he had not been able to find Madge. Jack's conscience was somewhat elastic, and the fact that he made a misstatement didn't trouble him.

"Dad the gal!" said McCurdy, "I don't care much. She's more trouble than she's worth."

But his mother was less easily reconciled, particularly as she was now expected to do her full share of the family work or else shift for herself. She would have gone over to New York at once in search of Madge, had not her son vetoed it.

"I'll have the gal back some day!" she muttered; "and when I do—"

The emphatic shake of the head with which she concluded was more expressive than words.

CHAPTER XLV.

MRS. NEWTON'S TRIALS.

DAYS passed, and no word was heard of Ned. The shadow deepened on his mother's face. If she had only been certain that he would one day be restored to her, she would have experienced relief; but the suspense wore upon her.

There was another anxiety, and one of a serious character. She had depended upon Ned's weekly pay to support the family, but now this was withdrawn, and she did not know how to supply its place.

Madge went out again to sell matches, but took care to keep away from Bleecker Street. She averaged about forty cents a day, and this was an essential help. It became clear, however, that Mrs. Newton must herself earn something. She could think of nothing else but sewing, though this was likely to affect her head. But the poor must take such risks, and bear the consequences as well as they can.

Mrs. Newton applied at a shirt establishment and got a chance to make shirts at a pitiful price. She would have to work early and late to earn as much as Madge brought in. She had a little money on hand, but it soon melted away. She and Madge lived with extreme economy, and tried to save enough money to meet the most formidable bill of all—that for rent.

They were paying eight dollars per month, having felt justified in incurring such an expense on account of Ned's salary. Now it was quite out of proportion to their income.

"Madge," said Mrs. Newton, the day before the money became due. "I am anxious about the rent; the landlord will call to-morrow."

"How much have you got towards it, mother?" for so Madge had learned to call her kind guardian.

"Five dollars; I ought to have three more."

"Won't the landlord wait?"

"Even if he would, there is small chance of our making it up. You know how little we earn."

"I suppose we could get cheaper rooms; I know of a place where we would only have to pay five dollars."

"But suppose Ned comes back, Madge. He would not find us."

Madge looked troubled.

"I don't see what we can do, mother," she said.

"I will try to stop here one month longer. Perhaps before that is over Ned will return."

"I suppose that is the best way. If I could bring in fifty cents instead of forty, that would help along. I might carry a few evening papers."

"You do your part now, Madge. You earn more than I do," said Mrs. Newton sorrowfully.

"You ought not to have to work at all, mother," returned Madge affectionately. "I wish I were bigger, and could earn more."

The next day—it was on Wednesday—the landlord appeared. He was always

punctual on such errands, was Peter Murden, and as the clock was striking ten he knocked at the door.

Madge opened it for him and he entered. Peter Murden was a wrinkled, dried-up little man, with a parchment skin, and might have passed for the model of a miser, which indeed he was.

"Take the rocking-chair, Mr. Murden," said Mrs. Newton, anxious to propitiate him by extra civility.

"Can't stop long, ma'am," said the landlord, sinking into the chair nevertheless.

"You've got a very nice place here, ma'am," he continued, looking about him. You get it cheap—dog-cheap at eight dollars a month rent. When I let it to another tenant, I shall ask nine, really I shall."

"Eight dollars is a good deal for a poor family to pay, Mr. Murden."

"Oh, no! there's very few tenements you can get as cheap. Some men would ask ten dollars for them rooms, but I was always content with moderate gains."

He was a grasping, avaricious man, as Mrs. Newton well knew, and it seemed a very poor joke, but Mr. Murden looked as if he were in earnest.

"But I must be going," he continued. "So if you'll give me the rent—"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Murden, but I can't give you the whole of it this morning."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Murden, his brow clouding ominously. "You haven't got the rent ready?"

"Here are five dollars towards it," said Mrs. Newton meekly.

"Five dollars! Little more than half," frowned Murden. "What do you mean, ma'am, by treating me this way?"

"I have done the best I could, but since I lost my poor boy—"

"Lost him! is he dead?" blurted out Murden.

"Heaven grant he is still alive! He has disappeared."

"That means he has run away, I take it."

"Oh, no! He would never desert his mother."

"I can't make head or tale of your story, ma'am."

Mrs. Newton explained as well as her information would allow in what manner Ned had left her.

"Humph!" was the landlord's unsympathetic comment. "He's run away to sea, you may depend upon it. It may be years before you see him."

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Murden!" exclaimed the widow, clasping her hands.

"How do you make a living?" asked the landlord abruptly.

"I make shirts and Madge sells matches."

"Then you can't afford such rooms as these. I've got an attic room on Houston Street which you can have for five dollars."

"But Ned would not find us there when he comes back."

"He won't come back for two or three years, mark my words! You might as well be there as here."

Finally Mrs. Newton obtained this concession, that she might remain two days longer in the rooms, and continue through the month if at the end of that time she could pay the entire eight dollars. Otherwise she must move.

These terms she accepted because there seemed to be no other way. But when she was left alone with Madge she owned to herself that there was little chance of her gaining the extra two dollars.

That evening Madge brought in forty-five cents.

"I tried to make it fifty, mother," she said, "but I couldn't."

"You have done very well, Madge. I wish I could have done as much."

The next day came, and the prospects were no brighter. Mrs. Newton nerved herself up to a step which was very disagreeable to her, but poverty often forces us to do disagreeable things. She determined to call on her cousin, Elias Simmons, in the hope that their near relationship and early associations might soften his heart, and induce him to give her the very small help which she needed.

"Madge," she said, when the little match girl went out in the morning, "do not be surprised if you do not find me at home when you come back at noon."

"Where are you going, mother?"

"The rent is due to-morrow. I am going to see if I can borrow the three dollars we need to make it up."

"I hope you will succeed, mother."

"I hope so, too, Madge. It will cost me a struggle to apply for a loan, but our case is desperate."

"Oh, mother, I wish I could find a pocket-book somewhere with a lot of money in it."

"I sometimes read of such things, Madge, but they happen very seldom. It won't do to expect it."

"We had better not think of such chances. The money we can earn must be our main dependence."

About ten o'clock Mrs. Newton put on her bonnet, and walked to Broadway. She intended to walk the whole distance, for she had no money to spare for a stage or car fare. She walked slowly, not being very strong, but at length reached Fulton Street, and entered the showy store of her prosperous cousin—Elias Simmons.

(To be continued.)

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

[This story commenced in No. 290.]

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.,
Author of "Bob Burton," "The Young Circus Rider," "Ragged Dick Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.
STEPHEN WATSON'S REVENGE.

KIT WATSON was deeply impressed by Mr. Miller's generosity.

"I don't know how to thank you, Mr. Miller," said he. "I can't seem to realize it."

"You needn't thank me at all. I do it for your father's sake, but now that I know you I am glad to do it for your own. When we get to New York I advise you to salt it down in government bonds, or in some other good reliable stock."

"I shall be glad to follow your advice, Mr. Miller."

"Then I'll invest all but five hundred dollars, for you may want to use that. What sort of a season have you had?"

"I've saved up four hundred dollars," said Kit proudly.

"You don't say so! You must have got pretty good pay."

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

"Your uncle said you probably got two or three dollars a week."

"He probably thought so. He has no idea I have been so well paid. I chose to keep it from him."

"You said you wanted to ask my advice about something."

"Yes, sir."

"Why not come round to the Delavan and take a room? I am staying there, and I will tell the clerk to pick you out a room next to mine."

"I will do so. I intended to stay at some hotel to-night. This is the last night of the circus. To-morrow we close up, and separate. I shall draw my money to-morrow, and bid good by to my circus friends."

"I am glad of that. We will keep together. I have neither chick nor child, Kit, and if you'll accept me as your guardian I'll do the best I can for you. But perhaps you prefer to go back to your uncle."

Kit shook his head.

"I should never do that," he said, "especially after what I have learned during my trip."

"Let it keep till to-morrow, for we are both tired. Now get ready and we'll go to the Delavan."

Kit was assigned a nice room next to Mr. Miller, where he passed a comfortable night.

The next day he revealed to his new friend the discoveries he had made in his uncle's old home in Pennsylvania—his uncle's poverty up to the time of his brother's death, and the evident falseness of his claim to have lent him large sums of money, in payment of which he had coolly appropriated his entire estate.

His late-found friend listened to this story in amazement.

"I knew Stephen Watson to be unprincipled," he said, "but I didn't think him as bad as that. He has swindled you shamefully."

"Just my idea, Mr. Miller."

"While he has carefully feathered his own nest. This wrong must be righted."

"It was my intention to find some good lawyer, and ask his advice."

"We'll do it, Kit. But, first of all, I'll go with you to this town in Pennsylvania, and obtain the necessary testimony sworn to before a justice. Then we'll find a good lawyer, and move on the enemy's works."

"I will be guided by your advice entirely, Mr. Miller."

"It will be a satisfaction to me to get even with your uncle. To swindle his own nephew in this barefaced manner! I'll bring him up with a short turn, Kit."

The next day Kit and his new friend left Albany.

We must now return for a while to Kit's worthy uncle. Stephen Watson was deeply disappointed at losing the cow. He had hoped to get possession of it for forty dollars, which would have given him a large profit, if, as his visitor assured him, it were worth eighty. The fact that this profit would be made at the expense of a poor man did not trouble him in the least. He was emphatically for himself, and always looked out for number one.

Now, when Stephen Watson met with a disappointment or a rebuff, he never rested till he got even with the person to whom he was indebted for it. He gave back the cow because he could not help it, but he determined that some day or other he would have his revenge.

The opportunity came sooner than he anticipated.

In the next town lived a mechanic with whom he had a slight acquaintance. This man stopped him one day as he was riding through the village.

"May I speak with you a moment, Mr. Watson?" he asked.

"Certainly. What can I do for you?"

"I want to ask you for a little information. I am thinking of moving to Smyrna, but I can't hear of any vacant house I can move into."

"How much rent are you willing to pay?"

"I shouldn't feel like giving over a hundred dollars a year."

"Say eight dollars and a third per month."

"Yes."

"Do you know where Thomas Talcott lives?"

"Yes."

"That house belongs to me."

"Is Talcott going to move out?"

"He will if I say so. I don't mind telling you in strict confidence that I should like a different tenant."

"Does he trouble you any?"

"He isn't prompt with his rent. Last month he made me wait a fortnight for the greater part of it."

"You could depend upon my paying you promptly."

Stephen Watson did not take long to consider. From Thomas Talcott he was receiving seven dollars a month rent, or eighty-four dollars a year. From the new applicant he would receive one hundred dollars, a clean gain of sixteen. On the other hand, the house had been Talcott's home for a dozen years; he had seen his children grow up there, and many associations endeared it to him. But what was that to Stephen Watson, against sixteen dollars a year additional rent?

"You can have the house Mr. Norcross," he said.

"I shall be glad to hire it. When can I have it?"

By this time Thomas Talcott had paid another month's rent. His month began, not on the first of the month, but on the twenty-fifth.

"You will have to wait till the twenty-fifth, I am afraid, unless Talcott is willing to move out before."

"That will do very well. Where will he be likely to go?"

"I can't say," answered Stephen Watson, curtly. "That is his look out, not mine."

"He won't have any hard feelings, will he?"

"There is no reason why he should. I have always been considerate and forbearing with him; but landlords have some rights, I apprehend."

"I shall consider it settled, then."

As Stephen Watson rode away he congratulated himself on the arrangement he had just made.

"I shall get a higher rent," he said to himself, "and I shall have the satisfaction of getting even with Talcott. I suppose he will make a fuss, but I don't care for that. My brother spoiled him, and he grumbled at paying me rent at all. If he had let me have the cow I wouldn't have troubled him. As it is, he may thank himself for any trouble or disappointment the matter may give him."

On his return home Stephen Watson saw a little out of his way to call upon his tenant. He was anxious, as soon as possible, to gloat over his revenge.

Thomas Talcott was standing in his yard as his landlord drove by.

Stephen Watson reined in his horse, and beckoned to Talcott to come out.

"By the way, Talcott," he said, "I've got some news for you."

"What is it, Mr. Watson?"

"I shall have to ask you to look up another house before the end of the month."

"What?" exclaimed Talcott.

"I must ask you to look out for a new tenement as I have let this to Mr. Jason Norcross, of Oakford."

Thomas Talcott looked very much disturbed.

"Surely you cannot be in earnest, Mr. Watson," he ejaculated.

"I was never more in earnest in my life. I don't understand why you should doubt it."

"But, sir, I have occupied this house for twelve, nay, for fifteen years."

"Very possible, but that doesn't give you a life lease, I apprehend."

"Am I owing you any rent?"

"What fault have you to find with me as a tenant?"

"I haven't found any fault that I am aware of."

"Then why do you turn me out of the house, Mr. Watson?"

"The fact is, I have been letting the place to you for less than the rightful rent. You pay me seven dollars a month. Mr. Norcross agrees to pay me eight and a third, or a hundred dollars a year."

"I will pay that sooner than move."

"You have always told me you found it hard to pay seven."

"Still I would pinch myself in other ways rather than leave the louse where I have passed so many happy years. It will be a sore day for us all when we leave the old house."

"That's all sentiment, Talcott, and I don't believe in sentiment."

"Why didn't you give me a chance to pay the higher rent, if you had decided you must get a greater income from the place? It would only be fair to an old tenant."

"Because you would have grumbled, and charged me with extortion. Very likely it is true that you can't afford to pay more than seven dollars. Now Jason Norcross is a forerunner than I am told, and he is perfectly able to pay what he has agreed to. I would rather have a tenant like that, than one who would pay the rent as if he were having a tooth drawn."

"I see, Mr. Watson, you have made up your mind to turn us into the street."

"By no means! You can get another house, I have no doubt."

"It won't be the same to me, nor will it be the same to my wife and family. Here my children have been born, all except Tom, and he was a baby when we moved here, and here two have died. There's no other village in the village that would seem like home to us. Why, Mr. Watson, I wouldn't care to change it for my own house, though it is so much larger and finer."

"Then all I can say is, that you are very foolish."

"I don't like to remind you of the service I did your brother."

"You got well paid for it. You got your rent free for ten years and more."

"True, if he were alive he would never allow me to be turned out of my old home."

"I must manage for myself. My brother allowed himself to be imposed upon. I am a different sort of a man."

"There is no doubt about that," responded Talcott with emphasis.

"There is no need of discussing the subject any further," said Stephen Watson coldly.

"If Kit knew of it, he would sympathize with us."

"I have no concern with what that wayward boy Kit may think or feel. He has disgraced the family by tramping off with a circus. My Ralph has too much pride to choose such low associates."

"Be that as it may, Kit is respected and loved by all in the village, and your son Ralph is equally unpopular."

"Insulting my son won't help you any, Mr. Talcott," said Stephen Watson angrily. "I have given you notice to leave the house. Don't forget that."

Thomas Talcott entered the house with a slow step and communicated the said intelligence. It was like a bombshell in that quiet household.

"If Kit were at home!" sighed Tom.

"I am afraid he could do nothing for us," said his father.

(To be continued.)

A GIANT CAKE.

A CAKE that keeps two people busy for four months in the making must needs be a very remarkable one. We are not so sure, however that it would taste any better than one compounded and baked within the ordinary time limit. Indeed the cake to which reference is made is in many of its parts not capable of being eaten at all.

It was made as a gift to Queen Victoria on the occasion of the jubilee celebration, and was presented to her by the same firm that supplied the cake at her coronation fifty years ago. The cake is about 9 feet 6 inches in circumference, ten feet high, and weighs, with the decorations, over a quarter of a ton. The design represents the jubilee for the four quarters of the world. These again are surmounted by temples crowned by a winged figure of Peace, bearing the crown of empire; the panels of the base, embroidered in gold on white satin, and each of which is worth three guineas, bear the royal monogram, and their hands, holding the figures in relief representing the four quarters of the world.

The border round the top of the actual cake, which is a garland of roses, shamrock and thistle.

A "Pointer."

When Col. Sellers gives you a "pointer" in stocks, my friend, leave these twenty alone, but when your own feelings tell you that you have palpitation of the heart, sick headache, nervousness, or a general feeling of uneasiness, heed the admonition before it is too late. All the diseases enumerated, and others, arising from impure blood. Put the liver in action, the largest gland in the human body, and you will speedily regain your lost health, and your feelings will be relieved. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will accomplish the work speedily and certainly. Of your druggist.—Adv.

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Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescritably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "giveness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent 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, indescritible 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 not cured, complete relief will be afforded by the **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** of the Lungs, Skin Disease, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

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A TENDER CREATURE.

CHARLES—"Good gracious! Gus, what have you got on?"
GUS—"Why, my new waterproof bathing suit. I can't get wet, don't yer know."

EXPENSIVE ILL-HUMOR.

We are taught to be polite as an act of courtesy, a free-will contribution on our part, so to speak, to the general comfort of the community.

But a Boston gentleman believes that politeness is a profitable investment. His reasons are given in his own words, which we reproduce from the Transcript of his city:

It was about two months ago that I went to Young's to lunch, one day, feeling overworked, tired and cross, I suppose. Looking up and down the tables, in the part of the room where I always prefer to sit, I saw one table where there were two empty chairs, one of which, however, had been turned down by a quiet-looking man with a black beard, who sat at the table. I took the other empty chair and ordered my lunch.

Just as I began to eat, a friend of mine, whom I wanted to see very much, came in and walked down past the tables. There was a business matter between us which I was anxious to consummate. I was also anxious to keep at my lunch. I looked at the man that was turned down, and it struck me that my neighbor's friend, for whom he was keeping the place, was a long time coming in. I have told you already that I was a little cross. So I quietly turned back the chair, and invited Parkinson to sit down. Whereupon the man with the black beard looked up in surprise.

"I was keeping that chair for a friend," said he.
"It strikes me, sir, that your friend is a long time coming," said I, ill-naturedly, "and I don't think any one has a right to retain a seat to the exclusion of everybody else."

The black-bearded man said no more, though he looked me over carefully, and Parkinson sat down. Presently the other man's friend came in, and the black-bearded man got up, had his dishes removed to another table, after some hotter to get hold of a waiter, and they sat down together, while we went on with our lunch and our business.

About a month after that there was a matter of some \$1000 difference in a transaction between a man in our trade and myself, and we agreed to leave it to arbitration. We each selected our man, and they selected a third, who wasn't known to me, but who was said to be very fair man.

He came forth in good shape, and in the case easily.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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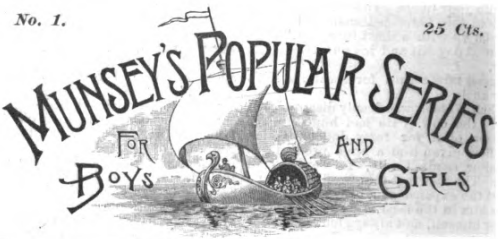
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