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GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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The Young Pilot of Lake Montoban

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CHAPTER V.

THE STRATEGY OF TOM SAWDER.

THE Diana had been around Bunkel Island, and Andy Lamb had carefully examined the shore at every point and opening without seeing a boat,

or even a raft upon which a person could cross the strait. He had looked in among the trees and rocks as well as he could without discovering a human being. As no one was likely to be on the island without the means of getting to and from

"A STEAMER!" ANDY LAMB OVERHEARD MR. SINGERLAY SAYING IN AN ANGRY VOICE TO HIS SON; "DO YOU WANT TO GET BLOWN UP?"

the main land, he was forced to believe, almost against the evidence of his own senses, that he had been mistaken when he thought he saw a man dodge from the shadow of a tree to the shelter of the rocks.

"I was almost sure that I saw a man on the island," said Andy, as the sloop came in sight of the shore where the encounter with Tom Sawyer had taken place. "I saw him move from a tree to the rocks."

"How could he get there without a boat?" asked Di.

"He may have hauled the boat on shore," replied Andy. "But I should have seen it if he had."

"I think you must have been mistaken, Andy," added the fair skipper, with a smile.

"Of course I may have been mistaken, Miss Singleray, and it looks as though I had been."

"What could any man be doing on the island?"

"That is more than I know. If there is a man there, he is taking a great deal of trouble to conceal himself," added Andy, as he again cast his eyes over all that could be seen of the island.

Though all the evidence was against him, Andy was not satisfied. He felt so sure he had seen a man—not a boy—that he found it very difficult to accept as conclusive the testimony of the facts. Somehow, the island seemed to be quite different from what it had ever been before, for the question he had been considering had involved it in a sort of mystery. If Tom Sawyer had not been there, he would have proposed to go on shore and bring the matter to a positive result.

If there was a man there he was concealing himself. Perhaps he was a fugitive from justice, an escaped convict, or a defaulter keeping himself out of sight. Andy was so much interested in the subject that he was tempted to risk another battle with the chief of the hoodlums in order to solve his doubts.

"I think you may as well give it up, Andy," said Di, when she saw by his conduct that he was still vexing his spirit with the unsolved problem.

"I don't see that I am likely to make myself any wiser on the subject, and I shall have to give it up," he replied. "But another puzzle has just come up in my mind: Why was Tom Sawyer taking those boards to Bunkel Island?"

"I give it up," replied Di, laughing heartily at the spirit of investigation her companion was developing.

"When you picked him up, he was not willing to abandon the raft; and he was going to make me help him get the boards on the shore. What is he going to do with them?" continued Andy, so much absorbed in the inquiry that he did not heed the laugh of the fair skipper.

"I supposed he was only using the boards as a raft."

"I'm sure he would not have taken the trouble to get them to Bunkel, for I have no doubt he stole them," argued Andy.

But Di felt little or no interest in the question which called forth so much mental activity on the part of her companion, and he said no more, though he did not cease to think of it. By the advice of Andy, the sloop had gone down through the strait and was coming up through the channel, as the narrow and the wide passage were respectively called by the few boatmen on the lake, for there were not more than half a dozen boats of all kinds out on the beautiful water.

The Diana had just come up with the most southerly point of the island, and Andy was on the lookout for the landing rock, hoping the mysterious man would again show himself. The long tack in the course had brought the sloop close to this cape. She had come about, and her course was quite near the rocky shore, and almost parallel with it. In a moment more, the boat would be in position to enable the inquirer to see the landing rock.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" shouted Bob Rottle, at the tiller lines of the hoodlum boat, and this seemed to be his peculiar war cry.

Tom Sawyer had been on the watch for the Diana; and the row boat had been out far enough to enable him to see the sloop standing across the channel. As soon as he got sight of her, he had ordered his lieutenant to back the boat behind the point. The chief of the hoodlums believed that he was profound strategists as well as the hardest hitter in that latitude.

He was sure that Andy would keep out of his way if he discovered the row boat in season to do so, and he had concealed his

gang behind the point, ready to pounce upon his victim as soon as the sloop came near enough to enable him to do so. When the end of the Diana's bowsprit appeared beyond the rocks, Tom had given the order to pull to the two rowers. At this critical moment, the sloop was not more than fifty feet from the point.

"Ah, ha! Ah, ha!" yelled Josh Boole. "Yah! Yah! Yah!" cried Buck Fishler, for each had his own war cry.

"Now shet up, fellers, and let me do the talkin'!" interposed the chief, as he stood up in the bow of the boat, with one of the revolvers in his hand.

"Punch him with a shot, Tom!" yelled Bob Rottle.

"Shet up, Bob, or I'll punch you," said Tom, turning to look at the disobedient lieutenant. "I want to speak to him, and you make such a racket a feller can't hear hisself think."

"All right; push it through, Tom," replied Bob, subsiding.

"I've got you now, Andy Lamb, and I guess we'll finish up," shouted the chief. "Stop that boat quicker'n lightning!"

"What shall we do, Andy?" asked Di Singleray, when she saw how near the ruffian was to her.

"Put the helm up, and let off the sheets," replied Andy, quietly, and without moving from his seat.

This change of course would not only give the sloop a free wind, so that she could sail faster than when close-hauled, but it took the Diana away from the enemy in front. Di was frightened, but she did not lose her head, and effected the change of course in a single instant. The boat felt the change, and darted off at a livelier speed towards the east shore of the lake.

"Stop that boat, I say!" yelled Tom again, "or I'll demand Tom when the sloop began to fall off; but as he was no boatman, he did not know what the alteration in the course meant.

"I hear you; I'm not deaf," replied Andy, apparently not at all disturbed by the demonstration of the hoodlums, for he was a thorough boatman, and had perfect confidence in the Diana—in both Dianias, for that matter, for he had been astonished at the skill of the young lady at the helm.

Though circumstances beyond his control had placed Andy in the Barkpool party, he was not prejudiced against the fair skipper on this account. She had been to the high school with him, but he had known her only as a schoolmate, and had hardly ever even spoken to her, or she to him. But she was a skillful boatwoman, and that was enough to excite his admiration even more than her pretty face.

"Stop that boat, I say!" yelled Tom again, more fiercely than before.

"I know you say it," answered Andy, with something of derision in his tones, for the expression was so clumsy and unnautical that he was disgusted with it, apart from its meaning.

"Stop that boat! If you don't mind what I say to you, I'll blow your brains out with my revolver!" shouted Tom, as he flourished the weapon in the air.

"How away!" replied Andy, still unmoved.

"But he has a pistol! I am frightened, Andy," added Di.

There was a quite a roomy cuddy under the half deck, and Andy suggested that she should retire to this safe place. She did so.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE WITH THE HOODLUMS.

THE cuddy of the Diana had a woollen carpet, and was not encumbered with old rigging, or with anything else. On each side was a seat, quite low, still a full grown person could find head room enough. Di was as courageous as the average young lady, but in an encounter in which firearms were to be used, she was willing to believe that absence of body was better than presence of mind.

"I think you had better lie down on the floor," said Singleray, for a ball from the revolver might go through the side of the boat, though I don't think there is much danger of it," said Andy, when the fair skipper had seated herself in the cuddy.

"If there isn't any danger, I don't want to run away," added Di, trying to smile, but it was hard work.

"There is danger, and I think you had better lie down; but not much danger, for the villain is too far off to hit us."

Di yielded to the argument, and reclined on the floor so that her body was below the water line of the sloop. She placed her head near the door, and her position was comfortable enough.

"But what are you going to do, Andy?" asked Di, thinking for the first time of the safety of her plucky companion.

"I am going to sail the boat, Miss Singleray," replied he with a cheerful smile.

"But the wretch will hit you with his revolver," suggested Di, who appeared to be really concerned about him.

"I don't think there is much danger of his hitting anything smaller than Bunkel Island; but if I find I am likely to be shot, I am not too proud to duck my head below the top of the washboard so that he can't see me," replied Andy, laughing. "I can't imagine where the rascal got the revolver, to say nothing of a second one I see in his belt; and I am sure he can have had no practice with the weapon."

"Are you goin' to stop that boat?" yelled Tom, before the present skipper had made all the arrangements described.

"She won't stop, Thomas! She don't know how to do such a thing," returned Andy.

"I tell you I'm goin' to shoot if you don't stop!" cried Tom, who could not help seeing that the Diana was getting away from him.

"Shoot away!" replied Andy, as he slid off his seat, and gathered himself up on the floor of the standing room. In this position he could see over the top of the washboard by raising his head, while he easily retained his hold of the tiller. The two hoodlums were pulling with all their might; but they were not skilled in the use of oars, besides being much excited by the savage threats of their great leader, and they did their work very badly.

"I ain't foolin', and if you don't stop I'll put a bullet through your soft head," yelled Tom again. He was evidently disgusted with the weak impression produced by his pistol.

"Put it through!" called Andy, as he looked over the washboard.

The hoodlum had exhausted his patience in his efforts to induce Andy to be alarmed, and raising his weapon he fired it. The skipper of the Diana did not seem to duck his head, and the report followed his movement.

"None of that!" shouted a voice, the owner of which did not appear to be on the oar of action.

Andy heard the words very distinctly, though as his head was down, he failed to note the direction from which the sound came. The remark struck his ear just as though it had been uttered by some one in a passing cloud that was scudding over the lake.

"Did you hear that, Miss Singleray?" asked Andy, turning his head to the door of the cuddy.

"I did not hear anything but the report of the pistol," replied Di. "Did you get hit, Andy?"

"Hit? No; he could not have hit me at this distance, even if he had seen my head. But some one shouted 'None of that!'" replied Andy, looking over the washboard.

"Who could have said it?" asked Di, interested in the fact.

"The voice sounded as though it came out of a cloud; but of course it did not," returned Andy. "Ah, ha! I begin to see through this business a little."

"What do you see?"

"I see Tom looking at the island, and that is where the voice came from. I am sure now that there is a man on the island!" added the skipper, not a little excited to find that his problem had solved itself.

"I don't know anything about the man, but he must have lent those two revolvers to that ruffian; yet he did not mean that he should use them or he would not have spoken."

But Tom Sawyer had a will and a way of his own. Though he had doubtless supposed that a display of the weapons would be sufficient to frighten his intended victim into submission, he was so mad at their failure to do so that he could not resist the temptation to discharge the one in his hand. He was not satisfied with one shot, and he fired another. When he lowered the weapon, Andy raised his head; and probably his assailant did not know that he had "ducked" at the shot.

"Ain't you goin' to stop that boat, Andy Lamb?" demanded Tom.

"She don't know how to stop when another boat is after her," replied the skipper.

"If you don't stop you'll get killed!" yelled Tom more fiercely than ever.

"If I do get killed I'll let you know," replied Andy, ducking his head again when he saw the bloodthirsty hoodlum raise the weapon a second time.

The rascal fired four shots without intermission, which exhausted the barrels of one of his revolvers. Andy raised his head again. He saw that Tom was boiling over with wrath. If he took aim at all, he did not even hit the boat. Andy listened for another warning from the man on the island, but heard none.

"I hope you are not hurt, Andy," said Di, in trembling tones, for the firing had produced its impression on her, if it had not on him.

"Not at all; he did not even hit the mainsail. Don't be a bit frightened, Miss Singleray. I am sure he can't hit us at this distance. You are in no more danger where you are than you would be in your father's house," replied Andy, as he glanced at the pugnacious hoodlum.

Tom had taken the other revolver from his belt. When he aired it at the boat, the skipper ducked again. Shot after shot followed in quick succession, as the skipper counted the reports. One ball went through the washboard, just forward of Andy's head. A foot further aft would have sent the ball through his head after it had penetrated the board.

Andy sprang to his feet. He glanced at the hole through the washboard. It made him boil over with indignation and anger. The keg of gunpowder in his composition exploded as he looked at it. Possibly he had not been able to believe that the threats of the hoodlum were anything more than talk till the boat was struck by a shot. Tom's actions meant "business" to him now.

Without saying a word to the fair skipper, he put the boat about, and headed her towards the craft of the hoodlums. Andy was mad from the sole of his shoe to the hilt of his cap. The blackguard had come within one foot of putting a bullet through his head.

The Diana had been headed to the southeast during the revolver practice of Tom, and her course was now in the opposite direction, and she had the wind square on the beam. She was doing her best, as she had not before, because the skipper's attention had been diverted from his duty.

"Did he hit you, Andy?" asked Di, as soon as the skipper resumed his place at the tiller; after he had changed the course of the sloop. "I know he has, for you have been changing the course of the boat."

"No, he did not hit me; but he came within just one foot of sending a bullet through my head," answered Andy, much excited. "You can see where the ball struck the washboard;" and he pointed at the ragged hole.

"But he will kill you, Andy!" almost screamed Di, as she looked at the mark of the ball.

"No, he won't; he has emptied all his barrels, and he can't fire again till he loads them. There is not a bit of danger to you now, Miss Singleray, and you had better come out of the cuddy," said Andy, struggling to keep his wrath within bounds.

His anger and indignation did not manifest themselves in outward expressions; all the boiling was within his being, though it gave a decided sharpness to his actions. Di seemed to have unlimited confidence in her companion, for she came out of the cuddy, and seated herself in the standing-room.

"Why, Andy! you are headed directly towards the rascal's boat!" she exclaimed, as soon as she had looked about her.

"I am; I can't stand this thing any longer, and I'm going to put a stop to it in short meter," replied he, with his teeth set.

The Diana was going at a furious rate; Tom Sawyer was yelling. A minute later the sloop struck the row boat, and cut it in two.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER ON BUNKEL ISLAND.

DI SINGERLAY sent forth a scream when the sloop struck the row boat. A young lady could hardly have been expected to do less than this, for it was really a terrible scene. The Diana actually went entirely over the craft and her living freight, carrying the four hoodlums under water.

Andy Lamb was thoroughly in earnest. He had varied the course of the sloop enough to enable him to hit the boat amidships, and as it was only lightly built, the sharp bow of the sailboat had cut entirely through her.

Only two ruffians who were at the oars had the time to abandon their posts, and one of them sprang into the bow, while the

other tumbled into the stern sheets. Tom Sawyer, who was yelling out his threats of vengeance as though he did not anticipate the impending disaster, was pitched from his standing position over the bow of the boat.

The Diana was strongly built, and she dashed on her course, only a little shaken by the shock, as though nothing had happened. Of course Tom and his companions were effectively silenced, and it was a relief to hear their noisy yells no more. Andy stood as stiff as a granite monument at the helm, and did not seem to be at all disturbed by the mischief he had done to the enemy. He looked calmly astern at the havoc he had made, and did not change the course of the sloop.

The row boat contained no ballast, and it did not sink. What was left of it remained floating on the waves after the Diana had passed over it. None of the hoodlums had been injured by the collision, and all four of them were in condition to take care of themselves.

All but Tom were in the boat, and they laid hold of the wreck. The rower who had leaped into the stern gave his hand to the chief, and drew him to the boat, so that he got hold of it. Not one of them was in any present danger, for the wreck sustained them on the water.

The wind had been increasing, and the lake now was lively with white caps. Although the boat had been practically cut in two, the parts did not separate, and it was evident that they were held together by the keel, which had not been broken.

As soon as Andy had satisfied himself that the ruffians were in no danger of perishing in the lake, he directed his attention to the shore of the island. He expected to see there the mysterious individual who had called out to Tom, and who had probably supplied him with his stock of revolvers.

But there was no one to be seen on the island. There was certainly a man there, and as he had observed the actions of Tom when he had the pistol in his hand, he must have seen the disaster to the boat. Andy ran directly for the landing rock, and watched with all his eyes for the appearance of the stranger. The skipper was so much absorbed in this lookout, that he failed to make any reply to the remarks of his companion.

The mysterious man did not appear, and perhaps the proximity of the sloop was a sufficient excuse for his failure to do so, for it was plain enough that he intended to conceal himself. Andy wondered that he had been so imprudent as to call out to Tom when he raised the revolver; but probably he believed he could not be heard on board of the Diana.

Even the wreck of the boat did not prove to be a sufficient inducement to the stranger to betray his presence, and Andy concluded that he had some very strong motive for concealment. This conclusion made the matter all the more serious and important to him, and he was therefore all the more anxious to solve the mystery which surrounded the stranger. But he could do nothing while his movements were hampered by the presence of the fair skipper, and for the present he had to abandon the inquiry.

When the Diana was within a short distance of the landing, Andy came about, and braced the sails sharp up, heading her as nearly as the wind would permit for Montoban, for it looked as though he had no further business in the vicinity of the island. The course took the sloop within a short distance of the boat to which the ruffians were clinging.

"I didn't know you were going to run into that boat," said Di, when the skipper looked at her for the first time in five minutes. This was the third time she had made the same remark.

"You must excuse me for not answering you before," replied Andy, with a smile to show that he had no ill will. "I was on the lookout for that man on the island, and I wanted to hear as well as see, and I was afraid I might lose some sound that would help me to a better understanding of the situation."

"I was sorry I said anything when I saw that you were busy thinking and listening," added Di. "You must excuse me for talking when I ought to have kept still, Andy."

"It is all right then, for I did not mean to offend you."

"You did not offend me—what an idea!" exclaimed she. "I was excited, and frightened when the sloop crashed into the boat, and I was silly enough to scream. But I got over it in a moment. I did not expect such an ending to the battle."

"I did not tell you what I was going to do," he confessed, because I was afraid you would tell me not to do it," Andy explained.

"If you had told me I should not have screamed; but it was so unexpected that I couldn't help it."

"The scream did no harm," laughed Andy.

"It did not occur to me that you could do such a thing."

"Then I ought to explain my conduct, and ask to be forgiven."

"I am glad you punished the wretches as they deserved, and there is nothing to forgive, Andy."

"Perhaps I have got myself into a bad scrape by what I have done, but I can't help it now; and I should do it over again under the same circumstances," added the skipper, looking more serious than he had before.

"Never mind the scrape; my father will pay for the boat if there is any trouble about it."

"It was not so much to punish those villains that I ran into them as it was to save you, first, and myself afterwards, from harm, if not death," said Andy, very seriously.

"From death!" exclaimed Di, with a terrified look.

"Look at the washboard; you see that hole; if your head or mine had been there, it would have been death, wouldn't it?" continued he, pointing at the bullet hole.

"It could hardly have been otherwise," she answered, with a slight shudder.

"You know I asked you to come out of the cuddy after Tom had stopped firing. He had fired off all the charges contained in two revolvers, and I knew that he could not fire again till he reloaded them. I did not mean to give him time to do this."

"Did he load them again?"

"I don't know; I don't think he did; but I am sure he would have done so if the Diana had not come about, and thus distracted his attention; that is, provided he had any more cartridges."

"Did he have any more?"

"For you had to ask him, Miss Singleray, for I don't know," replied Andy, with a smile.

"Of course you don't know! What a foolish question!" laughed Di. "If he had any, you did not give him a chance to use them."

"That is just the point; and I did not mean to have him shooting at a boat with a young lady in it."

"You did just right, Andy, and I am sure my father will stand by you to the end," added Di warmly.

"You forget that I am on the other side of the house, Miss Singleray," said Andy, with a smile, for he felt that he was touching upon delicate matters.

"You forget that you were on the other side of the house when that wretch took my boat away from me, and I shall do my best to make my father forget it also. At any rate, I shall forget it, for all time," and Di blushed again.

An hour later, Di was landed in front of her father's house.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIVAL MAGNATES OF MONTOBAN.

MONTOBAN was at the head of the lake of the same name. It was a flourishing town, almost large enough to be a city; indeed it has risen to this distinction since the events related in this story. Flowing into the lake on the eastern border of the town was the Ononago River, overlooking the mouth of which was the magnificent residence of Mr. Percival Singleray.

Just above the town the river had been a rushing stream, running through a very wild and picturesque region; and at a distance of something over half a mile from the lake, it was still a rushing stream when there was water enough to swell its current. But there were two dams within half a mile of the lake, which had raised the water and made ponds in the bed of the stream.

Mr. Percival Singleray and Mr. Phineas Barkpool had formerly been partners in a very profitable manufacturing business, which had made them millionaires in the estimation of other people, though their property was so scattered and of such diverse sorts that neither of them could have told whether he was worth a million or only half that princely figure. At any rate they were both rich men, and that is enough.

They had been really the fathers of Montoban and the region round about it, for

they were public spirited men, and had done their best to develop the resources of the locality. Their enterprises had stimulated others to action, and the place had doubled, tripled and quadrupled its population.

In the day of small things, they had purchased the land on both sides of the river for half a mile, and controlled it wisely in the interests of the prosperity of the town. But an evil day came; at least the people thought at the time that it was an evil day, for the two magnates of Montoban quarreled over their business interests.

It proved to be a very bitter feud, and each accused the other of cheating and robbing him.

They dissolved partnership, but they could not agree on the division of the common property. Referees divided it for them. They drew a line across the Ononago River, and gave Mr. Singleray all the land below it, with the manufactory, and all the lake water as it appeared to be to everybody else. The fact came out afterwards that he had contrived to have it known to the referees that he would be willing to take the up-river division of the land; and this knowledge had greatly lightened the labors of the arbitrators. The business was settled up with all possible haste, and the money award paid to Mr. Barkpool.

Mr. Singleray rubbed his hands, and believed that he had obtained by far the larger half. So thought almost everybody else, and wondered that Mr. Barkpool did not protest against the decision, fully satisfied that he had a remarkably good case.

But Mr. Barkpool did not protest, and even seemed to be pleased with the division, inasmuch as it appeared to be to everybody else. The fact came out afterwards that he had contrived to have it known to the referees that he would be willing to take the up-river division of the land; and this knowledge had greatly lightened the labors of the arbitrators. The business was settled up with all possible haste, and the money award paid to Mr. Barkpool.

Less than a quarter of a mile from the lake was the dam, which furnished the power for the immense factory, of which Mr. Singleray was now the sole owner. His residence faced the river just below the rapids at the foot of the dam. The manufacturer believed he was the sole magnate of Montoban, and he was accordingly happy in the belief.

Within three days after Mr. Barkpool had deposited his late partner's check for differences in value, a hundred men were at work building a dam half a mile above the old one. As many more were laying the foundation of a mill more extensive than that of Montoban, called the Ononago. By the time the dam was built and the mill was finished, the machinery was ready to go into it.

A whole village of boarding-houses and other buildings was erected almost in the twinkling of an eye, and a mansion far surpassing that of the other magnate rose at the foot of the dam, in the most beautiful location on the south shore of the lake, to be occupied by the owner of the new mill. In due time all the buildings were completed, and everything was in running order. Families whose members were in want of work took the houses, and the boarding establishments had all they could accommodate. The mill was in operation, and turning out more goods than the old one.

Just at this point there was no rain to speak of for many days, and the river was almost dry. The Ononago mill had to shut down for the want of power; but so did the Montoban. Mr. Barkpool did not wait a day, but put in steam; and before his rival knew what he was about, the Ononago was at work again. Mr. Singleray followed the example of his late partner, but it took time, and his opponent had the market for some weeks.

Mr. Barkpool immediately built a reservoir on the up-river land, where he stored up the waste water against another dry time, for coal was expensive in the absence of proper facilities of transportation. A branch railroad was planned; Mr. Singleray fought to have it run as far as possible from the rival mill, and Mr. Barkpool to get it as near as possible. Each defeated the other, and no road was built.

Mr. Singleray was the president of the Montoban Bank, and as Mr. Barkpool thought he was not fairly treated in the matter of the discounts, the Ononago Bank was started. The Ononago Hotel was built by the up-river magnate, and the patronage of the Montoban Hotel was reduced for a time. The names of the two mills were applied to halls, saloons, stores, omnibuses, boats and engines.

The town was divided into two factions, and there was constant war between them. They fought about the water rights, and even the churches shared in the rivalry. But again Montoban doubled, tripled, and

quadrupled its population, for competition is the life of trade. The business done by the mills had been more than doubled, and new enterprises were still the order of the day.

Di Singleray, as has been said, landed in front of her father's house. Andy Lamb put the Diana in good condition, and after the fair skipper had thanked him again, with a blushing face, for the service he had rendered her, he started for his home, which was in the Ononago domain.

He had to go through the grounds of the Montoban magnate, where she had never been before, and he did not know the way out. The estate was very extensive, and he followed a road after he had parted with the daughter of the house, which he thought would lead him to the street in front of the mansion.

He had gone far enough to see the dome on the town hall, when he heard footsteps, attended with angry talk. The speakers were directly in front of him, and he recognized their voices, which were those of Mr. Singleray and his son Dolph, as he was called, though his name in full was Adolphus—to long for common use.

Andy Lamb did not care to meet the father of the fair skipper before she had told him her story; and especially not when he was in an angry mood, as at the present time, for he had the reputation of being a very violent and unreasonable man when he was so excited. After thinking about him over the best means to effect his retreat, he discovered near him a Norway pine, with branches reaching down to the green sod.

A rustic seat, and close to the driveway, was a behind seat. Andy had no time to spare, for the voices were very near, and he dodged behind the pine. The magnate and his son appeared to be having a very rough time of it, and the sixteen year old boy was not particularly respectful to his sire.

"You don't need another," said Mr. Singleray. "Don't say another word about it. I won't give you the money; and that is the end of it."

"The Dragon is good enough for a sail boat, but I want a steamer," replied Dolph, in a dogged tone.

Andy thought she was good enough, for she was equal to anything on the Hudson, where he had learned the art of the boatman; and he decided that Dolph was a very unreasonable fellow.

"A steamer!" exclaimed Mr. Singleray, furiously. "Do you want to get blown up? You don't know any more about handling a steamer than you did when you were a month old, Dolph. Your mother would be frightened out of her wits if you had such a plaything."

"I don't mean to handle the engine myself. I've been through the high school, and I know about a good enough."

"Mighty little!" exclaimed the magnate, for Dolph had not been a very promising scholar. "You can't get an engineer, for there is not one in the lower town."

"But I think I can get Morgan Lamb's son; and he knows how to run an engine," replied Dolph.

"Morgan Lamb's son! Do you think I would trust my son in the hands of one of Barkpool's satellites?" demanded the magnate, with intense indignation, to hear his son propose to harbor one of the other faction.

"Andy Lamb is a good fellow," added Dolph.

"Thank you," thought Andy. "Di will say as much as that for me."

Just at that moment, the intelligent son of Morgan Lamb, who was competent to run a steam engine, sneezed violently in spite of the efforts to suppress the impulse. It was a tremendous sneeze, and Morgan Singleray rushed behind the tree. The moment he saw Andy, he sprang upon him, took him by the collar, and dragged him very roughly into the house.

(To be continued.)

HIGH SPEED ON THE WATER.

STREAMBOATS are this year making long strides in the direction of catching up to railroad trains' speed. The new boat, the New York, built for the Albany Day Line, and destined to be a rival in fast traveling to the famous Mary Powell, made her first regular trip on July 18. She is pronounced a great success, as well she may be, after running four miles in ten minutes, which is at the rate of 24 miles an hour.

Another quick runner is Mr. Munro's new Herreshaft steam yacht Now Then, which left New York this morning at 11 o'clock, and arrived at 24th Street, New York, the same evening at 6:26. This is said to be the fastest time made on American waters by any steamer.

**WOODEN CANOES,
And the Method of Making Them.**

BY L. E. VOELKER.

BY following the directions given in this article, any youth of a mechanical turn of mind and ordinary ability can build a good craft for river and bay cruising at small cost.

We will begin by deciding on the dimensions: Say length 14 ft.; beam 26 in.; depth at bow 12 1/2 in.; depth at stern 12 in., amidships 9 in.

These are considered by many the best



FIG. 1.—SHAPE OF STERN.

dimensions for a single canoe, or in other words, a canoe for a single person.

The keel must be bent, but if no steaming facilities are at hand, procure, at the hardware store or wheelwright's, two shafts, or sleighrunners.

Now cut two half-inch boards to fit the curves of your keel, as in Fig. 1. Screw these boards to a keelson of oak 1-2 in.

carefully bend it in to the bow, you standing by the side and nailing to each section as they come in contact; but do not nail to the stern yet.



FIG. 3.—DECK BEAM.

A similar board should now be put on the other side in the same way.

Follow this with two boards at the stern, being careful to get good joints between them and the other board and keelson. Now begin at the stern with the long boards, fit them along the tops of the sections, and make as close a joint as possible with the other boards. Next add the short boards at the bow.

When these eight boards are in place, unless you have used quite wide boards, you will find a space amidships between the upper and lower boards on both sides.

To fill these spaces well is a difficult job, but with care and perseverance it can be done very nicely.

Having accomplished this, you may fasten the boards at stem and stern by driving copper nails through or riveting or clinching over a washer, and if you prefer, lap them with sheet copper.

shaped as shown in Fig. 3. Nail this piece very securely, but not enough to weaken it, as it is to support the well. It may also be supported by a brace at each end. These may be sawed from 1-2 in. hard wood, preferably apple knees, and shaped as shown in Fig. 4.

Now prepare two pieces of clear pine, 1 3/4 by 1 in., and 4 ft. 3 in. long.

One end of these must be let into section 9 three inches from the gunwales, thus leaving 18 in. between them. The other ends must be let into section 5 fifteen inches apart.

These pieces must, of course, also be let

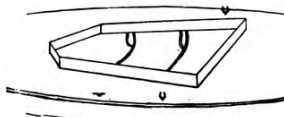


FIG. 5.—THE WELL.

into the deck beam, which will help support them.

They should further be supported by two knees, placed midway between the deck beam and section 9, as shown in Fig. 4.

We have now the frame for the well.

Securely nail two pieces of 1 1/2 by 1 in. pine between the well frame and the gunwales on each side, to support the deck.

The bent coaming is, of course, the most graceful shape for the well, but, as we have no steaming facilities, I will describe the next best shape. This is shown in Fig. 5. It is quite as strong as the bent coaming and almost as pretty.

Make it from 1-2 in. pine, fit the corners nicely, and nail securely to the frame, leaving two inches' rise above it.

The floor boards, 3-8 in. thick, of pine or spruce, can now be screwed to the bottoms, which should raise them an inch above the bottom of the canoe. There should be a circular hole cut in the floor, so as to come between the knees when paddling, to bail through.

It would be still better to have a narrow board in the middle of the floor, merely held in place by a button or two, so as to be detachable when bailing is necessary.

The blocks for the footboard or stretcher and the mast step may now be put in, and we are ready for the deck.

For this you may use 1-8 in. imitation cedar, which you can also obtain from the cigar box manufacturer.

First lay the boards down the center from stem and stern to the well.

Then fill in with a board on each side, being careful to make good close joints, and nail securely to each section and the gunwales.

Shave off the edges neatly and nail a strip

but the bottom up to the water line should have a good coat of asphalt varnish, which makes a fine black finish.

The draft will be about five inches.

The boat is now ready to be launched. Spruce should be used for the paddle, but pine will do. It should be from 7 ft. to 7 1/2 ft. long, and in one piece if possible, but if a piece of spruce of that size is not to be had, the blades, which should be pear-shaped, may be made separately and fastened into 6 in. slots in the ends of the handle.

The handle should be 1 in. in diameter at the center, tapering to 7-8 and 3-4 at the necks.

Blades 6 to 7 in. wide, 3-8 in. in the center, and 3-16 in. thick at the edges.

It should have rubber rings to prevent the water running up your arm.

The rig devised by Macgregor may be used for this canoe, and is shown in Fig. 6.

The mast should be of spruce or pine, 1 1/4 in. diameter, tapering to 1 in.; 5 ft. 6 in. long; boom, 4 ft. 9 in.; yard 5 ft. 2 in.; leech, 6 ft.; luff, 2 ft.

It should be stepped in a copper tube 4 ft. from the stem.

No jib is used as they are of little or no use in small crafts.

Make the sails of unbleached sheeting, and use woven cord or troling line for the rigging.

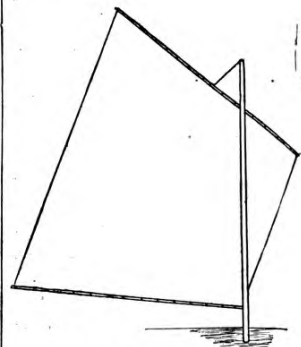


FIG. 6.—THE SAIL.

The boom should be fastened to the mast by a piece of soft leather, lashed to both, thus allowing movement in all directions.

The paddle is used to steer with, being held to leeward, or used in a crutch or rowlock.

Cleats must be screwed to the deck for the halyards.

This canoe is practically unsinkable, the solid sections forming airtight bulkheads.

You can saw a circular hole in section 9, and thus provide yourself with a storage compartment.

The back-rest is shown in Fig. 4, and is hung by a strap to the coaming.

The shape of the foot-rest is shown by the double line in Fig. 1. It rests against a block on the floor, and one at each gunwale.

THE JOY OF FLYING.

"I WISH I could fly," we sometimes hear people say when they are very anxious to arrive speedily at some distant point. Birds certainly have the advantage over us in this respect, and a writer in the *Nineteenth Century* is of the opinion that they derive intense delight from this ability to move rapidly through the air. For having once acquired the power of flight, they have developed it far beyond all the requirements of their individual specific life. If it were not pleasurable, then flight would be discontinued when it was no longer necessary. But, as a fact, bird life presents innumerable instances of the maintenance of the powers of flight in species to whose existence it is by no means essential.

The skylark does not soar from mercenary motives; pigeons, domesticated for generations, fly about all day long, though they need to seek neither food nor shelter. It is not necessary to watch birds on the wing for very long to convince one's self that the act of flight is one of pure enjoyment, that it is cultivated and adorned with the refinements which characterize an "accomplishment." Such is the evolution of the tumbler pigeon, such the more refined and masterly hovering of some birds who possess the power of so balancing themselves on a slanting breeze as to remain motionless with respect to the earth, without apparently moving a wing or a feather, floating all the time, still and calm.

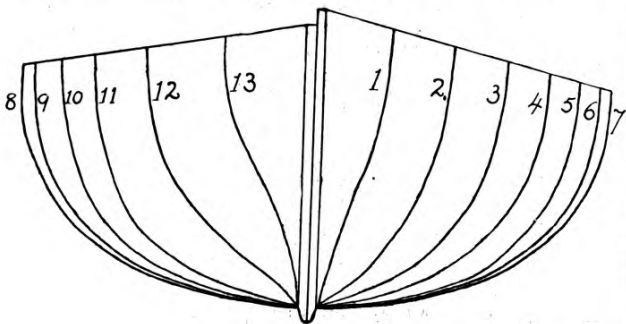


FIG. 2.—BODY PLAN.

thick, 3 in. wide amidships and tapering to 1-2 inch at stem and stern.

These should now be placed upon a bench or plank and firmly fastened in an upright position.

Next comes the body plan, Fig. 2. The lines of this figure indicate the shape of the permanent and temporary bulkheads, but for convenience show only one side of them. Each section must, in cutting the bulkheads, be doubled, to extend across the entire canoe. It must also be made six times the height of the section in the diagram, and of corresponding width.

From 1-2 in. pine board saw sections 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13, leaving enough at the top for the rise of the deck.

Notches 1-8 in. deep must now be cut in each section to fit the keelson at the place it is to occupy as follows:

Beginning with No. 1, abaft the bow, place Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 in proper order, one foot apart. Then beginning one foot from the stern, place Nos. 13, 12, 11, 10 and 9 at the same distance apart, in the order named. They should then be securely fastened in place with screws.

Section 7 should be fastened temporarily midway between sections 5 and 9.

Hold the sections firmly in place by fastening two strips over them, one at each side. These strips will be removed after the side planking is put on.

See that stem and stern are on the same plane with the keelson, and that each section stands perfectly perpendicular and at right angles to it.

Now select a nice cedar board, 3-16 in. thick (which can be had of any cigar box manufacturer), free of knots and checks, and as long as you can get it, which will probably be 9 1-2 or 10 ft., and 9 in. in width. In this case section 9 will have to be 1 in. instead of 1-2 in. in thickness.

Square one end of this board, and, placing it tightly against the keelson, lap it 1-2 in. over section 9, letting it project forward, and fasten to it securely with 1-2 in. flat headed wire nails.

Now let your assistant—for you should have one at this stage of the work—take hold of the forward end of the board and

For the ribs amidships, buy half a dozen children's hoops, of sizes to fit the beam of your boat.

Cut these and fit them in six inches apart. These hoops can be bent considerably without injuring them.

Fasten to sides and keelson with copper nails, riveted or clinched over a burr or washer.

An inwale of oak, extending from section 5 to section 9, and let into them, is

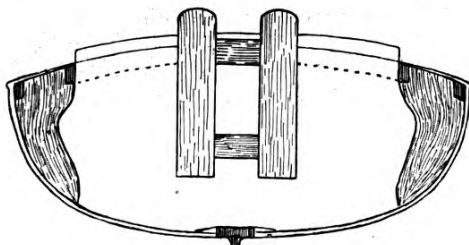


FIG. 4.—TRANSVERSE SECTION.

next put on. It should be 1 in. by 1-2 in., and notched to fit closely over the ribs. Fasten with copper nails as before.

Section 7, which was only temporarily put in, should now be removed.

Fit a strip of thin wood, about two inches wide, over each crack in the inside of the canoe, fitting them neatly to the ribs and sections. These may be fastened with 1-2 in. wire finishing nails, clinching them on the inside; but before doing so coat the surface, which will be covered, and the inside of the strip, with white lead.

Now cut a piece of board to the curve of the deck (26 in. radius) and set in place amidships, and with a straight edge and the eye trim each section into shape.

One foot from section 5 place a deck beam of clear spruce or pine, 3-4 by 2 1-4 in.,

of half round 3-4 in. moulding all around on the outer edge of the gunwales, thus giving a hold to lift by and making a neat finish.

Now prepare the outer keel. This should be 1 in. deep, 3-4 in. at the back and 3-8 in. on the face.

If this is made from sleighrunners or shafts, the two pieces should be scarfed in the center and screwed to stem, stern and keelson.

The canoe should now be carefully looked over to see that there are no open joints or loose edges anywhere.

Everything being all right, give it a good coat of asphalt paint, if it is to be had, but white lead will do very well.

When this is dry, which will be in about 48 hours, you can paint to suit your fancy,

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

THE MINERS OF WOLF AND MINTUANE CREEK

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

CHAPTER XIV.

SAILOR BILL CAPTURED.

"GOOD heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Rawlings, as he and Ernest Wilton looked at one another for a second in blank consternation; "I hope nothing serious has happened!"

And he was just about to dash into the river and wade across to the other side, in the direction from whence Seth's shout for succor came, when the young engineer stopped him.

"You'd better wait a minute," said Ernest. "The prairie is a wide place, and sounds seem to come from one point when in reality they emanate from an entirely different spot; so, in hurrying thus to Seth's assistance, you may take the longest way to reach him. Let us return to the place where he and the boy crossed the stream; and, as soon as we reach the other bank opposite, and find their track, I'll put Wolf on the scent, and we'll come up with them much more quickly than you could do by crossing here, and spending some time, perhaps, in hunting about in the brushwood over there before you could find any trace of his footsteps."

"You're right," said Mr. Rawlings. "Two heads are better than one. But pray lose no time about it," he added, as Seth's call was again heard, sounding more loudly than before—

"Help! ahoy, there! Help!"

The path back to where the entire party had halted on the bank of the river before separating, according to Mr. Rawlings's suggestion, was not difficult to trace. Then, fording the stream at the point where Seth and Sailor Bill had waded across, they searched about for the tracks up and down a short distance until they were likewise found, when their task became comparatively easy, as the dog's aid was now of use.

"Hi, Wolf!" said Ernest Wilton, drawing his hand over the footmarks of Seth's heavy boots, where they entered the dense mass of brushwood below the pine trees. "Good dog! Fetch 'em out! Hi!"

Wolf was all attention in an instant.

Looking up into his master's face with a low whine of inquiry as if to learn what he exactly meant him to do, and then putting down his nose with a significant sniff, as Ernest Wilton again drew his hand across Seth's track, he gave a loud yelp expressive of his intelligent comprehension of the duty that lay before him. Then he bounded on in advance, through the thick shrubbery, and went at such a pace that Mr. Rawlings and Jasper had hard work to do to keep up with Ernest, who followed close behind the dog at a run almost.

"Steady, boy, steady!" said Ernest Wilton in a low tone, every now and then, as Wolf would turn back his head to see whether his master was near him or not.

Then the sagacious animal would give an eager bark in answer, as if to say,

"I'm going on all right, old man. Don't be alarmed, I'm making no mistake about the scent!"

Presently the trail diverged from underneath the timber and brushwood by the river bank, and struck off at an angle into the open prairie, as if Seth had got tired of fighting his way amongst the overhanging branches and projecting trunks of the pine trees.

From this point the footprints gradually

led up to a little plateau above the valley through which the streamlet ran; and, arrived at the top of this, Wolf gave vent to a louder and more triumphant bark than before, and halted in his tracks, as if waiting for Ernest to join him before proceeding any further.

The young engineer was by the dog's side in a moment. One rapid glance around enabled him to see that the prairie extended beyond the plateau in a vast plain as far as the eye could reach, being bounded on the extreme verge of the horizon by a low range of hills or wooded heights, most probably marking, he thought, the southward course of the great Missouri River, although, as he reflected the moment after, they were much too far to the westward for that.

His attention, however, was not much given to the scenery and the picture which the spreading vast plain presented.

A figure in the foreground, some little

the ex-mate to Mr. Rawlings, who now came up, with Jasper at his heels—the negro almost turning white with terror at the very name of the Indians being mentioned, and shaking in his shoes—"I'd a follered an' got him back, yes sir! But them fiends has sent an arrowhead through my markuss, and well nigh broken my fut as well!"

CHAPTER XV.

ON THE TRAIL.

"WHERE are you wounded?" asked Mr. Rawlings, bending over Seth, who seemed to suffer considerable pain, although he endeavored stoically to suppress all expression of it.

"In my side, here," replied the other, pointing to where the feathered end of an arrow could be seen protruding from his shirt; "and if you cut off the tail of the

then the end of the arrow, holding it firmly the while, so that it should not wriggle about, and hurt him more than they could help.

After this the barbed head was drawn out of the wound—which was just between the third and fourth ribs, and not very serious, as the ex-mate had thought. Then they stanchd the blood, and bound up the place with a silk handkerchief which the young engineer had taken from around his neck for the purpose.

Mr. Rawlings was immensely relieved to find that Seth was not so dangerously hit as he had at first supposed.

When he saw the arrow sticking out of his side, he thought it was all up with his poor comrade; so now that the case appeared more hopeful, he was better able to consider what course should be adopted for Sailor Bill's rescue.

After a moment's deliberation, during which Seth gazed at him with a look of piteous entreaty on his face, but did not interrupt him with a word, guessing what was passing in his mind, Mr. Rawlings's line of action was decided on.

"Here, Jasper," said he to the negro steward.

"Yes, massa."

"You must run back to the camp as hard as you can, and tell Noah Webster to pick out five or six of the men who can use their rifles well, and come back here with them and Moose—the wouldn't forget to bring him—to pursue the Indians. You must also bring a team of mules with the small wagon with you, the same as I told you about just now, although I did not then think to what a sad use we should put it, to take home Mr. Seth in; and look sharp now—why, what's the matter?"

Jasper had started up to go at Mr. Rawlings's first words; but when that gentleman spoke about the Indians while giving his directions, his alacrity and courage seemed to disappear together in company.

Instead of rushing off, as Mr. Rawlings had expected, almost before he could finish speaking, there he stood, twirling his battered straw hat about in his fingers, and looking the picture of cowardly irresolution.

"What, massa?" he tremblingly said, in answer to Mr. Rawlings's interrogation, his countenance white with fear, and his countenance wearing a most hang dog expression.

"Me go back lone 'cross de prairie, all dat way to camp? Suppose the Injuns scalp pore niggah same as Massa Seth! Golly, Massa Rawlin's, I can't do it."

"Is he afraid!" exclaimed Mr. Rawlings, his indignation heightened probably by the pain of his wounds. "You jest make tracks at once, as Mr. Rawlin's says, or else I'll—" and he shook his fist expressively to complete the sentence.

"Perhaps I had better go," said Ernest Wilton at this juncton. "Jasper seems to be so frightened that he might lose his way; and, at all events, he would probably have forgotten half your instructions when he got to the creek, and give only a garbled account of what has happened. I think I would make the best messenger, unless you would prefer me to remain with you in case the Indians should return in force before we get help."

"Go by all means," answered Mr. Rawlings. "I needn't tell you to hurry, my boy; you know the necessity of that on every account! Jasper shall stop here and help defend us in case the savages assault us before you get back;" and Mr. Rawlings could not help smiling as he spoke, in spite of their perilous position, at the comical idea of the cowardly Jasper acting as a protector.

"Bress us and sabs us, Massa Rawlings!" ejaculated the negro in mortal terror, about which there was no pretence or affectation.



CREEPING STEALTHILY THROUGH THE TREES, THE MINERS SAW THREE INDIANS SEATED AROUND THE FIRE.

distance from the higher level on which he was standing, was gesticulating frantically towards him, and Seth's voice assured him of his identity, if he had any lingering doubt on the subject, by shouting out as soon as he had come into sight across the sky line—

"Here, ahoy, man! Hurry up thar an' help a feller, can't you?"

"Here he is!" Ernest shouted back to Mr. Rawlings and Jasper, who were a few yards behind him.

Then, without waiting for them to come up, he hastened down the slightly shelving ground towards where the ex-mate seemed to be in some predicament, as he did not stand up, but was half sitting, half lying on the ground, resting his head on one arm as he waved the other to the young engineer.

"Hullo! what's the matter?" asked Ernest, calling out before he reached him.

"Injuns—been wounded," said Seth, in his usual curt, laconic way.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Ernest, quite taken aback by the announcement. "Indians! And where is Sailor Bill?"

"The durned critters have carried him off!" said Seth, with a sob.

"I'd a follered and got him back," added

thing, I reckon you kin pull it slick through, as the head's come out ahint me. But it's only a flesh wound, and ain't up to much, for it didn't touch my ribs."

"Well," said Mr. Rawlings, "you're a bit of a doctor, Seth, and ought to know if anybody does."

"Yes, it's only a scratch, I'm sertain, or I would ha' felt it more. My fut's the wunst of the two. But, lor' sakes!" added Seth, trying to get on his legs, and quivering with excitement, although the attempt was futile, and he had to sink back again into his half sitting, half kneeling posture with a groan, "don't you stop here a-consulting about me, Rawlin's, when that poor boy's life's in peril. You and Wilton had best skate off at once and foller up them redskins as has Sailor Bill. I kin wait wall enough till you git back again, old man, along with Jasper, who can do all I wants."

"We won't neglect the boy," said Mr. Rawlings, struck with Seth's selflessness in ignoring his own wounded condition under the consciousness of his protegee's danger, "but we must think of you all the same first."

And kneeling down by the injured man's side, he proceeded, with Ernest Wilton's assistance, to cut away Seth's shirt, and

"Don't say dat, don't now! m'ebbe it come out for true! I'd rader go with Massa Wilton, an' bring back the wagin for Massa Seth, sah."

"No, you won't," said Mr. Rawlings. "You hesitated to go when I told you, and now you shall stop here whether you like it or not!" emphasizing his words by laying his hand on the darkey's shoulder, in such an impressive manner that he could not but submit to the command.

But long before the question of Jasper's staying behind or going with the young engineer was settled, Ernest had started off on the back track towards Minturne Creek at a brisk run, and was shortly out of sight behind the top of the plateau they had just descended from.

Prior to leaving, however, Ernest considerably ordered Wolf to remain in his place, as he would be of much service in the event of an Indian attack, telling the sagacious animal to lie at Seth's feet, with a "Hi, watch there, old man!" an order which the dog at once obeyed, while his master was off and away in an instant.

"Well, Seth," said Mr. Rawlings, when the young engineer had disappeared from their gaze, "you haven't yet told me how this catastrophe occurred. But let me see your foot now, and I can examine it, and see what I can do to that while you are telling me all about it."

And Mr. Rawlings proceeded to cut away a portion of Seth's boot with his clasp knife—just as he had had to cut away his shirt before extracting the arrow, as it caused the poor fellow too much pain to pull it off—while the other went on with his yarn.

"Thar ain't much to tell," began Seth. "I an' Sailor Bill beat up the bush alongside that ther stream, arter partin' with you, and then, when we seed nothin' thar, made tracks for this yere perairy, as I discovered, when I got to the top o' that risin' ground yonder, some elk a feedin' down here. There was a herd of seven of 'em or more, an' some of 'em near enough I lets drive at 'em; and just then, lullaloo! I hear a screech like somethin' awful, an' an Injun starts up, just like a deer a walkin' on his hind legs."

"That's an artful dodge they have of putting on the skin of some animal, and approaching unsuspectingly within shooting range without alarming their game."

"Well, this her Injun," continued Seth, without noticing Mr. Rawlings's explanatory interruption, "rushed on me like a mad bull in fly time, and seen' as how he meant bizness, I drawed the trigger again, but missed him, and he flung his tommyhawk, which cotched my fut, and brought me to the ground as quick as lightning."

"And gave you a bad wound," said Mr. Rawlings, who by this time "I managed to take off Seth's boot and disclose the extent of the injury, a pretty deep cut right across the instep, which would probably lame the ex-mate for life, as far as he could judge.

"Wall, it do hurt some," said Seth, when Mr. Rawlings proceeded to bandage up the foot in the same way as he had done the poor fellow's side previously. "But I dare say I'll get over it soon, general. Ef I see Sailor Bill again I wouldn't care a cent about it."

"How was it that they carried him off, and you escaped alive? I can't think how they let you off when you were once down and at their mercy."

"Oh, I made a pretty good fight of it, I reckon, with the butt end of my rifle, and gave both those red snakes somethin' to remember Seth Allport by! For there was t'other an' me, as soon as Sailor Bill rushed in atween me an' the fust Injun."

"Did the boy really help you?" said Mr. Rawlings in some surprise; for, as has been previously related, Sailor Bill had never exhibited any trace of emotional feeling from the time of his being picked up at sea, save on that memorable occasion immediately afterwards, when, it may be remembered, he rushed out of the cabin when the ship was taken aboard.

"He did so," answered Seth, "an' the curi'est part of it wuz, he looked jest the same frightened-like as when he saved me aboard the Susan Jane, with his hair all on end—jes' so."

"It's very extraordinary," said Mr. Rawlings, "and then they carried him off?"

"Wall, I was making a good fight of it, as I told you, an' when Sailor Bill rushes to help me, as soon as he see me get up and collars him; an' then I heart that in dog bark, and I knowed what it wuz, an' so did the Injuns, too; for as I shouted out to let you know whar we were, they made tracks with poor Bill, lugging him off atween

them over thar," said Seth, pointing eastwards, where, however, nothing could now be seen.

"And that's all you know about it?" said Mr. Rawlings.

"Jes' so," replied Seth.

"At the same moment the negro Jasper, who had been gazing fixedly in the direction in which Ernest Wilton had gone for some time, uttered an exclamation of frenzied delight, and began to caper about."

"Golly, Massa Rawlin's," cried he, "dere dey is!"

The negro was right. As he spoke Mr. Rawlings and Seth could see a body of men advancing over the crest of the plateau, accompanied by a wagon drawn by a pair of mules.

CHAPTER XVI. TO THE RESCUE!

THE young engineer had accomplished his mission well.

Instead of publishing his news aloud, and thereby creating a commotion among the miners, who would all have wished to rush off to the assistance of Mr. Rawlings and Seth Allport, both much liked by all, and the rescue of Sailor Bill, to whom the men had become also as attached as the crew of the Susan Jane had been, Ernest drew Noah Webster on one side, and briefly told him what had occurred and what Mr. Rawlings had ordered to be done.

Noah was equally prompt and discreet. Mustering one of the gangs, who had completed their shift in sinking the new shaft, and had had a rest, he told them to get their rifles quietly and accompany him to the prairie, when he mentioned casually, in a way they appeared to understand, the boss and manager had come across some "red game" and wanted their help.

At the same time the backwoodsman ordered Josh, who was nothing loath to have the chance of abandoning his caboose duties for awhile, to have a couple of mules hitched to the wagon, and to accompany Moose, the half-breed, who apparently expected something was in the wind, to come towards him. The two conferred, while the miners and Josh were getting ready.

The whole thing, indeed, was so well managed, that within ten minutes of Ernest Wilton's arrival in camp, the rescuing party had started for the spot where Mr. Rawlings and Seth and the terror-stricken Jasper were awaiting their approach.

They formed a band of strong, well-armed, resolute men, consisting, besides the young engineer himself and Noah Webster, of Moose the half-breed, Black Harry—one of the former crew of the Susan Jane, a muscular giant who would have been a match for the three Indians in himself—and five of the miners, old Californian stagers, used to frontier life and rough and tumble fighting—in addition to Josh, of course, who drove the mule wagon.

As soon as the scene of the fray was reached, Seth was lifted carefully into the wagon and sent back to Minturne Creek, under the care of Jasper—who took the place of Josh as teamster, that darkey displaying considerably more pluck than the former, and evincing as much eagerness to encounter the Indians as Jasper did to avoid them—while the rescuing party followed on the trail of Sailor Bill's abductors.

"Silenzia!" said the half-breed, warningly, a moment later, hearing Black Harry talking rather loudly and threatening what he would do in case a hair of the poor boy was injured. "Silenzia! Senors must go soft, or Sioux hear mens speak!"

This happened just as they started, and from that moment not a word or other spoken amongst the party, the men preserving a solemn silence and marching one after the other in single file.

Moose and Noah Webster led the way, and tracked the course of the Indians like sleuth-hounds. They saw traces of the passage of those of whom they were in pursuit in places where, as in the rocky bottom of dry ravine they presently came across, no footprints were perceptible as they were when the trail led through the prairie grass, and followed in a manner most unaccountable both to Mr. Rawlings and the young engineer.

On and on, mile after mile, went the gallant little band, at one time stealing downward towards some bottom or valley, at another their route lying upwards along the steep ascending flanks of a mountain, until they had traveled over a considerable distance of ground from their starting point.

The prairie still stretched before them, the fringe of trees on the horizon which

Ernest Wilton had perceived some hours before still far off, but much nearer than they were then, although, as he soon saw, they certainly could not indicate the banks of the Missouri, as he had first thought.

Between this distant bank of timber, that stood out here under the shades of evening more strongly against the sky line, were sundry little timbered islands, as it were, amidst the vast ocean of spreading plain on which they stood.

As it grew darker, the half-breed, who was unacquainted with Wolf's sagacity, that equaled his own in following a trail, made them understand that they must give up the pursuit until the morning light, or the moon, should it not be obscured, enabled the trail to be deciphered. Wolf's master, however, showed him what to do, and a sort of leash being attached to the dog so that he should not go too fast on the scent and be lost sight of in the gathering gloom, the expedition started on again.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Moose, when they had continued their quest through the darkness with Wolf's aid for about an hour, more or less. "Hist! Light yonder! Stay here, I go see!" and he disappeared from amongst them.

The others halted on the spot, from whence they could faintly perceive the glimmer of firelight shining amidst trees in front of them; so they were evidently near one of those little wooded islands they had observed in the distance.

After an absence which seemed unconscionably long to those who remained behind, the half-breed returned, and from him it was said Mr. Rawlings divided the band into two portions, one of which he ordered to follow Moose, whose object was to take the Indians in the rear, while the main body attacked them in front, thus causing them to surrender probably at the display of their overwhelming numbers.

The two parties acted together by a concerted signal, without any recourse to their weapons, which would most likely endanger the life of poor Sailor Bill whom they had come to save.

All proceeded satisfactorily up to a certain point. The half of the band that accompanied Moose stole forward, skirting around the trees so as to get the Indians in a line between themselves and Mr. Rawlings's party.

Presently the solitary note of the melancholy whistling was heard from amidst the trees, to warn the others that Moose and his companions were in position, and they were to close in nearer to the Indian camp before the half-breed should give the second intimation that it was time for the final rush.

Black Harry's indiscretion, however, at this juncture spoiled Moose's plan of surprising the Indians and effecting their object with howl-blasted ease.

As they approached nearer the light that glimmered from amid the trees, they could see that three Indians were seated round it, while close adjoining them was poor Sailor Bill lashed tightly to a tree, and as helpless as a lamb waiting to be slaughtered in some butcher's shop.

The sight was too much for the unthinking and gallant seaman, so, despite Mr. Rawlings's strict injunctions to the contrary, he leveled his rifle and fired point blank into the group of Indians huddled over the fire.

The savages started up with a yell of alarm, and, seizing their arms hurriedly, one of them darted towards the motionless figure of Sailor Bill with an uplifted hatchet in his hand.

(To be continued.)

BIRD-FISH OR FISH-BIRD

The queer creature described below would be a good animal to name (if it only had a name), when playing the game of "Fish, Flesh or Fowl." It was discovered by a hermit who makes his home in the mountains of Wyoming, and who came across this freak of nature on one of the beautiful lakes of the region.

It is covered with down, softer and more abundant than that of the elder duck, and is mostly as large as those of a pike, and from the center of the latter spring two wide and strong fins. Beneath these fins grows the down, beautiful and luxuriant, while the lower part of the body is closely covered with feathers overlapping one another. The back is of a bluish color, and the feathers, while the fins display broad silvery scales.

Just in front of the fins there emerges from the lower breast feathers a pair of strong legs, which are attached broad webbed feet. The tail is the tail of a fish, but is straight up and is covered with luxuriant and bright red feathers. The creature lives at home both on the surface of the water and in the depths. It also frequents the land. The hermit states that he has seen the surface of the lake covered with broods of young.

[This story commenced in No. 233.]

Dick Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CANOE RACE.

AT the moment when Dick Broadhead uttered his warning, Hiram Carter and Jingo, who were paddling the boat, also caught sight of the danger ahead. With a few rapid strokes of their paddles they sent the canoe among the sedge and weeds that grew thickly at the water's edge, and afforded them a tolerably safe place of concealment.

"But had the enemy observed them before they turned aside? It appeared that they had not, for they made no pursuit, and the travelers heard no disturbance nor sounds of any kind among them."

"The canoes of the natives were stretched in a chain across the stream, and our friends, aware that they were lying in wait to intercept the fugitives, were at a loss to determine what they were doing."

"Perhaps they are fishing," suggested Carter. "They may have a drag-net right across the river."

"That may be," remarked Griswold; "or possibly they are on their way up the stream for some reason or other, and were resting when we saw them. Anyhow, I should think they will either pass by us and go up the river, or else go down it, and then when they are out of sight, we can paddle on a little further."

"A few minutes later, the canoe was cautiously moved out from the bank, and Dick Broadhead, peering out through the rushes, reconnoitered. He reported that the native boat were still in the same position as before."

"Another period of waiting, and a second reconnaissance was made. This time the canoes, seven in number, were seen to be leisurely paddling up the stream. They were still stretched at intervals across it; one of them was close to the right bank, and was approaching the travelers' hiding place."

"We must go ashore, and draw up the boat, quick!" said young Broadhead; and the canoe was rapidly moved through the rushes. Then its occupants sprang on the bank, and drew it up after them. The boat was hidden under the lowest branches of a thick shrub, and the travelers, lying at full length, concealed themselves as best they could.

"Here they waited in intense excitement. The steady dip of the natives' paddles was already audible, and in a few minutes the nearest canoe was passing the spot where the fugitives lay hid. They saw one of the eight savages who were seated in it point to the rushes, which were bent and broken, and showed that something had forced its way through them."

"The canoe halted for a moment, and the five concealed on the bank held their breath as the natives peered among the weeds and bushes, to see if the enemy was lurking there. They saw nothing, however, and did not stop to make a more careful search. No doubt the rushes were broken in many places by the feet of animals who came to the river to drink, and to investigate in every case would be impossible."

"The canoes passed on, and the travelers once more breathed freely as the sound of the paddles and the voices of the natives grew fainter and fainter as they advanced further up the stream. Ten minutes later, when they were shut out of sight by the bending of the river, Dick Broadhead and his companions crawled from under the bushes that had sheltered them."

"And the coast is clear now," said Griswold, "and we ought to make a few miles more before we go into hiding again."

"The canoe was launched once more, and the voyage down the river resumed, a careful look-out being kept, as before. No sign appeared of boats on the water or natives on the banks."

"Griswold relieved Jingo at the paddle, and he and Carter made the beat fly along at a good rate. Jingo went back to the stern, and he had hardly taken up his position there when he saw an alarming sight."

"In a little inlet in the river's bank, which had been hidden by the rushes from Dick Broadhead's vigilant eyes, but came

into view as the boat shot past its entrance, was a large canoe. Seated in it were two natives, and five or six more were standing on the land, and leaning on their spears. It was evident that the savages had not all gone up the river, but had left a detachment behind them to keep watch. The travelers had been too hasty in proceeding.

At the same moment that Jingo saw the natives he caught sight of the fugitives. A great hubbub ensued. The two natives who were already in the canoe started off in their excitement, as if they meant to kill or capture the whole party of travelers; which perhaps they might have done, as the latter were wholly unarmed. Then, recalled by the shouts of their companions on the bank, they returned, took them aboard, and started at full speed in pursuit.

"Meanwhile the vigorous efforts of Griswold and Carter had given their canoe a start of nearly a hundred yards. As soon as the natives got fairly under way, however, they gradually began to gain, for they had four paddles at work, while the others had two only.

"The pursuers kept up a very hot chase, and made as much noise as if their work was a pack of fox-hounds in full cry. They hoped, perhaps, to recall the other canoes to aid them in overtaking the fugitives, or to summon to their assistance any natives who might be upon the banks of the river.

"The travelers' attention was now principally concentrated upon the rear, where they saw their pursuers slowly creeping up nearer and nearer; but Dick Broadhead still sat in the bows, and looked for new dangers ahead.

"And it was not long before one appeared. The exciting race between the two canoes had lasted for some minutes, and nearly half a mile had been traversed. The natives had gained more than half the distance that had separated them from the fugitives, and were within fifty yards of them.

"Another boat put out from the bank, manned by five more natives. The pursuers shouted to the newcomers, who quickly grasped the situation. Heading their canoe obliquely forward, they started to intercept the fleeing craft.

"Griswold and Carter plied their paddles more desperately than ever, to get past this third boat before it could reach them, and cut off their retreat.

"It was an exciting race, and it seemed doubtful which boat would be the first to reach the point where their paths crossed. The savages splashed and shouted, while the white men silently and with set teeth sent their canoe flying through the water.

"In spite of all they could do the natives were a few feet ahead of them, and ran their boat directly in front of the fugitives' canoe.

"An instant later the two crashed together, the sharp nose of the travelers' boat striking the side of the craft that had intercepted them. The shock rolled the whites over on the bottom of the canoe, but the savages fared still worse, for their flimsy boat was cut cleanly in two, and the other passed over its waterlogged wreck, which remained floating in the water, while the crew were thrown into the stream and only saved themselves from drowning by clinging to the broken wreckage.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE STEAMER ON THE RIVER.

"THE attempt of the natives to intercept the travelers proved to be a fortunate incident for the latter. The canoes which they were lightly built, but their keel and stem posts were formed of a bent piece of wood, strong and sharply pointed; hence the relative position of the two boats which came into collision caused the destruction of that belonging to the natives.

"As the travelers' canoe cut its way through the wreck, one of the savages in the water clutched at it frantically, but a blow from Jingo's powerful arm loosened his hold and sent him backward into the stream.

"A moment later the pursuing canoe came up to the spot. The natives clinging to the wreck now turned to their comrades for aid, and grasped the sides of the boat that was still afloat as soon as it came within reach, in spite of the apparent unwillingness of its occupants to be seen to wish to add to the load they were carrying.

"The men in the water disregarded this, and proceeded to climb aboard the boat. Now if they had been on different sides of the canoe, they might perhaps have accomplished this without mishap, although it is

not a very easy job, as you may know, if you have ever tried to get aboard a small boat when in the water. But as it happened they had all taken hold of the canoe on the same side, and in their excitement and eagerness to get out of the river they upset the craft, and both crews were now in the same watery situation.

"The travelers saw the accident, and worked away at the paddles with renewed cheerfulness. In fact, they couldn't help laughing at the ridiculous plight of their pursuers.

"But the way in which the latter went to work to remedy the disaster was wonderfully prompt. They righted the capsized canoe, hastily bailed her out, and soon with six warriors seated in her she was ready to resume the pursuit. What became of the other natives the travelers did not know, but probably they had swum ashore.

"Meanwhile the fugitives had gained a long lead. But it was a considerable distance down the river before there was another bend in its course, and before they could reach this point, and so get out of sight, the natives were on their track again.

"At a trial of speed between pursuers and pursued. The course of the river continued straight and free from islands, and the travelers saw no place where they could conceal themselves and their canoe with a good chance of escaping the quick eyes of the natives. For a fight they were not ready, as they had no weapons.

"The banks of the river, too, became once more sandy and almost destitute of vegetation, so that there was no use in landing and looking for a hiding place on shore.

"It was simply a race between the two canoes, and no fresh interlopers appeared to take part in it. Dick Broadhead and Jingo took the paddles in place of Griswold and Carter, who needed a rest after their prolonged exertions, and the boat flew onward with an even keel.

"But still the savages, with their four paddles, gained gradually, and began to overhaul the fugitives. It was a long race, an hour went by, and they were drawing dangerously near.

"Come and take my paddle, Griswold, if your arms are rested," Dick said, as he felt his muscles weakening under the continuous strain.

"The change was hastily effected, Carter offered to relieve Jingo, but the Kaffir shook his sable features.

"Me not tired," he briefly remarked, while his iron arms kept plying the paddle with undiminished force.

"Norman Vincent, too, eagerly proffered his services to take his turn with the rest; but it was thought best to leave the paddles in the hands of Griswold and Jingo. The moment was lost while the former took Dick Broadhead's place, and as he was fresh after his rest the speed of the canoe was now increased, while the natives, who were probably getting tired, seemed to fall off a trifle.

"But the four paddles continued to gain on the two. It was evident that the race could not continue very much longer.

"Let us turn aside," suggested Carter at this point, "and try to run into their boat as we did the other. Then we should have a rough-and-tumble fight with the natives, and would have a chance, at any rate, of worsting them."

"But as soon as we let them get close to us we are at the mercy of their spears," objected Dick, "for they have two or three of them in the boat. It would be too risky."

"Well, we can't get away from these fellows," returned Griswold in a husky voice; "I've tried my best, and it's no use. Let them come on."

"And he threw down his paddle in the bottom of the boat, and crossed his arms, with a look of desperation on his face.

"Jingo paddled a few strokes, and then he too gave it up, and the whole party sat there in silence, with their faces turned sternward, where the natives were rapidly advancing upon them, yelling as they saw that the fugitives had ceased paddling, and now feeling sure of their prey.

"But they were destined to be disappointed once more. In the intervals between the natives' shouts, a strange puffing and splashing sound reached the travelers' ears from behind them, or further down the river. Turning to ascertain the cause, they saw a light that sent a thrill of thankfulness through them.

"A small side-wheel steamer was rapidly making her way up the stream, and

which the travelers could not at first make out, floated from a flagstaff in her stern. A gun was visible on her deck in the bows, and one or two men in civilized dress were also to be seen. Clearly she belonged to men who, if they could get to the travelers in time, would rescue them from their pursuers.

"Snatching up their paddles once more, Griswold and Jingo made a desperate effort to reach the steamer before the savages could overtake them.

(To be continued.)



CORRESPONDENTS.

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

DECLINED WITH THANKS: "The Stolen Yacht," "The Adventures of Two Boys in the West," "Dot Shaney Leette Buvah," "Days Long Ago," "The Otter Tail of the Chief."

J. C. P., Little Rock, Ark. No premium on your coin. M. W., New York City. No premium on the bill you describe.

DICK BROADHEAD, Little Rock, Ark. No premium on the watch you describe. A. J. M., Jersey City, N. J. The story may be published in book form.

C. F. M., Napoleon, O. No premium on the half dollar of 1828 or the cent of 1836. H. H. T., Norfolk, Va. "Every Inch a Boy" was published in vol. II of the Argosy, which sells at \$5.

R. B. K., Bristol, Tenn. If in good condition the fifty-cent piece of 1803 will command six-fifty cents. T. L. B., Richmond, Va. We hope to publish a series of articles on photography in the course of a few weeks.

J. E., Boston, Mass. Smear your twine with pitch which is what sailors use to prevent rotting from exposure.

J. B., Flatonia, Tex. The letter in which General Robert E. Lee resigned his position in the Union army in 1861 was written at Arlington, Virginia.

W. C. F., New York City. For information concerning the circulation of the ARGOSY see editorial entitled "An Unparalleled Growth," in No. 227.

RASMUS, Red Wing, Minn. The various athletic prizes on these books on India club and dumb-bell exercises at an average price of 25 cents each. J. M., Bridgeport, Conn. To get on the stage apply to any manager. Many boys think a surer way to find in making friends with the stage door-keeper.

F. A., San Francisco, Cal. If you have a taste for laboratory work we would advise you to enter the drug business rather than take up expert book-keeping.

CONSTANT READER, New York City. Your question is not sufficiently clear. The profession of civil engineering, if that is what you mean, is considered a good one.

F. P., Detroit, Mich. We do not know what you mean by a four-cent piece of 1722, as there was no decimal coinage previous to the Declaration of Independence.

W. B., Philadelphia, Pa. For reply to your first questions see answer to A. R. F., in No. 238, and for enlightenment on the other point read editorial, "College Expenses," in No. 236.

JACK ESMON, Worcester, Mass. 1. The half-cent of 1804, if in good condition, is worth from three to ten cents. 2. Electricity is not exactly matter, but falls a motion of particles. ALWAYS IN LUCK, Linton, Ill. 1. and 2. Please propound these questions to some agricultural paper. 3. The reliability of business houses is debatable as a subject for questions in this department.

A. G. B., New York City. 1. We should say that early in the morning was a better time to take exercise than late at night. 2. Dumb-bells should not be heavier than one-twenty-fifth of the user's weight. A. L., Silver Creek. Although we cannot furnish the exact figures, Mr. Harroum must have spent a large sum of money in equipping his show, leaving the salaries of the performers out of the estimate. S. J. C., Piqua, O. Most decidedly an actor should be a member of the A. R. F., but that in many cases companies begin rehearsing for the next season as early as August. We would refer you to reply to A. Reader, of Hudson, in No. 240.

A. E., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. The Declaration of Independence, printed in the manner you describe, may be worth something to collectors, if as you intimate it was in existence on July 4, 1776. 2. No premium on the fifty-cent piece of 1812.

H. S., Chicago, Ill. 1. We cannot give a cure for "kneec knots;" consult your physician. 2. A firm will and manly resolve not to remain in slavery to the habit of smoking, but to ascertain the means to enable one to abandon the smoking of cigars. G. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. Thomas Hardy lives in London; George W. Cable in Northampton, Massachusetts; Stephen Crane in Hartford, Connecticut; General G. T. Beauregard in New Orleans; and R. H. Stoddard in New York, where he may be addressed care of the Mail and Express.

ROYALTY, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. No premium on the half dollar of 1823. 2. The average height of a boy

of thirteen is 4 ft. 9 in.; weight 76 lbs. 3. As we have already suggested a good way to become strong is to eat nourishing food and use the muscles regular exercise. See reply to E. C. J., in No. 229.

LANCELOT, Tombstone, Arizona. 1. A Hungarian revenue stamp. 2. The latest edition of the International Stamp Album is the eighth in the series. 3. Yes, we will give a number of our two-cent paper, \$5 is paid in advance. 4. We should say that the newspapers you describe were scarcely rare enough to command the price you mention.

DISCREET BOY, New York City. 1. We may at some time publish another story by the author of "Pirate Island." 2. Yes, the author named is a regular contributor to the first four years of its existence the ARGOSY was on eight page paper. 4. You are probably thinking of the battle of Story Point, fought July 16, 1779, when General Anthony Wayne captured the fort from the British. Story Point is on the right bank of the Hudson, 43 miles above New York.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open free of charge, to subscribers and weekly readers of the Golden Argosy; but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or collections of water-colors; articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers of the Golden Argosy. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. We cannot make an exchange unless before doing so write for particulars to the address given.

We have on file a number of exchanges which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits. W. W. W., Ashbury Station, N. J. Two postmarks for every stamp. G. W. W., New York City. Two tin tags, for every stamp not in his collection.

G. Brush, 16 Pear St., Zanesville, O. A patent lever watch and 6000 tin tags, for a banjo, guitar, or watch worth \$5.

H. Terry, 320 Garden St., Hoboken N. J. A silver watch in good condition, for the first 4 vols. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

F. E. Shea, 102 Essex St., Boston, Mass. Books by Alger, Optic, and other popular authors, for a press, self-binding preferred.

Louis Singmaster, 100 Manhattan St. and Townshill Lane, Germantown, Pa. Two books, valued at \$2.50, for a stamp album.

Fred A. Leach, 170 Broadway, N. Y. Articles valued at \$17 (sent for list), for a press, chase not less than 5 by 7 1/2, with complete outfit.

Edwin H. White, 170 Broadway, N. Y. City. An upright steam engine valued at \$12, for the first 4 vols. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Leon Vignaux, 150 Hudson St., New York City. A horizontal bar, complete with ropes etc., for a banjo or other stringed instrument.

Roy C. Whitten, Colchester, Ill. A pair of Indian clubs, a pair of Indian engines, 4 skates, and 3 books by popular authors, for a banjo.

Charley Tobias, Olney, Ill. An International stamp album, a set of chessmen, schoolbooks, etc., for a quarter of a dozen or more stamps.

Donald Marrenner, 166 East 67th St., New York City. Ten postmarks, for every stamp put in his collection; 25 cents for every stamp put in.

F. A. Murphy, 426 South Park St., Baltimore, Md. Five books, for a Waterbury watch, a small printing press, or a set of 1000 blank stamps.

H. C. Rodeman, 77 Ferry St., Newark, N. J. A 3 by 1 1/2; press and outfit, valued at \$2, for an engine without boiler, or the castings of equal value.

Norman B. R. York, 100 Broadway, N. Y. City. A game of "Pearl Divers," a puzzle whistle, and several other articles, for a good time keeping watch.

William A. Whitney, Marlborough N. Y. A pack of gilt edged visiting cards, with name printed in English type, for every hundred foreign stamps, no ten senks.

W. C. Merchant, 403 Laurel St., San Antonio, Tex. 150 different good foreign stamps, and 50 curiosities, all valued at \$3, for every stamp not less than 3 by 4, with outfit.

Raymond E. Harvey, 628 F St., S. W., Washington, D. C. A complete steam engine, a bagatelle table, a press and outfit, and other articles, for a typewriter, or type.

Henry F. Ehrhrom, 115 Ninth Ave., New York City. Two sets of articles, for a 62-inch rubber tired steel spoke bicycle, Columbia preferred. Write for particulars.

Eugene H. Kirkpatrick, Russellville, O. Three books by Optic, "Central Africa" and "Central Asia," by Taylor, and an E flat piccolo, all valued at \$10, for a trombone.

H. A. Barnet, Box 46, Neenah, Wis. "Ivanhoe," "My Apling Kingdom," by Du Chailu, "Ready and Willing," a pair of roller skates, and a set of boxing gloves, for a good time keeping watch.

Frank La Pointe, Box 308, Huntington, Ind. A 23 tin steam yacht, with boiler and engine complete, speed 8 miles an hour, valued at \$10, for a self-binding press, with type, etc., of equal value.

W. W. Stevens, 26 King St., New York City. A pair of opera glasses, with case, and an electromagnetic battery, for a camera, with complete outfit, or best offer of a musical instrument.

R. T. Jackson, Phoenix, Arizona. A 5 by 8 photographic outfit, with Jensen plate holders, etc., and a silver hunting case watch, for a 1 1/2 or 2 horse power steam engine, or a 58-inch bicycle or tricycle.

John E. Thornton, Box 3715, New York City. A large self-binding foot power 6 by 4 press, with complete outfit, for a 50 or 62 inch rubber tired bicycle. New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City offers preferred.

C. E. Bow, Box 55, Titusville, Pa. A canvas canoe, 22 ft. by 30 in. by 12 in., with sliding seat, oars, etc. in good order, for a camera, with complete press, or engine, with or without boiler, capable of running a No. 4 Demas turning lathe.



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

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

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

In ordering back numbers enclose 5 cents for each copy. No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

As the time draws near for the America's cup races, great interest attaches to all the movements of the yachts that may possibly be the competitors. General Paine's new steel sloop Volunteer set her sails for the first time on the 21st of July, and took a trial spin out of Boston harbor. She behaved splendidly, made excellent time, gaining on all the steam craft that started out to follow her, and her owner declares himself perfectly satisfied with his successor to the Mayflower. Experts in yachting predict that she will have no trouble in running away from the Thistle in September.

The latter was to leave Scotland for New York July 25, with a crew of forty. And the cable announces that both her owner and captain are feeling pretty certain that they will carry the long absent cup back to Britain.

The result we cannot now foretell, but the race is sure to be an interesting one.

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

A QUEER TRICK.

At an outdoor entertainment not a hundred miles from this city the whitewash with which the cheaper seats were covered was not quite dry on the night set down for the opening. As it would never do to allow the spectators to go home with whitened garments, a supply of cushions was obtained, which small boys offered to rent to the public at five cents apiece.

Trade was so brisk that it seemed a pity to the shrewd managers that a remorseless sun should deprive them of it by drying the damp seats, so with something of an excess of business enterprise, they ordered the benches to be whitewashed afresh the next day, and the story goes that the brush has been used on them daily ever since. A sad though laughable illustration of the questionable devices resorted to in this advanced age of the world to coin the almighty dollar!

BAD NEWS FOR BATHERS.

The world certainly would appear to be turning topsy-turvy. We pick up a paper on one day and read of the beneficial effects to be derived from taking a bath in mud, and a morning or two later are informed through a similar channel that it is a great risk to health to patronize the free baths along the river front. Mud lauded as a tonic for the system and water condemned as dangerous!

However, by reading further we make out that it is not the fault of the water itself that it is thus placed under the ban, but on account of the facility with which diseases, especially of the eye, may be communicated from one to another of the swimmers by its means.

Those who share the alleged dislike of the Anarchists for ablutions may be pleased at this warning, and resolve to avoid bathing

until some new and safe fluid is invented for the purpose; but we imagine that those who can get a refreshing and healthful dip in river, lake, or ocean, will not be deterred by reading of the dangers of the city baths.

We note an ingenious idea in connection with the Children's Fete which took place in Hyde Park, London, June 22. There were 30,000 children present, and in order to insure peace of mind to anxious parents, a huge four-sided sign-board was erected in a conspicuous portion of the park, and on each side, painted in large letters, was the following: "LOST CHILDREN APPLY HERE." Flags fluttered from the top, and even in case a child was too young to read, an older one would be able to direct him or her to the proper quarter.

"FAIRLY STEADY."

This was the term used to describe the character of a young man, not long ago, concerning whose conduct in a certain matter grave suspicions were entertained. "He is regarded as fairly steady," reads the report on his standing in the community.

How that adverb "fairly" must have smitten upon that young man's heart! Only fairly steady. What leeway that left for the growth of suspicion into certainty, what a loophole for the entrance of distrust into the hearts of those to whom he had to look for exonerations!

Character, like a chain, needs to be carefully wrought in every part, for it is no stronger than its weakest point, and when the test comes, only its all-round perfection enables the whole structure to escape overthrow.

YOUNG MEN ON A CATTLE RANCH.

MANY of our readers write us inquiring whether we think they had better go to the far West, what the chances are for advancement in that region and so on. For such, the views expressed by Theodore Roosevelt, lately candidate for mayor of New York and owner of a large ranch in Montana, will possess peculiar interest.

Just at this time the cowboy is attracting a good deal of attention on both sides of the ocean, so it is not unnatural that his reputation should be looked upon with particular favor by ambitious boys fond of outdoor life.

But what is the reality? Days, sixteen hours long, of hard, monotonous toil, in all weathers, and with no present reward, for during the first twelve months of his stay on a cattle ranch, Mr. Roosevelt says that no eastern man is worth his keep. Hence he should go out prepared to work at any odd jobs about the ranch, and thus learn the business by degrees, and very disagreeable degrees they must be, too.

After about a year of this drudgery the would-be ranchman may possibly be entitled to begin receiving wages. Certainly he ought not to invest money in stock until he has made a practical test of the life in this manner.

NINETEENTH CENTURY HEROES.

THE ARGOSY is glad to observe that there is a growing tendency on the part of the press of the country to make special mention of acts of bravery, forming a healthful contrast to the records of the deeds and ways of criminals, to which, we regret to say, so much of their space is devoted.

A recent instance of heroism honored in this way was that in which John Perego was the chief actor. He was the fireman of the special train on which President Cleveland was traveling when the driving-rod of the engine snapped in two. The engineer was killed outright, and Perego was in the act of making good his escape when he suddenly recollected that it rested with him to try and prevent further disaster by shutting off the steam. And in spite of the havoc that the severed rod was wreaking in the cab, he retraced his steps, reached the lever, and at the imminent risk of meeting with a frightful death, succeeded in arresting the locomotive's mad career.

Of course, the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland were on the train that was thus preserved from possible destruction tended to enhance the measure of fame won by the fireman. There was, however, no such adventitious circumstance in the case of Andrew Robinson, the colored cook, who, not long ago, saved eleven lives from the capsized sail boat Mystery at Canarsie.

NELSON DINGLEY, JR.,

Editor of the "Lewiston Journal."

NELSON DINGLEY, JR., editor of the Journal, of Lewiston, Maine, is more widely known, probably, as a politician than a journalist, but his record in either field is a good one.

He was born at Durham, Androscoggin County, Maine, on the 15th of February, 1832, but during his early boyhood his parents moved to Parkman, Piscataquis County, and thence to Unity, Waldo County. Nelson Dingley, his father, gave his son an admirable example of industry and thrift, as he raised himself from poverty, and gained the respect of his fellow citizens, who, though politically his opponents, elected him to the State Senate.

Young Dingley attended the village school, and in his vacations worked on his father's farm and in a store also owned by the latter. He made rapid progress with his studies, and at twelve years of age he went to a high school which was three miles from his home, walking to and fro each morning, and evening.

When he was sixteen, he organized a society among the young men of the village of which did good work in the cause of temperance—a cause which Mr. Dingley has always warmly upheld.

During the following winter, and with one exception, the four subsequent winters, he taught a school at China, fourteen miles from Unity. Meanwhile he pursued his studies at Waterville, Maine, first at the academy, and later at Colby University, which was then called Waterville College.

In 1859 he entered Dartmouth College, and graduated with distinction in 1855. Then he studied law for a year in an office at Auburn, Maine, where his parents had now made their home.

Here he was brought into connection with the Journal, published in Lewiston, Auburn's sister city. He had just been admitted to the bar when he decided to abandon the law, and permanently take up journalism as his profession.

He invested his capital in acquiring control of the Lewiston Journal, and set diligently to work to develop his property. The paper had been a reputable and fairly successful weekly, but Mr. Dingley pushed it rapidly toward the front. He added a daily edition, and, assisted by his brother, Frank L. Dingley, raised the character and influence of the Journal till it became the foremost Republican paper of the State.

In 1857 Mr. Dingley was married to Miss Salome McKenney, of Auburn. He had already taken a strong interest in politics, having been one of the founders of the Republican party of Maine; and now his editorial position brought him more prominently forward in the political field.

His fellow citizens elected him to the State Legislature in 1861, and again in 1862. In the House his talents made him conspicuous from the first, and in 1863 he was chosen speaker. In that year he moved from Auburn to Lewiston, on the opposite bank of the Androscoggin River, and at the next session of the Legislature he represented the latter city. In 1865 he declined the speakership, preferring to lead his party on the floor of the house.

In all, he served six terms in the Legislature, and the energy, probity, and ability he displayed enabled him to do good service to the State. His speeches were short, earnest, and to the point, and helped to pass many useful measures. During these years he kept up his newspaper work, delivered a great number of addresses and lectures on political and social subjects, and presided over the State Lodge of Good Templars.

Higher honors now awaited him. In 1873 he was nominated by the Republicans for the office of governor of Maine, and was elected by about ten thousand majority. The next year he was re-elected by a still more handsome figure; but in 1875 he declined a third nomination.

He first entered congress in 1881, being elected to fill a vacancy in the second district of Maine, which he still represents. His effective and businesslike oratorical methods created a favorable impression at once, and he has long been reputed as one of the ablest debaters of his party.

He has served in each successive congress, from the forty-seventh to the present (the fiftieth) and has paid especial attention to measures connected with the currency, tariff, the liquor traffic, and above all American shipping—a subject of vital importance to his constituents, and on which Mr. Dingley is recognized an authority. He has constantly and earnestly labored to stay the unfortunate decline of the American merchant marine, and to remove the various causes which have combined to hamper the shipowners and shipbuilders of this country.

The oft debated fishery question, too, has been discussed by Mr. Dingley both in and out of congress. A speech on this topic at the dinner of the Merchants' Club of Boston, in March of the present year, was a very clear exposition of the subject.

Mr. Dingley is president of the Congressional Temperance Society.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

A CORRESPONDENT from New York City writes:

What are the necessary requirements to become a fireman on a locomotive? Is there any specification as to age? To whom should application be made?

The position of a fireman, and that of an engineer, to which the former leads, are onerous, responsible, fairly well remunerated, and much sought after. The qualifications are good habits—no company will retain intemperate men—physical competence, and a knowledge of the work, which must be acquired while serving as oiler or cleaner in the round house, or in some other inferior grade. Short sight or color blindness are fatal disqualifications. There is no definite limit of age, but only able bodied adults are employed.

Our correspondent must apply, with the best recommendations he can command, to the manager of some railroad. If he has any technical knowledge, it might help him. If men are wanted, he may secure a position in the round house, and, if he proves capable, become a fireman and subsequently an engineer by promotion.

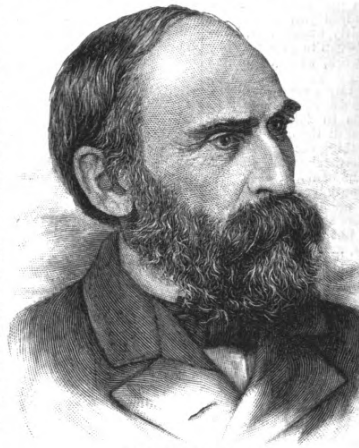
GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

They always talk who never think.—Prior.
PURPOSES, like eggs, unless they be hatched into action, will run into decay.—Smiles.

KNOWLEDGE of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.—Whately.
There are but a few thinkers in the world, but a great many people who think they think.—Lampson.

This way to keep your credit good is never to use it. It is one of the few things in this world that get brighter and more valuable with disuse.

MANY have been ruined by their fortunes; many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune. To obtain it the great have become little, and the little great.—Zimmerman.
FRUGALITY may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant in this world gets poorer, and poverty will enforce dependence and corruption.—Dr. Johnson.



NELSON DINGLEY, JR.



TOM HORTON EAGERLY AWAITED THE RESULT OF OLD NORTH'S INSPECTION OF THE NUGGET.

TOM'S NUGGET.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

IT was early morning, yet, early as it seemed, the little Australian mining camp on the slope of Mount Magoari was astir.

Smoke was curling up from camp fires where battered teapots bubbled and boiled, and "dampers" were being baked in the embers.

The air on every side was vocal with bird music. Clouds of parrots flew overhead in screaming flocks, cockatoos chattered in the gum trees, and magpies whistled through the ravines.

But Tom Horton, "the Yankee lad," as he was generally called, had no ear for the melody of feathered songsters on this particular morning.

He was heavy hearted, and, in consequence, irritable. And the gurgling, discordant and altogether exasperating "Ha, ha, ha-a-a!" of a laughing jackass (a species of large kingfisher) from a thicket directly behind the rude shanty, did not serve to soothe his troubled mood.

It was almost as though some malicious individual was laughing at his ill luck, he moodily told himself, as crouched before the blaze, he sat waiting for his tea to "draw."

Yet Tom had not seemed to deserve ill fortune, if there was any truth in the old saws about pluck and perseverance.

More than a year before he had quitted the worn out down east farm where he had patiently toiled for his miserly uncle since he was left orphaned and penniless by the death of his parents.

He had no wild visions of finding a great fortune ready made to his hand. He expected to work for what he *did* succeed in getting.

But the rolling stone thus far had gathered no moss. He had sought work in large cities, but his ignorance of city ways, his lack of references, and his shabby clothing were all against him.

Then he thought to try a new country, and worked his passage to London in a sailing ship. There, to his surprise, he found things ten times worse.

From London he shipped as ordinary seaman, at two pounds a month, for Melbourne, Australia. There he was robbed of his scanty wages on the second night after his arrival. By mere accident he got a chance to drive a supply team to Ballarat, and from Ballarat he had drifted to the Magoari diggings, ninety miles to the westward.

Twenty years before, there had been rich finds in this vicinity, and in those palmy days the digging was of the most hasty and superficial kind. In the greed for gold, men dug awhile in one spot, and if unsuccessful, deserted it for another. And in a "nuggetty" country not a foot of soil would be left unturned.

So a small colony of miners had located at Magoari, and here Tom Horton made his first essay at gold hunting. One and another of the friendly diggers contributed something to his simple outfit. They helped him repair a half-ruined shanty, and having taken possession of an abandoned claim close by, Tom went to work with his usual energy.

"And here I've dug and sweated for nearly six months," muttered Tom, disconsolately, as all these things passed in mental review, "and how much has it amounted to?"

Rising, Tom stepped into the shanty, which was lighted by a large window at the rear, gullless of sash or glass. From under the coarse straw pillow at the head of his bunk he took a small bag, from which he emptied on the slab table a few very small nuggets.

"Not twenty pounds' worth in all," said Tom, continuing his soliloquy in the same discontented tone, "and here I'm owing pretty near half of it for supplies!"

"Ha, ha, ha-a-a-a!" gurgled the big brown kingfisher from the dense underbrush close to the window.

"Con-found that bird!" angrily and unreasonably exclaimed Tom, and snatching up the nearest thing that came to hand, which happened to be a small iron skillet, he sent it crashing into the leafy thicket.

To his surprise and dismay, the act was followed by a howl of pain and a volley of oaths that certainly did not come from the

laughing jackass, which skurried away with another exasperating "ha, ha!"

A heavily built man, whose dark, forbidding features were half hidden by an iron grey beard, dashed madly from the thicket, holding one hand to a nasty cut just under one of his eyes, as Tom, sweeping his nuggets back into the bag, hastily returned it to his bunk.

The mildest type of colonial language is more or less emphasized by profanity; but during the whole of his stay in Magoari, Tom had never listened to anything like the fluent blasphemies that escaped the newcomer's lips, as presenting himself at the door he called attention to his wound.

"A-skitterin' of pots an' kettles through the winder into honist folks' faces as though the place was your own, you white faced young kid!" he roared after somewhat exhausting his first outbreak of profanity.

"Honest people haven't any business sneaking about in the underbrush back of a shanty window," sharply retorted Tom. "And as far as the place is concerned, I'd like to see any one make out that it wasn't mine," he went on, defiantly.

The man, who had a square brutal lower jaw, and a low retreating forehead, dashed his battered billycock hat on the ground in an ecstasy of rage.

"You would, eh?" he shouted, throwing his hand to his hip, where hung a heavy revolver.

Tom was too quick for him. Snatching from the corner an old single barreled fowling piece given him by one of the miners, he covered the stranger in an instant.

"Drop that or I'll riddle you with a charge of buckshot!" he said, but not a trace of his inward excitement was discernible in his voice.

By this time, a small crowd had gathered from the neighboring shanties.

"Thunder!" exclaimed old Jimmy North, as his eyes rested on the scowling face of Tom's would-be assailant, "it's Black Mike. I thought he was—"

"Hung, eh?" surlily interrupted the gentleman in question, whose right hand had left the revolver butt; "well, I ain't,

an' what's more, I've come back here to the shanty I built an' the claim I left nigh eighteen years ago—any one got anything to say ag'in it?"

It was evident to Tom, who turned his troubled face to the bystanders, that no one had. "Black Mike," otherwise Michael Deelish—with half a dozen aliases—was one of those characters not unlike the "Bad Man of Bitter Creek," known to the mining districts of southwestern Montana. He had been by turns a gambler, convict, ticket-of-leave man, digger and loungeur. Old North, who had been one of the original discoverers of the Magoari, remembered him as one of the community in his own day, and that he had abandoned his claim after taking out nearly two thousand pounds in gold.

"You better give up the shanty peaceable, my lad," he said to Tom, "mebbe some of us'll find room for you."

"No need of his leavin' less he wants to," put in the burly miner in a surly tone, "there's two bunks here; he's welcome to one of 'em, an' if he wants to go shares on the claim, I don't mind."

This was quite a concession on the part of Mr. Deelish, and Tom was advised to take up with it. But indeed he had no other resource. Until he was lucky enough to make more than he had been doing, he had no money to hire another shanty, and all the rest of the old claims were taken up.

"Very well," he finally said, and without being invited Black Mike proceeded to help himself liberally to Tom's tea and "damper."

It soon became evident that Mr. Deelish's idea of working the claim on halves differed essentially from the usual method. That is to say, Tom did most of the work and halved the scanty proceeds with his new partner, who spent most of his time smoking and drinking brandy obtained "on tick" at the cartoon.

"If you don't like it you kin leave," he said, whenever Tom spiritedly expressed his views on the subject. And as Tom's luck grew poorer, he could not save enough to help him get even as far as Ballarat. So he stayed.

Perhaps because tired of inaction, Black Mike finally took an industrious fit. Working vigorously at one end of the claim, while Tom plied pick and shovel at the other, he began tunneling toward his young partner, who in turn worked his way slowly toward Deelish, both carefully "shoring up," as they went along.

But their utmost toil did not avail them anything. A few small nuggets from time to time, this was all that rewarded their search. And one morning Tom woke up to find that his partner had decamped, taking with him not only the canvas bag containing their joint savings, but also the little one, which held his own private store. He had buried this last under a loose slab in the floor, but Black Mike had discovered the hiding place in some way, and levanted with the whole.

Threats of vengeance were freely made by the other miners—a perfectly safe proceeding when Black Mike was miles away. Tom, far heavier hearted than ever, swallowed his sorrows and his scanty breakfast, and started for his claim. What prompted him to enter the excavation was by his rascally partner, rather than his own, is one of those inexplicable things which there is no accounting. Some men call it Providence—others, "chance."

Induced by whatever cause, Tom crawled in with lantern and pick and began work on the narrow aperture. He could not, of course, sit, not stand, stopping from time to time to remove the dislodged earth in a rude drag which he pulled after him by a rope.

"Deelish didn't even take the trouble to half shore up," he muttered crossly, as he noticed how insecurely placed were some of the short props.

"Now look at that!" he exclaimed aloud, pressing his foot against one back of him. "I can shake it."

But the action suited to the word was a terrible mistake. The prop and plank it supported gave way, and with a deafening crash the tunnel caved in behind him!

There was but a moment for collected thought. Already he breathed with difficulty in the confined space of five or six feet which remained. Behind him were tons of earth. It would be hours before his absence would be discovered.

As nearly as he could estimate only a few cubic feet of earth remained between the two miniature tunnels, which had been slowly approaching each other for a fortnight.

Nerved with the energy of despair, Tom plied his pick vigorously, yet with care, packing down the thus loosened earth to make room as he advanced—every moment fearing to be buried beneath some falling mass.

Suddenly his pick struck something hard, but it never occurred to him, in the fight for life and liberty, what the obstruction might be, till he saw by the light of his bull's-eye lantern the dull gleam of yellow metal.

Yet what would gold avail unless he could reach the light and air, the latter especially, for he was gasping for breath?

He hardly glanced at the dislodged nugget, which fell before him till—oh, joy of joys, his pick penetrated into the tunnel beyond, and with a few more strokes the cavity was made large enough for him to squeeze himself through.

Five minutes later a faint shout from the mouth of the Yankee lad's tunnel drew several eyes in that direction.

"I believe the boy has struck it!" exclaimed old North, leaping out of the trench and hurrying toward Tom, who, pale as death, reeking with perspiration, dirt, and breathless, stood in the mouth of the excavation.

Two or three left their tents and shanties and rushed to the spot where old North, holding in one hand the largest nugget ever seen in Maguari section, was peering at it eagerly through his pocket magnifying glass, while Tom looked up eagerly, awaiting his verdict.

"It's the biggest find these parts ever saw, and the purest," said old North enthusiastically, and I am happy to say that there was not one who gathered to congratulate Tom Horton who was not honestly glad for him.

"If that tramp had worked half a day longer, he'd a found it instid of you, lad," said some one, as, after he had told his story, Tom, with his nugget held in both hands, made his way back to his shanty, scarcely able to believe in his own good fortune.

"Much good it 'nd a done Tom, though," grimly returned another. "Black Mike would have kep' it to hisself and lit out with it first chance."

But what "might have been" was not

worth speaking of, and for the first time in months, Tom Horton turned into his bunk with a really light heart.

And in the morning the bird concert which began with day dawn had no more appreciative listener than Tom, even when the laughing jackass started in, for now there seemed to be something joyously exultant in the bird laugh itself.

Not many more mornings did he hear it though, for as soon as possible Tom set out for Ballarat. And though his "find" was not in itself a fortune, the sum realized by its sale will, I have no doubt, prove to be the nucleus of a future fortune, if Tom goes to work the right way. He is beginning right now at any rate.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON:
THE PORTUGUES OF
THE NEW YORK BEASTLACK

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER LVII.

AN UNSATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.

AS Mrs. Newton entered the store of her prosperous relative she looked about her timidly to see if Mr. Simmons was in sight. He was in a small inner room, and she did not see him. She directed an inquiry to the nearest clerk, who happened to be Leon Granville. "Is Mr. Simmons in?" she asked.

Leon saw that the questioner was plainly clad, and as his respect was gauged by this circumstance he answered indifferently, "I don't know, I'm sure."

"Will you be kind enough to inquire?" returned Mrs. Newton with dignity.

Leon shrugged his shoulders and went to the door of the office.

"Mr. Simmons," he said, "there's a woman in the store who asks for you."

Elias Simmons looked slightly surprised. "Bring her here," he said.

Leon returned.

"Mr. Simmons is in there," he remarked with scant ceremony, pointing with his finger to the office door.

Mr. Newton, her heart beating with quickened movement, walked to the door of the office and stood on the threshold.

Elias Simmons looked up but did not recognize her.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked curtly.

"Yes, Elias. Don't you know me?" returned Mrs. Newton, eying him with earnest look.

He guessed the truth. He could see the familiar look in the face of the woman before him.

"No," he said. "I don't know you."

"Then you have forgotten your cousin Hester? Am I so much changed?"

"Are you Hester Newton?" he asked nervously.

"Yes; I suppose I am changed."

"I thought you were dead."

"Did you not recognize my son—the boy who was for a short time in your employ?"

"I had a boy named Newton in my employ. Was he your son?"

"Yes; I made sure that you recognized him and that it was for that reason you offered him a place."

"I hadn't a suspicion of it," answered Elias Simmons with unblushing falsehood.

"I am sorry to say he was unsatisfactory, if you care to ask me to take him back, I shall be obliged to refuse you."

"He was unjustly dismissed, but he obtained another position with a higher salary."

"He was lucky—under the circumstances."

"But I am in trouble about him again."

"Has he been discharged?"

"No, but he has disappeared. I have not seen him for two days."

"Was he trusted by his new employer with money? He might have been tempted to—"

"A mother's opinion, and not to be trusted. However, be it so. Have you thought of any explanation of the boy's absence?"

"Yes, he went on board a ship in the harbor upon the invitation of a stranger. He may have been carried away, though I can think of no reason for his being abducted."

"This is certainly very remarkable. Boys of his age are not abducted in these days. If it went off, it was doubtless voluntary on his part."

"We won't discuss the matter, Elias, for I see you are not disposed to do Ned justice. I feel sure that if alive, he will come back to me in time, and explain his sudden departure satisfactorily. But while he is away I am placed in a difficult and embarrassing position. He was my chief support. I am able to earn very little, and I am in danger of being turned out of my poor home unless I can meet the rent tomorrow. I came to ask if you would lend me a few dollars in remembrance of old times."

It cost Mrs. Newton a great effort to make this application, for she had a share of proper pride, and she did not look upon Elias Simmons, cousin though he was, as a friend.

But Mrs. Simmons was not benevolent or kind-hearted. His generosity began and ended in his own family. Least of all did he care to furnish money to the poor relation who stood in the way of his inheriting the entire fortune of his aunt Eunice.

"I am sorry for you," he answered, after a pause, "but I am really so hampered by business complications and engagements that I haven't five dollars that I can call my own. It may seem strange to you, looking at my store, but more than half a year has been very poor, and I give you my word that I haven't made as much out of the business as my youngest clerk."

Mrs. Newton certainly did not believe this, for she knew of old the meanness of her cousin Elias. Of course she could not deny his statements, but she looked her incredulity.

"If you are so poorly off I won't trouble you," she said coldly. "I shall trust to Providence to find some way of relief. There is one question I should like to ask you."

"Proceed!" said Elias, glad to have got off so easily.

"Is aunt Eunice still living?"

The merchant's face showed evident perturbation. He hesitated, not feeling quite sure what it would be best to say.

"She is dead," he answered at length.

"Poor aunt Eunice! When did she die?" asked Mrs. Newton, who did not doubt that the information was correct.

"Three years since," returned Elias glibly.

"I should like to have seen her once more before she died."

"No doubt you would," said Elias to himself.

"Of course you know that aunt Eunice was rich," he added aloud.

"Poor aunt Eunice! I always supposed so."

"She left nothing to either of us."

"I did not expect anything. I knew she was offended with me on account of my marriage."

"Yes, she never would forgive you that. I have heard her even up to within a few weeks of her death speak bitterly of you."

Mrs. Newton looked pained.

"I hoped that time would make her more forgiving," she said dolefully.

"She was a woman of very strong prejudices. She had a prejudice against me. That is the only explanation I can give of her passing me by as well as yourself. It was a grievous disappointment, and it will help you to understand why I am embarrassed financially. I don't mind saying that I spent money more freely than I should because of my feeling confident that she would leave me a few thousands at least."

"How did she leave her money, then?"

"To different charities. There was a woman who lived with her—Jane Barclay—who got something."

"Is Jane Barclay in New York? Where can I find her?" asked Mrs. Newton eagerly.

Elias Simmons bit his tongue in vexation. He saw that he had made a mistake in mentioning Jane's name. If his cousin Hester got upon her track all his engagements would be upset. How could he remedy this blunder? He had recourse to his ready invention.

"Jane Barclay is somewhere in the West," he said. "She had a brother in Minnesota—or was it Wisconsin—and she took her money, and went out there to him. I warrant he'll spend it for her."

This piece of information, too, Mrs. Newton took with a thoughtful questioning. It seemed so probable enough.

"I wish I could find Jane," she said. "Jane never turned against me, though my aunt did. She would have been a friend to me. I seem to be left wholly alone."

She turned to leave the store, but Elias

Simmons called her back. He must make an effort to get her out of the city, for as long as she was so poor at hand she was liable any day to come to the knowledge that Eunice Simmons was still alive.

CHAPTER LVII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

"I MAY be able to do something for you after all," said Elias Simmons with a change of voice.

"I shall be very much indebted to you if you will," said the widow, agreeably surprised.

"I have an acquaintance in Philadelphia who is in want of a housekeeper. He will take you on my recommendation. The duties will be light—"

"I cannot go to Philadelphia, Elias."

"Why not?"

"Because my boy is liable to return any day. What will he think if he finds I have disappeared?"

"You can leave word where you are."

Mrs. Newton shook her head.

"I am not willing to risk the chances of such a method. He is all I have to live for. If I thought he would never return," (her voice faltered) "I should not care to live."

Elias Simmons was disappointed and angry.

"That is the only way in which I can help you," he said coldly. "If you reject it and suffer in consequence, you can only blame yourself."

"I will thank you for the offer, though I cannot accept it. Good morning, Elias."

"Good morning."

Mrs. Newton left the store more depressed than when she entered it. The information that her aunt, by whom she had been reared, had died feeling bitterly towards her, saddened her. From her cousin she saw that there was no hope of assistance. What, then, was she to do? The next day Peter Murden, her landlord, would call for the rent, and she would not have it in full. She knew him too well to believe there would be any chance of extension.

Generally when the poor are in straits their thoughts turn to the pawnbroker, who, selfish and mercenary though he is, is often the only friend to whom the distressed can apply.

Mrs. Newton had a heavy gold ring—her wedding ring—which in all her poverty she had thus far been able to retain. She looked at it wistfully and sadly. The time had come when if she would keep her home she must part with it. Instead, then, of returning through Broadway, she turned up Chatham Street on her way to the Bowery, where she knew of several pawn-shops.

If she were at home," she thought, "I should not be reduced to this."

She paused in front of a small place whose character was indicated by the three balls that hung outside.

After a little hesitation she went in. Behind the counter stood a large man with a full face and florid complexion. He was an Englishman, as his appearance indicated.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, abruptly.

Mrs. Newton drew the ring from her finger and displayed it.

"What can you let me have on this?" she asked.

He weighed it in his hand carefully.

"Seventy-five cents," he said, briefly.

"Seventy-five cents!" she repeated, in painful surprise.

"Did you expect more?"

"It must have cost many times that," she said, in faint protest.

"Very likely. You don't expect me to give you its value, do you?"

"No; but—"

"You're like all my customers—unreasonable. Don't take me for a charitable society, ma'am. That ain't my business. I want to make a fair living."

"Is seventy-five cents all you can give me?" she asked, despondently.

"I'll make it eighty-five to oblige you; but you must decide at once. My time is valuable. Here's another customer. What can I do for you, sir?"

"I think I won't pawn it this morning," said the widow, as she turned to leave the pawnshop. It occurred to her that she might get a better offer in some other establishment.

The pawnbroker was already dickering with his new customer and did not comply.

Mrs. Newton went out, unconscious that a friend was close at hand.

A stout, pleasant looking man of thirty-five was slowly walking down the street, puffing an expensive cigar. His eye fell

upon Mrs. Newton as she left the pawnshop. He stopped sharp, and an expression of surprise appeared upon his face.

"Surely I am not mistaken," he said, as he extended his hand. "Is not this Mrs. Newton?"

"Yes," answered the widow; "but I don't recall your face."

"No wonder; you haven't seen me for a dozen years. Don't you remember a protegee of your good husband? I played a minor role where he had the chief part."

"Certainly I do, Mr. Mordaunt," said Mrs. Newton, her face lighting up with pleasure; "but you have changed."

"I should say I had. I was a slight strapping fellow when you knew me. Now I am fifty pounds heavier."

"I hope you are prospering."

"Yes, I have been fortunate. I have had a play written for me, with a special part which I take. I have been going about the country with my own company, and gathered in many ducats. And you?"

"I am a widow," answered Mrs. Newton, sadly.

"Yes, I remember," answered Mordaunt, in a tone of sympathy. "I think I heard that you had a son."

"I had—"

"Surely he is not dead?"

"I don't know—I hope not," faltered Mrs. Newton.

"Tell me all about it," said the actor, kindly. "Are you going up town? Let me hail a horse car."

Mrs. Newton, glad to confide the story to a friend, related the details of Ned's disappearance so far as she knew them herself.

"Oh, Ned'll turn up again, depend upon it," said Mordaunt, cheerily.

"I hope so; but—"

"He is sure to. Probably he was carried off in the ship, as you supposed. It may be some weeks before you hear, but you are bound to hear in time."

There was a hearty confidence in his tone which cheered Mrs. Newton, though she knew that he was no better able than herself to judge in the matter.

They reached Bond Street in little more than fifteen minutes, and Mrs. Newton made a motion to get out.

"This is the nearest street to my home," she said.

"Do me a favor and ride with me as far as Fourteenth Street," said the actor. "I am staying at the Morton House with my little girl."

"Then you are married, Christopher?"

"That is right. Call me by my first name, as you used to do. I have been married, and I am a widower, with a little girl of six on my hands."

"You must find it difficult to take care of her, with your wandering life."

"I do, and that is what I want to consult you about. I left Leila at the beginning of last season in a boarding school, where, I have since learned, she was neglected, and have just taken her away. I am puzzled to know what to do with her. If I could find some motherly lady who would take charge of her and be kind to her, I should feel much relieved. If, for instance, the widow of my old friend and master, Richard Newton, would consent to receive Leila, I would ask nothing better."

"But, Christopher, I am very poor."

"So I inferred from seeing you come out of a pawnbroker's shop."

"I never had occasion to go there when Ned was at home."

"And won't have again, if I can help it."

They reached the Morton House, and Mordaunt showed Mrs. Newton into the ladies' parlor. He returned quickly with a pretty little girl of six.

"Come here, my dear," said Mrs. Newton, her heart warming to the child.

Leila approached shyly.

In five minutes she and Mrs. Newton were attached friends.

"Do you like this lady, Leila?" asked her father.

"Yes, papa."

"Would you like to live with her while I am away better than going to boarding school?"

"I would like that much better, papa."

"Then I think that matter is settled. It only remains to arrange the terms."

CHAPTER LVIII.

A STROKE OF LUCK.

"I SHALL be satisfied with any terms you may choose to offer," said Mrs. Newton, "provided you consider my rooms a satisfactory home for Leila. If you have leisure I should be glad to have you go and see them."

"Very well. Leila, would you like to go with us?"

"Very much, papa. I am tired of staying here alone."

Leila put on her hat, and they all walked, the day being pleasant.

Mrs. Newton occupied three rooms. They were situated in a respectable though not fashionable neighborhood, and were neatly furnished. She waited with some anxiety for Mr. Mordaunt's verdict.

"I see nothing to object to," said the actor. "I care more for the character of the person with whom I place Leila than for the style in which she lives. It might be convenient if you had another room, to be sure."

"The rooms below mine are larger, and there is one more. They occupy the entire floor, while this floor is divided into two apartments."

"The rent is probably higher."

"It is six dollars a month more."

"I should like to have you exchange, then. I will give you an order on a furniture warehouse for what extra furniture you need. And now as to terms."

"Will five dollars a week be too much?" asked Mrs. Newton, hesitating.

"My dear Mrs. Newton, you surely are not in earnest!"

"If that is too much—"

"Too much! It is ludicrously small. Do you understand that you are to board and instruct this young lady? You have no idea what a charge she will be."

"I think," said the widow, smiling, "I shall fare better if I let you fix the price."

"I will pay your rent and allow you fifty dollars per month besides."

"But this is magnificent. It is altogether too much."

"My dear Mrs. Newton, you need not trouble yourself on that score. I make from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars a year, and I have no one to spend money on but this child. I would authorize you to hire a much nicer place but that I understand your wish to remain where your boy will find you when he returns."

"You think he will return, Mr. Mordaunt?"

"I feel sure of it. And now, how soon will you be ready to receive Leila?"

"At any time, if she will not mind the inconvenience of moving."

"I will bring her around to-morrow. Meanwhile, as you are probably short of money, let me advance you fifty dollars on account."

"It will be a great convenience," said Mrs. Newton, brightening up.

"So I suppose. To-morrow I will hand you the first month's rent, in addition."

"How kind you are!" said the widow, gratefully.

"You can repay the kindness, if you consider it such, by caring for my child. And now, Leila, we must leave Mrs. Newton, who will be busy."

"I cannot move till to-morrow, for my landlord will not call till then."

"Very well. I shall be satisfied with any arrangements you may see fit to make."

When Madge returned home she was very much amazed at the change which Mrs. Newton announced to her.

"It won't be necessary for you to sell matches any more, Madge," said Mrs. Newton. "I shall keep you at home to help me, and I shall instruct you with little Leila."

"Is she a nice little girl? She will be great company for me."

"I am sure you will like her, Madge."

"Besides, if I don't go out to sell matches, I shall not be afraid of being pounced upon by aunt Bridget. Every day I go out I am afraid she will appear."

Yes, there is one of the advantages which shall gain from the new arrangement. Think how rich we shall be! If we only had Ned at home, we should have nothing left to wish for."

"He will be sure to come," said Madge.

"I dreamed only last night he was back again."

It was a foolish reason, perhaps, for taking comfort, but even this appeared to Mrs. Newton a hopeful omen, and her face became brighter.

"Heaven grant your dream may be realized, Madge!" she said fervently.

Punctually at ten the next morning the landlord appeared. He had not much expectation that his rent would be ready, and had made up his mind to be inflexible. No doubt he would be annoyed by prayers and entreaties for more time, and he became indignant in advance at the unreasonable-ness of tenants, in general, and the anticipated unreasonable-ness of Mrs. Newton, in particular.

When he entered the room he was rather surprised to find the widow calm and apparently undisturbed in mind.

"Well, Mrs. Newton," he began abruptly, "of course you know what I have come for."

"You have come for your rent, I suppose, Mr. Murden."

"Precisely, and I take it for granted you have it ready."

"You shall not have to keep you waiting any longer."

"You're a sensible woman, Mrs. Newton!" said Murden, agreeably surprised. "I was sure you would manage the matter—"

"But Mr. Murden, I think I would like to make a change."

"What! After you have commenced the month, you want to leave the rooms on my hands? I can't permit it. Here is the floor below empty, and no immediate prospect of a tenant. There is no end to the impositions practiced upon landlords."

"You don't understand my meaning, Mr. Murden. I want more room than I have here, and with your permission I will hire the floor below instead of these rooms."

Mr. Murden was amazed.

"But the rent is considerably higher," he said, puzzled.

"How much higher?"

"Five dollars a month."

"I will pay you a month in advance," said the widow, and to the landlord's amazement, she tendered him two ten dollar bills.

"I thought you were poor. You told me so day before yesterday," he said, in amazement.

"I have had a stroke of good luck. I am to have charge of an old friend's child, and shall be liberally recompensed. Shall I hire the rooms?"

"Certainly, and I shall be glad to have so good a tenant," said the landlord briskly. "You can move in at any time."

"I will move in to-day."

Peter Murden gave the widow a receipt for her money, and departed in high good humor. He could more easily rent the rooms Mrs. Newton was about to vacate than the more expensive floor she had hired instead.

Two days passed. Mrs. Newton had got well established in her new apartments, which she found much more convenient than the rooms above. Leila seemed quite happy in her new home, and Madge was delighted to have a companion. Mrs. Newton's purse was well filled, and she felt justified in a more liberal scale of expenditure. In her new prosperity nothing seemed wanting except the presence of Ned.

One evening she heard a knock at the door. Opening it her eyes rested on a young man of small figure, dressed with great care.

"Is this Mrs. Newton?" he asked shyly.

"Yes, sir."

"The mother of my friend Ned Newton?"

"Yes; have you any news of him?" asked the widow eagerly.

"No; I only heard to-day of his absence, and I came round to offer you any help in my power. My name is Roscoe St. Clair. I have heard Ned speak of you often, and I am glad to see you. Come in, please."

St. Clair was surprised to find Mrs. Newton so comfortably fixed. He knew she had been dependent upon Ned's earnings, and he feared she would be in distress.

"I hope you'll excuse me," he said, "but if you are at all short of money on account of Ned's going away, I have ten dollars which I shall be proud to lend you."

Mr. St. Clair returned the widow warmly, "you are a true friend. Fortunately I do not need a loan, but if I do I will be sure to think of you. You are much kinder than Mr. Simmons, my cousin, to whom I applied in vain for assistance."

"That reminds me. I met him this morning, and he asked if I could tell him where you lived."

There was another knock at the door. Mrs. Newton opened it, and to her exceeding surprise saw her cousin, Elias Simmons, on the threshold.

(To be continued.)

A JACK TAR'S TABLE.

The man for running away to sea no longer induces large numbers of boys to leave comfortable homes to rough it in a ship's fore-castle, and find out for themselves the hard lines that fall to a sailor's lot. But lest it might break out afresh, the ARGOSY takes the precaution to quote from the San

Francisco *Call's* article on the style of bill of fare that prevails at the forecastle tables of the merchant marine service.

On board all deep-water vessels, three meals are served daily, at 8 A. M., noon and 6 P. M. Besides this, what is called early coffee is served to the watch on deck at 5 A. M., before the work of washing the decks commences. The cook, or as he is always called, the "doctor," is the most important personage on the ship, and lucky is the seaman who can keep good friends with him, for he is certain to get lots of "malicious" and "one-shot" term given to the viands that are left from the cabin tables. These are also called "sublimed," and are brought forward in what is called the dog basket, a large basket lined with tin.

Every sailor, when he goes aboard, is provided with a knife, fork and spoon, a "hook-pot" and a pannikin. The hook-pot is a tin pot with an iron hook riveted on so that it can be hung on the side of the bunk while Jack is using both hands to eat with.

In England everything is said to be done by act of parliament, and the sailor's food is certainly regulated by an act of parliament. The fare is fixed by law. In this country it is fixed by an act of congress, and in vessels of both nations the ship captains are compelled, under a heavy penalty, to post in an authorized place in the fore-castle a copy of the agreement signed by the sailors on shipping, containing the quantity of food to be served.

The regular allowance of food for each man in both English and American merchant vessels should be as follows: Bread, one pound; ten-eighths of an ounce of rice; one ounce of peas; one pint; rice, one-third of a pint per week.

A landsman might think that one-half pound of beef or one-quarter pound of pork would be sufficient for a man, but when it is considered that a good deal of it is cut off as unfit for human food, and that the overboard, that the meat is weighed with the bone in, and that when salt meat is boiled it shrinks a great deal, Jack won't have much meat left to eat with his hard work.

or, as it is always termed, "salt horse," is always all lean, and the salt pork is generally all fat.

A good deal of this meat has made several voyages around the Horn or Cape of Good Hope, and when the cask is opened smells frightfully, and is really unfit for human food. When cooked the meat for each watch is placed in a wooden receptacle called a "kid," and taken into the fore-castle.

The peas are made into soup, the flour is made into "duff." It is mixed with water and boiled in a conical shaped bag in salt water. This makes the outside of the duff taste salty.

On being taken into the fore-castle, one man cuts the meat into pieces, and there are men in the watch, some pieces large, and others. Another one then turns his back, and as the carver holds up a piece on his jack-knife and says, "who's this whack for?" designates the man who takes the piece. Sugar is eaten with the duff, or molasses when served out extra, as is often done.

The pea-soup is often made thick by pouring a little vinegar in and eaten that way, and some old salts stir a spoonful of sugar in the soup, making a queer mess.

Every day, and maybe, the skipper's birthday, raisins are boiled in with the flour, and then "meat duff" is served.

"Whenever a pig is killed on board ship the afterguards get chops and sausages, and Jack gets sea pie, and it makes his mouth water to think of it for it is a fine meal, and, like angel visits, few and far between.

The meat is always sent to the fore-castle a month, and it invariably happens that all or nearly all the meat is eaten at the table for the following supper and breakfast next morning Jack has nothing to eat but hard-tack, washed down with the decoctions called tea and coffee.

Sailors have some peculiar dishes with peculiar names, that they make from the scanty ingredients of the fore-castle. In the burning tropics Jack has to satisfy his immense thirst all the twenty-four hours on three pints. Even washing his face out with water is a luxury.

Often all hands are seen with parched mouths, waiting for the daily allowance to be given out. On a Sunday one man comes aft to beg a bucket of water, and that water may wash their faces. Since the introduction of hoisting engines on board sailing vessels and, in many, apparatus for raising masts, more than the legal allowance is sometimes served out.

BLOWN TO EUROPE.

It is reported that a gentleman in Waterbury has invented a new system of traveling.

He believes that Europe and America may be united by pneumatic tubes under the ocean, through which passengers can be blown at the rate of a thousand miles an hour.

The tubes will always be in couples, the air current in one tube moving in a direction opposite to that in the other. The speed of the car is to be governed by the capacity with which air can be forced through the tube. Great speed, says the inventor, may be attained by applying the steam driven fans used in blast furnaces, and also sails that twenty men could furnish motive power, and there is no reason why it could not keep in motion trains connecting the new and old worlds.

He has submitted the plan to the experts connected with a scientific newspaper and has received a favorable report.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY WILLIAM A. DOUGLAS.

NED MANNING was keeping his hour of anchor watch from twelve midnight to one A. M. on board the fishing schooner *Advance*, anchored on the Sable bank.

There was a moon, but it barely served to make the drizzle and murk and general gloom still more pronounced. The deck was awash with the black seas which came tumbling in over waist and bows as the schooner alternately plunged and rolled and tugged at her seventy fathoms of hemp cable. To stand without hanging on was impossible. Ned, wrapped in his oil skins shiny with the water, stood on the top step of the companionway ladder with half his body thrust up through the open slide, heaving in every limb and half dead for want of sleep.

Why? Well, if you or I had fished in an open dory from five A. M. till six P. M., and then dressed—or more properly undressed—a deck of fish after supper, working till eleven at night, we should probably know why. Speaking from personal recollection I would rather be three weeks off Cape Horn than six "on the banks."

But Ned Manning's father before him had fished for a livelihood, and when he was lost in a gale "on George's," Ned had to assume the duty of providing for the little household. The Gloucester boys, generally speaking, take to water like ducks, and begin their sea apprenticeship by a fishing trip or two as a matter of course, often adopting it as a profession.

Ned, however, had higher ambitions. Nothing short of the actual command of some large vessel would satisfy his aspirations. True, he was only sixteen years old. Yet had not his own grandfather been master of a brig and made trading voyages to the South Pacific at twenty? And what had happened might happen again.

It was blowing strongly from the northwest, with a fearfully heavy sea, which in a gale runs higher on the banks at times than it does in mid ocean by reason of the comparative shallowness of the water.

"I wish the skipper had anchored almost anywhere else but to the eastward of Sable Island, right in the track of Quebec lumber droghers," muttered Ned, straining his eyes to penetrate the gloom; "but he—"

Here Ned came to a sudden stop. Was it his fancy, or did he see two pin specks of light ahead in the darkness?

"Skipper!" he roared down the companionway, "turn out and bring the flare on deck, will you? I think I see a vessel's lights ahead."

Skipper Roberts, who always slept with one eye open and never took off his clothing during the trip, was out of his bunk in a twinkling, followed by Joe Dame, who had heard the cry.

But the "flare," a sort of torch made with oakum saturated with kerosene, had got mislaid.

"Like everything else aboard this cussed old packet," growled the skipper as he turned to his bunk. From behind his pillow he produced a tin "bull's-eye" lantern with a powerful reflector, and hastily lighting the same, hurried on deck, followed by the lantern under a fold of his rough coat, the skipper sent the strong glare streaming out into the gloom, while Ned and Joe steadied themselves by holding to his arm. Like all fishing schooners, the *Advance* had a lantern swung aloft on the fore stay, and the two lights thus shown would ordinarily serve to warn away approaching vessels.

But the position of the lights ahead, which were now plainly resolved into red and green of port and starboard respectively, did not change, and indeed were much nearer than at first supposed.

"Turn out below," thundered the skipper; "there's a vessel bearing down on us—turn out."

As he thus spoke, the skipper seized an axe from the bracket at the side of the cabin, and, seeing that Ned had taken the wheel, started forward to stand by the cable ready to cut it should it become necessary.

In view of such an emergency, as well as to steady the vessel in a heavy leeway, either the balance reefed foresail or a small riding sail at the main is always kept set while at anchor on the banks, so that the instant the cable is severed, all that is necessary is to slack off the sheets, and the vessel will wear round on her heel in time to avoid collision.

On came the strange craft, not steadily, as could be seen from the "yawing" of her sidelights from port to starboard, yet holding a course that would inevitably run the *Advance* down unless changed very quickly. One of the crew had found and lighted the torch, which sent a glare out over the surging sea that could not fail to be seen by those on board the strange vessel.

"Great heavens, she'll foul us in spite of everything," yelled skipper Roberts.

lower fore topsail, fore staysail and main trysail he discovered at a glance, as he climbed the gangway ladder. But where was the officer in charge of the deck? where—

"G'way, g'way f'om China boy. China boy 'daid' Melican ghost!"

The affrighted exclamation, in a high shrill falsetto, proceeded from a small yellow featured individual in a blue blouse and petticoat trousers, who, clutching the spokes of the wheel, was alternately heaving it up and down, with a nervous energy peculiar to the awkward or inexperienced helmsman.

Terrible as was the tragedy to which he had just been a witness, and from which he had been so mercifully delivered, Ned was obliged to laugh as the young Chinaman, with chattering teeth and protruding eyes,



AT NED'S CRY, THE SKIPPER RUSHED ON DECK WITH A SMALL BULL'S-EYE LANTERN.

"Stand by the fore sheets a couple of you—hard up your wheel, Ned!"

With the command, the skipper's axe descended on the taughtened cable, which parted with a sharp twang—but a moment too late.

Balanced on a great sea directly above them loomed the bows of a brig under short sail, running directly before the gale! One great cry arose from the crew on the deck of the doomed schooner, as, before the *Advance* could swing off, the coming vessel plunged swiftly down upon them.

The brig's bows crashed through the schooner's side as though it were pasteboard. As the *Advance* heeled over, Ned, who had let go the wheel, saw the brig's jibboom directly above his head, and avoiding its downward swing, clutched frantically at one of the bobstays.

In another moment he felt himself swung aloft by the rise of the bows, and scrambling upward he clambered on board, as the brig went dashing over the spot where the *Advance* had gone down in one terrible moment.

Breathless and bruised, Ned staggered to his feet and felt his way aft through the darkness, wondering greatly at the unaccountable absence of the watch on deck.

That the brig was "light" or in ballast, and running dead before the wind under a

let go the wheel and clasped his lean fingers together in an agony of fear.

"I'm no ghost, John," he said, as he himself seized the wheel just in time to prevent the brig from coming to on him.

"Though I came near being made one just now," he could not help adding, with a half shudder.

"But where is the crew?" he continued, staring about him in bewilderment, as the China boy, seeming to gather up courage, timidly ventured to touch his hand, that he might decide whether Ned was really flesh and blood.

"Cap'n an' clew all gone," returned John, with a solemn shake of his head, about which his pigtail was neatly coiled and skewered with a hairpin.

"Gone—where?" was Ned's astonished response, as leaning forward, he peered down the open companionway into the cabin, which, so far as he could see, was empty.

"Donno—gone off in boat," said Wang Lee, and then with much clicking of the tongue and great difficulty with the letter "r" he went on to explain.

The *Lech* was an old brig, well insured by the captain, who was her principal owner. She had sailed in ballast for Boston the week before, and began leaking badly after the third day out.

The pumps were kept continuously going, but the water gained on them, as the evening before the captain and crew abandoned her in the boat, leaving poor Wang for whom there was no room, to his fate.

Now Wang, who was quick-witted, had seen the captain emerging from the hold in the dog watch, with the carpenter's auger in his hand, and suspecting what the trouble might be, he went below with a lantern, to find four feet of water and a stream flowing in through an inch auger hole made below the water-line.

To heave out a plug and stop the leak was the China boy's first operation, though he was up to his neck in water while doing it.

The brig had been here to under short sail to facilitate the safe lowering of the boat, and to let go the braces on one side and haul the yards square was not very difficult, as the topsail itself was not much larger than a twelve hundred ton ship's topgallantsail.

Then, taking the wheel, Wang, who could steer after a fashion of his own, got the brig before the wind, which, moderate at first, had gradually increased to a gale. Once there, he dared not leave it lest the brig broach to, so since about nine o'clock of the evening before, Wang had been grinding away till he was thus unexpectedly relieved.

"But where did you expect to get to?" asked Ned in great astonishment as Wang, holding on by the binnacle, thus told his story.

A cunning smile shadowed Wang's yellowish visage. Truth to tell he had not the slightest idea. In one sense he was "going it blind"—to use a slangism. But little by little Ned drew from him that he had a vague hope of meeting with some other vessel and getting assistance.

"Den cally bing into port—Wang gettee big salvage," he said, and in his small black eyes was a covetous gleam.

Salvage! Ned's heart gave a great leap. He knew enough about navigating by dead reckoning, as most fishermen do, to bring the little hundred and fifty ton brig into the nearest port if the weather would moderate. And in this case it would be Ned Manning who as master and navigator, rather than Wang Lee, cook and steward, would get the larger share, as was perfectly right and just.

So with a very light heart Ned stood at the wheel, steering the flying brig and laying his plans, for already he could see that the gale was lessening.

After Wang had made some coffee which refreshed them both, he relieved Ned, who went below. The chart lay open on the table with the course marked in pencil up to the time she had been deserted on the western edge of the Banks of Newfoundland.

Careful measurements and calculations showed that he was within three days' sail of Halifax, which was the nearest accessible port.

In the morning the gale had abated considerably, so that the fore topsail was masted by the taking the halyards to the capstan. By noon the small top gallantsail and outer jib were set.

Then for three days and nights the two took turns in steering and cooking—fortune favoring them with a fair wind, till, on the following Sunday morning, the brig sailed up Halifax harbor.

Ned even refused to let a pilot come aboard, following an inbound fishing vessel to an anchorage a mile from shore. The anchor was let go, chain run out, and together the two managed to roll up the sails a yard arm at a time.

Then Ned went ashore and told his story to the American consul, who, greatly interested, did all in his power to help him. Ned telegraphed home of the schooner's loss and his own safety. Then leaving the case in the consul's hands, he himself returned on a homeward bound fishing schooner to Gloucester.

The brig's captain and crew were never heard from, and it is supposed the boat was swamped in the gale. A compromise was effected with the captain's heirs, and Ned Manning found himself in the receipt of a snug sum of money as the reward of his pluck. Wang Lee received much smaller amount, to his great disgust. And so ends a story which at least has one merit—it is strictly true.

[This story commenced in No. 286.]

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 XXVI.

JACK'S LIFE ABOARD THE KERR.

R. FONTAINE was directing the different "jobs" (as they are called on shipboard) at which the watch on deck were at work.

Bob Raymond, unquestionably the most thorough seaman on board, was stitching a new main topsail to replace the one blown away in the recent gale, while Andrew was replacing the roping on one of the lower ones, which had been unblet and sent on deck; English Ned was helping him.

Peter, in the maintop, had a small splicing job, and Carl was tarring a new set of seizings forward.

Mr. Fontaine regarded Jack with something like disfavor as he stood waiting to be set at work.

"A stupid greenhorn in place of the good man we lost," he growled. Very different in speech and manner was Mr. Carlos Fontaine on shipboard from that young gentleman when associated with the young people of Mapleton, though he took special care that his bullying propensities and vindictive temperaments should not come to the knowledge of Miss Jennie, before whom he was all smiles and courtesy.

"I can learn, sir," returned Jack. His brief discipline on board the Nancy had taught him that while on land one may show a proper degree of resentment for insulting speech or manner, it is a very different thing at sea, where the word "discipline" has the widest possible range.

"Learn!" scornfully repeated Mr. Fontaine. "Well," he continued, after a short pause, "I'll let you begin your lesson at the royal truck and work your way down."

A coil of new small line to replace the old signal halyards, which had chafed off the night before, was lying on the main hatch.

Giving Jack one end of it, Mr. Fontaine pointed aloft.

"Take this up inside and clear of everything," he said shortly; "reeve the end through the two sheaves in the main royal truck and bring it down again in the same way."

Bob Raymond, who with the folds of the topsail across his lap, was sitting on the main hatch handling palm and needle with surprising dexterity, looked up in astonishment.

The wind though steady was strong, and the ship, running almost directly before it, was rolling heavily, occasionally dipping her rails under in her deep alternate lurches from port to starboard. To send a landsman—so to speak—and one whose nerves, shaken by what he had recently gone through, were none too steady, to send such an one to an altitude eighty feet above the sloping deck, where, clinging with his legs twined about the slender, slippery royal pole, he must use both hands to perform his appointed task, this was certainly uncalled for.

"I don't think Jack is quite strong enough for that, sir," said Bob, speaking with a certain show of outward respect. No man in the crew but himself would have dared thus to have spoken, but Bob Raymond was no ordinary sailor, as Carlos Fontaine knew very well.

"Mind your own work, will you?" was the angry reply, "or I'll—"

"Oh, no, you won't, Mr. Bell—I mean Mr. Fontaine," coolly returned Bob, and the second mate's dark features grew perfectly livid with rage. If a look could have killed the tall, broad-shouldered sailor, then would Raymond's career have been ended then and there.

"Get up there—you!" the other fiercely shouted to Jack, who, holding the end of the signal halyards, stood half hesitating as he looked aloft at the slender pole so far above him, as it swept to and fro.

Jack sprang as quickly as he could into the main rigging and began to ascend the ratlines with a somewhat uncertain step.

"Mr. Fontaine," suddenly called a stern voice from the quarter, "don't you see that man isn't fit to send aloft yet?"

Captain Darling had been in the cabin while the little scene I have mentioned was being enacted on deck, but Miss Jennie's eye had noted it all, and she lost no time in conveying the intelligence to her father, who appeared in time to prevent Jack from undertaking what he was really unfit to do.

So he was recalled with a muttered curse and set about some lighter duty, while Jennie and her father paced the quarter, talking together in the confidential manner in which both delighted, while Mr. Vandyké was stretched at luxurious ease in the boat at the stern davits, smoking cigarettes and reading a novel.

"I'm almost sorry that I gave Fontaine the second mate's berth, Jen," Captain Darling was saying; "for though he's

had heard smooth tongued Carlos cursing his watch up hill and down.

"Well, Jen," said her father, changing the subject, "what do you think of the very old looking young man we took from the buoy, eh?"

"I can't make him out quite yet," answered Miss Jennie slowly, "but I think we shall like him." For Jennie was accustomed to identify herself with her father in all matters pertaining to the ship.

"I have a curious feeling," she went on, as though half talking to herself, "just as if I had seen him before, but to save my life I can't tell where."

Her father laughed good naturedly and turned to go below.

"Keep a lookout for things, Jen," he said, for young as she was, Jennie had been enough at sea to get a very correct idea of the workings of a ship, and was almost as quick to note any change of wind or weather as Carlos Fontaine himself.

And when I tell you that she had learned

he went into the slings of the yard to help the second mate with the bunt while all hands were trying to secure the lee yard arm."

"I did," vehemently exclaimed the Finn, with his mouth full, "I can so swear I see Fontin by vun flash of litten' kicke de poor chap in der vaese mit der heel of his sea boot und her go overboard mit der big roll of der seil!"

"No one else see him, though," put in Andrew, and the subject was dropped.

"But, Bob," said Jack after the dinner was cleared away and the watch were preparing for their afternoon sleep, "what did you mean by calling the second mate Mr. Bell, and then stopping short?"

"Why, just this," replied Bob between the puffs of a freshly lighted pipe. "He and I were shipmates once before the mast, and by accident I found out that his real name was Hannibal Augustine Bellingham, and his father, for whom he was named, was a creole who had married a white woman, so it was said, and is now governor of some little West India island. I once gave Fontaine his true name for a joke, and he went at me with a knife—I don't know why, I'm sure. I took the knife away and gave him a jolly good kicking to boot. So to-day, I thought I'd give him a hint not to put on too many airs, that was all."

Jack had hard work to keep his countenance as he listened to all this. How Bob would laugh if Jack should tell him what he knew about Governor Bellingham! What would the Mapleton people say if they knew the truth concerning the young "Cuban?"

But Jack kept his own counsel, and as the days went on soon began to enter with something like a real relish into the duties before him. Not that he had any particular liking for a seafaring life, but whatever Jack once took hold of was done with all his might.

Day after day the ship went rolling on toward the Cape of Good Hope, carrying the north-east trades almost aft till within three degrees of the equator. Then followed the trying calms and baffling catspaws of the scorching belt, and after that a westerly gale which drove the Kerr onward under cloudy skies with her yards braced hard against the back stays.

As the weeks went by and Jack was now competent to do an able seaman's duty, Bob Raymond gave him instructions in navigation during the

watches below, and it was astonishing how readily Jack learned.

"One more deep water voyage and you could fill a second mate's berth easy enough," Bob told him, but Jack shook his head.

"I don't think I shall ever go to sea for the love of it," he said frankly, yet there was a certain fascination about the life which he could not but feel.

Jack had thus far given the young second mate no opportunity to gratify what was evidently a growing dislike, at best, to Captain Darling's unobscured, considerable interest in Jack's remarkable progress, kept a closer watch on young Mr. Fontaine than was agreeable to the latter.

And as regarding his own identity Jack began to rather enjoy his masquerading. Particularly as with renewed strength his voice regained its wonted tone, his face its look of health and his iron gray hair its accustomed wave.

Carlos Fontaine would sometimes stare at him in bewilderment even while giving Jack an order, as the latter's cheery "aye aye" rang out. Even Clarence Vandyké, who divided his time pretty equally between eating, sleeping, smoking and a show of attention to Miss Jennie (who discouraged every effort of the kind), sometimes was observed to languidly survey the young sailor with something like curiosity.

Only the fact that Jack Esbon was supposed beyond the shadow of a doubt to have been drowned in the waters of Umbega River prevented a suspicion of the truth from entering Jennie Darling's mind. As it was, she regarded the growing likeness of the sailor, Jack Smith, to her old friend and schoolmate, Jack Esbon, as a strange coincidence.



CARLOS FONTAINE ORDERS JACK ALOFT TO THE MAIN ROYAL TRUCK.

smart as a steel trap and quick as a cat aloft, I fancy he's trying to be a bit of a bully when I'm out of sight; and you know I'm opposed to anything of that kind—discipline is one thing, and bullying another."

Miss Jennie nodded her small head emphatically. "You know I never fancied Carlos as you seemed to, father," she answered quietly; "there is something—I can't tell just what—in his eye that I don't like. As smooth spoken as he is ashore, and when he is talking with you or me," she went on before her father could reply, "something in his look or his face tells me that Carlos Fontaine is bad at heart!"

Now as Captain Darling well knew, this was no impulsive girlish speech. Call it intuition or what you will, her estimate of character was singularly correct.

"I've known my Jennie time and again to pick out the men in the crew that she said I'd have trouble with, and she was always right," the captain had said to Mr. Farr more than once, and it was no idle boast.

"I hope not, Jennie," he said now, with real concern in his voice and manner—"perhaps you may be a little prejudiced against him."

Jennie was silent. She had seen and heard far more than she cared to at present make known to her father. The two Malays, who only spoke imperfect English, had from the first been subjected to something beside merely verbal abuse from Carlos Fontaine, but only in the night watches when he happened for an hour or two to have sole charge of the deck.

And more than once, as, unable to sleep, she had climbed to the top of the after-house to enjoy the beauty of the night, she

to work up a day's reckoning, that she could steer a fairly good trick in ordinary weather, and was even sometimes allowed by Captain Darling to give off the requisite orders in tacking ship when he himself was on the quarter, it will be seen that Captain Darling had good reason to feel proud of his pretty daughter.

Meanwhile Jack ran hither and thither, filling a tar bucket for one man, bringing a marline spike to another, giving a hand to a third in serving a splice—all the time contriving to acquire some bit of knowledge if never so small, for future use.

Two or three times in the watch the yards were checked in a trifle, and thus Jack began familiarizing himself with the names of the braces, and the same with halyards and much of the running gear as just before eight bells everything was "swayed up" by the watch.

"Keep a sharp eye out on that second mate for the rest of the voyage, Jack," said Raymond as they went below; "I can see that you've got into his bad books already."

"He vos kick you off de yart some dark night ven we reef topsails like he did de order Jack," phlegmatically observed Peter, as one of the watch brought in the huge tin of boiled beef smoking from the coppers, which, with boiled potatoes and pilot bread, made up their noonday repast.

"Stow that, Peter," said English Ned sharply. "We can't prove it and a sailor's word don't go for nothink side of a hof-fer's in a court of justice."

"I'm tolerably sure that he did myself," said Bob in reply to Jack's look of startled inquiry. "The two were at loggerheads from the first start out," the tall sailor went on, helping himself liberally to beef, "and the night of the gale no one saw Jack after

On and on till with many an adverse wind and fierce blow the stormy Cape of Good Hope was rounded and the Kerr went flying across the Indian Ocean. And now began a strange series of incidents in Jack Esbon's experience.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN APPEAL FOR PROTECTION.

TO some readers the last chapter may have seemed rather tedious as embodying too much detail in its account of a sea life.

But it is impossible to write a genuine sea story without giving more or less of the routine matter of which a seafarer's life is made up, and as briefly as possible in the opening of the present chapter I must dwell a little at length upon a similar topic, that the reader may form a correct idea as to the nature of Jack Esbon's duties.

I have read more than one sea tale wherein the life of the sailor is depicted in glowing colors. He does as he pleases on ship-board, spends the time not employed in a little necessary sail trimming, in idling about the decks, and has a good time generally.

It is needless to say how utterly untrue to sea life such pictures are. Apart from the four hours' sleep he sometimes gets below in fair weather, every moment of his watch on deck is employed.

The history of a day is the record of a voyage in this respect. The wear and tear of sails, the strain and working of the standing rigging, the changing and exposure to the weather of the halyards, braces and running gear, necessitate a daily round of "jobs."

But though brought up to a very different life, there was not a lazy bone in Jack Esbon's body. In fact, he rather enjoyed the varied round of occupation from its very novelty. From tying a square knot to turning in a deadeye, Jack wanted to know the why and whereof of everything, and soon did know it.

True, in one sense Jack was exceptionally fortunate as compared with most young fellows who undertake a seafaring life at the present day.

That is, the Kerr's captain and first officer were kindly disposed men who took a strong interest in the intelligent, active, clear-headed young fellow, who as Captain Darling told Jennie privately, had learned more seamanship in two months than any ordinary person would in two years.

Then, too, his forecastle associates were above the average. The two Swedes were simple-minded and clean mouthed. The Russian Finn said but little, yet was evidently well disposed toward the new-comer. English Ned was rather profane at times, yet was intelligent in a way and had sailed the world over. And Bob Raymond, who for some reason had taken a great fancy to Jack, proved to be more than intelligent. He was somewhat of a linguist, a scholar, and as thorough a seaman as ever trod a ship's deck. And Jack got the full benefit of his varied knowledge.

Between the port and the starboard watches there was no intercourse whatever. Each occupied their separate half of the forward-house, and even in the dog watch, from 6 to 8 p. m., when the crew is generally thrown together, the port watch, composed, it may be remembered, of the peculiar foreign element I have mentioned, kept clamantly to themselves.

These last were all fairly good seamen, and Mr. Farr, who was an easy-going officer, had no difficulty with them.

But English Ned prophesied darkly that they had not yet seen the end of the voyage.

"Twice I've been shipmates with 'coolies' (a generic sailor term for Malays), Jack heard him say, more than once, "an' both times we had the worst kind of a scrape with 'em afore gettin' in'to port."

Yet while forward things were outwardly harmonious, such was not the case in the after cabin. Captain Darling was troubled about one matter and Miss Jennie about another. For as the voyage progressed Clarence Vandyke and Carlos Fontaine began paying the young girl certain attentions which became so marked as to cause her serious annoyance.

Thus far, her natural maidenly reserve had prevented Jennie from mentioning the delicate subject to her father. Then, too, she saw that part of Captain Darling's anxiety arose from a feeling of disappointment regarding his second mate's appointment as an officer.

For the fellow had grown strangely independent and at times even disrespectful. He quarreled with Mr. Farr on the slightest pretext, and more than once Captain Darling had occasion to sternly rebuke him for verbal abuse of the men even when the captain himself was on deck.

His treatment of young Vandyke when at the cabin table was anything but courteous, and altogether Captain Darling was completely at a loss how to account for such a state of things.

"He acts as I've seen him in port with a glass or two of liquor aboard—it made a changed man of him," said the captain one evening in discussing the matter with Mr. Farr.

"There's no way he could get that little keg in the run that the consignees put aboard for the old harbor-master at Manila, I suppose?" thoughtfully returned Mr. Farr.

"Not without going to the lazarette in the face and eyes of the man at the wheel and whoever else is on the quarter, and he'd hardly do that," was the reply, to which Mr. Farr was forced to give reluctant assent.

The island of St. Paul had been sighted a day or two previous, and the ship hauled up on a more northerly course for the Straits of Sunda. The heavy westerly gales which had driven the Kerr onward over the long mountainous seas (the heaviest perhaps in any part of the navigable globe), had given place to lighter and occasionally baffling winds with a suggestion of coming warmth in their breath.

The ship, with her yards against the backstays, was barely keeping her course, N. by E. over a moonlit sea. It was too lovely a night to think of sleep, and Miss Jennie, sitting in a chair on the cabin roof, was drinking in the wonderful beauty of the scene.

The moon in its second quarter threw a strange and almost unearthly light over the surrounding waters, while those wonderful constellations—the *Argo Navis* and the glittering jewels of the Southern Cross shone out in all their splendor.

Captain Darling, who had had but little rest for the last forty-eight hours, was asleep in the cabin, after leaving strict orders to be called at the slightest signs of any change in the weather or wind, which in these latitudes is often the precursor of very sudden atmospheric disturbances.

Mr. Farr took down to the quarter, while Fontaine paced the main deck with an occasional watchful glance at young Vandyke, who had carried a stool up on the house and seated himself as near Miss Jennie as he dared.

The sighing of the breeze in the rigging, the sobbing of the waves and the wonderful silver sheen of the sea, had evidently aroused a degree of sentiment in young Mr. Vandyke's breast.

"Eh, Miss Darling," he said, moving his stool a little nearer the fair girl, "on such a night as this, don't you know, one feels that—a"

"Hark!" imperatively interrupted Miss Jennie, holding up her slim forefinger.

From somewhere forward in the vicinity of the windlass a clear and powerful tenor voice rose in the night air:

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
By me down to seas I sleep,
Secure I rest upon the wave
For Thou, oh Lord, hast power to save:
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall."

As the strong, pure notes ceased at the completion of the first verse, Jennie sat motionless with parted lips and straining eyes looking eagerly toward the topgallant forecastle, where in the waning moonlight the little group of men surrounding the singer were but dimly visible.

"By Jove, Miss Jennie," exclaimed Clarence, started out of his usual self-complacency, "don't you remember when Jack Esbon sang that at a church concert in Mapleton? Never heard two voices so much alike in my life."

But Jennie, whose brain was in a whirl, did not reply. Surely it was Jack Esbon's voice, which continuing, took up the second verse:

"And thus the storm that still was mine,
Though sturdy winds sweep o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's awful breath
Be blown me from sleep to woe and death:
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality."

"Now then, that's enough of that psalm-singing," growled Mr. Fontaine, in a curiously thick undertone, as descending to the main deck he suddenly appeared around the corner of the forward-house.

"It shall not be heard of again in these dog watch," said a surly voice from the group, which, very much to Jack's surprise,

proceeded from an athletic Frenchman of middle age, belonging to the port watch.

With a snarl like that of some ferocious beast, Fontaine sprang toward the audacious speaker, but one of the Malays, a tall, little, dark-skinned fellow, known as "Fid," glided forward with his fingers clutched the sheath-knife worn by every sailor in connection with his duties.

To give Carlos Fontaine his due, he was no coward. Snatching a belaying-pin from the rail, he struck the Malay a violent blow across the face.

"*Duavolo!*" hissed one of the Italians in the Malay's ear, as his knife leaped from his sheath, "will you spoil things—you! *Idiote not come yet the time!*"

Fid hesitated, but warned by the lowering faces, Carlos Fontaine saw he was going too far.

"I'll give some of you fellows a working up job for this," he fiercely exclaimed between his teeth, but as he spoke eight bells sounded from the binnacle bell aft and his threat was drowned in the heavier clangor of the large one on the topgallant forecastle.

The whole affair had all passed in less time than I have taken in writing it, and only the sound of suppressed voices had reached the ears of Miss Jennie and Clarence Vandyke.

The wheel and look-out were changed, and Captain Darling coming on deck joined his daughter on the after-house, while Mr. Farr, after giving his brief report, went below and turned in.

Clarence Vandyke discreetly retired to his stateroom, and for two hours Captain Darling and Jennie walked the house arm in arm, till at the striking of four bells, 10 p. m., the former declared he was going below for another nap on the lounge.

"It's far too pleasant to sleep. I'm going to stay up a while longer," said Miss Jennie decidedly, as Jack relieved the wheel, and obedient to Captain Darling's summons, Mr. Fontaine, who had hastily emerged from his stateroom, which he had entered slyly a moment previous, came up on the weather side of the quarter.

"The changes in this latitude come very suddenly," Mr. Fontaine, said Captain Darling, as he stepped down the companionway, "so at the least sign of any shift of wind or haziness in the sky, give me a call at once. The course is N. by E. and nothing off."

"Yes, sir," was the response, and with a final glance from the compass to the towering pyramid of snowy canvas, where the weather sides of the royals and topgallantsails were occasionally quivering, so close was the Kerr jammed to the wind, Captain Darling went below again.

Now one of the ship's boats was up-turtled and lashed on the after-house. Miss Jennie's chair was drawn in front of its stowage, in a way that she was nearly hidden from Jack's view.

The second mate walked backward and forward in the gangway, occasionally exchanging a word or two with the young girl, who addressed him with her usual frank courtesy, though she seemed a trifle self-absorbed.

Finally, Fontaine stepped aft, and, bending down, glanced at the compass. As he raised his head, Jack, to his great astonishment, detected the fumes of strong liquor in the second mate's breath.

"No higher!" growled Fontaine, as the weather leech of the topgallantsail gave an ominous flap.

"She's exactly on her course, sir," respectfully returned Jack, "but I think the breeze is beginning to haul a little—"

"Mind your steering—I'm looking out for the deck—you!" was the savage response, though delivered in an undertone which the seaker knew could not reach Miss Jennie's ear.

Turning away with this gentle remark, the second mate, hesitating a moment, ascended the after-house and walked toward the young girl.

When Carlos Fontaine chose, he could make himself very entertaining. And on this particular night, as with folded arms he peered to and fro in his slippers, he called to Miss Jennie's chair, he evidently exerted himself to the utmost to please.

But Jennie listened mechanically, for her thoughts were running upon the song she had heard and the marvelous coincidence of the voices.

She replied "yes" and "no" at intervals, as she sat watching the glimmering waves rushing past, and looked up with a little wonder as Carlos suddenly seated himself on the stool which had been vacated by Clarence Vandyke a couple of hours before.

Jack stood gnawing his under lip, while his heart was full of bitter anger as he witnessed this last act.

"Any one would think he was making love to Miss Jennie," he muttered; "he'd much better be looking out for the—"

"Jack! Jack!"

Now the offense that called out the little involuntary appeal to the unconscious subject of her thoughts, was nothing so very serious. In talking Mr. Fontaine had placed his arm on the back of Miss Jennie's chair. As she rose in alarm at this very unusual proceeding, the arm dropped to her waist, that he might restrain her and perhaps explain. The fumes of the liquor had mounted to the young man's head or he would never have dared to have dreamed of taking such a liberty.

(To be continued.)

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[This story commenced in No. 290.]

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of the Great North American Circus

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

CHAPTER XLV.

KIT COMES HOME.

ONE morning James Schuyler received a letter from Kit, in which he said: "Our circus season is ended, but I am detained a few days by important business. I will tell you about it when we meet. If you happen to see my uncle you may tell him that I expect to reach Smyrna somewhere about the twenty-fifth of October."

"I wonder what Kit's important business can be," thought James. "I hope it is something of advantage to him."

James happened to meet Stephen Watson an hour later.

"Mr. Watson," he said; "I had a letter from Kit this morning."

"Indeed!"

"He says that his circus season is over. And he is out of employment," said Watson, with a sigh.

"I suppose so; he expects to reach Smyrna somewhere about the twenty-fifth of the month."

Stephen Watson smiled, but said nothing.

"No doubt he will find it very convenient to stay at home through the winter," he reflected. "Well, he must think I am a fool to take back a boy who has defied my authority."

It was Saturday, and Ralph was home from boarding-school.

"Ralph," said his father, "I bring you good news."

"What is it, pa?"

"Your cousin will be home from the circus towards the last of next week."

"Who told you? Did he write you?"

"He wrote to James Schuyler, who told me."

"I suppose he expects you will give him a home through the winter."

"You may rest easy, Ralph. He won't have his own way with me, I can assure you."

"What shall you do, pa?"

"I shall see Bickford about taking him back. I have occasion to go over there on Monday to have the horse shod, and then I can speak to him about it."

Ralph laughed.

"That will bring down his pride," he said. "I suppose he will beg off."

"He will find me firm as a rock. What I decide upon I generally carry through."

"Good for you, pa! I was afraid you would weaken."

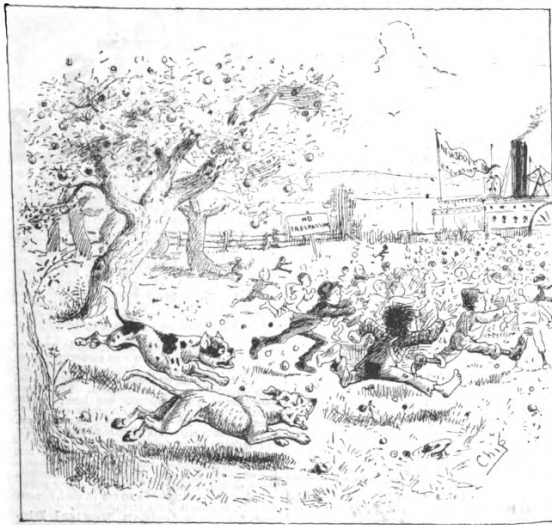
"You don't know me, my son. I have been patient and bided my time. Your cousin presumed to set up his will against mine. He has got along thus far because he has made a living by traveling with a circus. Now the circus season is at an end, and he is glad enough to come back to me."

"He may have saved some money, pa."

"He did, but he has spent it."

"How do you know?"

"He was fool enough to send twenty-five dollars to Thomas Talcott. I heard of it through the postmaster who cashed the postal order he sent. I was very glad to hear it, because I foresaw that it would leave him well nigh penniless. I am only



2:40.

TELEGRAPHING WITH WATER.

ELECTRICITY seems to make no pause in adding to the wonders of modern civilization. Last week we described a new device for transmitting a man's signature hundreds of miles, and herewith we print a description of Mr. Edison's proposed scheme of establishing communications between vessels at sea. The principle on which he will endeavor to perfect his experiment is the remarkable facility afforded by water for transmitting sound. Under the water lines of each steamer will be a sounder connected with the captain's cabin by a thin transmitting wire running through a tube. When the captain on his whistle, manipulate the keys, and send the message out into the waves that break against the sounder. This sound will pass unbroken from wave to wave until it runs up against the sounder of any vessel that may be within reach of the volume of sound.

As soon as the sound waves strike the sounder of the hull of the vessel within reach the message will run over the electrical wire to the captain's cabin, where it will ring an electrical bell. An attendant will then take down the message as it comes from the water, by means of keys, as comfortably and correctly as though he were sitting in a telegraph office.

After the message has been received the captain can swing his vessel round and continue the message through seven miles more of water in the same direction until it strikes another vessel, when the operation may be again repeated until the breadth of the ocean has been crossed.

A CAT CLOCK.

It would seem strange to run to the cat and look at her eyes when you want to know what time it is. Yet this is what a San Francisco paper tells us is sometimes done in China, where clocks and watches are scarce. To see how the Chinaman does it, take puss, and by looking into her eyes you will find that they change in appearance once in every two hours, beginning from 12 to 2 o'clock and from 2 to 4, and so on perpetually, twelve times in twenty-four hours.

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OR,
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