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GIP, WHO SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND THE DANGER, GRASPED THE RED SHAWL WITH HIS TEETH, DRAGGED IT FROM THE SHOULDERS OF THE ASTONISHED LADY, AND DASHED AWAY, FOLLOWED BY THE BULL.

my mother that you are calling names. I house, followed by Gip, who barked joyfully, don't allow that, you know. You did not think, did you, Jack ? It was all on account of being worried about Gip. I'm s. Stevenson was coming out from the because she has had no end of trouble with boys reached the gate. 'behave you going, mother?' Harry because she has had no end of trouble with the dog. He has frightened the hens off their nests so often that they have all quit laying, and he tumbles the cat over, box and all, every day, and almost kills her-you know mother thinks the world of that you know mother thinks the world of that cat. Then, worst of all, when she goes to mulk, he barks and rans the cows all around the barn lot, until she is tired of following them, and gets precious little milk for her trouble. You see, Jack, I can't blaues mother, but I would a sight rather give up my shotgun than part with Gia."

Gip." "Well, Harry, if Gip acts that way, I will take back what I said," replied Jack, with a doubtful shake of his head. "I had with a doubtrui shake of his bead. "I had been thinking that if you were forced to part with him, maybe 1 would try him my-self, but it would be useless. Mother would kill him the very first day. Isn't he a beanty, now that he has plenty to eat? What long silky hair he has, and how curly 1 table were here to be a fine dog and no. tell you, Harry, he is a fine dog and no mistake

"Hush, Jack! I can't stand such talk as that. You don't seem to have one bit of feeling for a fellow."

The warm words of praise from Jack caused the tears to gather in Harry's dark eyes, as he threw his arms around the neck of the dog and rolled over with him on the grass

About one month before the conversa-tion between the boys, a band of gipsies had camped in the woodland near the home of Harry

of Harry. They possessed the usual number of broken down horses and ponies, and half starved dogs. At first they were a curios-ity and a wonder to the neighborhood, but they remained long enough to eurage all the farmers with their pilfering, and one morning when the camp was found de-serted, save for the presence of one large, intelligent looking dog, Harry claimed and took him home, calling him Gip because of his former associations. As is eusomary with the vagabond tribe,

Ins former associations. As is customary with the vagabond tribe, they had taught him several amusing tricks, which Harry had not been slow in finding out.

finding out. "Harry, didn't we have lots of fun with Mr. Jackson's bull and Gip?" said Jack, with a merry laugh, hoping to brighten the face of his despondent friend a little, by re-calling an adventure which they had both enjoyed together. "Yon bet we did!" replied Harry; "and if mother conk know they we had taken her

"You bet we did !" replied Harry; " and if mother only knew that we had taken her red shawl to taunt the bull with, I rather gness that we would hear from her. My goodness, but didn't he bellow ! And how Gip did bark and caper! Oh, Gip, why don't you be good when mother us near?" and again Harry's face was buried in the shaggy neck of the dog to hide his tears. "What are you going to do with him, Harry?" usked Jack, after a few moments of silence. "I don't know. Jack." Harry renlied

silence. "I don't know, Jack," Harry replied, "I don't know, Jack," Harry replied, his voice trembiling and tearful. "Father says that there is a man over on Todd's Run who wants him badly, and I expect that he will get him. If I only could break him of teasing mother about the house, I an almost certain that she would not object am almost certain that she would not object to my keeping him, but of course those threvish gipsies have taught him to run down chickens and everything else that they could steal and eat, and I don't be-lieve I ever could correct his habits in a lifetime. I just wish I had never brought him home, then I would not have to part with him."

With him." Harry drew a long breath, and with a sudden change of voice, as though to brace up his drooping spirits, he added : "Where did you say that you were going this after-noon, Jack?"

noon, Jack?" "Oh, yes.! I am glad that you mentioned it, Harry," Jack exclaumed, rising hur-riedly to nis feet. "Worrying about Gip almost caused me to forget that father said that I must change the sheep into the lower field some time to-day, and I came over to see if you would not help me." "Of course I will, Jack. Shall we take Gip with us?" Jack looked longingly at Gip, but gravely shook his head.

shook his head.

Where are you going, mother?" Harry questioned.

questioned. "You going intervention of the set of the s

Arry was first to gather his wits, and he said earnestly : "Mother. don't go across the field where

Mr. Jackson's bull is. He chased Jack and

Mr. Jackson s bull is. He chased Jack and me only yesterday." The distressed boy did not confess that he and his chum had teased the animal most unmercifully before he had bothered them-in fact he would a little rather that his mother did not find that out.

his mother did not find that out. "All right, Harry. I will go around, if that is the case," Xrs. Stevenson replied. "Be sure that you do, mother. I am going to help Jack change his sheep, if you

do not object.

What we you going to do with this "What we you going to do with this awful dog?" questioned Mrs. Stevenson, haiting and looking back at Gip. "If you take hin with you he will be sure to kill the sheep, and if we leave him here we shall not find a chicken or cat on the place when we come back. I am thankful that your father intends to dispose of him to-morrow; he is more trouble than profit to any one. I expect that I had better let him follow along with me. I seen o ther way to keep him out of mischref."

him out of mischief." "Poor old Gip !" said Harry, patting the dog tenderly upon the nead. "You will be obliged to do something wonderful if mother is ever to like you after the trouble you have given her ; but I like you all the ame

Then, pulling his hat down over his Inen, putting his nat down over his eyes, Harry turned away with Jack, while Mrs. Stevenson walked leisurely down the path, followed by the dog, who seemed to under-stand that he was to accompany her.

stand that he was to accompany her. She continued on her way antil she had reached the fence which separated their land from Mr. Jackson's, and then, with-out a thought of her promise to Harry, she opened the gate and entered the field oc-enpied by the bull. Gip betrayed his dissatisfaction by saveral quick emphatic barks, and seemed relatedant to save diversit the directory that interior

to pass through the gateway; but finding that Mrs. Stevenson paid no attention whatever to his warning he walked soberly along by her side. When they had passed over one h

When they nat passed over one nant or the distance across the field, a low sullen bellow fell on the ear of Mrs. Stevenson. With a startled exclanation she recalled the words of Harry, and gazed with horror in the direction of the sound. The bull had just become aware of her presence and accord to receive that his

presence, and seemed to realize that his domain had been invaded by enemies, as he no doubt recognized, in the bright red shawl, the flag of definece; and with low-ered head and foaming mouth, he started for the object of his displeasure

The h orrified lady attempted to flee, but The normal may mempion to nee, our her limbs refused to obey her will. For the moment she was completely paralyzed with fear, and could only stand and gaze with thrilling terror at the approaching

Gip accepted the situation with keen relish, as he might not have done but for his experience of the day before, and stood ready for the attack.

This attracted his attention for a moment, and give distance dista

him added fuel to his anger, and with a louder and more threatening roar than be-

the shoulders of the astonished lady, and dashed away in an opposite direction, fol-lowed by the bull.

And not one moment too soon had the dog given relief, for Mrs. Stevenson was sinksing to the ground, completely overcome. Some men who were working near by were attracted by the unusual sound, and has-

attracted by the unusual sound, and nas-tened to her assistance; and soon she was out, of danger but distressed and frightened. Harry and Jack had heard the angry bellow of the beast as they were crossing a field. With their hearts filled with appre-hension they had turned and almost flown over the ground, until they were near enough to witness the prowess of the dog in enough to witness the provess of the dog in swing the life of Mrs. Stevenson. Then, with a glad shout, they were not long in reaching her side, and almost the first words that greeted the ears of the delighted boys were these: "Oh, Harry! Call that noble dog away or he will be killed. I would not take a humbed dollarse for him to\_day."

hundred dollars for him to-day.

hundred dollars for him to-day." A flush of exquisite joy overspread the face of Harry, and never was there heard a call so ringing with gladness as that which came from his lips. "Here, Gip! Here, Gip!" The dog raised his head at the familiar call, and with a quick bound he cleared the fence and was by the side of the happy bars who nested and overseed him calling

boys, who petted and caressed him, calling him by all the extravagant names imagin-able, with an occasional one thrown in by Mrs. Stevenson.

Mrs. Stevenson. "Mother, don't you remember that I said Gip would have to do something wonderful if you were ever to like him?" said Harry, proudly. "OL, you dear old fellow! If it if you were ever to like him?" said Harry, proudly. "OP, you dear old fellow?! If it had not been for you, mother would have been torm in pieces," and his tears fell and glistened on the shaggy neck of the dog. "Yes, my boy, the dog undoubtedly saved my life," said Mrs. Stevenson feel-ingly, " and he shall have a home with me

so long us he lives if all the clickens and cats in the neighborhood are sacrified. Why, a man would hardly have reasoned and taken the red shawl from my shoulders as he did

Harry and Jack now confessed the part which that same red shaw had rendered in their boyish sport, for fear some portion of credit and honor might be taken from Gip; but even with their knowledge, they debut even with their knowledge, they de-clared that what he had done was simply wonderful, and that he deserved a home for his sagacity and bravery.

#### SOME SOMERSAULTS.

WE dare say that a great many of the AR-GOSY'S boy readers can turn a somersault. and perhaps some of them may even be able to execute a double one.

From an article on the subject in a St. Louis paper it seems that several attempts have been made by professionals to turn a triple somersault. A few of them have been successful, but nearly all have failed, and several have been attended with fatal results

If the feat had not actually been accomplished, it would seem that the laws of gavi-

suits. If the feat had not actually been accomplished, it would seem that the laws of gavi-tution and the limitations of physical dax-terity forbade it. To turn a double somer-sault from a spring board it is necessary to make a leap at an angle of about thirty de-grees to obtain the necessary 'ballast." or impetus, to turn twice. If an almost perpen-tation and the limitation of the source of the presence of the source of the source of the inverse the source of the source of the would not be the torun. In order to accomplish the double, the per-former has to leap from the spring board with all his might to get the proper angle, as well as to tatian a sufficient height, so that incomer base of the source of the source of the somersault, only that it is necessary to go about one-third higher. Billy Duton performed the great feat while a member of Lake's circus at Elkhorn. Illi-don Lowlew, the famous clown. Dutton was ambitions to have it to say that he had done it, but did not make the attempt with the in-tention of repeating it. He made the leap from a high spring board. and actually turned the source of the source of the source of the ensibly said that he would not try it again, and that his alighting on 'his feet was an ac-cident, as he could not control his body after the former source on the source of the source of the source more supprising and unexcelled four of double somersault forwing was that of the other's shoulders, Robert sprang up and reolyted backward twice, landing again on the other's shoulders, Robert sprang up and reolyted backward twice, landing again on the other's shoulders, Robert sprang up and reolyted backward twice, landing again on the other's shoulders, Robert sprang up and reolyted backward twice, landing again on the other's shoulders, Robert sprang up and reolyted backward twice, landing again on the other's shoulders, Robert sprang up and reolyted backward twice, landing again on the other's shoulders, Robert sprang up and not be able bachery the sea

BEFORE DAWN. BY J. H. GOODWIN.

BT 1. H. 6000WIS. On topmost longits of lotty trees Birds sing beneath the golden stars, Which pale before the coming dawn : Naught else is heard save the dull role Of occan on the shore, rescunding The same as sert at Nature's birth, When morning stars together sang : Cahedral was, with minor keys Cahedral was, with minor keys Gahedral was, with minor keys Wilh a melodious monotone.<sup>2</sup> Wilh a melodious monotone.<sup>2</sup>

[This story commenced in No. 233.]

## Dick+Broadhead. By P. T. BARNUM,

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

CHAPTER XL.

THE EXPLORERS ON THE KASSAI RIVER.

T was some time before the men on

"It was some time before the men on board the steamer noticed the race that was taking place between the two cances; or if they observed the boats they probably concluded that both of them were manned any matives. The travelers were so tanned and burnt by the blazing suns of Africa that at a little distance they might well be mistaken for aborigines of the Dark Continent. Their garments, too, had become so worn and ragged as to be bardly distinctive. hardly distinctive.

"What first aroused the attention of the steamboat men was a shout which came from the canoe that had a short and rapidly diminishing lead in the race. A figure was seen to stand up in the bows, gesticulating excitedly, and calling out at the top of his voice something which was scarcely audi-ble at the distance.

"A tall, gray haired man who stood on the upper deck of the steamer heard the

the upper deck of the scenare heard the ery. ""Surely that was a call for help, he said to another man who was beside him ; 'and it sounded to me strangely like Eng-lish. And he turned a small glass that was in his hand toward the boats.

"' It must have been fancy, captain,' re-plied the other. 'Those are the ordinary native cances that we've seen plenty of along the river ; and i's mighty improbable there'd be any white folks in one of 'em.'

"But at this point the speaker was in-terrupted by an exclamation from the man with the glass.

"'Why, there's a white boy in that boat s sure as I'm alive !' he cried, in excited tones.

"'No, is there?' replied the other. Lend me the glass a moment."

Lead me the glass a moment." "The first speaker did so, and hurried aft to give some orders to his crew. For though he wore no uniform, he was Captain Barraud, in command of the paddle steamer Anvers, which had been fitted out by the kung of Belgium to explore the waters of the great Congo river system, to which the attention of the civilized world was at that time first beginning to be called. "Captain Barraudwas a Belgian by birth, but he had spent many years in the British settlements in Africa, and spoke English perfectly. The person with whom he had been conversing was Mr. Griggs, a short, stout, middle aged man, who was the agent of a firm of Boston merchants. He had been dispatched to supervise, and if pos-sible extend, the firm's trade in this part of the world, which was now being opened to commerce, and offered a rich and profitable field to the first conners. Captain Barraud, commerce, and ordered a rich and profitable field to the first comers. Captain Barraud, with whom-Mr. Griggs was well acquainted, had readily consented to take nim on board the Anvers, to enable him to prospect with a view to establishing one or more inland

a view to establishing one or more inland trading stations. "A distinguished scientific gentleman, Professor Herrenhof, of Hamburg, also ac-companied the expedition, and busied himself, when the climate, which did not agree with him, allowed, in taking reckon-ings, gothering specimens, and making mysterious marks upon various maps and charts, of which he had a cabin full. The mate, Mr. Turner, was an Englishman from Sierra Leone, and the crew included four Europeans and two Kroomen. "When the captain made out that there were white men in one of the boats he saw

were white men in one of the boats he saw ahead of him, and not unnaturally decided to steer straight for them, he had the wheel put up and the steamer's course changed so that she headed directly for the cances. "The cries audible from the boat, though

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

still not distinctly heard, made it pretty clear that its crew were in distress, and the captain ordered that the small six pounder that stood in the bow of the steamer should be manned and made ready to fire, although he did not like to shoot at the other boat without a fuller knowledge of the state of the case. But he looked out carefully for further developments.

"These proved exciting enough. He saw one of the natives stand up in the bows of the second cance, which was now within the second cance, which was now within twenty yards of the travelers, and aim a spear at the other boxt. The weapon missed its mark and fell in the water, though one of the rowers only escaped its sharp point by ducking his head as it passed.

"Another spear was thrown with no better success, and then another, that struck the boat and glanced off into the stream; but whether it wounded any one the captain of the steamer could not see.

'he natives' stock of weapons was now apparently exhausted, and their energies were wholly devoted to overtaking the facilities. They were so much in earnest in the pursuit that they seemed to take very little notice of the steamer, though it was an object such as, in all probability, their eyes had never rested on before.

"The vessel was nearing the cances very rapidly, and it was only just in time. The natives' boat had almost overhauled the natives both fact almost overlawder the travelers, who seemed so utterly exhausted that they could scarcely hold their paddles. While four of the natives propelled the canne, the other two, with their long gleaming knives in their hands, stood ready to spring into the fugitives' boat as soon as it was within reach, and to make short work

was within reach, and to make short work of its unarmed occupants. "Give them a shot, or we shall be batchered! shouted Dick Broadhead at the top of his voice. The steamer was now within hailing distance, and he could see that the gun in her bows had been run out for action

Captain Barraud saw that he would have to fire if he was to save the lives of the white men, and he determined to try it although it was a risky proceeding, as there was a considerable chance of missing his aim, and a possible one of hitting the wrong boat. "`Stop her and back her !' he cried to the

engineer; and a moment later he turned to the mate in command of the gun with the order, 'Aim carefully and tire !'

"The gun thundered out the next in-stant. It was a splendid shot. The six pound projectile whizzed through the air, poind projectile whizzed through the air, and struck the savages' cance right in the middle. The flimsily built craft was shat-tered into fragments, and a fierce yell arose from its crew as the water rushed in upon them

One of them, desperately wounded by the shot, sank to rise no more. Three others were left floundering in the water, dazed and dumbfounded at the sudden destruction of their vessel; while the two warriors in the bow sprang from their boat as the projectile struck it, and leaped like stags for the travelers' canoe, which was

and the interference of a state when was only a few feet away. "They alighted on the stern, where Car-ter and Norman Vincent were sitting, and had no time to get out of the way of the danger. With another fierce yell, the savages raised their glittering knives to plunge them into the two torms beneath them.

"But before the blades descended, Gris-wold and Jingo, who had seen the threat-ened attack, and had hastily rushed aft to it, were upon the natives, wielding the only weapons they had--their paddles.

#### CHAPTER XLL

HERE was a desperate hand-to-hand struggle in the stern of the struggle in the stern of the canoe. With a furious sweep of the pad-

With a furtions sweep of the par-dle Griswold struck the uplifted right arm of one of the savages. It fell broken and useless to his side, and the long keen bladed knife it had grasped rolled into the bladed knife it had grasped rolled alphabed. bottom of the boat, while (Friswold clutched its owner and bore him down, seeming to forget his exhaustion in the supreme excitement of the moment.

"Jingo was close behind the stalwart American, and this hampered him from putting in an equally effective blow at the other savage. But he managed to turn other savage. But he managed to turn aside the stroke that the Kabango aimed at young Vincent's shoulders, and before it

the subjugation of the savages, only added to the scene of apparently inextricable confusion

Meanwhile the boat had swung close. under the stem of the steamer, and though that vessel had almost lost its way, it seemed as if it would certainly sink the suall boat. Dick Broadhead, who was left alone in the bows of the canoe, seeing that he could not possibly be of any service in the indiscriminate struggle that was going on at the other end of the boat, was ble enough to set to work to prevent this

new disaster. "One of the paddles of the savages' canoe, which had been shattered by the cance, which had been shattered by the steamer's shot, was floating in the stream within his reach. Hastily grasping it, Dick succeeded in getting the boat out of the way of the ressel's sharp eutwater, and brought it close under her side. A rope was speedily thrown to him, although her deaks ware as low they the gord durat decks were so low that he could almost reach the top of the bulwarks as he stood upright in the canoe.

"The crew of the Anvers crowded around and leaned over the rail, eager to lend a hand in the exciting contest that was going on below. But it was almost over. Griswold gasped out an order for Carter and Norman Vincent to stand back, and then he rose to a kneeling position, still keeping a firm hold upon his savage antagonist, who continued to struggle in spite of his injured arm. A small coil of rope was then thrown down, and Griswold rope was then thrown down, and vriswood succeeded in shackling the native's feet and rendering him helpless, in which condition he was hoisted up on the steamer's deck. "Meanwhile Jingo had been grappling with the other savage in the bottom of the

boat. The Kaffir now rose, but his enemy was powerless to follow his example, and was powerress to tollow his example, and lay there like a log, with a ghastly looking face. The life had almost been crushed out of his body by the terrible grip of Jingo's arms, which were as long and sin-ewy as those of a gorilla. "The victors in the desperate struggle that was now ended all went on board of

the steamer, together with their two pris-oners, while the other four savages escaped by swimming to the bank. Of course there was a good deal of questioning to got through, and each party explained to the other how it was that they met on the Afri-can river. Dick Broadhead and his companions learned the errand of the steamer, which I have already mentioned, and were informed that they were now on the Kus-sai River, about two hundred and fifty miles above its junction with the Congo and nearly twice that distance from sea

"Captain Barraud had already made up "Captain Barraud nut arready makes up his mind to turn back very shortly, as the river was becoming too shallow to be navi-gated with safety. The reports of the men he had rescued confirmed him in this purpose, and he decided to face about at once. Besides, his supply of fuel was in danger of running shor

It remained to dispose of the two na-" It remained to dispose of the two na-tive prisoners. One of them, the man whom Jingo had nearly choked to death, had partially recovered, and he and he other miscreant were placed in the travel-ers cance and given a paddle to propel themselves to the shore, where their four comrades were still to be seen.

"Then the captain gave the order to nead the steamer roand, and start her on the return journey. "No incidents worthy of mention oc-

curred during the voyage. For two days the steamboat sped rapidly down the swift stream of the Kassai, without making a halt at any of the numerous native villages on the banks. The inhabitants crowded out to get a glimpse of the vessel as she passed by them, but made no unfriendly demonstrations

"On the third day of the voyage the junction of the Kassai with the Congo was reached, and the little steamer shot out upon the broad bosom of the latter river.

"I will not describe at length the voyage down stream to San Salvador, the station near the month of the Congo, for you can find an account of the region traversed in many books of African traver, and the Broadhead's experience of the journey was various delays to navigation which impede the river's course were successively overcome, and the steamer reached the trading post in safety. "Here they had to wait a week before

There they had to wait a week bounders, and belove it is they had to wait a week bounders, and grappled him in his sinewy arms. "There was a vessel ready to sail. They were and grappled him in his sinewy arms." "The was a vessel ready to sail. They were very impatient to leave, for, as you probably "The wore read, while the higher lands of the middle and upper Congo valley have a fine, "Trans Vincent, in their efforts to id in high high lands of the same few more dis-

agreeable and malarious places than the stations near its mouth.

"The whole party of our friends tool: the first opportunity of sailing, which was given them by the departure of the Tilbury, a tranp steamer on its way from London to Cape Town.

" Frank Griswold, Hiram Carter, their faithful Kaffir follower left the Tilbury at San Felipe, on the Benguela coast, for they were determined to attempt again the undertaking for which they had been despatched to Africa. In that town they could draw money which would enable them to secure wagons, teams, and all that was necessary to give them a good prospect of success in securing splendid specimens of the great wild beasts of the Dark Continert. " "Dick Broadhead and Norman Vincent

went on to Cape Town, after parting reluctantly with the friends who had shared with them so many dangers and such strange experiences. They arrived there ten days later, and then they too had to separate. Norman Vincent applied to the colonial authorities for assistance in return-ing to his friends, from whom he had been carried off three years before, in a raid by the natives upon a European trading post near Delagoa Bay. The facts of the case were known to the officials, and he received the welcome information that his mother was still alive. She had gone back to England, but she still communicated from time to time with the colonial authorities, and had never entirely abandoned the hope of recovering her lost son.

The good news was at once cabled to the good news was at once cabled to to her, and Norman was provided with a passage on the next steamer that sailed for England, leaving Dick Broadhead still in Cape Town " Cape Town.

Here I paused, for I had completed the story that I had promised to tell - the history of young Broadhead's strange advent-ures in Africa. Dan Mannering had listened eagerly throughout the long recital, and as I progressed with it he became too deeply absorbed to interrupt me with a single word.

single word. When I stopped speaking, a puzzled look came into his face. "But what did Dick Broadhead do in Cape Town, Mr. Barnum?" heasked me. "Why did he stay there? And what happened to him after that :

"You ask me a good many questions, my oy," I replied, "and I think you could get boy, more satisfactory answers from Broadhead himself than from me. I think I had better send for him, and you can have a talk

ter send for him, and you can have a talk with him before the evening performance at the Madison Square Garden." "Thank you, Mr. Barnum, I wish you would do that!" exclaimed Dan, grate-fully. "You see I have not found out yet the thing I want to know-whether Dick Breadhead could possibly be my own brother."

The message was sent at once, and answered promptly. Only a few minutes had passed when Richard Broadhead arrived at the hotel, and was ushered into my room by an attendant.

#### (To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-GOSY. He can get you any number you may want. +++

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent f our abilities, but in justice to all, only such questions a reo of general interest can receive attention. We have on file a number of queries which will be an-wered in their turn as soon as space permits. W. O. M., Louisville, Ky. See answer to Deer-

foot R. A. F., Fitchburg, Mass. No, we cannot, for several reasons.

J. G., Worcester, Mass. None of the coins named has any special value.

G. B. S., Tilton, N. H. Almost all civilized coun-tries issue postal cards.

B. A., Jersey City, N. J. 1. See no. 243. 2. Neither is yet in book form. 3. See reply to Marquis.

CONSTANT READER, New York City. To cure y at of the mange, wash her with carbolic soap.

F. S., New York City. There is a swimming school on 45th Street just east of Fifth Avenue.

DEREZON: Philadelphia, Pa. The average height of a boy of 13 is 4 feet 9 inches; weight, 76 pounds. F. W. McC., Bay City, Mich. Send five cents to the publishers in this city, mentioring what you want

J. M. B., Greenville, Tenn., and Argosy READER, lint, Mich. The coins are Spanish pieces of no FU

C. J. E., Brooklyn, N. Y. You will find the d sired address near the top of the fourth colum page 403, no. 234.

page 403, no. 234. XTRA, Sonth Wilton, Conn. "Masterman Ready" was written by Captain Marryat. 2. "Horatio Al-ger, Jr." is not a row de plane. I. B. M. Foroklyn, N. Y. The thing is not impos-sible, through whether accomplished by the gentle-man name we do not know.

J. A. D., New York City. The information desired cap best be obtained by yourself.

SHORTFELLOW, North Grosvenor, Ct. There is no such publication, but there are many books on

Mach publication, our there are many books on bookkeeping. Mac, Allegheny, Pa. "Struggling Upward," by Horatio Alger, Jr., appeared in nos. 171 to 185. These can be had for 60c. Ho

X. X. X. Philadelphia, Pa. There are several sporting goods houses in your city, and you should apply to these for the information.

D. B., Pontiac, Mich. 1. No premuim on the scrip. 2. We can furnish any of Harry Castlemon's published works for \$1.25 post paid.

PECK'S BAD BOY, Wilmington, Del. You can ob-tain vols I. II. III. and IV. of the ARGOST, bound, if ordered at the same time, for \$12 and express charges.

BALLOONJUICE, Providence, R. I. 1. No premium on the half dollar of 1826. 2. Consult the advertis-ing columns of the Argosy for the six months pre-ceding last April.

F. W. PETERSEN, care of Taft Brothers, 44 Cedar street, New York City, desires to hear from boys between 13 and 16 who would join him in forming a military company.

The Dynamic is the terrific title of an amateur monthly published at Binghamton, N. Y. At its head it bears the scathing motto: "Our shells are aimed at the deserving."

armed at the deserving." F. K., St. Paul, Minn. If in good condition the silver three cent piece of 1865 is worth from 20 to do cents. You might be able to dispose of it to the Scott Stamp and Coin Company of this city.

W. Z., Philadelphia, Pa. The numbers contain-ing "That Treasure" will cost 92 cents. "Luke Bennett's Hide-Out" began in no. 205 and ended in no. 221, the seventeen numbers costing 95 cents.

10. 224, the seventeen number coming to coming the community of the seventeen information. 2. The Official Baseball Guide does not give this information. 2. Le Petil Journal of Paris, France, claims a daily circulation of 950,000. This is the largest yet heard of. cunsion of 900,000. This is the largest yet heard of. H. W. S., Neenah, Wis. Your questions are unathe-matical and we have not space to answer them in this column. You would find abundant profit and great satisfaction in studying up this branch of science.

science,
F. J. S., Waterbury, Conn. 1. The average height of a boy of 13 years is 4 ft 9 in: weight, 56 bis. 2. The age for admission to the Weet Point Military Academy is 17 to 21 years. A boy blind of one eye is ineligible,
Z. F., Aurors, IL, I. Yes, all the copper centar from 1826 to 1886 were like those of 1825. 31 the respect you mention. 2. No premium on either the nickel cent of 1885 or not side to 1885 or 7. Stresh the disk. J. Fe. Merden, C. B. C. Acteria, C. S. Serk, and S. Serk, and S. Serk, and S. S. Serk, and S. S. Serk, and Serk, and

J. E. D., Merideu, Com. The older taper in the United States is the Connecticut Courant, the weekly edition of the Harfford Courant. The first American newspaper was issued at Boston, September 25, 1999, and was called Publick Occurrence, both Foreign and Domestic.

and Domestic. BESSER AND CHARLIE, Danville, Va. 1. We cannot say. 2. Eat such a diet as will keep the blood pure; use soap and water without four of the con-sequences, and, with plentity of healthful exercises and no vices, your skin will be as fair as it was ever intended to be

mencee to be CADET, Detroit, Micle. 1. No. 2. So far from a military company being a haby ish notion, it is, on interesting the second second second second second interesting worked up by boys of many print. 3. Nearsightedness is a bar to West Point. 4. Your question is not clear.

The attribute state of the second state of the second state of the second state of the state of

in accepted MSS. G. H. L., Wikinsburg, Pa. You could best learn the printing business by apprenticing yourself to a printer. If this is not to your taste, you might huy printer. If this is not to your taste, you might huy tells everything about the art. Of course, your own mind must decide on the expediency of doing as you propose. For information about presses, consult our advertising columns.

consult our advertising columns. Froes, Marionville, Mo. 1 Mr. Biaine is a mem-ber of the Congregational Church. 2. If you will waltz, we really do not see how you can do other-wise than encircle your partner's waist. If she does not object, you can put your conscience to rest. 3. James A. Garfield belonged to the sect cal-ing themselves "Christians." He was not a spirit-malist. 4. When a piece of stuff shiraks, it shirinks both in length and width.

both in length and width. Porrawarrout HArss, Avoca, Ia. 1. The longest throw of a base ball by a professional was made by John Hattled in Brooklyn, October 15, 1872, and measured 400 feet, 7.½ inches. The best by an ana-tare was achieved by B. H. Terman, May 17, 1872 at Haacs, N. Y., and covered 379 feet, 63; inches. No records have been kept of standing and sitting throws 2. A boy of altient who is at feet two once the weight s155 pounds much by quite a subset of the standing and by quite a young giant.

young giant. W. E. Philadelphia, Pa. 1. The copper cout of 1857 is worth from 5c. to 10c., according to condi-tion. 2. To remove ink from the pages of a book, first wash the paper with warm water, using a cam-cit's hair break. By this means the wurface link is got rid of; then wet the paper with a solution of on-alate of potash, or oxalic acid, in the proportion of one ounce to half a pint of water. The stain then disappears. Finally, wash again with warm water, and dry with white blotting paper. Ster, E. J.A. Pecktown, N. 1 and 2. See next

water, and dry with white blotting gaper. A walk set E. Jay, Peckown, N. Y. I and S. See next walk a number. 3. The difference between a penitentary and a State prioro is that the former occupies a middle place between the minicipal or country jail and the State prioro. Those who have committed lighter offenses are usually sent to the penitentary, though it is not musual for felons to be confined there also. The penitentary is usually characterized by a wise and therough system of defined by a wise and therough system of defined by a wise and therough system of definition. The penitentary is usually of no valke.

#### THE SOCIAL WAR IN IRELAND. BY HENRY ADAMS.

HOSE who read in the daily papers of

HOSE who read in the daily papers of the strange events that are now almost every day in progress in Ireland, might suppose that that country was the scene of a desperate war. Nor would they be very far from the truth. A social war is being waged there with a bitterness that almost recalls the days of our own fratri-cidal contest. Sad and lamentable as this condition of things is, it cannot be con-cealed or denied; and although the Ancosy cannot take any side in the nerty nolities cealed or denied; and although the ARGOSY cannot take any side in the party politics and the debated questions of the day, yet we may call the attention of our readers to a few facts in this case, and ask them to study the question dispassionately for the selves

study the question dispassionately for themselves. Yes, a bitter war is being waged in Ire-land. On the one side are the land owners, the representatives of the British govern-ment, and the Protestants; on the other the mighty Land League, supported by the great body of the tenant farmers and labor-ers. Of the causes of the strife we cannot speak fully here. They are partly political, partly social, and partly religions; they are deep scated, and cannot be removed by any half measures. Of its results we will mention two or three typical instances. The word "boycott" has now become firmly established as a part of the English language, and will no doubt be found in future editions of the dictionaries. Some of our readers may remember its deriva-tion. Captain Boycott, the agent of an Irish estate, was the first victim of the method of warfare to which his name is now attached.

now attached. He was the first victim, but there have been hundreds since, and all the efforts of the authorities cannot protect those who come under the ban of the Land League having their lives made little more than a burden to them. The constant shield them from annoyance, intimidation, shield them from annoyance, intimidation, and even violence. They wake and sleep, eat and drink, go to market and work on the sufficient to ban of the Land sleep, eat and drink, go to market and work on the sufficient to ban of the constant the sufficient to ban of the land sleep, eat and drink, go to market and work on the sufficient to ban of the constant the sufficient to ban of the land sleep, the sufficient to bank the sufficient to bank the sufficient to bank the sleep to bank the sufficient to bank and sufficient to bank the suff

joining in the sports of the field. Men ap-pear at the meets of the fox hounds, who pick out certain of the would-be sportsmen, and threaten to break up the whole hunt if these particular persons take part in it. Those thus attacked are perfectly helpless,

Those thus attacked are perfectly helpless, and have no resource except in beating a hasty and undignified retreat. Our other illustration represents an in-terference of this sort with an agent of the Marquis of Lansdowne at Luggacurren. The agent's conduct had been vigorously reserted by the tenants, and had thrown odium upon the name of the marquis, who, as our readers are doubtless aware, is at present governor general of Canada. This same quartel led to Mr. William O'Brien's famous expedition to America.

same quirrel let to Mr. whilm o Brien's famous expedition to America. In such cases as these few will question that the Land League has abused the powers which it possesses; but they are only the symptoms of a disorder that springs from

which it possesses; but they are only the symptoms of a disorder that springs from genuine and long standing grievances. As an instance of the hardships which rankle in the hearts of the peasantry of this brave, witty, generoas and hospitable, but, it must be added, improvident and un-fortunate race, we will cite the scenes that were enacted last June at Bodyke. The name of this place has become notorious from the cruelty with which the owner of the estate, one Captain O'Cal-laghan, himself, to his shame be it said, an Irishman, drove from their homes tenants unable to pay the extortionate rents which he demanded from them. By the liberality of friends in America and of an anony-mous English gentleman, the tenants were enabled to offer three-quarters of the sun due; the proposition was refused, and the sid of the police, which the authorities could not legally refuse, was sought to turn them from house and home. The hones of the Halloran family, accord-ing to an eyewitness of the Bodyke evictions, was the maximum state of the downed the downed the downed to the downed to the downed to the downed the downed to downed to the the downed to the the the downed to the the the th

of the house in case one of them should be

of the house in case one of them should be carried by assault; and in the odd corners left by these elaborate preparations the beds of the family were stowed away, and screened off by temporary partitions. The best part of the furniture had been placed under a hedge in the next field, and for more than a fortnight all the ten Hal-lorans had lived and cooked and eaten and slept in the cold, dranghty, and narrow fort into which they had converted their eozy and comfortable home. Halloran's fort did not suffer a long siege, but it yielded to an assault, short but vary sharp, in which blood flowed freely and the bayo-net played the leading net played the leading

part Dart. On the day set for the eviction, a line of constables was posted, and the sher-iff and his crew ad-vanced to the attack. As the first prelimi-nary knocks of the crowbars echoed through the house the two younger girls ap-peared like clockwork peared like clockwork at two portholes which had been knocked in the upper wall, each with a pan of water in her hand, and before a third blow could be given these were emptied simultaneously over the heads of the men

A wild yell from the crowd which was



LIFE UNDER POLICE PROTECTION : A BOYCOTTED IRISH FAMILY PLANTING POTATOES

the fields, with constables near to protect them. Due of our illustrations represents an act-al occurrence at Woodsgift, in County Kilkenny, where a boycotted family are planting potatoes, while two members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who though ominally policemen are practically soldiers, stand close by to protect them at their ant had been evicted for resisting the land-lord's demand for rent. Another way in which the war is carried into the enewy's country is by preventing persons chooxious to the League from

Never was the majesty of the law treated everything else.

with such utter contempt. The girls took not the slightest notice, but waited just as calmly with their water ready as if there calmly with their water ready as if there were not a magistrate or a constable near-than Limerick. The crowd, seeing the state of affairs, yelled with delight. The crowbar men, vigorously exhorted by their leader, commenced operations again with considerable hesitation, and panful after panful of water, clean and dirty, was shot at



BOYCOTTING THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE'S AGENT IN THE HUNT-ING FIELD AT LUGGACURREN.

them through the two portholes above. Suddenly lond blows resounded from within, and soon the blade of a spade came through the roof, knocking a big hole through the roof knocking a big hole through the two sons appeared, stripped to their shirts, each armed with a bucket of water. They were received with a thunder-ing cheer from the crowd, and in their turn they calmly surveyed the situation. When a bailiff approached they raised their buckets, and when he retired they set them down again.

down again. A second deadlock was thus created, and A second dendlock was thus created, and Colonel Turner once more came to the res-cue. "If those men throw anything, shoot them!" he cried, and two riflemen brought their arms to the shoulder and took aim at

The arms to the shoulder and took aim at them? I he oried, and two riflemen brought their arms to the shoulder and took aim at the boys above. The latter, though they heard every word that was said, and could almost have reached the riflemen with their water, did not even condescend to look at them. Suddenly, however, both boys disap-peared, and loud shouts and cries came from the front of the house. A hand-to-hand fight was in progress in that quarter. A narrow ladder had been reared against one of the small upper story windows, and by catching the defenders mapping the police had succeeded in pulling away the thornbush with which it had been blocked. A the top of the ladder were three con-stables clinging to the sill and to one an-other with one hand, while grasping the stocks of their rifles in the other. They were making desperate efforts to bayonet those within. The latter had dragged another bush to the opening, and with sticks and iron bars they simply rained a storm of blows upon the bayonets and the stocks of the rifles. Stabl ! stab! went the glittering steel through the window ; crash! fell the blows from within. Presently a long beam erme slowly out of the window ; its end was planted deliberately against the chest of the constable foremost on the lad-der, and in spite of the convulsive efforts of himself and his companions a long strong shove from inside toppled them over and sent them head foremost to the ground.

and sent them head foremost to the ground. Suddenly again the crowd of constables parted and the tall athletic figure of ayoung priest appeared. One bound brought him to the foot of the ladder before any-body could think of stopping him, and with a couple of steps he was at the top, and had flung himsel<sup>4</sup>, prayer-book in hand, without a second's lessitation, straight through the narrow window. The police had seen their chance, and

The police had seen their chance, and one of them was at the top at about the same moment, and more quickly than one can write it several of them had erowded behind him. A hubbub within, and all the excitement was over. The door was forced open from within, the emergency men entered and flung out the furniture and

This story commenced in No. 241.1

# MINERS OF URNE

#### BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON

CHAPTER XVII

RISING CLOUD'S THREAT.

 R.RAWLINGS saw the boy's imminent peril, and fired. The Indian's arm fell as if broken by the t, the hatchet dropping from his R ullet Land.

hand. In another second, however, the savage picked up the weapon again and would have brained Saulor Bill, being in the act of hurling it at him with a malignant aim, when Wolf, who had stolen forward at the first outburst, dashed at the Indian's throat with a low growl of vengeance, and brought him to the ground. "Don't kill them !" should Mr. Raw-

"Don't kill them !" should Mr. Raw-lings, in a voice that made itself heard above the contusion. After a brief struggle, the two remaining Indians were secured and firmly bound, although it took all Black Harry's strength to overcome the one he grappled, who turned out to be the chief

of the party. After all had cooled down from this contest, which had lasted some little time, Mr. Ra wlings directed Moose to ask directed Moose to ask the Indian chief...who, the half-breed said, was a leading warrior of the Sioux tribe, rejoicing in the sounding title of "Rising Cloud,"...why he had attacked an in-necent settler and miner nocent settler and miner like Seth Allport, and stolen away the boy that was with him. The Indian, however,

did not seem to require the services of an intermeter, for he answered Mr. Rawlings as if he thoroughly compre-hended the gist of the question Moose was depnted to ask him.

"Pale face lie !" he "Pale face he!" he said angrily, in broken English, which he mas-tered much better indeed than the half-breed deed than the half-breed succeeded in his half Spanish patter. "Ris-ing Cloud was hunting on the lands of his tribe when tall pale face hunter shoot him as if he were a beast of the forest

"But why steal the boy?" asked Mr. Rawboy?" asked Mr. Raw-lings, thinking that per-haps the Indian had some right on his side in assailing Seth after he had fired at him first.

"Boy jump at Rising Cloud like grizzly bear. Boy grow up fine war-rior. Rising Cloud take him to his wigwam to make him big Sioux chief by and by, and fight the pale face

dogs." "I thought there was

"I thought there was peace between the red man and the children of the Great Father at Washington, "said Mr. Rawlings, alluding to the current legend in frontier life that all the settlers out West are the progeny of the President of the United States for the time to the States for the time being. "No peace long," said the Sioux chief

"No peace long, said the should that defaulty, a savage smile lighting up his ex-pressive features. "Hatchet dug up al-ready. War soon - in 'nother moon."

pressive features. "Inscrete ung the series of the series worse for his temporary captivity, and I suppose Seth will be all right in a few days, suppose sets will be all right in a lew days, after his wounds get better. I suppose we shall have to let him go." "Yes," said Mr. Rawlings; "but I must

shall nave see Mr. Rawlings, "Yes," said Mr. Rawlings, consult Noah Webster first." After consultation with that worthy, it After determined that the whole party should

take advantage of the Indians' bivouac and take advantage of the Indians' bivonac and remain there until the morning, when they would have had a good rest. The Indians must be kept bound, and one taken with them on the back track next day until they had accomplished half their return journey home, when he would be released, and sent back free to unloose his comrades.

back free to unlosse his contrades. This, Noah Webster said, was the only course they could adopt in order to avoid any treachery with the redskins; he would not trust them farther than he could see them, and he laughed at Mr. Rawlings'sidea

them, and he langhed at Mr. Rawlings's idea of releasing them at once on parole. "Why, if you did so," said he, "none of us would ever get back to Minturne Creek to tell the tale !" Accordingly, Noah's plan was adopted. The little band that had accomplianed Sailor Bill's resour so satisfactorily, rested after their labors till the norming, when,

And the Indian spat on the ground with savage gesture as he spoke.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

GOLD AT LAST. anm panions arrived, towards midday, at Minturne Creek, and reported their adventures, quite a sensation was cre-ated among the other miners, who had

Sille is

I HALAHALLIT

His cheer was taken up instantly by the main body of the miners, who were gossip-ing in front of Josh's caboose, with a heartiness that resounded through the valley and even made the hills echo again ; while and even made the hills echo again ; while Jasper who had been under a sort of cloud Jasper, who had been under a sort of cloud ever since his cowardly conduct on the prairie, joined Josh in a regular war dance before the latter's colimary sanctum, and repeated ever and anon his jubilant song, "Golly, massa, I told you so !" Ernest Wilton and Mr.

Rawlings hurried to-wards the head of the new workings, in com-pany with Noah Webster and the first discoverer of the ore; the rest of the miners followed after at a distance, eager to set to work again at once as soon as their leaders should give orders to that effect.

that effect. Seth requisitioned the aid of the two darkies, and made them carry him in the rear of the procession.

sion. "No sign of the other wall," said 'Tom Cannon as spokesman; "we're nigh four feet in from the bottom of the shaft. The richest is that near the river." "That is just what we

expected from the state-ment of Mr. Rawlings's ment of Mr. Rawlings's original discoverer. He found it rich in the little shaft he sank there, and that is at the point where that is at the point where the two lodes run into each other. I expect we shall find it richer every foot we go in that di-rection. If so, it will be one of the richest finds I know of." So saving Ernest full

So saying, Ernest, full So saying, Ernest, full of eagerness and expec-tation, was lowered away into the mine by the men. He did not stay very long below the sur-face; and on his return his face seemed to glow

"It's all right," he gasped out, almost be-fore he got out of the sbatt; "you've hit on the richest lode I ever

shatt; "you've hit on the richest lode 1 ever saw in my experience. We ought to get tons of gold out of that quartz. We have just struck the centre of a pocket, I think, which must extend to the old workings of your consin Need. Mr. Rawlings, I congratulate you; your luck has changed at last, and if all turns out as I expect, you'll have the finet mine in Defact !!

if all turns out as I expect, you'll have the finest mine in Dakota!", you'll have the finest mine in Dakota!", you'll have the most choking poor Josh and Jasper by gripping their necks with his muscular arms in his excitement. The darkies were supporting him as if in a chair, with their hands clasged beneath him, and he was sit-ting with his arms resting on their should-ers, although he now shifted his hold un-wittingly to their necks. "Hooray! I said we'd strike it rich, yet, and so we have!"

have!" "I think," Ernest Wilton continued, "that there will be fifty tons of the rich-est stuff, and nearly two hundred of what I est stuff, and hearly two hundred of what 1 may call second class, but which is still ex-ceedingly rich. But it is time that we should carry out our plans. We must get up a small mill with five stamps, with a wheel to be worked by water from the mountain stream. It is likely enough that such a set could be got in one of the mining camps, and I must make a short journey to Bis-marck in search of gear." All this time, however, even with the confident expectation of untold wealth be-ing now almost within his grasp, not one of the party had forgotten the parting threat of Rising Cloud, and his warning that, ere many months were over, the camp at Minturne Creek would be assailed by the Sioux tribe in full force. Indeed, if Mr. Rawlings or Seth, or Noal especially, who had such a long experience may call second class, but which is still ex-

Indeed, if Mr. Rawlings or Seth, or Noah especially, who had such a long experience of the dangers of backwoods life away from the settlements, and thoroughly appreciated the old adage that "he who is forewarned is forearmed," were at all inclined to laugh at the Indian's declaration as an empty boast, many rumors that reached them would have constrained them to alter their winnon and cause them to be prepared for opinion, and cause them to be prepared for anything that might happen.

"HOORAY, BOYS !" SHOUTED SETH ALLPORT, AS ERNEST WILTON ANNOUNCED THE GOOD NEWS

leaving two of the Indians bound to the trees, they started back for the camp, tak-ing with them the chief. Rising Cloud. They did not release him until they reached the spot where the original fight had oc-curred, where the chief had his arms un-

curred, where the chief had his arms un-pinioned and was told he might go and free his companions. The Indian did not take a very affection-ate farewell of his secort. As Mr. Raw-lings and Ernest untied his hands and told his homistic go homist of her high second s him he might go, he pointed first towards the sky, then towards the east from whence

they had just come, and then in the direc-tion where Minturne Creek lay. "Yes, white man master now! Rising Cloud go home to his tribe; but by-and-by he come back again with thousand warriors "Yes," said Mr. Rawlings; "but I must not sub ack again with thousand warriors this back, and wipe out the white men, robbers of the red man's land. Yes, by the After consultation with that worthy, if was determined that the whole party should

been kept in ignorance of what was going

Meanwhile a surprising amount of work had been accomplished at the mine. The tubbing had been put into position two days before, and had been found to act ad-mirably; the water had been pumped out, and the men at work were driving to the left.

As soon as mutual congratulations had been interchanged amongst the leaders, and the joy of the whole party at being once more reunited had somewhat subsided, Tom Cannon, one of the miners, approached the spot where Mr. Rawlings, Ernest Wilton, Seth, and Noah Webster were grouped,

Seth, and Noah Websier were grouped, chatting together. "I gness thar's surthin' up now," said Noah Webster, noticing a slight assumption of mystery on the part of Tom Cannon. "Gness so," said Seth, sotto voce. "They've been gone. Wall, Tom," he added alond, "what's the rumpus now? Panned out anythir?" "See!" said Tom Cannon, opening his closed fits and displaying a little ting heap

out anythin??" Gannon, opening his 'See!" said Tom Gannon, opening his closed fist and displaying a little tiny heap of gold dust lying in the palm of his hand. "All that came out of one lump of quartz taken out of the gravel in the heading we've begun. We can see it everywhere in the rock, and it w.s. getting richer every inch." "Hooray !" shouted Seth, attempting to rise and wave his hat as he was wont to do in moments of triumph. but onickly onict-

The and wave his hat as he was wont to do in moments of triumph, but quickly quiet-ing down again as the pain of his foot re-minded him of having been wounded. "Didn't I say so—ask any one in camp if I didn't—that we'd find the gold at last? Hooray !" he repeated aloud at the pitch of his voice his voice.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

The miners were not discouraged, al-though they took every wise precation so that their wary foe should not eatch them napping. Whether they were working in the mine or went hunting, or were digging in the kitchen garden that Josh and Jasper had improvised at the back of the little hut where they all lived, every man went armed or had his arms handy. In addition to this, sentinels were posted through the day at the entrance of the Creek, to warn them of the approach of any suspicions atrangers to the camp : while Seth caused as rigid a watch to be kept at night, taking the first and fourth turns him-self, as if he were still a first mate with the

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self, as if he were still a first mate with the responsibilities of a ship on his hands, and walking the deck of the Susan Jane.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

THE WAR WHOOP.

THE WAR WHOOP. SUPPOSE, Withon, you'll take the wagon and a team of mules with you to bring back the things, eh? "said Wr. Rawlings presently, as the young en-gineer began making his prepatations for trutting.

starting. "Yes," said Ernest, "and shall have to hire four or five others ; but I need only have them with me as far as Fort Bennett on the Missouri, where, as I pointed out to you just now, I can get a passage in one of the river steamers right up to Bismarck, and the same way back with all my pur-chases. Why, Mr. Rawlings, 'he went on, "you must have comehere by almost as roundabout a route as I did from Oregon ! You told me that you took a month getting to Minturne Creek with your mining plant and other goods, dragging them, I suppose, the whole distance from the railroad across

the whole distance from the railroad across the plains, instead of taking advantage of the waterway as I am going to do now." "That is very true, "naswered the other. "But Moose said it was the best way, and I allowed him to shape mine now !" said Ernest dryl; and the same day he and the half-breed, with the valiant Josh m charge of the wagon and a ten-mule team, started for Fort Bennett, a distance of about one hundred and fortw miles from the camp one hundred and forty miles from the camp. They accomplished this within three days, not meeting with any obstruction in the shape of Indians on the road. At this station Ernest left Moose with

the wagon and mules, while he took pas-sage for himself and Josh in one of the steamboats which ply along the rolling waters of the Missouri to the town on its banks above, now the capital of Northern Dakota

At Bismarck he was fortunate enou hear of some machinery which would ex-actly suit him; it had been sent West for a mine, which before it arrived had proved so poor that it was abandoned, and the

so poor that it was abandoned, and the wheel and stamps were now for sale. He also laid in some stores, besides a quantity of gunpowder, and lead for bullets, which he thought would come in handy for the Indians should they lay siege to Minturne Creek.

When he knew the weight of the goods. he sent word down the river to Moose a Fort Bennett, and the latter hired five additional wagons and teams, which were all in readiness when he arrived by steamer

In reactiness when he arrived by steamer with the machinery. Everything was soon packed up, and the little party tracked back to the camp, having been but twenty days away altogether.

"You air smart !" said Seth, who was the first to welcome Ernest on his arrival, the ex-mate having now quite recovered from his wounds, and "hopping about on his pins," as he expressed it, "as merrily as over "

"You would have made haste too, friend

"You would have made maste too, triend Seth," said Ernest, haughing, "if you had heard what I have about those Indians, and our old acquaintance, Rising Cloud." "What is that?" asked Mr. Rawlings anxiously, who had just come up in time to hear the last observation of the young engineer. "What have you heard about Driving Cloud?" engineer. " V Rising Cloud?

"Only," said Ernest, and he spoke grave-ly enough now, "that he is spreading nur-der and havoe all along the banks of the

der and havoc all along the banks of the Missouri, and may soon be here upon us with the missreant gang he leads. "I heard terrible tales of him in the steamer ou which I came down the river. The captain of the little craft told me that the Indians had burnt every outlying settlement in Southern Dakota, massacring settlement is inhohitmer and messacring all the white inhabitants, and were making their way northwards, so we'd better look out. Why, he said they'd even attacked his boat when it was at one of the landings ;

The miners were not discouraged, al- and if he hadn't put on steam he and his vessel would have been settled, with all on board."

board." "Ab," said Mr. Rawlings, "that corrob-orates the warning we got from the com-mander of the United States troops at Fort Warren when you were away. We cer-Warren when you were away. We cer-tainly must keep a careful lookout, for it would not do to repeat all my poor cousin Ned's experiences, and have the result of our toil snatched from our grasp by those relentless fiends of the prairie, when it is just within our reach, as it was in his, poor fellow

Mr. Rawlings then went on to tell Ernest Mr. Rawings then went on to tell Ernest what they had heard, and give an account of what had transpired during his absence at the settlements; after which the whole party proceeded to examine their defenses in detail, the young engineer suggesting that they should entrench the camp in a systematic way, and also the machinery which would be erected on the river's bank. There we can be they duractions from

There were only two directions from which they could be attacked; for the pre-cipitous rauge of the Black Hills, standing behind Minturne Creek with its semi-circu-lar rampart, protected their rear and sides, so that they had only their front face to guard, along the course of the stream, following the gulch.

The same safeguards which they had adopted before were redoubled in the face of the second warning they received by the account Ernest Wilton brought back with him of the Indian savages in their neighborhood, their day and night watch being maintained with the strictest regularity.

The teams were soon unloaded and started on their return journey, and with the exception of the men engaged in clear-ing out the quartz from the mine, all hands set to to erect the water wheel and stamps. which operation, as all the pieces of timber were fitted and numbered, was an easy and rapid one.

In three weeks afterward all was ready for a start. Five hundredweight of quartz was a start. Five indirective gate of quartz was then weighed out and carried down to the stamps, the gear which connected the machinery with the great wheel revolving in the river was properly applied, and the stamps began to rise and fall with a heavy

stamps began to rise and that with a heavy regular rhythm. The quartz was thrown in beneath the stamps shovelful by shovelful, and in an hour and a half the last fragment was used up. For another half hour the stamps rose and fell, then the water running through them was no longer milkwhite, and the stamps were stopped. Then the blankets spread upon the ways

by which the mud-charged stream had flowed by which the mut-charged stream has howed wore taken up and washed, the quicksilver was taken out of the concentrators and passed through wash-leather bags, in which great rolls of amalgam remained. These were placed in large crucibles to

frive off the quicksilver, and then removed from the furnace and the gold placed in the scale. To this was added the fine gold the scale. To this was added the fine gold from the blankets. Ernest Wilton added the weights, and around him stood Mr. Rawlings and all the mners off duty. "Just a hundred onnces," he said, "four hundred onnces to the ton; sneaking roughly, nine there.

"Hundred ounces to the ton; speaking roughly, nine thousand dollars to the ton." "Hurrah!" should Seth Allport, his

"Hurrah !" should Seth Allport, his ringing voice making itself heard above the sound of the rushing water and the echo-ing chorus of the men's cheers.

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-osy. He can get you any number you may GOSY. want.

#### THE LITERAL TRUTH.

EXCITED fisherman to summer hotel man There isn't a bit of fishing around here Every brook has a sign warning people off.

Every brook has a sign waining people of. What do you mean by inring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?" Hotel mar. "I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you read my advertisement, earefully you will see that what I said was, "Fishing unapproachable."

WHAT REOPENS THE CORRESPONDENCE.

THESE are the months when the country aunts and cousins begin to receive affectionauna and cousins begin to receive an ection-ate and highly perfumed letters from their town relatives who have been too busy to write al winter. They want to know if the man has "planted any of those nice fresh eggs we had last summer, and if the dear old cow has begun to sit on the fresh butter."

JOY AND PAIN. Тик heart hath chambers twain Wherein do dwell Twin brothers, Joy and Pain. When waketh Joy in one, Still calmly Pain slumbers in his own.

O Joy, thy bliss restrain, Speak softly, Lest thou should'st waken Pain.

+++ This story commenced in No. 227 1

## ED NEWTON; or New Year Beatblack By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

#### CHAPTER LIX.

#### ELIAS SIMMONS HAS A DOUBLE DISAPPOINT-MENT.

RS. NEWTON regarded her visitor with so much surprise that he felt constrained to say, "You didn't 6 expect to see me?

"No, Elias ; I concluded that our inter-view of this morning was final."

"You probably thought me hard hearted and unfeeling?" he continued with slight embarrassment.

as to that, I will only say that had our positions been reversed I would have done something to help ycu."
 "You women can't understand the posi-

ion of a business man. Seeing me in a large store of my own you naturally con-clude that I have plenty of money." "I should hardly think it would be worth your while to undertake so large a business

unless it provided you with a moderate supply of money." "My old clerk there," indicating St. Clair,

"can understand how a clerk can often be better off than his employer."

"I hope that wasn't the case when I was in your employment, Mr. Simmonr," said St. Clair with more 'reedom than he could have boasted in former days, "for I assure you that I never had a dollar to spare at that time."

"At any rate you had no store rent and wages to pay. But to come back to the ob-ject of my errand, I proposed to you to go to Philadelphia"

to Philadelphia. "And I declined to go where my boy could not find me."

"I think you made a mistake. You could leave word, you know. It happened oddly enough that directly after you left me I received a letter from a business acquaintance in that city asking if I knew of any one I could recommend for a housekeeper. I am quite sure you would suit him, and I will stablish you there." Mrs. Newton shook her head.

"My objections are not to be overcome," she said. "I shall remain in New York." And become an object of charity,"

And become an object of charity," sneered Simmons, concluding the sentence, "I am sure I shall be glad to assist the mother of my friend Ned to my small ability," said Roscoe St. Clair impulsively, "Thank you, Mr. St. Clair," said Mrs. Newton gratefully. "I appreciate your kind offer, but you and Mr. Simmons will both be glad to hear that I am not in need of assistance."

of assistance. Elias Simmons listened to this statement

in surprise, which was natural enough. "Then I don't see why you should make contrary statements to me at the store," he said.

"Because I was then very much in need

"Because I was then very much in need of help, and did not get it." "But how is it that you are so in 'epend-ent now? I don't understand it at all." "From your store I went to a pawn-broker's shop on the Bowery, to see if I could raise a small sum on, my wedding

ring." "That won't last you forever, as you ought to know." "The small sum offered would not have

"The simil sum onered would not have lasted over a day; indeed it was not suffi-cient to pay the deficiency in my rent, but as I left the place disheartened and well nigh discouraged. I happily met an old friend - that is, a friend in better days. He has placed his child in my charge, and pays me so liberally that I shall not have to

pays me so normaly that i sour not nave to appeal to my relatives again." Elias Simmons was very much annoyed to hear this. He had thought Mrs Newton in his power, and he felt quite confident that she would be compelled to accept his offer, and leave the city in spite of her ob-

jections. "I congratulate you," he said, with an

ill grace; " but I still sannot help thinking that you would do better to go to Phil delphia."

AUGUST 20, 1887

delphia." "Have you any special desire that I should go to Philadelphia?" she asked, struck with his persistence. "No," he answered, hesitating a little. "I have only your good in view. It ap-pears to me that a child's board is a very

mall thing to rely upon for the support of a family "I am liberally paid," said Mrs. Newton,

briefly. "I will hold the offer open for a couple think better of it,"

"I will note the oner open for a complete of weeks, in case you think better of it," he said, as he rose to go, "Good day." "Good day. I am obliged to you for taking so much trouble on my account."

taking so much trouble on my account." "I didn't know Mr. Simmons was re-lated to you, " said Roscoe St. Clair when they were left alone. "He is my nearest relative—my first cousin. When we were both young we were almost as intimate as brother and si-ter. Yet when I called yesterday to ak for a loan of a few dollars, stating my need, he declined to hely me? he declined to help me." "I never liked him, Mrs. Newton. He

"I never liked him, Mrs. Newton. He treated me very unfairly, while he keeps in his employ Leon Granville, who brought a charge of dishonesty against. Ned, which I showed to be false. That seems to be very strange. It almost seems as if he were prejudiced against Ned." "I think he is. I am only surprised that he should have offered him a place at ""

all.

"With a salary larger than he is accus-tomed to pay to beginners. That puzzled Ned too. He wouldn't give him a letter of recommendation unless he would agree not vised him to go to Boston or Philadelphia." "Ana he wishes me to leave the eity also! That seems strange, Mr. St. Clair." "Yes, it does. I can't understand it at

al1

Meanwhile Elias Simmons was on his way home, quite disappointed and out of hun or.

"Everything seems to go against me," he muttered. "I have got rid of the boy, fortunately, but the mother is obstantely bortunatery, but the mother is costinately bent upon staying in the city where she may at any time hear of or see her aunt Eunice. If that should happen I should be completely floored. I almost wish I had let matters take their course. Ten to one aunt Eunice would never have heard that Hester and her boy were living. Even if she had, no blame would have been attached to me for keeping it concealed from her. Now there is no going back. I must keep on in the course I have mapped out." The next day Elias Simmon decided to

go over to Brooklyn to call upon his aunt. He happened to remember that it was her birthday, and he went to the expense of a large hot-house bouquet as an offering "from her dutiful and rafectionate nephew

"That'll be apt to make an impression in the old lady," he reflected.

"That'll be apt to make an impression on the old lady," he reflected. It was very clear that Elias Simmons, shrewd solchner as he was, did not understand his aunt as well as she under-stood him. She would have comprehended too well the object which impelled him to the offering. But for reasons which will at once be stated, the bouquet never found its way to Miss Simmons. Her nephew reached the plain honse which had been occupied by has ano. for some years, and confidently rang the bell.

which had been occupied by his and, for some years, and confidently rang the bell. There was no answer, and he rang again. Still no answer. He rang a third time, jerking the bell with angry emphasis.

This time there was a response. A stout, red-faced Irishwoman unbolted the door, and surveyed the visitor.

"And what are ye afther wanting?" she

asked. "I want to see Miss Simmons,"answered Ehas sharply. "She isn't here, sir."

"She isn't here, s. "Has she moved? "No, sir." what has 1 "Then what has become of her?"

"I don't know, sir. She's off traveln', she au' Miss Barclay." "Off traveling? But she isn't able to travel!"

travel ! "Leastways she's gone away, and Miss "Leastways she's gone away, and miss Barclay said sho wasn't sure when she would come back. I'm employed to look after the house while she's gone." "Most extraordinary!" said the discom-fited merchant as he walked slowly to the

next street to catch the lorse cars. Then a terrible suspicion entered his mind. Jane Barclay had spirited the old hady away knowing she would soon die.

with the purpose of getting sole possession

of her property, or at least drawing the in-come in the old lady's name after she was ignorant of the relationship?" dead. It is odd how suspicious unprinci-Presently Ned began to wonder whether dead. It is odd how suspicious unprinci-pled schemers are of others under the idea that they are capable of plots as cluning as their own. The merchant was perplexed and unhappy, and quite at a loss what to do. In hot haste he sought the office of his aunt's lawyer, and imparted to him the starting intelligence. The lawyer took it outpart

startling intelligence. The lawyer tcok it quite coolly. I did not know of my client's depart-nre, 'he said, 'but I shall no doubt be in-formed of it in due season." Will you then kindly send me word of "wort's whore chourts?"

" will you then know each me would of my aunt's whereabouts?" "That depends upon her wishes. I am of opinion that your aunt will notify you herself if she wishes you to know where she is. "As her only living relative, and at ber

advanced age, it seems to me important that I should be notified," said the merchant frowning. "Your aunt is advanced in age, but she

is quite able to manage her own affairs as yet," returned the lawyer, leaning back in his chair. "Besides, you may not be the only living relative. Your cousin yet," returned the lawyer, leaning or in his chair. "Besides, you may not the only living relative. Your cous Hester, Mrs. Newton, may yet be living." "But I told you she was dead!"

"But 1 tota you she was dead !" "You have positive proof of it?" "So positive that there can be no reason-able doubt."

The lawyer did not reply, but when Lins Simmons was gone, he said to him-self: "It looks to me as if Mrs. Newton was still living, and that this man is aware of it. We shall see!"

### CHAPTER LY

THE VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA. IF Ned could have known how well his mother was provided for, he would have felt more comfortable as day after day the ship sped on its long voyage, and increased the distance between him and his New York home. As it was, however, he did not allow himself to worry over he did not allow himself to worry over-much. He had been brought up to feel a profound faith in the goodness of God. In this misfortune, which he had had no hand in bringing upon himself, he felt sure that in some way his mother would be provided

in some way the for. There was nothing he could do at pres-ent, and he resigned himself to making the best of his situation. The captain was not unkind, and redeemed his promise by im-the set of a situation of the set of th unkind, and redeemed his promise by im-parting to Ned some knowledge of naviga-tion. It might never do any good, but it helped fill up his time, and there was plessure to one naturally studious in ac-quiring knowledge of any kind. One thing he could not understand;

One thing he could not understand: What object could the captain, whom he had never before met, have in luring him away from home as a companion on this long voyage?

Meanwhile, day after day passed. They neared Rio Janeiro. Ned had once enter-tained the thought of leaving the ship at this point, and endeavoring to get a chance to return home. But he had no money, beyond a small som -less than five dollars -which he happened to have in his pocket at the time he went on board. He also learned, by conversing with the mate, that learned, by conversing with the mate, that he night have to wait a considerable time at Rio, even if he had the money, before he could obtain a passage back to New York. It seemed better to go on to San Francisco, and trust to luck for a chance to cross the continent from there. Besides, he had always associated California with gold. He kuew that many persons had made their fortunes there. Perhaps he might strike fortunes there. Perhaps he might strike some chance that would enable him, when he did return, not to go back empty handed. To a boy of his age there was a charm in visiting a distant land of which he had heard so much. Of course he would, as soon as he landed, write to his mother to assure her of his safety, and let her know where he was

They reached the Brazilian capital, made a two days stop in port. Here Ned obtained some unexpected information. One day after the captain, as he knew, had been writing letters, he entered the cabin and saw two lying on the table duly closed and directed. He was not particularly inand directed. He was not particularly in-terested in the captain's correspondence, but his eye fell casually upon the letters. He started in surprise at the address upon one of them. It was directed to e ... em. It was direc. ELIAS SIMMONS, No - Fulton STREET, New YORK, UNITED STATES, UNITED STATES, '' said Ned!

himself in amazement.

never mentioned the name to me? or is he ignorant of the relationship?" Presently Ned began to wonder whether Elias Simmons had anything to do with his being carried off from New York. He could conceive of no reason why his former em-ployer should desire to get rid of him. Yet

ployer should desire to get rid of him. Yet he remembered his urging him to leave the city, and go to Philadelphia. "'I wonder whether the captain refers to me in this letter," he said to himself. "I wish I could read it." But this was, of course, impossible, nor wonld Ned have felt it right to open it even head it heap ungenedd

would Ned have felt it right to open it even had it been unsealed. He heard the captain's well known step, and left the cabin. When the captain saw the two letters lying on the table he bit his lip in vexation at his impradent exposure of what might have proven a revelation of his secret compact with the New York mer-chant. He durted a sharp glance at Ned, as if to read on his face whether he had obser-ved the advesses of the letters but the ved the addresses of the letters, but the boy was on his guard. He looked quite ved the addresses or the toward of the book of the book of the second second second for the toward of the second s unconcerned, and not nice one who mut made an important discovery. The captain felt reassured, but took care to pocket the letters. He carried them with him on shore and mailed them. Ned, too, managed to write a letter to his mother, and posted it, but through some mischance it reached its destination.

The voyage was resumed. Ned hoped that the captain would mention the name of Elias Simmons, but he never did. He

of Elias Simmons, but he never did. He did not himself venture to do so. They passed successfully around Cape Horn, having a less stormy time than is usual, and then began to work their way up north on the Pacific side. Ned found the voyage monotonous, but it strengthened and invigorated him, and he looked forward earnestly to the termination of it, when he could stand once more on dry land, and earnesity to the termination of it, when he could stand once more on dry land, and try his fortune in the Western Golconda. "How long shall you remain at San Fran-cisco, captain?" he asked oue day.

sco, captain? "he asked one day. "It is uncertain; perhaps three weeks." "Have you ever been there before?" "Three times."

"Is there as good a chance to get rich there as formerly?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Of those who go to the mines at least three out of four come back poorer than they went.

they went." This was not encouraging, but Ned's spirits were not much dampened. He thought that he might be the successful one in four, even if this statement were correct. He did not continue the conversa-tion, not caring to acquaint the captain

with his purpose. But the latter none the less read what was in the boy's mind. "I don't know whether Simmons means

"I don't know whether Simmons means to have me keep the boy on board the ship and bring him home or not," he reflected. "Probably I shall find a letter awaiting me in San Francisco, with instructions." His conjecture was verified. In the San Francisco postoffice he found a letter from Elias Simmons, in which the

a letter from Elias Simmons, in which the merchant wrote: "If the boy runs away from the ship, let him go! The chances are that it will be a long time before he gets a chance to return to New York." "All right!" commented the captain.

"All right !" commented the captain. "But what can be the object of Elias Sim-Does he stand in his way, I wonder? I will make it my business to find out. The The knowledge may be of use to me

#### CHAPTER LXL

NED REACHES S., N FRANCISCO.

T was a time of pleasant excitement for Ned when the Petrel passed though the Golden Gate and he was brought in sight of the wonderful city which had sign of the wonderful city which had drawn fortune seekers from all parts of the country. San Francisco had at this time less than a quarter of the population she now boasts, but it may be said that she offered a much better chance then to make

Ned began to wonder whether Captain Roberts would interpose any objections to

Roberts would interpose any objections to his going on shore. "He can't keep me a prisoner on the ship very well," he reflected. "Even if he should attempt it, I would manage to escape one way or another. I don't care to make that long royage back to New York. It has taken four months to come, and I can't mare as much more time to return" spare as much more time to return.

ELIAS SIMMONS, No - FULTON STREET, New YORK. "So he knows Mr. Simmons: "said Ned 10 upon the side with his eyes fixed inself in amazement. "Why has he ... "It's a pleasant city, Frisco !" he said.

"It looks so," said Ned. "How long do you expect to remain in port?

you expect to remain in port?" "About three weeks, so that you will have plenty of time to become acquainted with the place." "That looks as if he expected to take me beds "theories"

back," thought Ned. "I shall be glad to explore it," he said

quietly. "You can go on shore to-morrow spend the day. This afternoon it will be too late."

Very well." "What relations have you in New York ?"

"What relations have you in New York?" sked the captain abruptly. "My mother and a girl she has adopted." "No one else?" "My mother has a cousin in business

"My mother has a cousin in business in Fulton Street," answered Ned, fixing his eyes on Captain Roberts, ready to mark eye changes in his expression. "Perhaps any changes in his expression. "Perhaps you have heard of him, Mr. Elias Simmons

mons." "Yes," said the captain ; "I bought a few articles of him when last in New York. I came away hurriedly without paying him, and was obliged to send him the money in a letter from Rio." This was a closer schemation of the app

This was a clever fabrication of the cap-Inis was a clever norreation of the cap-tain, intended to avert suspicion in case Ned had observed the address upon the let-ter on the cabin table. It did so in a mea-sure, since it seemed to afford a reasonable explanation for the fact of the letter being written.

"So he is your mother's cousin?" continued Captain Roberts, anxious for further information. "He is a rich man, is he not?

"I always considered him so." "Probably he gives your mother some assistance, if, as I suppose, she is in poor circumstances."

circumstances." "He takes no notice of us," said Ned, shaking his head. "We are poor relations." "Was your mother always poor?" "No; she was brought up by a rich aunt and never knew what it was to want money, het cart Eurip a didt was reasoned the supersoned the

but and Eunice didn't approve of her mar-riage to an actor, and discarded her." Captain Roberts pricked up his ears.

Here seemed to be a clew Is this sount yet living?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Mother has not heard from her for a long time. She must be quite old now.

What is her name?"

"What is her name?" "Eunice Simmons. She never married." "Has she any other relatives besides your mother?" "Yes; Mr. Elias Simmons is her ne-

phew. Ned may have been obtuse, but he did

not draw any inference from the informa-tion which he had just given the captain. Captain fooberts did.

Captain toberts did. "It is perfectly clear to me now," he said to himself. "The old lady is still living, and my worthy employer is atraid she will come to the knowledge of this boy and his mother. Elias, you are a clever rascal, and you flatter yourself I don't see through your plans. But you are mistaken. I may see fit to interfere with your selfash schemes. I rather like this boy, much better at any rate than I like you, and I may be able to feather my own nest in

may be able to feather my own nest in helping him." "Where in New York does your mother live?" asked Captain Roberts after a pause. Ned told him correctly, having no reason to conceal this intelligence.

devotees irequently inflict upon themselves not a little disconfort to perform its biddings. Nevertheless, there is still a long step to be taken to get as low down in the scale as the Burmese men, who, from their earliest youth, tattoo their legs from the thighs down to the knees with designs both floral and animal, a structure the legs from the thighs down to the the structure of the structure of the structure with numerous round holt: "I have been structure optime is often administered to deaden the agonizing pain that it causes, and deaths fre-quently ensue from gaugrenous linflamma-thon, the result of these purctures. But there have bely "I it is necessary to suffer in order to be beautiful," and the admiration and envy excited afterward may perhaps compen-sate these victims of vanity for the tortures to which the desoration subjects them. The tattooing is effected by the juice of a plant which stains the designs an inky black. to conceat this intelligence. The captain did not continue the conver-sation, but walked thoughtfully away. He was considering in what way he could utilize to his own advantage the information he had inst received.

The next morning at eight o'clock Ned ent on shore. Though he kept a calm <sup>4</sup> The next morning at eight o'clock Ned went on shore. Though he kept a calm face his heart best with excitement, for he felt as he went over the side that he should probably never set foot on the deck of the Petrel again. "By the way, Ned," said Captain Roberts in a friendly manner, "as you left New York so hurriedly, you may be unprovided with money. Here are ten dollars. You can't get round without money." "Thank you, Captain Roberts. I will accept this as a loan." "Very well, any way you like. I hope you will have a pleasant day." "Thank you, sir." "Thank you, sir."

"Thank you, si."
"I wonder if he will be angry when I don't show up in the evening," thought Ned. "I must take the risk of that. I have lost four months, and it is time I did thought

Ned walked through the streets of the infant city, looking about him curiously. He was especially interested in the China-hen the other day that was so true to life that men, with their almond eyes and long pig-tails, for he had never seen one before; it lay there."

now they are a not uncommon sight in our About twelve o'clock he began to feel the

pangs of hunger, and entered a small restaurant which in New York would be considered a one horse eating house. With his Eastern notions, Ned fancied it would

be very cheap. There was no bill of fare, but he observed that at the next table the occupant had be-fore him a plate of roast beef, and a cup of

tea. He ordered the same, and finished his dinner with a piece of pie. At a cheap restaurant in New York, all

this would not have cost over twenty-five cents

cents. After dinner Ned stepped up to a rude connter, and asked for his bill. "One dollar," answered the cashier. "What?" inquired Ned, scarcely believ-

ing his ears. "One dollar."

"One donar." "I only had a plate of roast beef, a cup of a and a piece of pie." "Just so."

"That would be twenty-five cents in ew York." New

"Just so. But we ain't in New York, young feller. Victuals is worth their full vally here in Frisco."

With a feeling bordering on dismay, Ned handed out his ten dollar bill and received

handed out no version back the change. "I can't afford to eat long at this rate," "unit to biuself. "If I am going to stay "work". he said to himself. "If I am going to stay here, I must begin to earn some money." "You sin't iong in Frice?" said the keeper of the restaurant inquiringly. "I only arrived this morning." "That explains it. You're green, but

"Can everybody here afford to eat?" asked Ned, not in joke, but in serious The other laughed.

"I reckon so," he said, "though the first week I spent in Frisco I only got one

hrst week 1 spent in Filse 1 only gov due meal a day," "I can't afford that long." "People earn money faster here than at the East." "I wish I could find a job. Do you know of coulding a could do?"

of anything I could do?" "I'd have given you the job to saw and split some wood for me, if you'd have come along sooner. There's a cord out there in the yard." "How much did you pay?"

will give me one." (To be continued.)

clothing.

"Five dollars." That seemed a high price to Ned, who "Int seemed a high price to Ned, who wished he had happened along sconer. "I wish I had been in time," he said. "If you want a job, young fellow, I can give you one," put in a man who had been sitting at the next table to Ned.

He was a rough looking individual, and it is doubtful whether any judicious pawn-broker would have been willing to lend over a dollar on his whole supply of

"I do want a job," said Ned promptly, "and I shall be very much obliged if you

THE DUDES OF BURMAN. THERE are plenty of follies committed in this country for the sake of fashion, and its devotees frequently inflict upon themselves

not a little discomfort to perform its biddings.

+++ TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

TWO STRINGS TO HIS HOW. STREET VENDER: "Hore's a first class mark-ing ink "(writes on a piece of linen " indelible [nk.") "And here, ladies and gentlemen. I've got a spiendid preparation for washing out stains," (proceeds forthwith to wash out the above worlds).

UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

so naturally that the birds came and pecked

AKING about the man who painted fruit



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 per year, yable in advance. Club rate. -- For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one year AII unications for the ARGOSY should be ad-

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ed Manuscripte for that purpose. FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE GOLDEN ABGOSY 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.

We take pleasure in announcing that in next week's ABGOSY we shall begin the publication of a very interesting story, entitled

#### DROWNED GOLD, written by the well-known author,

DAVID KER.

The scene is laid on the west coast of Africa. and the narrative is substantially a true being founded on the experiences that befell Mr. Ker himself when wrecked in that locality two years ago.

TELEGRAPHING A PORTRAIT.

CLOSE upon the announcement that it will soon be possible to sign a check by telegraph comes the suggestion that certain experiments that have recently been made with tel-egraphic diagrams be reduced to practical conditions so as to admit, for instance, of cabling the photograph of an absconding eriminal across the ocean. It seems that already some of the European

nations, in their unceasing efforts to perfect themselves in all possible military aids, have hit upon a method of transmitting maps, plans of fortifications, and even likenesses of their officers by a system of signal flags.

An engraved photograph of a colonel commanding a certain body of troops was signaled in this way to a distant point by the use of 700 words, or groups of words, and although the officer receiving the message did not know whose likeness was to be sent, he recognized it without trouble as soon as the charting was completed.

#### DANGER ON THE WATER.

WE are now in the height of the boating season, and lakes, rivers and bays all over the country are dotted with pleasure parties in craft of every description, from the tiny

cance to the commodious catboat. Happy times are these, indeed, these vacation days, when floating under the arching trees and among the lilles, or bounding over the briny waves, care is cast to the winds, and naught interferes to mar the complete enjoyment of the present hour. Alas, that that which does at times inter-

pose should be of such somber hue, should form such a sad contrast to the merry voices. the light laugh, the joyous song that but a moment or two before mingled with the plash of oars or the swash of the sea!

Remembering what a very short step it is from life to death under these circumstances, we sound this note of warning to our sailor boys, and girls, too, for it is not always the captain's fault when a boat is overturned. Too much changing of seats; a careless movement, or reaching out after a lost oar-these are little things in themselves, but to what great sorrows they have at times given rise!

#### AN ERA OF HEROISM.

LAST week we made mention in these columns of the gratifying prominence at their own lives to save those of others, but at a recent stable fire in this city a couple of firemen fought their way through blinding smoke and over tottering planks to the rescue of two horses.

During the height of the confingration, and when it was believed that it was impossible to save any more of the seventy-five horses the building contained, two animals, a white and a bay, presented themselves at one of the upper windows and with cries of almost human piteousness seemed begging for deliverance from the fearful fate that menaced them.

Twice they appeared at the window, and then two brave fire laddies resolved to make at least an attempt to rescue the poor creatures.

They climbed to the window by the ladde and entering the burning loft, succeeded, with much difficulty and after many narrow escapes, in leading the animals down the incline and so out to the street, thus earning the honor of having their deed recorded by the press as a "noble act of heroism."

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

#### EXAMINED FOR WEST POINT.

SCARCELY a week passes that we do not receive one or more queries relative to the method of admission to the Military Academy at West Point. We may perhaps be able to answer some still unasked questions by de scribing an examination held on the 26th of July by Congressman S. S. Cox of New York's Ninth District, held to select one cadet for appointment.

The competition took place at Grammar School Nineteen of this city, and was conducted by the principal and three physicians. Eight candidates presented themselves, three of whom were ruled out by Mr. Cox be-cause they did not reside in his district. Three more were rejected by the doctors, two because of defective eyesight and the other on account of being under the standard size-flve feet—so that there were only two left, of whom Matthias Crowley, nineteen years old, was the one who received the appointment.

He was born in Ireland, but came to this country when he was two years old. He has been working in a gold pen factory as an apprentice, and last winter was a constant attendant at the Cooper Union evening schools. His father is a policeman. While Crowley passed a very good examina-

tion, it is stated that the smartest candidate was a junior in the College of the City of New York, whose defective vision necessitated his rejection.

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

# SCRATCHES THAT KILL, AND BUL-LETS THAT CURE.

"OH, it's only a scratch," is the comment frequently heard from those who meet with ome trifling accident.

And yet in many cases a mere scratch is sufficient to cause death, when possibly a deeper wound would have been followed by ecovery. Not long ago a young man essayed to light a match on his thumb nail, dropped of the phosphorus between the nail and the flesh, and died from the effects of the contact. Again, a scarcely perceptible mark made by the wire around a bottle was sufficient to cause the death of the victim in a few hours.

Still, as we have said, easy as it appears to to be to kill men by trifles, it sometimes seems impossible to deprive them of life by the most fearful wounds.

A London journal prints a list of remarkable escapes of this order, including the res-toration to a whole of the man who was cut almost in half by the blade of a scythe, and the undisturbed equanimity with which an official of St. Paul's Cathedral fell to the bottom of a well ninety feet deep.

Oddest of all, perhaps, is the case of a colonel who served under the Duke of Cumberland, who was a great sufferer from asthma. During a battle he was struck by a ball which passed completely through his lungs. It not only did not kill him, but on the conpresent given to the recording of deeds of heroism. Indeed, bravery itself appears to be on the increase. Not only do men imperii health.

### JOSEPH KEPPLER,

Founder and Publisher of " Puck.' HUMOROUS journalism has become as distinctive a feature of the American press as is humor of the American character. In its development and improvement Joseph Keppler, who was the founder, and is still one of the publishers and proprietors of Puck, has played a leading part.

He is an Austrian by birth, and was born at Vienna on the 1st of February, 1838. His taste for art manifested itself early, and John Keppler, his father, who was a confectioner, sent him to a drawing school at nine years old, his studies being afterwards continued at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts.

It was Joseph Keppler's dream, as it has been that of many another young artist before him, to visit Italy, and he started thither on foot, painting portraits on his way to pay his expenses. Then

for a couple of years he belonged to a theatrical compa-His pen ny. and brush had not been laid aside, for he retouched photographs, and drew for the Kickeriki, a comic paper which is still published at Vienna.

Meanwhile his father had emigrated to America, move necessitated by a too free utterance of his political coinions dur-

ing the year 1848, when all Europe was shaken by revolution. He settled in Saline

County, Missouri and was followed several years later, by his son, who came to St. Louis. At St. Louis Mr. Keppler again acted on the stage, at the Apollo Theater. Then he busied himself with portrait painting, and joined with F. Herold in starting a small comic weekly with the title *Pack*. Its humor was mainly local in character, and after enjoying a moderate degree of success for two years, the paper was suspended on the death of Mr. Ferold

JOSEPH KEPPLER.

But though the experiment was abandoned for a time, Mr. Keppler was convinced that a great success might yet be made of it, and resolved to try again at the first favorable opportunity.

He came to New York, and for three years was employed in drawing cartoons for Frank Leslie's publishing house. There he formed an alliance with Adolph Schwarzmann, one of the staff of the Illustrirte Zeitung. The firm of Keppler and Schwarzmann started in business at a small, dingy office in North William Street, close to the great arches of the Brooklyn Bridge, and in September, 1876, issued the first number of Puck, in German, with plain uncolored lithographic cartoons.

The German Puck was popular and profitable at once, and the English edition, with colored cartoons, was commenced in the following March. This was a bold venture, for no humorous paper had up to that time made any permanent success, and a like fate was freely prophesied for the new aspirant.

Mr. Keppler, however, had faith in his idea. and he persevered, in spite of many difficul-Humorous writers were hard to disties. cover, and humorous artists still harder. For some of its illustrations, *Puck* had to rely upon European papers. Mr. Keppler himself drew two, and often three of the larger cartoons-which kept him pretty busily employed. Gradually, however, he gathered about him a very bright and talented staff of assistants.

During the first year the German edition paid the expenses of its English cousin. Then as Puck gradually became known in the land his merits were recognized, and his coffers became well filled. More space was necessary, and an additional office was rented on the opposite side of the street. Then in 1880 the establishment was removed to spacious quarters on Warren and Murray Streets.

Puck's business continued to grow. Es-

pecially did he win renown during the Presidential campaign of 1884, and the next year a further expansion of his publication office was needed. A large lot was purchased at the corner of East Houston and Mulberry Streets. and Jacob Ottmanu, the lithographer, joined with Messrs. Keppler and Schwarzmann in erecting the massive brick and iron structure, 140 by 120 feet, and seven stories in height, which is the present home of our prosperous illuminated contemporary.

By this move Puck migrated from the center of New York's newspaper life, which alus. ters closely around the post office, and entered a region where several leading magazines and publishing houses have their headquarters. Whether the journal gained or lost by the topographical change, at any rate it has acquired unusually commodious and complete offices. Library, artists' stu-

dios, and edi-tors' rooms are there, as well as the extensive quarters devoted to the business, composing and printing departments, Mr. Ottmann, who prints the colored lithographs, has no less than twenty-four pres constantly at work, and the whole number of employees in the building reaches o tour hundred. Mr. Keppler's brush and pen-

cil are still actively enlisted in the service of his paper. and his spirited and tasteful cartoons are

one of its chief attractions. These are drawn directly upon the lithographic stone, after a "lay-out" or rough sketch is made on paper. and are printed by an ingenious and complicated process.

He also paints landscapes and other sub jects, both in oils and water colors, and is a skillful portrait artist, as was recently shown in his likeness of Mrs. Cleveland.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON

#### COWBOY REVERSES.

As a postscript to our last week's talk on the choice of cattle raising for a profession, we think it well to make mention of an item of news that has recently come from the West and which would seem to indicate that the ranching business is being overage. A meeting of the Cattle Growers Associa-

tion was recently held in Denver, at which it was decided, on account of overstocked markets, to turn back a drove of some 50,000 head then on its way north over the trail from Texas.

This trail starts some two hundred miles south of Fort Worth, and was opened in 1863. The influx of settlers has encroached upon it year by year. Last season it was only three miles wide, and now even this strip has been thrown open to new comers, so that the time is doubtless near at hand when Texas will be compelled to set up slaughter houses and packing establishments of her own to say nothing of cutting down the number of cattle that her ranges can feed.

Law and medicine are not the only overcrowded professions.

#### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

PEOPLE seldom improve when they have no other nodel but themselves to copy after.-Goldsmith.

How little do they see what is who frame their hasty judgment upon that which seems!-Southey.

He that would relish success to his purpose should keep his passion cool, and his expectation low.-Jeremy Collier.

Jereny Coller. Axy coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning; but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is sure of losing. THE martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs io virtue, both in enderance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions that we suffer more to be lost than to be sared.

The widow's mite that went tinkling through the brazen throat of the treasury is sounding set: the escaping fragrance of the alaster box fills the world with sweetness.—H, W. Beccher.



MR. LAMB HAD HARDLY FINISHED SPEAKING WHEN A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION SHOOK THE GROUND UPON WHICE HE AND ANDY STOOD.

## This story commenced in No. 244. OUNG PILOT MONTOBAN

By OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "Every Inch a Boy," "Always m Luck," "Making a Man of Himself," "Young America Abroad Series,"

#### CHAPER IX.

A QUARREL BETWEEN FATHER AND SON. NDY LAMB was not a little as-tonished at this warm reception on his first visit to the residence of Mr. Singerlay. He now saw that he had made a mistake in concealing himself, though he had only stepped behind the tree to allow

had only stepped behind the tree to allow the magnate and his son to pass. The prisoner felt capable of making a very respectable resistance to the opera-tions of the nagnate; but after his pleasant relations with the daughter, he did not feel like fighting with the father. Besides, his captor did not hurt him; he had only taken him by the collar, and as long as he did not resist, he was not damaged in the slightest degree. Besides, he was sure that as soon as Di

Besides, he was sure that as soon as Di besides, he was sure that as soon as Di told the story of the adventure on the lake the scale would be turned, and he was even the scale would be three, and he was even tempted to believe that he might be treated with consideration. He was not too modest to believe that he had rendered an impor-tant service to the daughter, and even risked his own life to save hers.

risked his own life to save hers. "I'vo got the rascal that has been steal-ing the strawberries!" exclaimed Mr. Singerlay, when he stopped at the side door of the marsion to take the latch key from his pocket. "Go and see if you can ind a policeman, Dolph." !" ejaculated the son, who for the first time saw the prisoner's face when his father halted. "I don't care who be is he has been

"I don't care who he is; he has been stealing the strawberries," replied the father

"I have not touched your strawberries,

Mr. Singerlay; and I did not even know that you had any," Andy ventured to say, in the mildest of tones.

in the mildest of tones. "Do you think a man would have a place like mine without having strawberries on it?" demanded the magnate; and the remark seemed to be a new grievance to

Temat seemed to be a low greenate to him. "I meant only to say that I have no personal knowledge of your strawberry bed," added Andy. "What are you doing on my grounds, than?" demanded the owner of the Mon-

then? defininged the owner of the bar toban mill. "I landed from a boat and was on my way home." Mr. Singerlay opened the side door, and

conducted his prisoner to his office, which was a large apartment where he sometimes attended to the varied details of his business. As soon as they were in the room, he released Andy, and proceeded to look him in the face as though he intended to overhave him, and thus bring out the signs of his guilt.

Andy did not overawe worth a cent. He had done nothing wrong, and he held up his head like a man. The magnate looked his head like a man. The magnate looked at his face, and examined his hands; but he could not find a single red stain upon him. Dolph appeared to have his reasons for conciliating the prisoner, and he spoke

in his favor. "Whether you stole my strawberries or my grounds : not, you are a trespasser on my grounds; and if ever I catch you on my property again, I will prosecute you," continued Mr. Singerlay. "You can go now." Andy's self-respect did not permit him to

make any reply to this unpleasant speech, and he left the office. He was not even tempted to change the current which had set against him by alluding to the event on the lake, for he felt that he had been very shabbily treated. The office opened into an entry, on one side of which was the door leading out of the house.

When he came to the door he found he could not open it. He was a machinist by nature, and while he was looking to see

why he could not get out, the father and son in the office resumed the conversation which had been interrupted by Andy's un-fortunate sneeze. The involuntary visitor though he felt that he was somebody. fortunate sneeze. The involuntary visitor had no intention of listening to it, but he

had no intention of listening to it, but he could not open the door. "I must have the money, father," said Dolph, very decidedly. "Not a dollar for a steamer !" exclaimed the magnate, in the most uncompromising tops. tone

"I have got a big idea in my head, fa-ther," persisted Dolph. "I mean busi-"Nonsense! There is no more busines

in your head than in a sick mule's," added the father, though he now seemed to be in better humor than he had been a moment hefore

before. "In a dry time you run the mill at a loss because it costs so much to haul coal over the hills," persisted the son. "With a steamer on the lake and two or three barrow."

Andy did not think it was the right thing for him to play the listener, and he re-turned as far as the door of the office. He had satisfied himself that the outside door was locked, and that the key had been taken away.

"I told you to go, you young rascal!" cried the magnate, when he saw the visitor at the door.

at the door. "The door is locked, and I cannot get out," answered Andy, humbly enough. Mr. Singerlay did not explain the matter, but he had locked the door when he came in, and put the key in his pocket, for he thought his prisoner might try to escape. He had forgotten it. Now, without any ex-planation, he unlocked the door, and per-mitted Andy to retire. "I don't want to hear another word about a steamer. Dolh," said Wr. Singer.

"I don't want to hear another word about a steamer, Dolph," said Mr. Singer-lay, as he returned to the office. "I am sure you would get blown up if you had one, and your mother would worry all the

"You seem to think I am a baby, father; but I am not. I am sixteen years old, and

"All right, Dolph the first; but could Charles XII run a steamer? That is the question before us now. If you want to take charge of an army, I have no objec-tion, only I shall not find the army," chuckled the magnate, who sometimes tried to be funny.

to be funny. "You needn't make game of me, gcv-ernor. I am going to have the steamer, whether or no! If you don't give me the money I shall get it in some other way," growled the hopeful son, who was a spoiled child, for he was looked upon by the mag-nate as his successor. "I'll let you know that I am not a baby."

nate as his successor. "I'll let you know that I am not a baby." "None of your impudence, Dolph! If you don't behave yourself, I'll put you to bed without your supper! So you want to go into the coal business with your steamer?" "I was going to put you in the way of getting ahead of Barkpool, but I won't say another word about it till you give me the money for the steamer." ranied the son

money for the steamer," replied the son, saucily. "Then you will hold your tongue till you

are gray. You are an impudent puppy! Before I give you as teamer or anything else, I shall teach you better manners to your father," replied Mr. Singerlay, angliy. I you teach man the mark is a stranger of the stranger teach tea "You treat me as though I were a boy like yourself."

'And you treat me as though I were a baby," added Dolph, in no better temper than his father.

umn his father. "I have simply refused to give you the money to buy a steamer, because it would be a dangerous plaything in the hands of a boy; and I shall stick to what I have said."

said." "In the hands of a boy!" exchaimed Dolph, starting up from his chair in a vio-lent possion. "I am not a baby!" "No, you are not exactly a baby! you say you are Charles XII, a boy of sixteen." "I shall prove to you that I am a man !

I am not a baby! I shall have the steame

eamer. "Where will you get the money to buy ?" asked the injudicious parent in a it ? " sneering tone. "Tll borrow it of Barkpool, if J can't

"In borrow it of barkpool, if J can't get it in any other way." "Do you mean to insult your father?" demanded the magnate, stung to the quick at the hinted treason of his son.

"You won't hear me when I want to talk business; and if you won't, Barkpool will!" replied Dolph, bitterly, as he rushed out the house.

His father was too angry to follow him.

#### CHAPTER X

A RUPTURE WITH THE HOUSE OF BARKPOOL. NDY LAMB was glad to get out of the

house of Mr. Singerlay, for he felt that he had been abused. But he . was confident that the magnate would come to his senses when he had heard Di's story, and he was willing to wait for the future to set him right. He had overheard a part of the quarrel between the father and son, and it had given him an idea, or rather revived an old idea. Dolph had an idea, he had discovered,

and it was the same as his own. The mag-nate's son had spoken of a steamer on the lake and two or three barges. At that point Andy had interrupted the conversation, for he did not care to have it said in the future, if his idea should ever be car-ried out, that he had borrowed it from Dolph. But what he had heard showed him that it was time for him to be at work op his idea, or the other faction would get ahead of him. There was a great trunk line railroad

about five miles south of Montoban and another twelve miles north of it, runni close to the shore of the lake. Stages co it, running nected with the railroad trains, and all the merchandise and material had to be carted over the road. No one appeared to have thought of a connection by water with the northern railroad.

In spite of what he had heard Dolph say, on the subject.

Andy thought he had better see Phin Barkpool, when he came ashore, and he walked across the town to Rockrib Creek; at the mouth of which the Milly, Phin's stoop, named after his sixter, was usually moored. This creek ran parallel to the Onongo River, and less than a mile from it. Near the mill of Mr. Barkpool, it was less than a quarter of a mile from the river.

In order to injure the owner of the other mill as much as possible, Mr. Barkpool had made a channel from his water-wheel to Rockrib Creek, so that all the water used was diverted from the river, and so much power was taken from the lower subjects power was taken from the lower privilege. Whether or not it was lawful for him to diim to divert this water was a question the courts had not vet decided. This was one of the had not yet decided. lower magnate's greatest grievances.

Andy reached the month of the creek just as Phin was mooring his boat. He seated himself on the shore to wait for him. just as In a few minutes the skipper of the Milly came on shore. He could not help seeing his late companion in the boat, but he resolutely looked away from him, refusing to notice him.

Andy was rather astonished at this con-duct on the part of Phin. He realized then that he had offended him by his course in the boat. Though he felt that he had done his duty in going to the assistance of Di Singerlay, he was willing to explain his 

" I say, Phin !" called Andy, as the other walked away from him. " What do you want, Andy Lamb?" de-manded Phin, hardly looking back at him. " I want to see yon," replied Andy, quickening his pace so that he was at the sum of the other in a moment. " Are you put ont with me?

Put out with you !" exclaimed Phin. "After the way you have treated me, I don't think you need to ask me such a question. Of course I am put out with you, and I won't have anything more to do

with you." "Well, if that is so, I don't know that I can help myself," added Andy, really sorry to find that the breach was so serious.

"What do you expect of me? If I let you sail with me, I expect you to do as I

cool interpretation of his presence on board of the Milly. "Why, you asked me board of the Milly. "Why, you asked me to go with you, and show you how to sail your boat better than you had been able to sail her before. I went to oblige you, though I had something else to do.

"I suppose you will say that I went down on my knees and begged you to go with me, sneered Phin.

I don't say that; but you certainly sked me to go with you." "No matter if I did; I expected you to

do as I said.

do as 1 said. "Didn't I do as you said?" "No, you didn't! I told you not to meddle with that girl; and then you de-serted me to look out for her—Singerlay's daughter, too !" "Tom Sawder had taken her boat aw

from her, and insulted her. I thought 1 ought to do something to save her from harm, and I did it, "replied Andy firmly. "Then you don't mean to beg my par-don for what you did?" demanded Phin.

"I certainly do not, for I did what I thought was right, and I can't apologize for it.

"All right, Andy Lamb; if you can get along without me, I think I can get along without you," said Phin, as he resumed bis walk. "I don't want to have any ill feeling

about it, Phin," added Andy. "Then beg my pardon for deserting me and going over to the enemy !" said Phin,

stopping again. "I can't do that, for I am guilty of no "Then don't come near me again

wrong." "Then don't come near me again !" Andy stopped where he was, unwilling to humilate himself to any greater extent. He stood in the road watching the retreat-ing form of his late associate, for he had never regarded him as his friend. Phin was not so arbitrary and domineering as Doub though he sometimes made himself ..... now so aroutrary and domineering as Dolph, though he sometimes made himself disagreeable by his assumption. He seemed to be always conscious that he was "the son of his father"

Instead of obtaining an interview with Mr. Barkpool through his son, as he had decided to do, in order to explain his plan of transportation, Andy found himself at swords' points with both of the magnates. But he was on the best of terms with his own father, who always treated him more as a younger brother than a son, and he hastened home in order to take his advice.

If his father told him to beg the young magnate's pardon, he thought he might be able to do it. But Morgan Lamb, though he was mild and conciliatory in his manner, had a reasonable share of self-respect and independence. He had formerly been an engineer on a Hudson River steamer, and had left this occupation to work at his trade as a mechanic, so that he could be with his family more of the time.

Mr. Lamb had been sent with others to put up the steam machinery in the Onongo mill, and then he had been engaged as en-gineer, and as machinist when the engine was not in operation. He lived in a cottage built for him by his employers near the division line, and half way between the two mills.

It was nearly sundown, and before Andy had gone half the distance to his home, he met his father, who was going to the town. "What is the matter with Phin Bark-

"What is the matter with rinh bark-pool, Andy?" asked Mr. Lamb, "He would not speak to me, and hardly looked at me when I passed him jast now. He always used to be civil to me." "Phin has fallen out with me, father,"

replied Andy, looking into his father's face to note the effect of the disclosure.

"Not through any fault of yours, I hope, my son," added the machinist, stopping short in the road with astonishment. He had resumed his walk with Andy at his side.

"I will leave you to judge whether it is my fault or not, father," replied Andy; and he proceeded to relate in full detail all that had occurred on the lake, with the interview at Rockrib Creek.

It was a long story, and when it was fin-ished they had reached the cottage on their return.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE TERRIBLE EXPLOSION IN ONONGO RIVER. O people having business or labor connections with either of the magnates, a rupture was a matter of no trifling consequence, as it involved the loss of em-ployment or trade. Mr. Lamb was duly impressed by the narrative of his son, and say," said Phin, a little more pliably. 'I he asked him a great many questions. At 'If you let me sail with you, Phin I'' ex-lamed Adv, utterly contounded at this hended the whole affair.

"If I have done wrong, father, I am will-ing to apologize to Phin, though it would ing to apologize to Phin, though it would go against the grain to do so," said Andy, when he had answered the last question. "You have not done wrong, Andy, and you shall not make an apology with

you shall not make an apology with consent," replied Mr. Lamb, as he took son's hand and shook it heartily. · You have done just as I should in your place, and I am proud of your conduct, especially in running down that boat after Tom Saw der had missed your head boat after 10m Saw-der had missed your head by only a foct with his last shot. Why, the young villain is a pirate, and I will see that he is taken care of, if no one else does it."

"I was afraid he would load up his two revolvers again, and fire better the next time," added Andy. "But I think Mr. Barkpool must be more

reasonable than his son, and we had better go over and see him at once," continued the machinist. "We will go directly after supper, and then we shall find him at home

On their arrival at the palatial residence of the magnate, they found him smoking his cigar in his office. The machinist and his son took a respectful attitude before the autocrat; but they saw that a change had come over bim, for he had always treated theu kindly, as he treated al, ex-cept when he ittended to "grind" them. "My boy has had a little difficulty with Mr. Phineas," Mr. Lamb began, in the most conciliatory manner, and with becoming humility in his bearing. "'Your boy has baded very badly, Lamb," replied Mr. Barkpool, with a frown ou his brow. "I am sorry yon think so, sir," added On their arrival at the palatial residence

"I am sorry you think so, sir," added the machinist. "Perhaps you have not got at all the facts about the affair."

"Do you mean to say that my son has lied to me about it?" demanded the magnate, rising from his chair in his wrath, for it was plain enough that he intended to be angry wistration. when the time came for a demon-

"I didn't know but you might like to hear "There is only one side to this question, as you have new heard one side," suggested Mr. Lamb in the mildest possible tone.

and I have heard that from my son," an-swered Mr. Barkpool, evidently meaning that his decision should be final.

"Andy is here, and perhaps you would like to ask him some questions, sir," suggested the machinist. "Do you want me to believe that Phineas

is a liar? "If you should bring them both together,

very likely ----- " "I will not bring them together, for I will not admit that my son could have given me false information. There are only two points to be settled: Did Andy de-sert my son? Did he desert him for the sert my son? Did he desert him for the purpose of going to the assistance of that girl—1 mean Singerlay's daughter?" de-manded Mr. Barkpool, looking the machin-ist sharply in the face. "Andy certainly left your son....." "I say deserted him!" interposed the magnate, fanning the flame of his anger.

"I say that Andy left your son," re-peated Mr. Lamb; and his eye was begin-ning to sparkle a little. "Say deserted him, Lamb!" stormed the

angry mill owner. "I will not say that, for he did not de-sert him," added the workman, mildly, but

firmly. "I say he did desert him !"

" I say he did desert him !" "You can call it what you please; and I shall do the same. Andy did leave your son, as he had a perfect right to do." "He had no right to desert my son, and it was mean and treacherons for him to do

so; and in upholding your son, you are as guilty as he is !" retorted the furious magnate

nate: "We differ in regard to the quality of my son's action, and I most heartily uphold him in leaving Mr. Phineas under the cir-cumstances," continued Mr. Lamb. "On the second point, Andy did leave Phineas Miss Superley."

to the assistance of Miss Singerlay." Aiss Singerlay!" exclaimed the mill "Miss Singerlay!" exclaimed the ..... "Miss Singerlay!" exclaimed the ..... owner, in the most contemptuous manner, owner, against his grain even to hear the daughter of his rival spoken of in re-spectful tones. "She is Singerlay's daugh-ter, and that was reason enough why Andy should not go near her. You cannot serve God and the devil both."

"That is very true, sir; and for that reason I shall serve God," replied the ma-chinist, bowing his head as though he had made a point. Mr. Barkpool boiled over with rage

this remark pricked him, and he darted off to the other end of the room in the effort

to contain himself. But he immediately returned, and placed himself in front of the workman, who had pluck enough to speak his own mind.

"You can't serve Singerlay and me at the same time! That is what I mean," gasped the enraged speaker. "That is what I supposed you meant;

"Init is what I supposed you mean; but which is God and which is the devil?" asked Mr. Lamb, as cool as a man could be, for he had put his anger behind him. "You are insolent, Lamb !"

"If I am insolent, what are you, Barkpool

"Phineas ordered Andy not to leave him," said the magnate, when he found that the machinist could use as strong lan-

grage as he could hirself. "He did; and I am glad that Andy had the spirit to disregard him. There was a young lady in the hands of a miscreant, who took her boat away from her and in-culted her. When the solid of a helm ner When she called for help, your sulted her. When she called for help, your son was a coward, mean and contemptible, that he did not heed her call," said Mr. Lamb, in a slow and emphatic manner. "I am proud of Andy because he did not heed Phineas's order, and went to the as-sistance of the young lady in spite of him. I am thankful that he did not ask whose daughter she was; and I hope when your daughter is in danger of insult and out-rage, she will find a champion who will do the same without asking who her fa-ther is " ther is." Mr. Lamb concluded his rather long

speech, and the magnate did not imme-diately make any reply. In fact, he seemed to be overwhelmed by the argument of the honest machinist, especially ence to his own child. in its refer-

"I see that it is no use to talk any more about this matter, Mr. Barkpool; and Andy and I will retire before we are kicked out of the house," said Mr. Lamb. "I discharge you from my employ, and

you will move out of my house at once !" growled the mill owner, choking for utterance; for it had been many a year since he had listened to any such plain speech ap-plied to himself. "Do you understand me, Lamb !

Lamb !" "I understand you perfectly, Barkpool ; and of course I expected this. Now, I want you to understand, Barkpool, that I have got a soul, and that my soul belongs to me. Come, Andy, my boy, shake the your feet, and let vs go home."

Mr. Barkpool was too much confounded by the boldness and plain speech of the mechanic to say another word. He was quivering with rage, for he had found that he engineer was a man, and not a thing. It was a new revelation to him. He mean to be kind and condescending to his employees because they were his inferiors, not because they were human beings like himself.

"You have lost your place, father," said

"You have lost your place, father," said Andy, as soon as they were out of the base. "But I have not lost my manliness nor my self-respect; and that is a good deal better," replied the engineer. "These two mill owners think they are a couple of gods, before whom we should all bow down; and I am willing to do so within reasonable limits, but not at the sacrifice of my soul and conscience. I have not reasonable mints, but not at the sacrince of my soul and conscience. I have got money enough to live on till get another situation. We are all right, Andy; do your duty as you understand it, and you will come out right in the end, though you may get some hard knocks for it."

had hardly finished the sentence before a tremendous explosion shook the very ground on which they stood. They were standing on the bank of the river just below the upper dam, in the darkness, for they had taken the path from the house to the road. Both of them stepped back, for it seemed as though they were going to be pitched into the stream.

For an instant the scene was lighted up, For an instant the scene war lighted up, and Andy and his father, as they turned, saw that it was the dam in which the ex-plosion centered. The structure was torn into fragments for half the width of the river on the farther side, and vast quanti-ties of water, as well as pieces of timber and planks, with stones and earth, wre scattered in every direction. The upper dam had been blown up with powder or some other explosive. The

The upper dam had been blown up with powder or some other explosive. The pent up waters rushed with tremendons velocity down the narrow gorge of the stream, carrying with it the wreck of the dam. It was a terrible sight, and father and son gazed with awe upon it. In a few minutes it was followed by another crash much being more divergence with the down the river, and Mr. Lamb said the lower dam had been carried away by the rush of waters. He was right. (To be continued.)

EY GEORGIA ROBERTS THE TARGET fringes softly sway Across the laughing face of day. As slowly rolls a curtain gray From of the sea. And creeping on across the sand, Aud folding in the saidened land, Each bush and tree.

Each flower and fern, each hill and dale, Hnt, spire and form, each hill and dale, Intar settles o'er them cold and jale, Is lost to sight, As-hips hiat in some surging tide, Wi is shelter, harbor, hope denied, Go dorn at hight.

[This story commenced in No. 230.]



### By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XLVI CONCLUSION

IT didn't exhibit any dismay when his nucle informed him of the pian he had arranged for him. "I will talk this over with you, nucle Stephen," he said. "With your permission I will go into the honse." "You can stay here till Saturday. Then we fill we girthwarts to (bub feed ")".

you will go with me to Oakford." As Kit was about following his uncle into

As hit was about to owing his ance into the house, Thomas Talcott entered the yard. The poor man was in a pitiable state of agitation. The perspiration stood in large beads upon his forehead, and his toil worn hands trembled.

noil worm hands trembled. "Mr. Watson," he svid, "I would like a few words with you." "Come in, then," replied Stephen Wat-son stiffly, "I think I know what you are going to say, and I tell you in advance it will be of no use."

How do you do, Mr. Talcott?" said . "I hope you are all well at home." Kit. The poor man's face showed a gleam of pleasur

"I didn't see yon, Kit," he said. "When did you come back?" "I only just returned. But you look as

"I am—in deep trouble." "What is it? Didn't you get what I

sent you?

"Yes. May God bless you for your li<sup>1</sup>,-erality ! But all the same I and mine are to lose our old home."

"How is that?" inquired Kit, astonished. "Can't you pay your rent? "Yes; it isn't that." "What is it then?"

"Your uncle has decreed that we shall He has let the house over our heads to another man.

"Why is this, uncle Stephen?" asked

"Why is this, uncle Stephen?" asked Kit, sternly. "None of your business, Christopher Watson!" answered bis uncle, provded. "Your tone, sir, is very disrespectful." "Mr. Watson," said Thomas Talcott, "to-morrow is the date assigned for our removal. But, sir, if you insist upon it, it will kill my poor wife." "Your wife must be very delicate then !" "meered Watson.

"She is sick in bed. Partly she is over-done, and partly she has worried herself sick over our moving. Why, sir, we have occupied this house for fifteen years."

"That is no reason for your occupying it forever," said Stephen Watson sharply. "Haven't you engaged another house?" "No, sir; there is no other house to be had in the village."

"Do you mean to say you have engaged no other house at all?"

no other house at all?" "No, sir." "Your trick won't avail you. I see what you are a iming at. You think I won't turn you into the street, but I have no resource. Mr. Norcross has my promise that he may move in to-morrow. To do away with any excuse on your part, he has told me that you may move into the house he is now oc-eupving." cupying." "But that's in Oakford."

"Suppose it is?" "My boy Tom is at work here." "My

"He can stay here and board in the village." "We depend on his board, which he reg-

"We depend on its sourd, which he reg-ularly pays me every week." "I have nothing to do with your domes-tic arrangements, Mr. Talcott, "sail Stephen Watson coldly. "I can only repeat that you must move out to-morrow."

"With my sick wife?"

"That is your look ont. You can send her to some one of the neighbors." "You are very hard-hearted, Mr. Wat-

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

son "That will do, Mr. Talcott. I have no

more time to give you." Thomas Talcott took bis hat, and with a sorrowful face was about to leave the room. when Kit, who had listened to this colloquy with an indignation he found it hard to

"Mr. Talcott," he said, "you need not move at all. You may occupy your house as long as you please," "What does this impudence mean?" de-

"" What does this impudence mean?" de-manded Stephen Watson, wrathtully. "Are you mad, Christopher Watson?" "No, I am not; but I am disgnsted with your inhumanity, and I am glad that I have come home in time to stop it." "You-stop—it! Well, of all the effron-tery—" ejaculated Stephen Watson, al-most choking with anore.

tery — "of genulated Stephen Watson, almost choking with anger. "Mr, Talcott," said Kit, calmly, "the hong to my uncle at all, and never did. That is all you need to know to-day. To-morrow, if possible this evening, I will call upon you and make things plainer. Now, as I have important business to talk about with my uncle. Will ask you to leave ma."

my uncle, I will ask you to leave us." While Kit was speaking, Stephen Wat-son listened with mingled indignation and

son listened whu management dismay. "I believe you have taken leave of your senses, boy," he said. "I have a great mind to kick you out of the house." "You had better think twice before you attempt any violence," said Kt. "Sit down, and I will tell you what I have dis-covered within the last few months." Stophen Watson, who had partly risen

Stephen Watson, who had partly risen from his chair, sank back. He anxiously

from his chair, sank back. He anxionsly awaited Kir's communication. "Can he have found out?" he asked himself. "But, no ! it is impossible." "I will give yon five minutes to tell me your astonishing discovery." he said, with an attempt at his usual sneer. "I may need a longer time, but I will be

as quick as I can. Among the places where our circus exhibited was Groveton, Pennsilvania. Remembering that you once hved there, I made inquiries about you in the village. I saw the house where you lived for many years. Judge of my sur-prise when I learned that you were always prise when I learned that you were always in extreme poverty. Then I recalled your story of having lent my father ten thousand dollars, in payment of which you took the bulk of his property. I mentioned it, and found that it was pronounced preposterous. I discovered that, on the other hand, you were frequently the recipient of money gifts from my poor father. In return for this you have attempted to rob his son. The note which you presented against the this you have attempted to rob his son. The note which you presented against the estate was undoubtedly a forgery. But even had it been genuine, the property of which you took possession must have amounted to at least twenty thousand dol-lare ". lars

Stephen Watson had not interrupted Kit by a word. He was panic stricken, and absclutely did not know what to say. He He finally succeeded in answering hoarsely. "This is an outrageous falsehood, Christo-"This is an outrageous masencood, ourse-pher Watson. It is an ingenious scheme to rob me of what rightfully belongs to me. You must be a fool to think I am going to be frightened by a boy's wild fiction. be frightened by a boy's wild fiction. Leave my house ! I would have allowed Leave my nouse: I would have allowed you to stay till Saturday, but this is too much. If you come here again, I will borsewhip you!" But even when he was making this threat his face was pallid, and his glance vneasy.

his face was pallid, and his grance theory. At this moment the bell rang. Kit himself answered the call, and re-turned with his friend, Henry Miller. "Why, it is Mr. Miller!" said Stephen Watson, who had not forgotten that Miller was very wealthy. "When did you return was very wealthy. from California?"

"Kit, have you told your uncle?" asked Henry Miller, ignoring this greeting. "Yes, and he orders me to leave the

house "Hark you, Stephen Watson!" said Henry Miller, sternly. "You are io a bad box. For over a week Kit and I have been box. For over a week Kit and 1 have been looking up matters, and we are prepared to prove that you have outrageously defrauded him out of his father's estate. We have en-listed a first class lawyer in the case, and w we come to you to know whether you Il surrender or fight."

will

" Mr. Miller, this is very strange. Are you in the plot too?" "Don't talk of any plots, Stephen Wat-son. Your fraud is so transparent that I wonder you dared to hope it would succeed.

You probably presumed upon Kit's being to prove the provided of the second s

"Wait a minute! I'll give you another chance. Do you know what we are pre-pared to prove? Well, I will tell you. We can prove that you are not only a swindler but a forger, and our success will consign can prove that you are not only a swindler but a forger, and our success will consign you to a prison cell. You deserve it no doubt, but you shall have a chance." "What terms do you offer?" asked Stephen Watson, overwhelmed by the con-viction that what Miller said was true. "Surrender unconditionally, restore to Kit his own property and...."

"But it wown property, and —." "But it will leave me penniless !" groaned Stephen Watson.

"Just as I supposed. In Kit's behalf, I will promise that you shall not starve. You once kept a small grocery store, and under-stand the trade. We will set you up in that sand, the trace. We win set you up in unit busicess wherever you choose, and will give you besides a small income, say three hundred dollars a year, so that you may be able to live modestly." "But Ralph, my poor boy, what will become of him?"

"I will pay the expenses of his educa-tion," said Kit, "and when he leaves school, I will make him an allowance so that he can enter a store and qualify him-self to earn his own living. He wort be able to live as he has lived, but he shall not

suffer." "It is more than either of you deserve, said Henry Miller. "I was not in favor of suc Henry Miller. "I was.not in favor of treating you as generously, but Kit, whom you have defrauded, insisted upon it. You ought to thank him on your knees." Stephen Watson did not speak. He looked the picture of misery. "D you agree to this?" asked Mr. Miller. "I must !" replied Watson, sullenly. It made a genet more farmer for

and the property of the property

experiences he is always ready to help poor professionals, and has been a friend in need to many. He knows that with all their numerous weaknesses, they are generous to a fault, and ready to divide their last dollar with a needy comrade. There are some who think Kit shows a strange taste in beening up acquaintance with his old askeeping up acquaintance with his old as-sociates, but like his friend, Charlie Davis, who has also retired from the circus, he will always have a kindly feeling for those with whom he traveled when A Young Ac-ROBAT.

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#### THE END.

#### EXCHANGES.

EXCHANGES. Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to sub-scribers and weakly merchaners of The Goussy Agnosy. And the early approximate of The Goussy Agnosy. And the early approximate of the Goussy Agnosy of the term and the early of the term of the early angerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles, nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of the term early one weat by real's wine with the of-the term and the early offer and the early of the we must disclaim all reasonability for transactions made through this department. All who intend to include to the address givent doing any write for party we have on file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits. Wur, H. Mort, Gardiner, Me. 80 postmarks, W. L. Hampton, Colohester, Th. A violin with bow and instructor, for a cornet or banjo. Charles Mitchell, Box 298, Butler, A. 100 thin tags, for a volume of TIK GOLDEN ARGOST. F. J. Hall, Box 26, East Branch, N. Y. Coins, stamps, and postmarks, for coirs and postmarks. George Stoelir, 80 Hayes BL, New Ark, N. J., would hild not correspond with publishers of anateur pa-ers.

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SY. bert Schoell, 131 South Tenth St., Philadelphia, 5000 tin tags, 240 different, for a printing press.

Pa 5000 tin tags, 240 different, for a printing press and outfit. J. Hawkins, Montgomery, N. Y. A pair of no. 7 club skates, for a Waltan stamp album containing

#### HOW THUNDER BOLTED.

#### BY RALPH SCOTT.

"THAT 'ere hoss of yours'll be wild as an Injun ef you don't give him some exercise. I was passin' the stable this arternoon and I heerd him.

static this atternoon and 1 heerd him, kickin' up a powerful row in that." We three fellows, Don Trask, Charley Klyban, and the scribe, were passing the Hempseed post office on our way back from nempseed post once on our way dack from one of our daily fishing trips down the river, and it was uncle Abe Benjamin, Hempseed's oldest inhabitant, who hailed Dor. with the cheerful speech I have just put down.

You must understand that Charley and L school friends of Don's, were paying him a visit to keep up his spirits while the rest of

his family were away at the mountains. And a really good time we were having of And a reary good time we were naving or it, too, for every one of us was fond enough of fishing to have his heart stirred with pleasurable recollections at the very sight of a worm, so that every day of the three we had been at the Trasks' had been spent on the river.

Michael, the coachman, had gone off to attend a funeral the morning following our arrival, since which time we had taken upon ourselves to feed and water Thunder, but had not found time to pay him any further attention.

"I suppose we ought to give the poor fellow some exercise," remarked Don, after holloaing out "All right; I'll see about it" to uncle Abe.

w What'll you do, ride him? " asked Char-ley, feasting his eyes with a glimpse under the lid of the basket at the glistening beauties composing our afternoon's catch.

our afternoon's catch. "No, we haven't any saddle. Besides, the horse isn't ours, I thought Id told yov. He belongs to a friend of father's who said we could have the use of him for his keen while he for his keep while he was away in Europe this summer

"And did he leave you the carriages, too?" I inquired.

"No, those were left in the stable to use if we wanted to, by the gentleman from whom we hire the place. If we hadn't been too much taken up with our fine run of luck on the river, I'd have had you fellows for a drive before this. What do you say to having supper early and going for one to-

night?" Of course we were ready for anything that did not interfere

with our fishing, so when we finished tea (thing," I interposed, for the collar was into the road behind us. about half past six, we all sallied forth to (rowing pretty beavy, and I was envious to You all know what rattle traps those

"If the horse belongs to one man and

"If the horse belongs to one man and the carriages to another. I suppose the har-ness is owned by a third, or else there isn't any," observed Charley, with a langh. "Oh, yes, there is," returned Don, "it came with Thunder. Father and mother have been out several times with him. There never was room for me. You see the There never was room for me. You see the ouly two carriages here are a buggy and a phaeton." "How are we all three going to-night,

"Why, I guess if I hook him up to the phaeton we can all crowd into that. The

seat's a good broad one, you see." It certainly was, and so was Thunder a good broad horse, so big, indeed, that when

we adjourned to the box stall where he was kept, I wond red how we could ever get

him into the shafts. He looked rather fierce, too, with his ears throw back and his docked tail standing straight out, as we peeped at him over the partition.

partition. "He isn't used to mc yet, you see, boys. Wait till I take off my coat and get the feed box. He may take me for Michael then, and I won't have so much trouble getting hold of him."

I'll never forget the funny sight Don pre sented as he opened the door of the stall, trying to look as bold and as much like a hostler as possible, and then when Thunder doors. As soon as the latter were thrown

snorted and made a playful plunge or two, the way Don drew off and put up one arm, as though somebody had offered to strike

as though somebody had offered to strike him, was enough to make an owl laugh. "Whoa, horse! Whoa, Thuuder!" he kept repeating, making his way into the stall as carefully as though he were walking on eggs. At last he made a sudden grab for the

halter, and then taking care to leave as much space between Thunder and himself as though the horse had the smallpox, he

as chough the norse had the smanpox, he led him out into the carriage house. "I haven't been with horses very much, you know," he told us, as with a profusion of "whoas" and "stand still, there's" he brought the great animal to a halt in front of the harness closet.

of the harness closet. "We'll help you if you only tell us what to do," I volunteered, for I was devoted to bicycles when at home, and I knew Charley had had even less to do with horses than I had

"I think the collar comes first," re-sponded Don, somewhat hesitatingly. "If one of you fellows will bring it out of the harness closet, I'll hold Thunder." Tf

"Don't you take the halter of before you put the collar on?" said Charley. "But what am I going

to hold him with, then?" retorted Don. "I've seen Michael harness up two or three times, but I can't seem to remember the orback, out bolted Thunder in spite of all our "whoa's" and tugs at the reins, and he had whisked us out at the gate and a good piece down the road before we succeeded in

bringing him to a standstill. Poor Don had to race after us, and whe he came up he was panting like a good fel-

he came up he was panting me a good ser-low. "Why didn't you stop outside the stable till I shut the doors and got in?" he wanted to know, mopping his forehead. "Yes, why didn't we?" cried Charley, adding with a laugh-"why didn't you catch hold of Thunder when you first went its he stall but now?"

catch hold of luthder when you hrst went into his stall just now? "on," said Don, as he stepped in and took his seat between us. "Now let me have the lines and I'll show you what I know about driving." Well, Thunder started off and went along

quite respectably after that at a smart trot, just fast enough to create a pleasant breeze

just fast enough to create a pleasant breeze that fanned our heated brows. Dop grew quite proud and declared that the horse knew somebody had the reins who wasn't afraid of him. But alas, pride utes after this that a farm wagon turned utes after this that a farm wagon turned utes after this that a farm wagon turned

those lines you would think would have been enough to break any ordinary horse's jaw. With Thunder it didn't appear to

jaw. With Thunder it didn't appear to make the slightest impression. Suddenly Charley shrieked out as though he was calling to us across the street, 'Sonebody crawl over the dashboard and out on his back and catch him by the bead." head.

He afterwards explained that he had read He afterwards explained that he had read somewhere that runaway horses could only be stopped by surprising them in this way from the rear. But as none of us knew at what moment Thunder would launch forth with his heels again, nobody volucteered to undertake the mission, and we went rush-ing on in our wild whirlwind career till once more a hoof print was made in the dashboard, this time on Charley's side. And for two or three minutes after that Thunder galloped along on three legs, for he had caught his foot on the whiftletree in

catch hold of his foot and keep it there till he stopped. Just then Don call-ed out, "Quick, hop out! He's going to fall and may kill him-self. See if we can't prop him up." For Thunder had evidently come to the conclusion that he

conclusion that he couldn't be a success as a runaway with only three legs to re-ly on, and suddenly came to a halt.

came to a halt. I tell you we piled out of that phaeton at double quick, and rushing around to the side of the caught leg we all three began pressing against the we all three began pressing against the panting horse with all

our might. "Have we got to stand this way all night?" I presently inquired. "What are

we waiting for?" "An idea, I guess, laughed Don. "You see, I've never been run away with before, so you can't expect me to be up in the art. If you fellows can suggest anything, lat's how it "

can suggest anything, let's have it." "Well, I suggest that we all sit down by the road and rest, and give Thunder a chance to do the same. He must be tired enough to drop,

and as far as I can see that's the only way he can get his leg clear of the bar." "But can't we let inim down easy?" returned Don

turned Don "We'll try it," I replied, and then Don began to count slowly. By the time ten was reached, Thunder had been let down to the ground as neatly as you please. And ne lay perfectly quiet while we un-buckled the straps and pushed the phaeton away from him, after which he got up on his feet of his own accord and stood quietly waiting to be harnessed up again. "I see what was the matter now," said Don as he stood holding Thunder by the

"I see what was the matter now," said Don, as he stood holding Thunder by the Don, as he stood holding Thunder by the head. "That monstrous big horse was never intended to be hitched to that little carriage, so if we attempt to drive him home in it we'll run the risk of having an-other circus which may not end as cheer-fully as this one has. But we can't leave Thunder here, nor the phaeton either, so all I see for it is for one of us to lead the horse while the other two draw the carriers.

rowing pretty beary, and I was anxious to get rid of it, "and that is you've got to let go your hold of the halter any way, before you can slip the collar on, so you might as well take it off first as last."

"But what'll I have to hold Thunder by ?" persisted Don. "Take him by the leg," laughingly sug-

gested Charley. "Or by the ear," I added. "Oh, I remember how Michael does now!" exclaimed Don, and slipping off the halter, he stood on tip toe and held the

patient horse by the forelock while he called to us to come on with the collar. Well, it was easy enough for us to come on with it, but the getting of it over the beast's neck was the tug of war. Four or five times we had it almost on, and then it

five times we had it almost on, and then it stuck right across Thunder's eyes, and we had to pull it off again for fear he'd get mad and step on somebody's toes. At last, however, more by accident than design I guess it was, one of us turned the collar around after we had got it over the nose, and then it slipped into its place oneily anough easily enough.

W le had more complications with the rest We had more complications with the resch of the harness, especially with the breech-ing, each of us affirming that it ought to be "lapped" a different number of times. But the last buckle was finally adjusted, and Charley and I got in the phaeton, while Don put on his coat and went to open the

farm wagons are, especially when they haven't got a load on, and this one was empty, with a boy driving who wanted to

The roads were good and hard, and such a clatter as that thing made coming behind us was enough to frighten a soldier. Thunder started off as though he had

Thunder started off as though he had been struck with the whip, and we two fellows on the outside had to hang on for dear life. It wasn't a trot this time, but a wild gallog, and the phaeton surged from side to side behind the big horse like a skift

towed by a steamboat. "The whiffletree's hitting him in the leg," shouted Charley, and he had hardly spoken when cr-r-rip came one of Thun-ders hoofs through the dashboard within

Spoker when circled as board within an inch of my knee. But still on he rushed; trees, fence posts and telegraph poles flew by as though we were traveling by rail. The farm wagon had been left far in the rear, and as the road had been left far in the rear, and as the road ran through a piece of woods at this point, there was no one at hand to give us any help. Besides, I don't see what they could have done if there had been. Any man that ingigh have attempted to stand up in front whee were all three yelling "whoa, whoa, whoa, Thunder!" as lond as ever we could, which frightened him, I now believe, more than ever, and the way we all pulled on ercisin you?"

DON OPENED THE DOOR OF THUNDER'S STALL, AND CAUTIOUSLY VENTURED IN.

der in which the things came." "Well, there's one

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This story commenced in No. 936 ]



By FRANK H. CONVERSE, Author of "That Treasure," "The of a Diamond," etc., etc. The Mustery

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN UNEXPECTED PROMOTION.

AN UNEXPECTED PROMOTION. F all this Jack knew nothing. Miss Jack the consciously or not-in a whether consciously or not-in a vice which seemed intended for Jack Esbon, her old schoolmate, rather than Jack Smith of the Kerr's forecastle. Jack quickly shoved the wheel up three or four spokes, that the ship's head might fall off a couple of points with a brief space before coming to again. Then he sprang lightly on the house and ran toward Miss Jennie, who, having risen quickly from her chair, was trying to pass Carlos Fontaine. He was putting out his hand endeavoring to stop the agitsted girl, that he might ex-plain.

to stop the agriced girl, that he mane ex-plain. To Jack's excited eyes the second mate's attitude was full of signifi-

earce. "You infernal scoundrel ! how dare you!" he ground out between his teeth. With the words he seized Fon-taine fiercely by the throat, and feeling the force of a dozen men in his strong young arms hurled him backward. There utterly by any cance.

backward. Taken utterly by sur-prise, Foutaine clutched wildly at the air. The light rail around the house catch-ing him in the bend of his legs, he went over back-ward, falling heavily to the

deck below. Despite her agitation and alarm, Jennie's first thought, as she sprang from the hou asshe sprang from the house to the poop, was the wheel. Stepping to it instantly, she steadied it, and as Jack, breathless with excitement, took the spokes from her hands, Captain Darling ap-peared at the head of the gangway steps rubbing his even

eyes. "Come, Jen," he said "Come, Jen," he said goodnaturedly. "You'd better not be mooning about deck any longer—or do you want to make sure that Jack

here is steering straight?" Before his daughter could answer, Captain Darling as-cended to the top of the cended to the top of the house and glanced about him

"Mr. Fontaine!" he called sharply, "where are you?

Jennie held her breath in an agony of suspense, and glanced mutely at Jack, who felt anything but com-

"Ah, that was the noise that woke me up," returned Captain Darling. "Any up," returned Captain Darling. change in the wind?" "Any

change in the wind?" "No, sir," was the reply. After a glance round the horizon, Captain Darling yawned, repeated his injunction to Mr. Fontaine regarding a close watch of wind and weather, and went below again, whither Miss Jennie had preceded him. "Will she tell her father?" was Jack's first thonght. "What will he say or do if she done?" his second

young man, drawing his hand across his month, returned to the quarter. Then, leaning against the side of the house, he filled and lighted a briar wood pipe in ominous silence. Once he walked unsteadily aft, and looked into the compass without saying a word. But as he turned away he gave Jack a look

But as he turned away he gave Jack a look which spoke volumes. Then, walking to the break of the quarter, he sat down on the edge of the house. Presently his head dropped forward and his pipe fell from his mouth. Mr. Carlos Fon-tane was selecping at his post ! Meanwhile, a thin vell of hazy cloud, appearing low down on the horizon, began spreading with inconceivable rapidity over the face of the sky. The breeze, from being steady, came in irregular puffs, and finally headed the Kerr half a point from her course. aourgo

"Mr. Fontaine! Mr. Fontaine!" Jack the roar of the elements.

came tumbling out on deck, clad only in shirt and trousers. "Call out the other watch !" "Let go royal and t'gallant halyards fore and aft! Stand by jib and flying jib hal-yards! Aft here a couple of you, and lower the spanker!" Thus rang out one command after another, and then indeed there was hurry-ing to and fro. The rattle of blocks and yard parralls, the slatting of canvas, and the hoarse crises of the sailors, rose above the rush and roar of a coming squall. Before the sails were fairly clewed m.

the rush and roar of a coming squall. Before the sails were fairly clewed up, the wind came shricking out from the northwest, laying the Kerr with three streaks of her deck planks under water, as though she never meant to rise again. "Hard up! Hard up!"—and though Captain Darling's lungs were exerted to the numest, his voice was nearly drowned in the rear of the elements.

came tumbling out on deck, clad only in on her might have been struck aback and gone down, as the Norwood did three years ago, when only five were saved out of the

goes to but, as the for work and three jents age, when only five were saved out of the ship's company." Mr. Farr whistled softly under his breath and withdrew, as Miss Jennie appeared at the head of the companionway. "It's eight bells, father," she said, in a low voice. Jack strack the binnacle bell, and Captain Darling, who had glanced sharply at his daughter as the hight streaming up from the cabin rested full on her face, sud-denly followed her below. "Jennie," Jack heard him say in a rather sharp voice, "you have been crying—what does it mean?" The approach of the relief prevented

does it mean?" The approach of the relief prevented Jack from hearing Miss Jennie's reply, but as he made his way slowly forward over the wet and reeling deck, he drew a long

As he have reeling deck, he drew a king breath. "She'll have to tell her father the whole story," thought Jack, "and von't there be a row in the morning!" "Well, youngster," said Bob Raymond, as Jack entered the forecastic, where the tired watch were tumbling into their berths, "our friend Mr. Fontaine has cooked his own-goose, if I'm any judge of such things. I'd like to know where he got his liquor, though," con-tinued the sailor, "for I shouldn't mind trying the

tinned the sailor, "for I shouldn't mind trying the same tap myself." "You'd better be leavin" it alone-the likes of you-agentleman bred an' born-you'd never be layin' round a ship's fo'esle to-day only for the cursed stuff," bluntly growled English Ned from his blankets.

his blankets. Raymond frowned, but made no reply. "Well," he said, after a long panse, "TII bet my oilskins against a plug of tobacco that the old man disrates Fontaine to-moorrow morning. Now

man disrates Fontaine to-moorrow morning. Now then, who'll be put in his place? that's the question." "You," was the senten-tious reply of the Russian Finn, but Bob only shrugged his shoulders and laughed

"I wouldn't take an of-ficer's berth again, for the ship and her cargo to boot," he said, knocking the ashes

he said, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Then you have been an officer!" exclaimed Jack. There was no answer, and in a few moments all hands were asleep.

The weather cleared up, and the wind hauled back to place before morning. At eight bells the ship un-At eight bells the ship un-der full sail was going her course again, and the decks were drying up rapidly unp rapidly unp rapidly unp rapidly und the rays of a san which grew more fervid as the Hard over went the wheel, but for one Kerr again drew near the equator-this

Kerr again drew near the equator—this time from the southward. Captain Darling stood on the quarter in earnest consultation with Mr. Farr, while Clarence Vandyke, who had learned from the steward of Carlos Fontaine's remiss-ness in duty, lounged idly about the deck, casting curious glances in the direction of the back of externorm

"It must be the one or the other of them," he heard Captain Darling say. office

And with the words Captain Darling de-scended to the deck. Walking forward, he entered the starboard side of the forecastle, as the men were putting away their breakfast tins.

fast tins. "Baymond," he said abruptly, "L think you were first mate of the ship Chief a couple of years since." "Since you know it—yes, sir," was the low reply. "Fontaine is disrated and to be sent for-

"Fontaine is disrated and to be sent for-ward for reasons which both I and the first mate think good and sufficient," Captain Darling went on; " and I have come for-ward to tell you that you can have the vacant berth.

cant borth." To the surprise of the rest of the watch, who were sitting listening with eager inter-est. Bob shook his head emphatically, "I thank you for the offer, sir," he said, respectfully, "bat no inducement that could be held out would tempt me to ever serve as a ship's officer again." And it was plain that Bob meant every word he said. Arguments and expostulations were in

was doomed.

brief moment it seemed as though the Kerr

Tacks and sheets were let go, and the thundering slat of the heavy courses added to the confusion of the scene, as all hands

had been nanging in the dews initiated with wind, were secured, the outer jibs furled, and the mizzen topsail taken in. Then, with a proper bracing of yards, the ship was brought as near her course as she would go, while Captain Darling, bare-headed and breathless, sprang down from the heave

weither, and went below again, whither, is Jack's only recourse was first honght. "What well her father?" was Jack's first honght. "What well he say or do if half a point difference in the course is the house.
Something must be done immediately, headed and breathless, sprang down from the second ascience in the course is the house.
Something must be done immediately, headed and breathless, sprang down from the second ascience in the course is the house.
Something must be done immediately, headed and breathless, sprang down from the second ascience in the course is the house.
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Something must be done immediately, headed and breathless, sprang down from the second ascience in the course is the house.
Something must be done immediately, headed and breathless, sprang down from the second ascience in the course is the course is the house.
Something must be done immediately.
Something must be done immediately.
Something must be done immediately.
Something must be course is the course is the course is the second bear in the second in the formation with and the on the stateroom.
"For another drink," thought Jack.
"Why, he must be crazy. And where dete officer had found his feet, Captain dating as Mr. Farr uttered natural reflection which followed, as the left, which were echoed by Mr. Farr, who

to the confusion of the scene, as all hands tailed on to clewlines and buntlines, while the see washed deek stood nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees. Slowly at last the ship's head began swinging off. "Stand by to meet her with the wheel!" Bound was the scheder in Joek's strong

"Stand by to meet her with the wheel!" Round went the spokes in Jack's strong hands, and then with a leap upward from the sea, the Kerr began her mad onrush. But now the courses were hauled snugly up to the yards, and the light sails, which had been hanging in the clows inflated with had been hanging in the clows inflated with

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.



who feit anything but com-fortable. "I'm here, sir !" hoarsely responded Mr. Fontaine, as-swith apparent difficulty. "What's the matter-are you lame?" inquisitely. "I caught my foot in the grating and fell down-it's only a bruise," said Mr. Fontaine, beginning to rub his show. wery hard. "E and the matter are the mode and the

sponse. The members of the watch were coiled snugly up on the main hatch, or on the spare spars lashed to the stanchions; so it was impossible to make any of them hear

spare spars lashed to the stanchions; so it was impossible to make any of them hear, and the lookout was too far away. Something must be done immediately, for half a point difference in the conrase is a serious matter. Jack's only recourse was to awaken Captain Darling by calling down the companionway, and he did so without further delay.

English Ned was a thorough seaman, but could neither read nor write, so of course was ineligible; while the foreigners were nearly all equally ignorant. Captain Darling's glance rested on Jack,

who, utterly unconscious of the honor in store for him, was wondering what could be Bob Raymond's reason for declining an who,

be Bob Raymond's reason for declining an office which he was so well adapted to fill. "If you'll excuse the liberty, sir," said Bob with a suile, "I think the young fellow whom I fancy you have in your mind just now, is the very man for the place—he's young, but he'll learn." Jack flushed to the very roots of his

crisp hair, as a subdued murmur of appro-bation arose from the remaining four men. "Bob!" he reproachfully exclaimed. "Woll L bayer't time to waste more

"Bob !" he reproachfully exclaimed. "Well, I haven't time to waste more words," said Captain Darling, turning to Jack. "And as I must have a second officer, I'l trouble you, young man, to pack your chest and be ready to bring it at when Fontaine leaves his stateroom. No words now," he continued, with real or

works how, he continued, with real of affected sharpness; "it's for me to decide as to the question of your competency." "One thing before you go, sir," ex-claimed Bob; "and that is, won't you put Fontaine in the other watch and let one of them—say Spanish Charley, he seems to be the most decent of the lot—take Jack's place?'

Captain Darling nodded and took his de-parture, leaving Jack in a state of mind easier imagined than described. From the bottom of his honest heart he pitied Carlos Fontaine, despite the latter's hostile atti-tude toward himself, knowing how deeply he would feel his disgrace, for which no one but himself was to blame.

one but himself was to blame. Then, too, his own inexperience, and the fact that men who could teach him his duty over and over again were to be under his direction, troubled him greatly. But Bob Raymond encouraged him in every way, while the others seemed to feel so kindly toward him that Jack finally com-pleted bis representations.

so kindly toward init take new many com-pleted his preparations. The change asked for by Bob was ef-fected. Fontaine, whose savage, downcast face was not pleasant to see, took his sea-chest and bedding forward and disappeared in the port forecastle; while Jack, feeling very awkward and ill at ease, conveyed his own to the little eight by ten room on the starboard side of the forward cabin, which by contrast with the forecastle itself seemed almost Invurious

Fortunately for the newly appointed second officer, the sea chest to which he had fallen heir was far better furnished than the average. In addition to a plentiful stock of under clothing, it contained a number of fine French flannel shirts, to-

gether with a good reefing jacket, and quite a supply of other garments. His little room was neatly finished in maple and oak. A small mirror was screwed against the wall, wich a pivotal

lamp at one side for light. With a decided sense of comfort, Jack arranged his bedding in the berth, under arrangee nis bedding in the berth, under which he pushed his sea chest. He hung his oil elothing on the proper hooks, and having peid rather more attention than usual to his toilet, went on deck; for though it was his watch below, Jack was far

agh it was his water too excited to sleep. The greeted him cordially, and Mr. Mr. Farr greeted him cordinity, and promised to help him in any and every way possible. Captain Darling called him up on the quarter, and in brief but kindly words spoke to similar effect. Before the day drew to a close Jack found himself fitting into his new niche far more readily than he had supposed.

Young Vandyke greeted the new second officer with languid eivility, but made no attempt at conversation with him. Miss Jennie remained secluded in the cabin for a day or two, so Jack had no opportunity of seeing her.

So, entering the region of balmy airs, with the fleecy clouds of the southeast trade winds overhead, and the bluest of seas beneath the keel, the Kerr went plowentering the region of balmy airs, ing her way toward the straits that lie be-tween the islands of Sumatia and Java, unconscious of the tragedy which fate had in store for her.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MALAYS' TREACHERY.

LL day long the Kerr had been barely holding her own against the strong current which pours through the Straits of Sunda.

On the port hand the Sumatran shores lay dimly defined, while at the right, and with-in a mile or two, the lofty promontory

vain-Bob's decision remained unchanged. | known as Java Head stood out in wonderful

known as Java Hend stood out in wonderful relief against a sapphire sky. The light breeze from the island shores was, as young Vandyke poetically expressed it, "like a breath from heaven, don't you know, Miss Darling," coming laden with perfumed odors from citron groves. All day long, too, the air, which seemed to quiver with the heat of the fierce sun rays, had been full of fine particles of a sort of cravish dust, while a continuous rumble.

of gravish dust, while a continuous rumble, or graysh dust, while a continuous runnole, varied by a series of dis.ant reports not un-like heavy artillery, had echoed from the island peaks, and reverberated over the smooth expanse of the strait. - That the volcano of Krakatoa was in an

active state of eruption Captain Darling felt assured, but the awful results were not known on board till later. The anchors had been cleared away and

rot on the rail for from this time till the ship should arrive in port the course lay through and around the great network of islands forming what is sometimes known as the Malay Archipelago. Strong currents and light baffling winds, with not unforgenerat calors of doc' down

with not unfrequent calms of days' dura-tion, make the navigation in these waters tion, make the navigation in these waters both difficult and dangerons, to say nothing of the vexation consequent upon the delay, when the shipmaster has been hoping to make a quick passage. Added to these anxieties, Captain Darling bod others of seven a more serious nature.

ad others of even a more serious nature. within a week a strange malady had appeared among the men forward, which curiously enough was confined to the starboard watch.

board watch. Already one of the Swedes lay at the point of death, while his companion seemed but little better off. English Ned and Bob Raymond were barely able to drag them-selves about deck, and of them all, the Russian Finn alone was able to do ship's

duty. "I've tried all the remedies I know of, " "I've tried all the remedies I know of," said Captain Darling rather despondently to Jack, who had, so to speak, become his right hand man; "and now all we can do is to touch at Anjier, where I shall try and get medical aid from shore." "The strange part to me is that none of the other watch scene to show the slightest signs of sickness," was Jack's thoughtful

response; but Captain Darling made no re ply

Following the direction of his gaze, which was bent over the side, Jack sa that the ship had entered a mass of floating that the ship had elected a mass of hoating pumice stone and ashes, seemingly two or three feet deep, and extending some two or three miles. This was another proof of the extraordinary severity of the volcanic eruption.

Bob Raymond think he all same said Li. ent or two later. mo

Jack lost no time in hurrying to the forecastle

castle. "Bob, my poor fellow," he exclaimed as he stepped to the side of the berth, where the tall sailor was lying, his set white face covered with beads of perspiration.

Andrew died a moment or two while when a strangely quiet and even voice, as he pointed to the opposite berth, where a motionless form lay extended. "Carl is dying, and I shall go next. "While I have strength," he went on, as

Jack, with an exclamation of dismay, called to the steward to summon Captain Darling, "there are two or three things I want to say. I have led a wicked, reckless life since I left my home. My hands are not guiltless of blood. While I was first crew while in one of my terrible passions, and day and night I am haunted with the remembrance of the crime. That is why I remembrance of the crime. Inat is why i took a solemn oath never again to hold an office on shipboard. I am dead to my family, and wish to remain so. My true name is a secret that will die with me. And now, Jack, Iask one—only one favor— new for mo l? pray for me !

It was not a time for hesitation or foolish mbarrassment. Holding the cold hand of the dving sailor

Holding the cold hand of the dying satisf between his own, Jack dropped on his knees beside the berth. "Dear Lord," he said in a voice broken by emotion, "Thou who didst pardon the penitent on the cross, we sinning morpenitent on the crcss, we similing mor-tals have always need of Thy mercy. Hear this poor prayer for one who even at the cleventh hour implores thy pardoning grace. Forgive him even as in his heart he now joins in this petition. And oh, Lord, save him and receive kis soul- for Christ's sake----"

"Amen!" said a deep voice at Jack's side, and rising hastily to his feet, he saw Captain Darling standing beside him with bowed and uncovered head.

The dying man smiled faintly, and Jack felt the pressure of his fingers, which were growing cold. "Mother-forgive," he whispered, and

Two hours later, Carl, the remaining Swede, died, and English Ned was forced to take to his burk, smitten down by the same mysterious malady—if such it was, while the Spaniard complained of the symptoms that had characterized its beginning. These were burning pains in the stomach and cramps, followed by sudden prostration. The brandy had all been used from the medicine chest. Li was sent down into the lazarette to draw some from the small keg in the run, of which previous mention has been made. "He no more'n half full, cap'n," said the

steward on his return, with a small quantity of the spirit. "No can see where him go

-keg no leak-spit in all good." "Some of it has gone down that fellow's throat," replied Captain Darling, frowning, as Carlos Fontaine came swaggering att to the wheel.

to the wheel. A certain spirit of almost open insolence had characterized his bearing for the past week, and the same thing was noticeable in the actions of the remainder of his watch, who had apparently forgotten their late an-imosity toward Carlos as an officer, and seemed to regard him as one of themselves. Extinction the the methods had accentioned

Fortunately, the weather had continued fair, and but little work was done about deck; so thus far no open insubordination had shown itself. But as Jack afterwards said, it was like being over a powder magashut, it was not being over a powder mag-zine which a spark might explode. There was a feeling of mutiny in the very atmos-phere, and Captain Darling never stirred on deck without his revolver in his pocket. I have made but little mention either of

Clarence Vandyke or Miss Jennie since the preceding chapter, for the reason that other and more important matters connected with the ship and her serious situation so med to claim precedence, for remember, my story of what befell the Kerr is by no means a matter of pure fiction, but is based on facts in my own experience and of my own key and any own experience of my own knowledge. From the first of the sickness in the fore-

castle, Clarence Vandyke had been terribly scared, and hardly ventured on deck, for fear, as/he said, of contagion, as though the forecastle were a pest house. Miss Jennie herself moved about the deck

as usual, quiet and self-possessed, and en-couraging her father to the utmost. Often, when worn out with anxiety and watching Captain Darling threw himself upon the cabin lounge for a couple of hours sleep, the young girl shared the watch on deck watching with Jack who, true to his first determina-tion, had never revealed his identity— partly from an odd whim, and partly be-cause, as he said, it was not yet time. Miss Jennie made no reference, directly

or indirectly, to her own thoughts on the subject of the strange similarity of voice and manner between Mr. Jack Smith and

and manner between Mr. Jack Smith and her former friend and schoolmate. But a sort of intimacy, strengthened by the circumstances which seemed to throw them together, had grown up between the two, and Jack felt more than ever drawn toward the brave young girl. On the night in which three of the starboard watch had passed away, she stood looking at the won-derful phosphorescent display which the soft thick darkness made still more intense.

As far as the eve could reach, the heaving, undulating surface of the sea was a mass of dull white phosphorescent fire, breaking now and then in the form of wave crests, which shone out like flaming alcohol

All at once a startled cry from the young

All at once a startled cry from the young girl brought Jack to her side. "Look!" she exclaimed in a terror stricken voice. Following the direction of her extended finger, Jack beheld a sight such as perhaps was never before seen, nor will be again, till the sea gives up its count-less dead!

Seeming to approach them, by reason of the ship's steady onward progress, were myriads of half naked human bodies, driftmyriads of hait haken human bornes, drift-ing hitber and hitber in ghastly disorder. Illunined by the weird phosphorescence, their distorted faces looked tenfold more horrible, as, washed to and fro by the ac-tion of the gleaning waves, they seemed mode drift becations

tion of the glearning waves, here seemed to be calling the second mate's natives -were thrown against the ship's

side with a sickening thump, which called to mind the fall of clods upon a coffin. Covering her eyes with her hands to shut

out the awful spectacle, Jennie staggered backward, and would have fallen to the deck had not Jack caught her in his arms

just as Captain Darling came on deck. The young girl was carried below and proper restoratives administered. Then she retired at once to her stateroom, where she vainly tried to forget the terrible sight in clear. in sleep. Clarence, who had ventured on deck.

cast one look over the side and fled below, where he remained shivering with fear.

where he remained shivering with fear. "Wby, half of the island must have been swept away by a tidal wavel" ex-claimed Captain Darling in horrified ac-cents. Unable to withdraw their eyes from the weird spectacle, the entire ship's com-pany stood at the rail, as though fixed there by some awful fascination. For siz kours the ship ploughed her way through acres—I do not exaggerate—of corpases of men, women and children, and no description in Dante's Inferno could vie with the fearful realism of the controted dead faces lit up by the lurid glow of the waves.

contorted dead naces he up by the tark glow of the waves. Not until the morning had fairly dawned did the ship run clear of these ghastly re-minders of the catastrophe on the west coast of Java, when a volcano eight thou-sand feet high vomited forth the floods of farv destruction. which, with the addea fiery destruction, which, with the addent terror of an awful tidal wave, destroyed thousands upon thousands of human lives!

Now, in the course of my story I have mitted mention of that humble, yet imomittee mention of that humble, yet im-portant individual, the ship's cook. He was a yellow native of Samarang, speaking Chinese or pigeon English with equal fin-ency, and in mortal terror of the two Ma-lays, who seemed to hold some singular power over him.

The galley was divided from the two sec-The ganey was divided from the two sec-tions of forecastle by a board partition. Peter, the Russian Finn, with a stoical face, was sitting on a sea chest, sewing the earwas struing on a set enest, sewing the canvas shrouds which were to envelop the three lifeless forms that lay with folded hands and closed eyes in their several beths, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

Waiing. Near him the Spaniard and English Ned tossed delirionsly on their blankets, and muttered in the stupor which in the other cases had preceded the death of the victims.

sound of voices talking in a foreign A A sound of voices taking in a rotegin language in the galley seemed to arrest Peter's sail needle and attention. The working of the deckhouse had separated two of the partition boards, and, half in idle curiosity, the Finn applied his eye to the aperture.

A strange spectacle greeted the Finn's as A strange spectacle greeted the Finn's as-tonished gaze. Crouched on the brick floor before the glowing range, the Sama-rang was glancing upward in terror, while before him stood the tall Mulay known as Fid. extending in his brown fingers a bat-tered disk of copper graven with strange hieroglyphics, which he seemed to have just taken from his neck, where he habitu-elly supernound if, from a new det he habitu-

Ally suspended it from a cord. With his eyes glued to the inscription, the yellow skinned cook bowed submis-sively, holding the back of his hand to his forehead and making a rapid sign, which was evidently comprehended by the Malay, who drew from the bosom of his shirt a

who drew from the boscm of his shirt a small package wrapped in rice paper. The cabin coffee pot stood simmering on the range. The cook, with another sub-ulssive glance, took the packet from the Malay, and, having opened it, emptied the contents, in the shape of a grayish white powder, into the boiling compound. "Beene mato" (it is well), said the Malay, and adding a few words in a rapid undertone, he left the galley. The Finn, who in his lifetime had seen and done strauge thiogs, turned deadly pale, as, laying down his palm and needle, he glanced at the dead and the dying before him.

bim

num. "Ah, heaven," he muttered fearfully, "I shall now understand. I not never drinks degoffee and have not had sickness: five do drinks-tree is dead, two more die soon, and now they shall kill de after-"suart!" die dater-"suart!"

Agitated though he was, Peter did not commit any imprudence. Taking one of the canvas shrouds in one hand and rethe canvas shrouds in one hand and re-suming his sailanker's paim, he left the forecastle and walked aft, as though to ask some question regarding his said task. "Well, Peter, what is it?" said Jack. Peter held the canvas in such a way that he canvat the as allow the second matrix

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"Mind me now," he said, in a low tone "Mind me now, he said, in a low tone of suppressed agitation, "just keep still your face-they watch perhaps from for and. The cook have poison the cabin coffee just now. I watch him through de

coffee just now. I watch hum through de crack-now I know why dey all die in our watch !" Jack could scarcely credit the astounding statement, but the Finn was so terribly in earnest that he was forced to believe his ever. story.

Dismissing the Finn with an injunction to secrecy, which was entirely superfluous, Jack, making sure that he was not observed, lost no time in communicating what he had tost no time in communicating what he had heard to Captain Darling, who received the announcement with less incredulity than Jack himself had at first.

"It is a terrible thing, and seems almost too terrible for belief," he said, sinking too terrible for behef," he said, sinking into a chair, "yet those Malays are fiends incarnate when once they get started. Truly, we seem surrounded by dangers," he went on, "and I only pray for Jennie's sake that we may reach Anjier without any met surged thum when he a glaced's terr worse tragedy than what has already tran spired.

spired." "Brekfus, cap'n," announced Li, whom they had no particular reason to believe concerned in the atrocious plot. With a slight compression of his lips, Captain Darling rose and came into the forward cabin, after summoning Jennie and wonny Vandvike. young Vandyke.

The cook entered, coffee pot in hand, as his custom, while the little company was his were seating themselves.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

A CRISIS.

LOSE the outer cabin door, Mr. Smith," quietly commanded Cap-tain Darling, and as Jack, obeying, took up lies position before it, the native cook glanced quickly up from the corners of his small beady eyes. Motioning the Samarang to begin pouring out the coffee, Captain Darling waited till the first cup was nearly helf full. "Ston how," he said sternly, using the

"Stop, boy," he said steraly, using the East Indian term for servants in general, and as Miss Jennie and Charence Vandyke looked up in surprise at his tone and manner, the captain rose with one hand thrust inside his light coat. "Now, boy," deliberately observed the

"Now, boy," deliberately observed the captain, fixing his eyes on the copper colored native, whose face took on a look of alarm, "drink that coffee you have just poured out.

e cook's parchment features turned to Tł a sickly, ashy color, and he shrank back from the table.

"Tankee, sahib cap'n," he faltered ; "me no drink coffy-"" "Do what I tell you!" thundered Cap-

tain Darling, and Li, who had just entered from the pantry, started back aghast at the sight of the captain leveling a cocked revol-ver at the head of the cook.

ver at the head of the cook. Jennie uttered a cry of alarm and sprang to her feet, but Jack held up his hand. "Your father is right, Miss Darling," he said quietly. "Mr. Vandyke,"-to the youth, who appeared as though he were on the point of fainting, "keep your seat --you won't be hurt."

you won't be hurt. The unhappy cook looked from the muzzle of the revolver into Captain Dar-ling's inflexible features.

"Drink !" was the command again repeated.

"Boy die for sure," exclaimed the Sama-rang despairingly, as he raised the cup to his lips and swallowed a little of the steaming liquid with a beseeching look at the cap-tain, who returned the pistol to his inner pocket.

"That will do," he said with a grim smile. "I fance you haven't taken enough of the poison you dropped in the coffee pot this morning for our benefit, to hurt you much -now go!

Jack threw open the door, and with his hand pressed on the pit of his stomach, the cook rushed hastily from the forward cabin,

groaning dismally, while Captain Darling, with a gloomy face, explained the situation. Miss Jennie turned pale. Clarence Van-dyke, with a look of glastly fear, rose to his

agitated manner were not particularly reassuring. "You can depend upon me, father," said

Jennie, casting a rather contemptious look after Clarence, who, muttering something about not teeling well, left the cabin observed. Jennie. abruptly.

abruptly. Captain Darling patted his daughter on the shoulder, but his face was saally troubled. In all his years of seafaring no such terrible emergency as the present had ever presented itself. Three of the only trusty men of his crew hay dead and two were presumably dying. Six reckless, un-scrupulous villains, headed, as he had good reason to believe, by Carlos Fontaine, whose nature seemed completely changed, were conspiring to take possession of the ship-else why the sacrifice of these lives? The only available weapon was the revolver car-ried by himself. A cowardly cabin resences

only available weapon was the revolver car-ried by himself. A cowardly Chinese steward and a cowardly cabin passenger re-duced the defensive party to three. But it was necessary that the dead be committed to the deep at once in these warm regions. Heavy hearted enough, Captain Darling gave his orders to Mr. Farr, after a long talk with the two officers, who were bidden to be continually on their guard. guard.

guard. The course of the ship had been changed. As the coast was neared nothing but signs of devastation and desolation was apparent on the once blooming and verdant shores. of devastation and desolation was apparent on the once blooming and verdant shores. The hillsides were covered with grayish white ashes—the palm shaded villages which had lined the shores had been swept away by the awful power of the tidal wave, which had borne with it the lifeless bodies en-countered the night before.

The Kerr was brought to the wind with her topsails aback, and the crew mustered to burial.

It was a strange and weird picture. the wide grating whose outer edge rested eless forms, upon the rail lay the three lifeless forms, stitched up in canvas sacking with fifty pounds of old iron at the feet. At the in-board corners of the grating stood the Rus-sian Finn and Jack, while Mr. Farr elevated it midway. No wonder that the sullen, fierce visaged

ing the two Malays, whose fiendish faces were stolidly indifferent, as Captain Dar-ling, with bared head, solemnly read the impressive burial service of the Episcopal Church.

"We therefore commit their bodies to

the deep\_\_\_\_\_" As the words were repeated the grating was tilted\_the three forms slid from it into

was tilted—the three forms slid from it into the sea with an almost simultaneous plunge, and the sparkling waters closed over them forever till the survey of the survey of the The yards were hauled round and the ship stood slowly in toward Anjier point througn masses of floating pumice and ashes. As though the recent burial of their birmwaten had had a comparison to be during shipmates had had a somewhat subduing effect, the remaining men obeyed the various orders given from time to time with

rious orders given from time to time with more alacrity than previously shown. There seemed also to be a sort of division between them. The cook, who had been made desthy sick by the comparatively small portion of the poisoned coffee, had been forward and told his story, and a heated wrangle had been the result.

heated wrangle had been the result. English Ned, who seemed to be slightly better, together with Peter, were in a quan-dary. Their lives would not be worth a farthing apiece if they should seem to show any suspicion as to the cause of the deaths which had taken place. Captain Darling and his little force were equally troubled. To attempt putting the native cook, who was simply an instrument in the bands of the others into configment.

would be to precipitate the catastrophe. Had there been a steamer or any large vessel in sight, Captain Darling would have signaled for help, and taken his chance of holding the presumed mutineers at bay till it arrived. But only an occasional sail of the native

But only an occasional sail of the native pradu or a distant lorder, manned by the half divilized people inhabiting the multi-tudinous islands through which the ship was threading her way before the faintest of brezzes, could be seen, and Batavia was nearly two hundred miles distant. Little hy little, as the advance sup dran.

ands, the light stream anchor was let go to hold her from drifting on the reefs, where the surf was beating with a never ending boom. Hardly had the ratile of the chain cable ceased echoing over the still waters, when, as though by a preconcerted signal, the port watch left the windlass and came aft. Carlos Fontaine, who had evi-dently thrown to the winds manhood, self-respect, gratitude to his benefactor, and shame, was at the head. Captain Darling set his teeth a little

shame, was at the head. Captain Durling set his teeth a little closer together, and drew his revolver, while on either side of him were ranged Mr. Farr and Jack. The former held a capstan bar in his sinewy fingers—the lat-ter about four feet of a broken sheer pole of adid from three on enters of an inch in of solid iron three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and served with tarred marline. "Call Vandyke and tell him to arm him-

" Call Vandyke and tell min to arm min-self with the old ship's cutlass in the stew-ard's room," said Captain Darling in a low tone to his daughter, who, pale out calm, left the deserted wheel by which she had been standing, and drew near the little group. As Jennie hastened to the cabin, Fon-

As Jennie hastened to the cabin, roa-taine spoke. "Look here, Cap'n Darking," he said with a bravado evidently born of liquor, which it was plain to see had been shared by the others, "we're tired of this hum-bugging and box-hauling yards short-handed as we are, and we've come aft to say that we want one of the ship's boats and avalo provisions as we need—we're go-

say that we want one of the ship's boats and such provisions as we need—we're go-ing to leave in a body and go ashore on some of the islands to the north'ard." "You don't leave this ship till she gets into Batavia, and then it will be in charge of the shore authorities," exclaimed Cap-tain Darling—his anger at the speaker's cool insolence, which was only a pretext for an open rupture, overcoming for the moment his better judgment. "Ah, that's the game, is it?" fiercely re-

morisent his better judgment. "Ah, that's the game, is it?" fiercely re-turned Carlos, as an angry growl arose from the mutineers. "Well, let me say for the crowd that we're not going into Batavia, and we are going to have what we want— come on. hows!" come on, boys!

"The first man who steps his foot on the gangway ladder dies !" said Captain Dar-ling sternly, as he cocked his revolver.

Now one man with a loaded revolver has decidedly the odds against half a dozen who are without firearms. So there was a very evident faltering on the part of the mutineers. One life must be sacrificed at least before a footing on the quarter deck could be gained; and no one wanted to be that victim.

#### (To be continued.)

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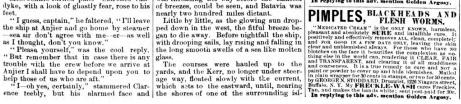
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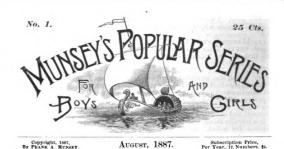
tracts solid pleasure from a miniature city which he has caused to be built on his grounds. The city thus reproduced is Heidelberg, Ger-many, and the idea was suggested to Mc, upon his roturn from several years' travel in Europe, during which his permanent resting place had been the famous university town, With numerous photographs, drawings and plans of Heidelberg, added by a thorough the foundation of his little city, and now, sitting on his confortable front porch, can look over the roofs of this town of Lilli-put, and into the courtyard of the great castle or field in romance, tradition and folk-lore. Troduced with the delity of the photog-rapher, and all with the delicate touch of an artistic hand. From the balcony is is easy to imagine that it is the real city, only dwarfed pa distance the prime store of the alles and between the neuses and buildings one can see the turbulent waters of the Neckar hurrying past to join the Rhine; below, the fertile valle (formed by a stratch of the Seckar hurrying the distant Yosges Mountains, created from a grassy mound of irregular

sward of the gardeni and against the horizon the outlines of the distant Vosges Mountains, creded from a grassy nound of irregular entropy of the city is built to endure. There are no makeshifts, no glue, pasteboard or carpet jacks, but stone, cement, gravel, brass and from. The buildings are upon a plateau of ground and roached by stone steps. Beside this plateau are rustle seats on which visitors may rest while they study the wonderful lit-le town. The houses are about five feet in height, while they study the wonderful lit-le town. The houses are about five feet in height, while they study the wonderful lit-litur, would serve very nicely in describing a walk through the reduced Heidelberg. Gui-liver said: "I step very wirely in describing a walk through the reduced Heidelberg. Gui-liver said: "I step very good!" and skiedong through the principal streets only in my short waisteout, for fear of damaging the eaves of the houses with the skirts of my cost." The walking about the Staten Island effy of kent of eaver of damaging the houses with the skirts, as they are built too solidly for that; and in the court yard of the exist is was only needful not to take too long steps for fear of injuring some of the small gardens or m." The age of the little half-ruined walks and towers and of the ancient buildings and pal-aces is very well sinulated. With himmer and chisel to crunble the stone, and the ado of "the lowen up towe" of Heidelberg litas of "the bown up towe" of Heidelberg in a lit of dich mose grown and aged exactly like the famous original.

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