

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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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.

HOW GIP WON A HOME.

BY A. H. LIGHTNER.

OUT in the orchard, under the shade of the trees, Harry Stevenson and his particular chum Jack Edwards were lying upon the grass, discussing a subject of vast importance to their boyish hearts.

"I tell you, Jack, it is no use talking. Gip has got to go," said Harry, with an earnest expression on his young face.

"Mother said so this morning, and she looked as though she meant it. It is a shame, so it is! Just look at him now—he knows that we are talking about him. He is the smartest dog in all this world, and I would not be very much surprised to hear him speak at any time."

The boys raised themselves to a sitting posture as Harry ceased speaking, and turned their eyes admiringly towards a large black and tan dog, standing directly before them. The dog certainly appeared to be endowed with unusual understanding, and the expression in his brown eyes seemed almost human, as he returned their glances, so indicative of their distress.

"It is a shame, Harry!" exclaimed Jack, his voice thrilling with indignation. "I think it is real mean in your mother, she—"

"Hold on, Jack!" interrupted Harry quickly. "You seem to forget that it is

THE SOCIAL WAR IN IRELAND.

BY HENRY ADAMS.

THOSE 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 fratricidal contest. Sad and lamentable as this condition of things is, it cannot be concealed 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 themselves.

Yes, a bitter war is being waged in Ireland. On the one side are the land owners, the representatives of the British government, and the Protestants; on the other the mighty Land League, supported by the great body of the tenant farmers and laborers.

Of the causes of the strife we cannot speak fully here. They are partly political, partly social, and partly religious; they are deep seated, 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 derivation. Captain Boycott, the agent of an Irish estate, was the first victim of the method of warfare to which his name is 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 from having their lives made little more than a burden to them. The constant presence of the police is necessary to shield them from annoyance, intimidation, and even violence. They wake and sleep, eat and drink, go to market and work on

joining in the sports of the field. Men appear 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, and have no resource except in beating a hasty and undignified retreat.

Our other illustration represents an interference of this sort with an agent of the Marquis of Lansdowne at Luggacurran. The agent's conduct had been vigorously resented 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 quarrel led to Mr. William 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 genuine and long standing grievances.

As an instance of the hardships which rankle in the hearts of the peasantry of this brave, witty, generous and hospitable, but, it must be added, improvident and unfortunate 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'Callaghan, 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 anonymous English gentleman, the tenants were enabled to offer three-quarters of the sum due; the proposition was refused, and the aid of the police, which the authorities could not legally refuse, was sought to turn them from house and home.

The house of the Halloran family, according to an eyewitness of the Bodyke evictions, was the most substantial of all the doomed houses, being two stories high, built of stone and good mortar, with a slate roof, and containing two large rooms on each floor.

The house was fortified as if for a year's siege. Every door and window was blocked

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 Hallorans had lived and cooked and eaten and slept in the cold, draughty, and narrow fort into which they had converted their cozy and comfortable home. Halloran's fort did not suffer a long siege, but it yielded to an assault, short but very sharp, in which blood flowed freely and the bayonet played the leading part.

On the day set for the eviction, a line of constables was posted, and the sheriff and his crew advanced to the attack. As the first preliminary knocks of the crowbars echoed through the house the two younger girls appeared 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 below.

A wild yell from the crowd which was ranged round the top of the surrounding high ground at a distance of 150 yards greeted the sally. The girls laughed merrily, disappeared for a second, reappeared with two more pans of water, and calmly held them poised till the bailiffs should venture again within range.

This produced a sort of a deadlock in the situation. Colonel Turner, who was in command of the constables, cried in a loud

with such utter contempt. The girls took not the slightest notice, but waited just as calmly with their water ready as if there were not a magistrate or a constable nearer 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 painful after painful of water, clean and dirty, was shot at



BOYCOTTING THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE'S AGENT IN THE HUNTING FIELD AT LUGGACURRAN.

them through the two portholes above. Suddenly loud blows resounded from within, and soon the blade of a spade came through the roof, knocking a big hole through the rafters. Then the sturdy forms of the two sons appeared, stripped to their shirts, each armed with a bucket of water. They were received with a thundering 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.

A second deadlock was thus created, and Colonel Turner once more came to the rescue. "If those men throw anything, shoot them!" he cried, 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 disappeared, 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 napping the police had succeeded in pulling away the thornbush with which it had been blocked.

At the top of the ladder were three constables clinging to the sill and to one another 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.

Stab! stab! went the glittering steel through the window; crash! crash! fell the blows from within. Presently a long beam came slowly out of the window; its end was planted deliberately against the chest of the constable foremost on the ladder, 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.

Suddenly again the crowd of constables parted and the tall athletic figure of a young priest appeared. One bound brought him to the foot of the ladder before anybody could think of stopping him, and with a couple of steps he was at the top, and had flung himself, prayer-book in hand, without a second's hesitation, straight through the narrow window.

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 crowded 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 everything else.



LIFE UNDER POLICE PROTECTION: A BOYCOTTED IRISH FAMILY PLANTING POTATOES.

the fields, with constables near to protect them.

One of our illustrations represents an actual occurrence at Woodsgriff, in County Kilkenny, where a boycotted family are planting potatoes, while two members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who though nominally policemen are practically soldiers, stand close by to protect them at their work. They offended the Land League by taking a farm from which the previous tenant had been evicted for resisting the landlord's demand for rent.

Another way in which the war is carried into the enemy's country is by preventing persons obnoxious to the League from

with logs and thorn bushes, except a small window on the second story reached by a plank from the ground, along which the family passed in and out.

Inside the boards had been taken up from the floor to allow of things being dropped upon the invaders should they secure entrance to the lower rooms. A dozen large tubs and pans of water stood about. A heap of peat six feet square blocked up the corner which it was believed the crowbar men would attack. Half a dozen pitchforks were disposed ready to hand; long poles were prepared to push off scolding ladders; a great thorn bush was cut to block the door between the two parts

voice, addressing the divisional magistrate, "Warn them that if they throw water they'll be shot," and then, turning to the officers standing by, he shouted, "Bring up your riflemen."

Accordingly a sergeant of the fusiliers and a constable advanced and taking up a position about thirty feet from the house brought their rifles to the "ready," opposite the girls. "Now, Mary," shouted the magistrate, addressing Sarah Ann Halloran, the pretty little girl I have previously mentioned, "go in. You'll be severely punished if you're brought up before me."

Never was the majesty of the law treated

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

CHAPTER XVII.

RIISING CLOUD'S THREAT.

MR. RAWLINGS saw the boy's imminent peril, and fired. The Indian's arm fell as if broken by the bullet, the hatchet dropping from his hand.

In another second, however, the savage picked up the weapon again and would have brained Sailor 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!" shouted Mr. Rawlings, in a voice that made itself heard above the confusion.

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. Rawlings 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 innocent 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 interpreter, for he answered Mr. Rawlings as if he thoroughly comprehended the gist of the question Moose was deputed to ask him.

"Pale face lie!" he said angrily, in broken English, which he mastered much better indeed than the half-breed succeeded in his half Spanish patter. "Rising 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. Rawlings, thinking that perhaps 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 warrior. 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 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 being.

"No peace long," said the Sioux chief defiantly, a savage smile lighting up his expressive features. "Hatchet dug up already. War soon—in nother moon."

"Well, that's a pleasant prospect to look forward to!" said Ernest, in a half serious, half comic way, as he usually regarded most things. "But what's to be done with these fellows now? Sailor Bill is none the worse for his temporary captivity, and I suppose Seth will be all right in a few days, after his wounds get better. I suppose we shall have to let him go."

"Yes," said Mr. Rawlings; "but I must consult Noah Webster first."

After consultation with that worthy, it was determined that the whole party should

take advantage of the Indians' bivouac 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.

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'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 accomplished Sailor Bill's rescue so satisfactorily, rested after their labors till the morning, when,

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOLD AT LAST.

WHEN Mr. Rawlings and his companions arrived, towards midday, at Minturne Creek, and reported their adventures, quite a sensation was created among the other miners, who had

His cheer was taken up instantly by the main body of the miners, who were gossiping in front of Josh's barbecue, with a heartiness that resounded through the valley and even made the hills echo again; while 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 culinary sanctum, and repeated ever and anon his jubilant song, "Golly, massa, I told you so!"

Ernest Wilton and Mr. Rawlings hurried towards the head of the new workings, in company 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.

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

"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 statement of Mr. Rawlings's original discoverer. He found it rich in the little shaft he sank there, and 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 direction. If so, it will be one of the richest finds I know of."

So saying, Ernest, full of eagerness and expectation, was lowered away into the mine by the men. He did not stay very long below the surface; and on his return his face seemed to glow with the good news he brought.

"It's all right," he gasped out, almost before he got out of the shaft; "you've hit on the richest lode I 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 cousin Ned. Mr. Rawlings, I congratulate you; your luck has changed at last, and if all turns out as I expect, you'll have the finest mine in Dakota!"

"Hooray, boys!" shouted Seth, almost 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 clasped beneath him, and he was sitting with his arms resting on their shoulders, although he now shifted his hold unwittingly to their necks. "Hooray! I said we'd strike it rich, yet, and so we have!"

"I think," Ernest Wilton continued, "that there will be fifty tons of the richest stuff, and nearly two hundred of what I may call second class, but which is still exceedingly 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 Bismarck in search of gear."

All this time, however, even with the confident expectation of untold wealth being 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 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 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, taking with them the chief, Rising Cloud. They did not release him until they reached the spot where the original fight had occurred, where the chief had his arms unpinned and was told he might go and free his companions.

The Indian did not take a very affectionate farewell of his escort. As Mr. Rawlings and Ernest untied his hands and told him he might go, he pointed first towards the sky, then towards the east from whence they had just come, and then in the direction 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 at his back, and wipe out the white men, robbers of the red man's land. Yes, by the Manitou of the pale faces Rising Cloud sweats it!"

been kept in ignorance of what was going on.

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 admirably; 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, chatting together.

"I guess that's surthin' up now," said Noah Webster, noticing a slight assumption of mystery on the part of Tom Cannon.

"Guess so," said Seth, sotto voce. "They've been downright busy since you've been gone. Wall, Tom," he added aloud, "what's the rumpus now? Panned out anything?"

"See!" said Tom Cannon, opening his closed fist and displaying a little tiny heap of gold dust lying in the palm of his hand. "All that came out o' one lump o' quartz taken out of the gravel in the heading we've begun. We can see it everywhere in the rock, and it w-as 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 quickly quieting down again as the pain of his foot reminded 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.



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

[This story commenced in No. 244.]

THE YOUNG PILOT OF LAKE MONTOBAN

By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER IX.

A QUARREL BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

ANDY LAMB was not a little astonished at this warm reception on his first visit to the residence of Mr. Singlerlay. He now saw that he had made a mistake in concealing himself, though he 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 operations of the magnate; 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 told the story of the adventure on the lake the scale would be turned, 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 important service to the daughter, and even risked his own life to save hers.

"I've got the rascal that has been stealing the strawberries!" exclaimed Mr. Singlerlay, when he stopped at the side door of the mansion to take the latch key from his pocket. "Go and see if you can find a policeman, Dolph."

"Why, that's Andy Lamb!" ejaculated the son, who for the first time saw the prisoner's face when his father halted.

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

"I have not touched your strawberries,

Mr. Singlerlay; and I did not even know that you had any," Andy ventured to say, in the midst 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 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, then?" demanded the owner of the Montoban mill.

"I landed from a boat and was on my way home."

Mr. Singlerlay 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 overawe 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 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 not, you are a trespasser on my grounds; and if ever I catch you on my property again, I will prosecute you," continued Mr. Singlerlay. "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 unfortunate sneeze. The involuntary visitor 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 tone.

"I have got a big idea in my head, father," persisted Dolph. "I mean business."

"Nonsense! There is no more business 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 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 barges—"

Andy did not think it was the right thing for him to play the listener, and he returned 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.

"The door is locked, and I cannot get out," answered Andy, humbly enough.

Mr. Singlerlay 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 explanation, he unlocked the door, and permitted Andy to retire.

"I don't want to hear another word about a steamer, Dolph," said Mr. Singlerlay, 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 time about you."

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

that was the age of Charles XII when he took command of the army of Sweden," replied Dolph, throwing back his head as though he felt that he was somebody.

"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 objection, only I shall not find the army," chuckled the magnate, who sometimes tried to be funny.

"You needn't make game of me, governor. 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 magnate 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," replied the son, saucily.

"Then you will hold your tongue till you are gray. You are an impudent puppy! Before I give you a steamer or anything else, I shall teach you better manners to your father," replied Mr. Singlerlay, angrily. "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.

"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."

"In the hands of a boy!" exclaimed Dolph, starting up from his chair in a violent passion. "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!

THE FOG.

BY GEORGIA ROBERTS.

THE ragged figures softly sway Across the laughing face of day. As slowly rolls the curtain gray From off the sea...

Each flower and fern, each hill and dale, Hint, aye and tows beneath the veil. That settles o'er them cold and pale...

[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 uncle informed him of the plan he had arranged for him. "I will talk this over with you, uncle Stephen," he said. "With your permission I will go into the house..."

"With my sick wife?" "That is your look out. You can send her to some one of the neighbors." "You are very hard-hearted, Mr. Watson..."

You probably presumed upon Kit's being a boy of an unsuspecting nature. But he has found a friend, who was his father's friend before him, and who is determined that he shall be righted..."

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...

HOW THUNDER BOLTED.

BY RALPH SCOTT.

"THAT 'ere boss of yours'll be wild as an Injun if you don't give him some exercise. I was passin' the stable this afternoon and I heard him kickin' up a powerful row in thar."

We three fellows, Don Trask, Charley Klyban, and the scribe, were passing the Hempseed post office on our way back from one of our daily fishing trips down the river, and it was uncle Abe Benjamin, Hempseed's oldest inhabitant, who hailed Don, with the cheerful speech I have just put down.

You must understand that Charley and I, 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 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 following out "All right; I'll see about it" to uncle Abe.

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

"No, we haven't any saddle. Besides, the horse isn't ours, I thought I'd told you. He belongs to a friend of father's who said we could have the use of him 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 about half past six, we all sallied forth to the stable.

"If the horse belongs to one man and the carriages to another, I suppose the harness is owned by a third, or else there isn't any," observed Charley, with a laugh.

"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 only two carriages here are a buggy and a phaeton."

"How are we all three going to-night, then?" Charley wanted to know.

"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 wonder-dread how we could ever get him into the shafts.

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

"He isn't used to me 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 presented 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

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 him, was enough to make an owl laugh.

"Whoa, horse! Whoa, Thunder!" 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 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 "whoa's" and "stand still, there's" he brought the great animal to a halt in front 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," responded Don, somewhat hesitatingly. "If one of you fellows will bring it out of the harness closet, I'll hold Thunder."

"Don't you take the halter off 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 order in which the things came."

"Well, there's one

back, on 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 when he came up he was panting like a good fellow.

"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 into his stall just now?"

"All right; I'll forgive you," 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 respectfully after that at a smart trot, just fast enough to create a pleasant breeze that fanned our heated brows.

Don grew quite proud and declared that the horse knew somebody had the reins who was not afraid of him. But alas, pride goeth before a fall, and it wasn't five minutes 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 make the slightest impression.

Suddenly Charley shrieked out as though he was calling to us across the street, "Somebody crawl over the dashboard and out on his back and catch him by the head."

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 volunteered to undertake the mission, and we went rushing 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 whiffletree at that last kick and couldn't get it down.

Of course this was a lucky thing for us, for we knew he couldn't keep going very long in that disabled condition. But we were in such terror lest he might succeed in freeing himself, that Charley suggested somebody should catch hold of his foot and keep it there till he stopped.

Just then Don called out, "Quick, hop out! He's going to fall and may kill himself. See if we can't prop him up."

For Thunder had evidently come to the conclusion that he couldn't be a success as a runaway with only three legs to rely on, and suddenly 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 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, 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."

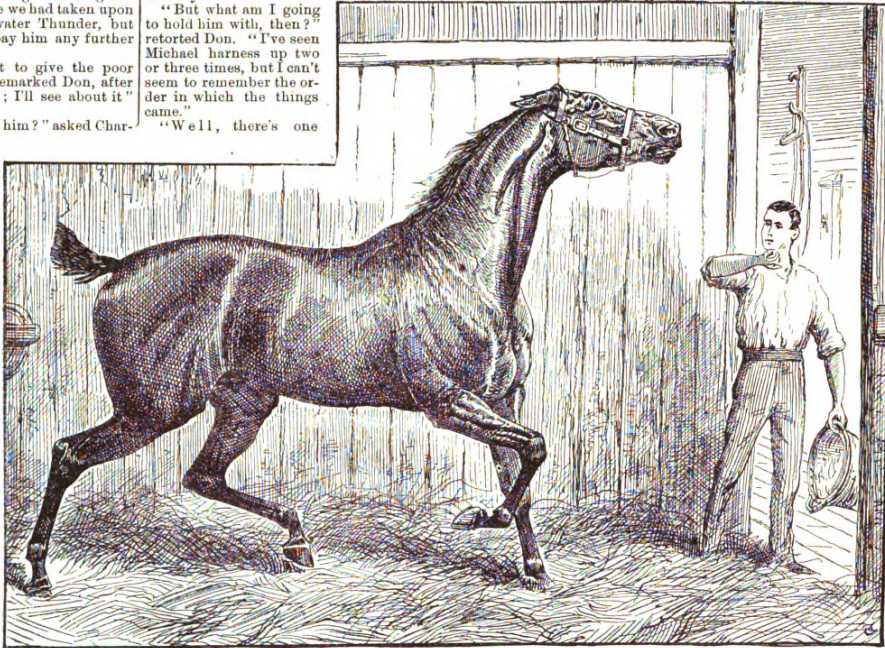
"But can't we let 'im down easy?" returned Don.

"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 he lay perfectly quiet while we unbuckled 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 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 another circus which may not end as cheerfully 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 drag the carriage. We're not much over half a mile from the house, and you can see for yourselves that there's no such thing as getting any help."

We saw it clear enough, so Charley and I picked up a shaft apiece, backed the phaeton around and trudged off with it, while Don followed close behind with Thunder. I dare say it made a funny procession, and I can scarcely blame old uncle Abe for calling out, when we passed his house, "Hello, boys, I thought I told you to exercise the boss. He appears to be exercising you!"



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

'thing," I interposed, for the collar was growing pretty heavy, 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 suggested 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 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 easily enough.

We had more complications with the rest of the harness, especially with the breeching, 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 doors. As soon as the latter were thrown

into the road behind us.

You all know what rattle traps those farm wagons are, especially when they haven't got a load on, and this one was empty, with a boy driving who wanted to race.

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 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 gallop, and the phaeton surged from side to side behind the big horse like a skiff towed by a steamboat.

"The whiffletree's hitting him in the leg," shouted Charley, and he had hardly spoken when cr—rip came one of Thunder's hoofs through the dashboard 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 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 might have attempted to stand up in front of that maddened beast would certainly have been brushed aside like a fly.

We were all three yelling "whoa, whoa, whoa, Thunder!" as loud as ever we could, which frightened him, I now believe, more than ever, and the way we all pulled on

This story commenced in No. 236.]

IN SOUTHERN SEAS; OR, JACK ESBON'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED PROMOTION.

OF all this Jack knew nothing. Miss Jennie had appealed to him, and—whether consciously or not—in a voice 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 agitated girl, that he might explain.

To Jack's excited eyes the second mate's attitude was full of significance.

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

Taken utterly by surprise, Fontaine clutched wildly at the air. The light rail around the house catching him in the bend of his legs, he went over backward, falling heavily to the deck below.

Despite her agitation and alarm, Jennie's first thought, as she 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 appeared at the head of the gangway steps rubbing his eyes.

"Come, Jen," he said goodnaturefully. "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 ascended 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 comfortable.

"I'm here, sir!" hoarsely responded Mr. Fontaine, ascending the gangway steps with apparent difficulty.

"What's the matter—are you lame?" inquired the captain, eying his second officer inquisitively.

"I'm caught my foot in the grating and fell down—it's only a bruise," said Mr. Fontaine, beginning to rub his shin very hard.

"Ah, that was the noise that woke me up," returned Captain Darling. "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 thought. "What will he say or do if she does?" his second.

And as his excitement began to abate, Jack wondered if after all he might not have been rather hasty.

Mr. Fontaine, waiting till he was sure the captain had lain down on his cabin lounge again, stole down to his stateroom.

"For another drink," thought Jack. "Why, he must be crazy. And where does his liquor come from?" was the natural reflection which followed, as the

young man, drawing his hand across his mouth, 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 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 Fontaine was sleeping at his post!

Meanwhile, a thin veil 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.

"Mr. Fontaine! Mr. Fontaine!" Jack

came tumbling out on deck, clad only in shirt and trousers.

"Call out the other watch!"

"Let go royal and t'gallant halcyards fore and aft! Stand by jib and flying jib halcyards! Aft here a couple of you, and lower the spanker!"

This rang out one command after another, and then indeed there was hurrying to and fro. The rattle of blocks and yard parralls, the slatting of canvas, and the hoarse cries of the sailors, rose above the rush and roar of a coming squall.

Before the sails were fairly clewed up, the wind came shrieking 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 utmost, his voice was nearly drowned in the roar of the elements.

on her might have been struck back and gone down, as the Norwood did three years ago, 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 struck the binnacle bell, and Captain Darling, who had glanced sharply at his daughter as the light streamed up from the cabin rested full on her face, suddenly 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 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 breath.

"She'll have to tell her father the whole story," thought Jack, "and won't there be a row in the morning!"

"Well, youngster," said Bob Raymond, as Jack entered the forecastle, 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," continued the sailor, "for I shouldn't mind trying the same tap myself."

"You'd better be leavin' it alone—the likes of you—a gentleman bred an' born—you'd never be layin' round a ship's fo'c'sle to-day only for the cursed stuff," blantly growled English Ned from his blankets.

Raymond frowned, but made no reply. "Well," he said, after a long pause, "I'll bet my oilskins against a plug of tobacco that the old man disrates Fontaine tomorrow morning. Now then, who'll be put in his place? that's the question."

"You," was the sententious reply of the Russian Finn, but Bob only shrugged his shoulders and laughed lightly.

"I wouldn't take an officer's berth again, for the ship and her cargo to boot," 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 under full sail was going her course again, and the decks were drying up rapidly under the rays of a sun which grew more fervid as the

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 Vandyk, who had learned from the steward of Carlos Fontaine's remissness in duty, lounged idly about the deck, casting curious glances in the direction of the latter's stateroom.

"It must be the one or the other of them," he heard Captain Darling say. "There's none of the others fit for the office."

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

"Raymond," he said abruptly, "I think you were first mate of the ship Chief a couple of years since."

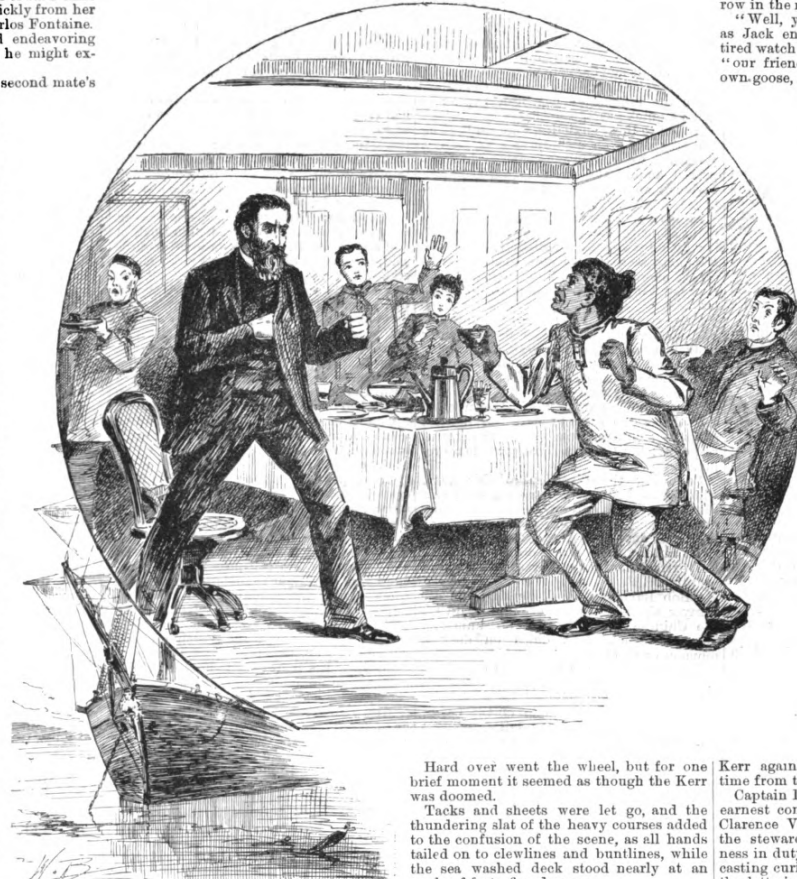
"Since you know it—yes, sir," was the low reply.

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

To the surprise of the rest of the watch, who were sitting listening with eager interest, Bob shook his head emphatically.

"I thank you for the offer, sir," he said, respectfully. "but 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



"NOW, BOY," SAID CAPTAIN DARLING TO THE TREMBLING NATIVE, "DRINK THAT COFFEE YOU JUST POUDED OUT!"

called in as loud a whisper as he dared, hoping to wake him from his stupor without arousing Captain Darling.

Only a very audible snore was the response.

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, and the lookout was too far away.

Something must be done immediately, for half a point difference in the course 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.

In an instant the captain was on deck. One glance at the compass, one rapid look about the horizon, one about the quarter, and then—

"Mr. Fontaine!"

And almost before that dazed and bewildered officer had found his feet, Captain Darling was thundering orders right and left, which were echoed by Mr. Farr, who

Hard over went the wheel, but for one brief moment it seemed as though the Kerr was doomed.

Tacks and sheets were let go, and the thundering slat of the heavy courses added to the confusion of the scene, as all hands tailed on to clewlines and buntlines, while the sea washed deck stood nearly at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Slowly at last the ship's head began swinging off.

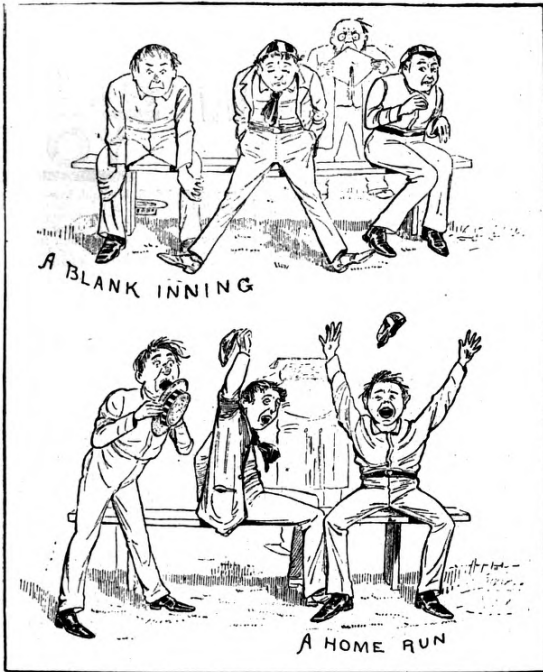
"Stand by to meet her with the wheel!" Round went the spokes in Jack's strong hands, and then with a leap upward from the sea, the Kerr began her mad onrush.

But now the courses were hauled snugly up to the yards, and the light sails, which had been hanging in the clews inflated 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 house.

"Come mighty near taking the sticks out of her that time, captain," said Mr. Farr, who had come aft for a look at the compass. "What was Mr. Fontaine thinking of, not to have looked out for his light sails? He must have seen the squall coming."

"He was asleep," was the stern reply; "but he'll never take another nap on the Kerr's quarter deck. If Jack, at the wheel here, had not called me as he did," continued Captain Darling, as Mr. Farr uttered an exclamation, "the ship with everything



THE VICISSITUDES OF BASE BALL.
The Beechwood Academy follows the varying fortunes of its nine.

A MAN'S TOY.

ALL children have an inherent love for big things on a small scale, which in girls finds vent in ecstasies over doll and play house, and in boys in the enthusiasm aroused by toy locomotives and forts of snow or sand. But on Staten Island, according to the *Mail and Express*, there lives a grown man who extracts solid pleasure from a miniature city which he has caused to be built on his grounds.

The city thus reproduced is Heidelberg, Germany, and the idea was suggested to Mr. Peteler, who is a native of the Fatherland, upon his return 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, aided by a thorough knowledge of his subject, Mr. Peteler began the foundation of his little city, and now, sitting on his comfortable front porch, can look over the roofs of this town of Lilliput, and into the courtyard of the great castle so rich in romance, tradition, and folk-lore.

Every detail of the original structures is reproduced with the fidelity of the photographer, and all with the delicate touch of an artistic hand. From the balcony it is easy to imagine that it is the real city, only dwarfed by a distance of perhaps four or five miles. Looking over the battlements of the castle and between the houses and buildings one can see the turbulent waters of the Neckar hurrying past to join the Rhine; below, the fertile valley (formed by a stretch of the green sward of the garden) and against the horizon the outlines of the distant Vosges Mountains, created from a grassy mound of irregular earth.

The little city is built to endure. There are no makeshifts, no glue, pasteboard or carpet tacks, but stone, cement, gravel, brass and iron. The buildings are upon a plateau of stone work elevated four or five feet from the ground and reached by stone steps. Beside this plateau are rustic seats on which visitors may rest while they study the wonderful little town. The houses are about five feet in height, while the tall towers of the castle run up to six and seven feet.

Gulliver's description of his visit to Lilliput, the metropolis of the Kingdom of Lilliput, would serve very nicely in describing a walk through the reduced Heidelberg. Gulliver said: "I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sideling through the principal streets only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat."

In walking about the Staten Island city of Lilliput it was not necessary to take off your coat for fear of damaging the houses with the skirts, as they are built too solidly for that; and in the court yard of the castle it was only needful not to take too long steps for fear of injuring some of the small gardens or running into the picturesquely covered well.

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