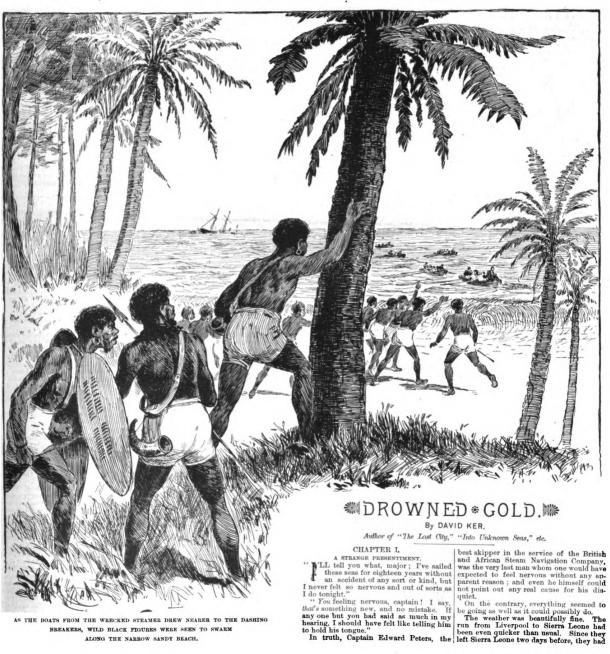
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AS THE BOATS FROM THE WRECKED STEAMER DREW NEARER TO THE DASHING BREAKERS, WILD BLACK FIGURES WERE SEEN TO SWARM ALONG THE NARROW SANDY BEACH.

best skipper in the service of the British and African Steam Navigation Company, was the very last man whom one would have expected to feel nervous without any apparent reason; and even he himself could not point out any real cause for his disquiet.

made nearly twelve knots a day beyond

made nearly tweete knots a day beyond their average.

Nothing, in fact, had gone wrong with them from first to last, except a few hours' detention at Gran Canaria (one of the larger Canary Isles) to take on board a chest of Government money sent by the local Spanish administrator to the African colony as 8. Spanish administrator to the African colony of Fernando Po; and the Lakoja, one of the best boats on the line, was far enough from the coast to be safe from reefs or shoals, while the splendid moonlight took away all risk of a collision with any pass-

On this night, surely, of all nights in the year, Captain Peters could have no cause to be uneasy. But he was uneasy for all that.

The two men made three or four turns up and down the moonlit deck in silence. The captain's companion, Major Francis Vere, of the Lower Congo Trans-Francis Vere, of the Lower Congo Trans-port Service, who was on his way out to assist in making one of Stanley's new roads along the river, puzzled himself in vain to think of any possible reason for the strange disquiented of his friend Peters, whose courage and seamanship he knew by ex-

I suppose it's that Spanish gold that's weighing on your mind, said he, forcing a laugh - for he was beginning to feel the infection of the captain's unaccountable uneasiness in spite of himself—"or else King Oko Jumbo's being on board makes you nervous about the risk of drowning you nervous about the risk of drowning a real live kirg, even though he's only been anointed with palm oil. Well, of course it would be hard to wreek the poor old king on his way home to Bonny; and the loss of the gold would get you into an awful row, as it's heavily insured with your own company. But why you should be more anxious about either of them tonight than any other night since they came on hoard, I can't see at all. Just you go and cat a good supper, and turn in, and don't worry yourself about nothing; and as example's better than precept, added he, moving towards the stoir that led down to the saloon, "here goes to set you one. the saloon, "here goes to set you one. Good night."

But as the major was about to descend, But as the major was about to descend, he heard below him in the darkness the voice of Harry Peters, the captain's son, whom his father had brought with him to try whether the boy's longing for a sea life would stand the test of an actual trial

"Of course the captain's the last man on board in a shipwreck, because he don't on board in a shipwreck, because he don't leave the ship at all; he's got to go down along with her. The captain stands on the quarter deck, you know, giving his orders quite coolly, till the last boat's been lowered, and the ship's just ready to sink; and then he makes up a bundle of the ship's papers, and chucks 'em into the boat, and says, 'Remember that I did my duty to the last!' and he waves his cocked hat, and the men give him three cheers, and then down goes the poor old ship, and and then down goes the poor old ship, and him in her!'

him in her!"

But s'pose this ship was to go down, would Uncle Edward go down along with her?' asked Harry's American cousin, Stee Holcombe, the son of the captain's only sister. His mother being now dead, and his father, outed American serious present their sister. His mother being now dead, and his father (a noted American engineer) being work on a new railway in Idaho, where at work on a new ranway in 1dano, where Master Steve's presence would have been only an embarrassment, the boy was paying a visit to England during Mr. Holcombe's absence, and had come just in time to accompany his uncle and cousin on their

African voyage.
"Of course he would!" cried Harry, indignantly; "you won't catch father shirk-ing his duty, I can tell you! He'd go to the bottom as well as any captain afloat, and

better too!"
"Well, I don't see any sense in that,"
cried practical Steve. "If you've lost a
good slip, where's the use of losing a good
captain as well? You might as well say,
spose my hat blew overboard, I'd better
pitch my shoes after it."
"That don't matter a straw so long as

pitch my shoes after it."

"That don't matter a straw, so long as it's their duty," retorted the uncompromising Harry. "When a soldier or a sailor's told to do anything, do you think he stops and asks whether there's any sense in it? Not he! he just goes and does it. Don't you know that a captain must stick to his ship wherever she goes? And so, of course, if she goes down, he goes down too; and if she blows my, he's got to blow m, with her she blows up, he's got to blow up with her t is the way on this ship."

Then I'm glad I haven't the honor of

being a captain in your fleet, Master Harry," struck in Major Vere, laughing. "Oh, major, is that you?" cried Harry; "you're just the man we want,"

"We want you to help us fix that charade we're going to act," explained Steve; "you're a soldier, so you're bound to know all about charades."
"Are they part of a soldier's duty, then

asked the puzzled major.
"Why, don't you call it a charade when
you beat a big drum at dead of night, and rouse up your men to go for the enemy by

surprise?"
"You noust mean chamade, I fancy; but
that's a French word, not an English one.
However, if I can be of any use to you, I'm
at your service, and walcome."
The results of the major's assistance were

seen an hour later, when the passengers took their seats on the double row of ship chairs and camp stools ranged across the main deck just below the bridge, to witness the performance which the two boys had got up with the help of some of the stewards and sailors.

number of red and green lanterns lighted up very effectively the gay colors of the various flags festooned around and above

In the center of the front row, with Major Vere between them, sat the only two ladies on board—Mrs. Smith, the wife of a West on board—Mrs. Smith, the wife of a west Coast missionary, and Mrs. Davison Keir, whose husband (a newspaper correspondent bound for the Congo) had been told off by the boys to write the songs for their charade, and who, of course, felt bound to oblige.

CHAPTER II. THE CHARADE.

HEN all was ready, Harry Peters stepped before the curtain (a spare sail hung on a taut rope), and bowing to the audience, announced that the charade would represent a two syllable word, and that the curtain would now rise

THE FIRST SYLLABLE

[Scene, The deck of a ship. Enter a boatswain (Stere Holcombe) with a black patch over one eye, and a beard of oakum a foot long. Sailors follow.] Boatswain (sings).

Air-" I'NCLE NED "

Air—"UNCLE NED."

There was a bold skipper whose name was Captain Ned—
He retired a long time ago.
But he's sent his nevvy (nephew) to lead us instead
To the place where the off palms grow."

Chorus of sailors (lustily)-

Then heave up the anchor with a yo heave

ho! Shake the sails out aloft and alow! We'll bring lots of money to old Captain Ned From the land where the oil palms grow, grow, grow,

With tremendous energy.)

From the land where the oil palms grow."

From the land where the oil ralms grow."

[Enter the captain (Harry Peters) in an old uniform of his father's, which Aups about him like a sail. The crew cheer loudly.]

Captain.—"Good luck to you, my brave fellows! You may well be merry, for this ship has never met with any accident, and never shall while I command her."

[Tremendous crash heard behind the scenes, followed has noise as of falling limbers with followed has noise as of falling limbers with

followed by a noise as of falling timbers, with loud cries of terror. Boatswain goes out

loud crees a hastily.] Voices (within) - "Help! murder! we're

drowning!"

Boats. (reentering).—"Cap'n Peters, I'm 'appy to hinform you that we've carri-away our fo'mast and sprung a leak. thought you'd p'raps like to know."

Captain (with emotion).—"Thanks, n

Ciptain (with emotion).—'Thanks, my faithful fellow; the new does interest me somewhat. You had better plug the leak with newspapers—they're the driest things.

Boats.—" Werry sorry, sir, but the docbods.— Welly sorry, sit, on the dec-tor's took 'em all to make mosquito nets; he says even a 'skeeter can't get through one o' Mr. Keit's letters from abroad."

"Well, can't you nail an iron plate over the hole?

Boats. —" Ain't got no iron plates left, sir Major Vere's just been and eaten the last on 'em, in mistake for a commissariat biscuit."

biscuit.

Capt.—"Dear, dear! this is very annoying! Well, tell Bill Bobstay to put his wooden leg into the hole, and not take it out till I tell him."

[Sallors go off, but instandly rush in againwidth cries of "All's up! The leg's three sizes too large for the hole!" Sound of pumping heard behind the seems.]

Voice (cillin) .—"N use pumpin', mates; there's ten yards o' water in the hold, and it won't hold no more, We'd better jist go down quietly,"

All (with enthusiasm) .- "We will!"

"Well Capt. (waving his hat over them).—"Well said, my stanch comrades! We'll go to the bottom like British seamen and I as can tain of this ship, claim the right to go down

Prompler (within).—"Beg pardon, sir, but there's one thing has got to go down after you.

Capt. (fiercely).—"What's that, pray? Prompter.—"The curtain, sir." (Curtain falls.)

During the five minutes' interval that en-sued, the stewards handed round lemonade

sued, the stewards handed round lemonade and sweet biscuits, and the audience dis-cussed the performance. They easily guessed the first syllable to be "Wreck," and Harry, pronouncing them right, ordered the curtain to be drawn up for

THE SECOND SYLLABLE

[Scene-A ship's deck as before. Enter a ourser (Steve Holcombe) in green spectacles, with a pen in one hand and an account book in

that a pen is one man an art with the other. Sailors follow, grambling.]

First Sailor.—" Look ee here, Mr. Purser, do you mean to come for to go for to say

do you mean to come for to go for to say that two eggs is enough to dine three men?"

Second Sailor.—"And look at my ration o beef! Why, you might put it all in the bowl of a pipe, you might! Third Sailor (tho is dressed enlirely in newspapers pinned logether).—"And look at me! Why, I looks like a walkin' hadvertisement! Vere's the woolen jacket as I was to git?"

Furser (with dignity).—"My good men."

First Sailor.—"Good men, indeed! That's what you always calls us when you're a goin' to cheat us right and left. We ain't good men at all! we're werry bad men, canable of what you always calls its when you re a goin to cheat us right and left. We ain't good men at all; we're werry bad men, capable of any depth of williamy, as you'll soon find out, old chap, if you don't mend your ways! It ain't that we mind short rations, we're used to them; but a man can't live on nothing, can he, mates?"

All (with energy).—"He can't!"

First Sailor (holding his fist close to the purser's nose, as if offering him a flower).—"No; and what's more, he recon't!"

[Ester the criptain (Hurry Peters), looking fierce, and holding a pistol in each hand.]

Captain (striking an attitude).—"What sounds of tumuli do I hear? Is mutiny abroad? If so—"

sounds of tunnic do I near? Is mutny abroad? If so —"
[Cocks a pistol. The sailors all try to get behind each other, and tumble down in doing so.]
First Sailor.—"No, sir; it ain't mutiny, nohow. We're willin' enough to work, ain't

we, mates? but we can't work the old ship when we're all dead of hunger, can we now?

Captain (pausing to reflect).—" That is a point upon which, having never commanded crew of ghosts, I shall reserve my opinion.

a crew of ghosts, I shall reserve my opinion.
But of what do you complain?"

First Sailor (in a tone of the bitterest irony).—
"Of what? Two eggs for three men, eh?"
Second Sailor,—"Jist take a microscope,
cap'n, and look at this here beef ration of
wine!"

Third Sailor.—" 'Tain't nice, your honor, Third Sailor,—" Tain't nice, your honor, to be goin' about rigged in newspapers! Every time I come on deck some chap begins readin' my sleeve or my collar, and keeps a turnin' of me round till he's finished the paragraph!"

Fourth Sailor,—" Smell that pork, sir.

Fourth Sailor.—"Smell that pork, sir.
Why, you might steer straight for it by the
smell, even it 'twas out o' sight!"
Captain (critically).—"It certainly does
seem to be worth a seed. My friends, this
must not be. Have you any rope's ends?"
All (with alacrity).—"We have!!
[They flourish in the air a number of knotted
rope's ends, and surround the purser, who is
taking to kinds off!

trying to slink off.]
Purser (frightened).—"Gentlemen, really Furser (frightened).—"Gentlemen, really— I claim protection—the British Lion—" First Sailor.—"The British Lion? The British liar, you mean [strikes him]. How d'ye like that, eh? That's none o' your trashy stuff; I got it from old Quarter-master Adams, who spins the toughest yarns of any man afloat."

Purser (rubbing himself and cutting capers).

-"Oh, gentlemen, good gentlemen, have pity on a poor old pickpocket—purser, I

mean!"
Captain (smiling sternly).—"Ah, there he comes out at last in his true colors. My lads, this fellow has given you less than your due; but see that you don't give him less than his!"
All (ucith terrible emphasis).—"Not much!"
First Saifor (laquing on with a will).—"His reign's over; and now he shall have his due!"

hit upon the right word, so the curtain

THE WHOLE.

[Scene supposed to represent an African village. The king (Steve Holcombe) dis-covered sitting astride of a pork barrel, with covered sitting astride of a pork barrel, with a necklace of mutton chop bones round has neck, and a white umbrella held over his head by a black attendant. Exter Ben Bellenge (Harry Peters) in sallor costane, led by two nerro guards, who are trying to keep him from dancing the 8-bilor's Hornpipe.

King,—"What dat? You white fellow, you dare dance before king?"

Ben (derisively)—"King! I'd cut a better king than you out o' burnt cork any day. I don't care that for you" [snaps his fingers in the king's face] "nor I'or your black guards neither; and blackguards they are, sure enough—ha! ha!"

[Dances about, dragging the negro guards

[Dances about, dragging the negro guards

[Dances about, aragging the negro guards along with him.]

King.—"What! You talk dem words to me? You know who me am? Me Cockadoodledo de Second, King ob Possum-up-a-Gum-tree!

Gum-tree!"
Ben (defiantly).—"And d'ye know who I
am, you overgrown black monkey? I'm
Ben Boltrope, an honest British sailor,
worth twenty jury rigged kings any day!"
[Sings to the time of "Yankee Doodle,"
dancing in time to the music.]

" Yes sen field oysters, grow on trees,
I've eaten two edged sabers;
In cerd villas 'meath the sens
I've sailed with men who could not drown,
All made of India rubber;
I've spent three weeks inside a whale,
And felt inclined to blubber!"

"And after doin' all that, d'ye think I'm goin' to be afraid of you? Take that, you

old chimney sweep!"

[Knocks down king and attendant, and whacks them both with the umbrella. Guards draw their stoords and rush upon him. Eater from opposite sides, with terrific yells, negros and sailors, who begin a general fight. Curtain

falls.]
"Is the word 'Reckless'?" (Wreck Less),

called out a voice from the audience.

Harry Peters bowed assentingly, and the

Harry Peters bowed assentingly, and to show was over.

"Well," said one of the younger men, as they rose from their seats, "it's lucky we've had this chance of seeing what a shipwreck's like, for now we shall know what to do if we ever meet with one."

A general laugh answered his remark, and the company dispersed.

CHAPTER III. THE SUNKEN BOCK.

"A LL'S well!"

The hoarse call of the "look on unity and the hoarse the hoarse call of the "look on the hoarse the hoarse the hoarse the hoarse hoar

Captain Peters appeared on deck a few minutes later, having just awoke, feverish and unrefreshed, from a horrible dream, in which he seemed to see the ship going

down.

Despite Major Vere's counsel, he had not gone to bed till after midnight, having taken gone to bed till after midnight, having taken careful soundings, and ordered the officer of the watch to keep on taking them at in-tervals during the whole night. And now, as he stood straining his eyes through the gloom, the leadsman's shout told that all was well so far.

The captain drew a deep breath and turned to walk aft.

Crash 1

Crash!
A sudden shock made the steamer quiver from stem to stern. She plunged forward again—struck a second time—gave a violent lurch, and then dashed headlong, with that horrible grinding crash which most old sailors know to their cost, right upon a snnken rock.

Mingling with the crash of the final shock came a tremendous smash and jingle, as all the glass and crockery went to pieces at once, several men being badly cut with the flying splinters. Then a hoarse shout came rolling aft through the passage way— "All on deck!"

"All on deck!"
The fatal summons, which told all who heard it that the ship was doomed, was instantly obeyed. In a moment all the passengers, half dressed, and hardly knowing yet what had happened, came bursting out of the saloon, and rushed upon the deck.

It was a wild scene. Amid the pouring rain and utter darkness, which the few stray gleams of lantern light made all the blacker those who had spoken so lightly

[The purser runs out harling, pursued and thranshed by the whole erec. Curtain falls.]

More Henomade, more sweet bisecuits, to more guesses. But this time no one could keep their footing upon the wet, sloping,

slippery deck, which reeled and quivered beneath them like some living creature writhing in its last agony.

No one knew at what moment the steamer might go down with all on board, and for the first few minutes after the rush began the confusion was at its height. height.

height.

The two ladies had scrambled up to the starboard side of the deck, and were clinging to the quarter rail.

Around them clustered about a dozen of other passengers, who were gradually sining their coolness as they heard regaining brave Captain Peters's strong, manly voice

brave Captain Peters's strong, manny voice ringing through all the hideous uproar. Suddenly the dying vessel made a ter-rific plunge to port, dashing every one off his feet. One or two stified cries broke from the throng, for all thought that the

from the throng, for all thought that the end was come.

Among the little band that clustered around the quarter rail were Steve and Harry, who, having slept on deck (as they often did), were fully dressed, and thus more fortunate than most of the passen-gers, many of whom had nothing more than plaids or blankets thrown over their ht clothes.
Let's stick together, Harry,"

Steve

Steve.

"All right, old fellow," answered his cousin, cheerily. "Hallo! there's the major! Major, aloy!"
But just at that moment the great lurch came, and the poor major—who was working his way as best he might up the steep, slippery incline of the sinking deck, with his arms full of wraps and other things for the benefit of his companions—vanished into the darkness as if fired out of a gun.
But the time was not come yet. The

But the time was not come yet. The steamer had indeed slipped off the fatal rock into the deeper water beside it; but although there were now more than four feet of water in the hold, the deck still re-

feet of water in the hold, the deck still re-mained above the waves, the ship continu-ing to settle slowly down by the head.

In such a darkness, and with the vessel careened to one side till the deck stood quite aslant, it was no easy matter to lower the boats. The first that was cast loose fell away, crushed in her gunvale against the ship's side, and floated help-lessly off into the derivation. lessly off into the darkness.

But the stout seamen, not a whit daunted, fell to work again, and this time with better success. The gripes were cast loose, the davit tackle falls let go just at the right moment, and down went the first lifeboat into the great waste of gloom be-low, where nothing but the cheery shout of the two sailors in her told that she still existed, for not a vestige of her could be

"Smart, now, and get the ladies into the

"Smart, now, and get the ladies into the leasts!" should Captain Peters, and the words were hoarsely echoed by three or four deep voices in succession.

Instantly there was a movement among the group beside the quarter rail, and the two ladies were led toward the gangway, Steve and Harry being as active in the work as if they were respensible for the safety of every passenger on board.

It was a grim trial for any woman to

It was a grim trial for any woman to face, that haphazard plunge over the ship's side into a seemingly fathomless gulf of blackness, out of which broke ever and blackness, out of which broise ever and anon a ghostly glimmer of white foam, as the great billows leaped up like wild beasts gnashing at their prey, while of the boat itself nothing was to be seen. But the two ladies, both weak from recent illness, stepped forward without a sign of hesita-tion, and were swung down into the boat, one after the other, by a rope made fast around them.

Several other passengers slid down after

them, getting not a few ugly cuts and bruises in doing so. Then the second officer took his place in the stern sheets wet cer took his place in the stern sheets, wet and weary after being all night on deck, and with the blood pouring from a dread-ful gash in the back of his hand, but still cheery and courageous as ever.

Just as the first gray dimness of early dum showed the forlorn men each other's faces, wan and ghastly as those of a crew of corpses, the first boat put off from the doomed vessel.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE MERCY OF THE WAVES.

HERE she goes!" "No, she don't, she's righted again.

"She'll swim for another half hour yet,

never fear. Hurrah for the old craft! she makes a good fight of it, don't she?" Then came a gloomy silence, while all eyes were strained toward the shadowy

The growing light showed a fourth moving away from her starboard quarter, but the fifth was still alongside, waiting for the captain, who, having got off all the passengers, was now risking his life in a desperate attempt to save the mail bags.

"Why don't the cap'n come away?" growled old Jack Adams, the quarter-master, clenching his fist savagely as be watched in vain for any sign of movement in the fifth boat. "Wot's the good of his drowning hisself for the sake of a few letters? If folks' letters are lost, they can write 'em over again; but sitch sailors es Cap'n Peters only come one at a time."

Poor Harry, too anxious about his father's fate to remember his heroic theory about the duty of a captain to go down

about the duty of a captain to go down

about the duty of a captain to go down with his ship, sprang up so recklessly, that had not Adams caught his arm, he would have gone headlong overboard. But just then the captain's boat was seen to move, and a faint cheer came rolling to them across the sullen waters. Well did

them zeross the sullen waters. Well did they know its meaning, and old Adams's deep "Thank God!" was fervently echoed both by Harry and by Steve Holcombe. And now came the question, always the first with a shipwrecked crew, how far they were from land. The thought of perhaps having to remain several days in the boats was anything but pleasant. Just then aross from the cantain's boat

was anything but pleasant.
Just then arose from the captain's boat
the shrill, piping voice of a small negro
boy acting as his servant, whom Harry
Peters had nickaamed "Cariboo," after a
cannibal chief in one of the tales of adventure in which he delighted:
"Master I was home."

"Master, I see trees!"

Every one looked doubtful, seemed impossible to distingui for it seemed impossible to distinguish any-thing through the dull, impenetrable haze that shut them in on every side like a wall. But presently a keen eyed sailor called out that he could see trees at no great distance, lying low down along the water's edge, and "as thick together as bristles on a brush."

But this, so far from giving them any comfort, only made them doubly uneasy. All knew well that on this barbarous coast All knew Well that on this barbarous coast the first glimpse of a wreck would bring hundreds of savages to the spot, not to help, but to rob and murder without merry; and some of the passengers began to recall with secret dismay a story told them by the captain only the day before, of how he had once picked up a ship wrecked German crev not far from this wrecked German ere w not tar from this very spot, who, after being plundered and ill treated by the natives, had been stripped to the very skin, and cast adrift in an open boat. Exposed in this way to the terrific African sun, the poor fellows had

suffered fearful torments.
"Mr. Osprey," said Captain Peters to suffered fearful torments.

"Mr. Osprey," said Captain Peters to
the first officer, who commanded the gig,
"go in shore a bit, and see what the
coast's like, and whether there's any likely
place to land. The other boats had better
keep together till we see what's to be
done."

one.

Off went the gig accordingly, while the four remaining boats drew alongside of each other, and (it being now broad daylight) there was great rejoicing, as it was seen that not a person was missing, for up to that moment no one knew who had been

lost or saved.
"Hallo, major!" shouted Steve Holcombe, overjoyed to see his friend's tall, upright figure in the captain's boat, "I'm real glad to see you. I guess we all thought you'd gone slick overboard with that last lurch!"

that last lurch!"
"Not quite," laughed Major Vere; "I
managed to 'bring up' against the lee
quarter rail. Have a biscuit?"

quarter rail. Have a biscuit?"

The provident major, who was the last man except Captain Peters to leave the sinking ship, had actually got hold of a good handful of biscuits at the last moment, and proceeded to serve them out to all within his reach, keeping only the property toward for birnaft.

to all within his reach, keeping only the merest morsel for himself.

And now Harry Peters, whose reckless spirits had been considerably sobered by suddenly finding himself involved in a real shipwreck, such as he had hitherto known only from books, was amazed to see that what appeared to him a formidable peril seemed to be regarded by the rest as quite ordinary matter.

hungry, weary, half clothed, Chilled, covered with cuts and bruises which the covered with cuts and ormses which the salt water made unbearably painful, passengers and crew alike laughed and talked of dismay; "and your company's insured as gayly as if the whole thing were nothing more than a rough kind of joke. Young Isay so. Now, if they have to pay up for "This letter is still in my possession.—D. K.

Sam Higgins, the wit of the forecastle, even attempted to strike up a song, but was instantly checked by the old quartermaster, Jack Adams, who gruffly told bim to "hold his noise, and not make a fool of him-salf" self

But all inclination to merriment was But all inclination to merriment was effectually stopped by the startling an-nouncement in which Cariboo's shrill voice suddenly made itself heard. "Master, canoe come to us from shore!"

CHAPTER V.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

ARIBOO'S words were followed by a general silence, while the ship-wrecked men looked meaningly at each other.

The mist was by this time scattering on every side, and the only canoe to be seen as yet was the one that come skimming tod them like a seabird over the waves.

But the forlorn men knew only too well But the forlorn men knew only too well that if the natives really meant mischief, this one canoe would be quickly followed by scores; and although the hull of the sunken vessel was nearly hidden, her two masts, standing gauntly up out of the gray, sullen sea, made such a mark as no one could miss—a mark that would draw to it every savage for miles round.

If they were forced to beat out to sea

If they were forced to beat out to sea again in their small, open, ill provided boats, in order to avoid an attack, it would

boats, in order to avoid an attack, it would be little better than certain death to the weaker members of then party.

The two ladies, utterly spent, were lying in the stern sheets of the second boat, with the pittless rain beating down upon their unsheltered heads. Poor Mr. Smith, the missionary, was little better. Oko Jumbo, the native King of Bonny—who had just made a voyage to England for his health, only to come back worse than he went—seemed half dead already as he lay doubled up in the third boat, with his black face almost gray from terror and exhaustion.

Well might the captain shake his head gloomily as he turned it away from them to atch the approaching canoe

at was a strange sight. Amid the huge billows on which it rose and fell like a cork, the long, slender, knife shaped bark, no billows on which it rose and fell like a cork, the long, slender, knife shaped bark, no broader than an ordinary camp stool, was often quite invisible, the black, bony, ape like figure that paddled it seeming to start right up out of the sea, "for all the world like a seal," as Sam Higgins remarked, with a crib. like a seal with a grin.

But, despite his hobgoblin appearance, this scarecrow was a messenger of good news. In answer to the captain's hail he informed them, in a queer jargon of broken English, Portuguese, and Kroo, that there was a "factory" (trading store) on the strip of beach just opposite them, with two white men in it.

white men in it.

This, however, might be only a trick of
the natives to draw them ashore and
murder them, and Captain Peters was far
too prudent to run such a risk without
further precaution. Breaking off a small chip from the boat's woodwork, he scribbled upon it, as well as the pouring rain would let him, with a pencil which one of the passengers had luckily saved, the following note:

S.s. Lakoja wrecked. Are there any white on here? and is it safe to land? If so, write us at once, and give to Kroo boy. "E. PETERS. "S.s.

"Two ladies in the boats."

"You go shore," said he, handing this primitive letter to the Krooman. "You give this to white man, come back quick,

g present get."
The last words were quite enough for the

The last words were quite enough for the worthy savage, who, securing the precious chip in his mouth (the only pocket he had), was off like a shot.

In the general silence that followed, while all eyes were bent upon the lessening figure of their impromptu postman as it surged up and down among the leaping white hills of water, Steve Holcombe whispered to Harry Paters: Peters :

"Say, Harry, do you suppose the folks at ome 'll make it hot for Uncle Edward for home

losing his ship?"
"I'm afraid they will," answered Harry, setting his teeth as if every word stung him. "I've heard father say ever so often that a captain who had lost his ship was as good as done for. And then too, it's not only the ship, you see; there's that confounded Spanish money, as well, that we took in at Grand Canary."

that, on top of the loss of the ship and cargo, it'll make 'em considerably spiteful, I dare

say."
Poor old daddy!" said Harry, "it'll pretty nearly break his heart, for I know he was as fond of the old ship as if she'd

been his mother."

"I guess so," answered Steve, ruefully.

"Can we do anything to help him?" cried Harry, vehemently. "I'm game to do it, whatever it is."

whatever it is."

"Well. I'll tell you what we can do," said
his cousin. "My father did it once for a
friend of his that had wrecked a train—at least he hadn't wrecked it, but they said he had, and wanted to go for him. So then least he hadn't wrecked it, but they said he had, and wanted to go for him. So then father got hold of all the passengers and made 'em sign a robin redbreast, or whatever they call the thing—"

ever they call the thing—
"Round robin," suggested Harry.
"That's it—a brown robin—to say that
he hadn't wrecked the train a bit and that he'd behaved real nice all through, and done bis level best from first to last; and that fixed the business for him right away. Now, I guess we'll fix up just the same sort of thing and get Mr. Keir to write it up for us the's a correspondent and he'll put it into the very tallest kind of fine writing), and we'll get the major and all the rest to sign it. I'm sure they'll do it, for they'd never be so mean as to go back upon uncle now that

he's up a tree."

"Well done, our side!" cried Harry, clapping him on the shoulder; "that's a stunning good plan, and no mistake! We'll get hold of the major and Mr. Keir directly we get on shore and dodge the thing up in a flow, and then we'll we've come and the we'll we've come in the shore and then we'll we've come in the shore and the shor Jack of 'em sign it, Cariboo and all."

Just then Jack Adams sang out that there

Just then Jack Adams sang out that there were three canoes coming off from the shore, which at first rather startled some of the passengers; but as the canoes approached, their messenger was seen in the foremost, waving a folded paper, which he handed with a very important air to Captain Peters, who opened it and read aloud as follows:

"River Cess, 23rd July, 1885.
"To the Captain of the Lakoja,
"Dear Sir.—I am very sorry about the bad news I learned. There are two white men for the latter bouse of Hendrik Muller Local Company of the Company of the schore, and truth in Montal Course and on shore, and truth the man called Louis as pilot for the bar.

"Yours,
"G. EVERTS,
"B. VAN BEUSEKOM."*
"The man called Louis"—a tall, sinewy,
sharp looking negro, in a trim jacket of
dark navy blue—leaped into the stern of
Captain Peters's boat and seized the tiller in
his strong black head while the captain

Captain Peters's boat and seized the tiller in his strong black hand, while the captain gave the word to pull for the shore.

The nearest land was a low flat promontory, barely a mile away, but this, being covered to the very water's edge with a dark, impenetrable mass of intertwined boughs, offered no landing place. A better chance was afforded by the narrow strip of level sand beach (a more thread of bright yellow between the dark green forest and the dark gray sea) on the other side of the ring of white, foaming surf, marking the ring of white, foaming surf, marking the mouth of the Cess, or Cestos River; and thither the boats were headed.

And now a hollow rumble, like the sound of a train rushing through a tunnel, told that the dreaded "breakers" were nigh; and ominous mutterings began to be heard among the sailors.

"If we don't capsize, we'll be full of water anyhow"

"If we don't capsize, wen be in or water, anyhow."
"That smallest boat's bound to upset; she'll never stand it."
"I say, Jack, if we've got to tip up. I hope we'll git well in shore first, for the sharks'll be on the look out, sartain."
Nearer—nearer nearer still to the dashing breakers and the wild black figures that swarmed along the shore behind, to help or steal as circumstances might direct. The boldest began to look grave as they realized that in another moment they might, per-haps, be struggling for their lives in a sea

literally bristling with sharks.

"Fasten the life belts round the ladies!"

roared the captain, suddenly.

It was barely done when there came a rush and a roar and a crash, and all around was one whirl of boiling foam, and they were dashed against each other and the sides of the boats, which were full of water

from stem to stern.

Then suddenly a swarm of grim forms and black faces started up on either side. There was a hoarse roar of many voices, and Harry Peters felt a heavy blow on the head, and flashes of fire danced before his eyes,

HINTS ON SWIMMING.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY HE art of swimming is undoubt-edly one of the most useful, en-

healthful acconnuments any boy, or for that matter any girl, can acquire. As an exercise, it is calculated to develop nearly all the muscles of the body, and is possessed of attractions which make its many votaries eloquent in its praise. But more than this, there is hardly any one who is not liable to be placed without warning in a situation where a knowledge of swimming will save his life, or will enable him to save the lives of others.

It is for this reason that we consider no boy's education complete unless he has learned to swim. Most of our readers, no doubt, already possess the accomplishment.

joyable, and healthful accom-

learned to swim. Most of our readers, no doubt, already possess the accomplishment. Those who do not should lose no time in mastering it. In almost every city throughout the land there are schools where instruction in swimming is given; and many country boys can learn from some friend who is a proficient. But for the benefit of those who cannot find a teacher, we recommend the following directions, which are given by an authority on the subject:

subject:
Find a place where the water deepens gradually, as an ordinary beach. Often in a small stream there are pools nowhere too deep for safety. Procure a band or belt to go around the body under the arms, with small bands over the shoulders to keep it from slipping down. To this belt attach a safety line of such length that the learner cannot go into the water deeper than the waist.

cannot go into the wave accepts waist.

The first shing to be done is to learn to duck without minding it. Hold your breath and put your head under water several times whenever you bathe. You may probably strangle a bit at first, but the ducking will become less and less disagreeable until the disinclination to go under water nearly or quite disappears.

able until the disinclination to go under water nearly or quite disappears.

Then let the bather select a place where the water is just deep enough for him to sit upon the bottom with head and shoulders out of water. Let him take a full breath, distending the lungs, and, placing his arms by his sides, lie down on his back on the bottom. If unsuccessful, partially expel the air from the lungs and try again.

After having found out by actual experiment how easy it is to lie down on your back under water, go out to the full length of your rope, and, holding your breath, pull yourself in toward the shore, hand over hand, not letting your feet touch bottom on any account until your breath gives out or you run aground. No matter whether you go under water or not, no matter whether you go under water or not, no matter whether you feet not keep yourself right side up or not, go right on hanling yourself toward the shore, hand over hand, till you reach shoal water.

When you can run yourself ashore with

self toward the shore, hand over hand, till you reach shoal water.

When you can run yourself ashore with ease and certainty you will probably have discovered that most of the passage is made at or near the surface of the water, and possibly you will have learned after a fashion to keep your balance and pull yourself ashore with your nose above water. When you can do this you can breathe through your nose during the passage, and as soon as you can breathe comfortably while hauling yourself ashore you are ready for the next step, namely, try to pull yourself ashore using one hand for the rope and paddling with the other hand. This is not a very easy thing to do, and in all probability before you accomplish it you will find yourself paddling with both hands and kicking with both feet—that is to say, swimming.

As soon as you find that you can keep yourself right side up, and your eyes and nose above water, you have learned the great secret, and swimming with the most approved and scientific stroke will follow according to your opportunities and ambition.

ording to your opportunities and am-

These hints are intended to meet the

according to your opportunities and ambition.

These hints are intended to meet the most difficult case possible, namely, that of a boy who is obliged to depend altogether upon his own resources. If he has some one to help and advise, so much the better. He will probably learn to swim the quicker, but he must haul himself ashore or the object of the lesson will be lost.

The stroke taught by this means is the breast stroke. It is the commonest and the old fashioned style of swimming, and is an exact imitation of the action of a frog. When it is properly executed, the power is obtained mainly from the action of the legs. The knees are drawn up slowly and gently, not under the body but sidewise, and when the kick is made they are opened like a letter V and the soles of the feet presented squarely to the water. As a squarely to the water. As the arms are shot out ahead, palms of the hands downward, the legs are brought sharply and strongly together, like the closing of a pair of shears, which gives propulsion from the whole inner surface of each leg.

This stroke is the easiest, and should be learned first, but it is not a very fast one, because the body

first, but it is not a very fast one, because the body and legs slope downward and present so much surface to the water ahead surrace to the water ahead
of the swimmer that there
is a good deal of resistance. If the learner
wants to get through the
water faster, he should
practice some of the side strokes of which there are several varieties.

One is called the Eng-

lish overhand racing stroke, and is much used by the champion swim-mers in short races. It is

made thus: The swimmer lies on his left side, with his left arm thrust as far forward

made thus: The swimmer lies on his left side, with his left arm thrust as far forward as possible and his right doubled so that the hand rests near his breast. He plunges forward, kicking froglike with both legs and describing almost a circle with his left hand. This draws him forward and at the same time lifts his head out of the water. Then, without losing any headway, the right arm is swung through the air so that he hand passes a little above the face and as far forward as it will go. Then, buried in the water, it is drawn sweeping backward past the lower part of the left ribs and finishes its part of the stroke a little below the hips.

While the right hand is at work the head is buried almost out of sight in the water, but when the left arm makes its reach the head is lifted and then the racer breathes.

The stroke described above is very hard to acquire, and not many amateurs learn it without a teacher. There is no reason, though, why any fair swimmer should not be able to get the swing of it by carefully following the instructions given above. It was brought over here by the English racers, and it is impossible to say who was the inventor of it.

ventor of it.

Another good stroke is the Chinook side
stroke, which is thus described by Mr.
Sundstrom, the instructor of the New York
Athletic Club, who is a champion long dis-

Athletic Club, who is a champion long distance swimmer:

"The swimmer lies upon one side, the right for illustration, stretches his right arm out ahead of him, palm down, and brings it with a strong downward sweep through the water to his thigh. The first part of the movement raises him, and the last part propels him forward. As the

nately with the feet; but the movement nately with the reet; but the movement was so quick that they soon tired, and, with a long side stroke, he swam through the whole school of them, and beat them easily. This same overhand or "ttrtle" stroke,

This same overhand or "turtle" stroke, made by reaching forward first with one hand and then with the other, is well known to the natives of Manhattan Island as well as those of the isle of St. Thomas. Every boy along the North and East River piers can, swim it. It is the fastest for a few

can swim it. It is the lastest for a few yards, but it is impossible to keep it up for any distance.

In a long race the swimmer is obliged to change from one style to another, to ary the exertion and rest his muscles. He will the exercion and rest his muscles. He will try the long, easy breast stroke, the Eng-lish porpoise style, the turtle, and the American side stroke, and then flop over on his back and paddle along in half a dozen different ways.

dozen different ways.

Diving is an important branch of the swimmer's art. To make a graceful dive, let him stand in the attitude of the loy about to take a header from the initial letter of this article. He should have his body slightly inclined forward, holding his arms stretched out before him with palms down, fingers close together and thumbs touching. With a slight spring he projects himself forward, throws his head downward and feet up, and enters the water at a slight angle from the perpendicular, the hands and arms cleaving the way and protecting the head.



oright hand nears the side the left is swung over through the air just ahead of the right shoulder, and then is brought through the water with a wide sweep almost horizontally to the left thigh.

"The right leg is drawn up and straightened at right angles with the body behind, and the left leg similarly in front. Then the legs are brought forcibly together, the right catching the water on the outside and top of the foot, and the left on the inside and sole. This gives a powerful impetus forward; and as the body is on the side, and parallel with the surface of the water, the resistance is much less than when breasting the water.

"It is difficult to learn it, but it is being more difficult to learn it, but it is being

more difficult to learn it, but it is being adopted largely by swimmers because of its

ower and speed.
"I first saw it," adds Mr. Sundstrom,
among the Indians on the Columbia River, and learning it from them, I made some improvements and frequently outswam them. I think I was the first to introduce it in the

I think I was the first to introduce it in the East. A peculiarity of this stroke is that the swimmer's face is turned upward and over his left shoulder, so that he looks behind him. The advantage of this is that the crown of his head meets the waves and his mouth is always out of the water."

The same writer relates that on one occasion during his life as a sailor, his ship touched at the island of St. Thomas, where he went into a race with about fifty native sponge divers, being backed by his captain to swim five miles against them. When the black fellows started off with their overhand, half arm stroke, they went like flying fish, and Sundstrom was so astonished at fish, and Sundstrom was so astonished at their speed that he forgot to plunge from the rail after them until the captain gave

him a push. For a she a short distance they could make great speed, reaching out one arm after another in front of them and kicking alter-

Always keep the eyes open under water ad don't wink. Winking injures the and

and don't wink. Winking injures the eyeballs.

By turning the head upward and spreading the palms of the hands the diver can come in a curve to the surface, or by keeping the head down and kicking he can continue his descent. He wants a good supply of air inside when he makes the dive, as he may have to stay down for a while.

UNCLE SAM AND JOHN BULL.

UNCLE SAM AND JOHN BULL.

In reading the newspapers we often come across the sobriquet. Uncle Sam." applied to personification is thus described: in of the personification is thus described:

It seems that immediately after the declaration of the last war with England—that of 1812—one Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a large quantity of provisions for the work of the last war with England—that of 1812—one Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a large quantity of provisions for the work of the last named gentleman, who was known to his friends as "Uncle Sam," generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased in the provisions purchased in the provision of the provision purchased in the provision



THE PRELIMINARY SHIVER

riunes

The New York Bootblack By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

NED STARTS FOR THE INTERIOR.

to learn that in a new country it is not safe to judge a man by his outward appearance.

"You look like a strong boy," said the man musingly.

"Yes, sir; I can do a good day's work."

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Sixteen."
"Indeed! I thought you

"Indeed! I thought you might be eighteen."
Ned was pleased with this remark, considering it a compliment. Those who are farther advanced in life are not likely so to look upon it. For instance a man of forty would not be pleased to be mistaken for fifty.

fifty.
"I think I am as strong as some boys of eighteen," said

"How long have you been in

"Two or three hours," answered Ned, with a smile. "I thought you were a tender-

"I hope that isn't against me," said Ned, anxiously. "In what way did you wish to employ

"It isn't for myself. I've been out in the country min-ing-just ran over to Frisco on a little business. One of my comrades at the mines is my comrades at the mines is sick, and asked me to find him an assistant. He's laid up in his cabin with rheumatism, and wants a man to help take care of him and attend to his claims."
"I am not a man," said Ned.
"You'll do. You've got a good honest face, and I'd sconer trust you than most of the men I might get."
"Thank you, sir. How far off are the mines?"
"About seventy five miles."

"About seventy five miles."
"Vhen do you want me to

"Tomorrow morning. You will go with me."
"Where and when shall I meet you,

si?"

"At this restaurant—at ten o'clock."

"I will be here, sir."

Though Ned answered promptly he was a little in doubt as to how he could arrange to get out of the city without interference on the part of Captain Roberts. If he had known of the orders received by the capture of the part of the capture of the part known of the orders received by the captain from Elias Simmons he would have dismissed his anxieties. It might be supposed that he would need to go back to the ship for clothing, but it will be remembered that he was carried off from New York without a change, and what he used was provided by the captain. It seemed necessary to buy a few articles, such as shirts, underwear and socks before leaving the city. He was in doubt, however, whether his seanty supply of money would suffice. "Are there any stores at the mines where I can buy shirts and socks?" he asked. The miner laughed.

The miner laughed.
"Not much," he said. "You'd better buy what you need here. If you haven't money enough I'll advance you some."
"Thank you, sir. I should be glad if you would."

you would."

The miner pulled out a bag and drew therefrom three gold eagles - thirty dollars in all—and handed them to Ned.

"Will that be enough?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; more than enough."

The miner laughed.

The miner laughed.
"You don't know what prices you have
to pay in Frisco," he said. "Well, so long!
Or, wait a minute, what is your name?"
"My friends call me Ned Newton."

"My friends call me Ned Newton.

"That's a good name. I am Jim Philbrick, at your service. I was James Philbrick, Esq., when I had up my shingle as
a lawyer in New Hampshire, but we are too
busy for compliments out here."

"Were you ever a lawyer?" asked Ned in amazement.

"I don't look much like it, do I? I wore "I don't look much like it, do 1? I wore store clothes, and what we miners call 'biled shirts' then, but let me tell you, Ned, Jim Philbirick the miner can buy out James Philbirick, Esq., twenty times over, aye, and more than that. I hardly earned enough to pay my board in the old days. Now well, I'm fairly well fixed. But I can't be loitering here. We'll meet tomorrow."

NED STARTS FOR THE INTENIOR.

ED eyed his proposed employer a little doubtfully. Judging him from a New York standpoint, he didn't look able to even earn his own living. Ned was yet to learn that in a new country it

"Mackaye?" repeated Ned in a questioning tone.
"Yes, that is the man you are to work

for."
"What sort of a man is he?"

"What sort of a man is he?"
"He is a Scotchman, as you might infer from his name. He is a silent, reserved man, about fifty years of age. He may not be as old, but he looks it. He doesn't say much about himself, but we all think he's rich. In fact, it can't be otherwise, for he's always been lucky, and he has no one to spend money on except himself, and he lives in a plain way."

"I hope he will like me."

"If he don't you needn't feel alarmed.
I'll look after you and give you a

plata ...
pe he will like me.
plating agains.
I'll look after you and give you a
start myself."
"Thank you, sir. You are very
kind to a stranger."
"I've taken a liking to you, my
led. You've got a frank, honest
face. Have you any one belonging to you?"
"Yes, sir, I have a
mother in New York.

WARDS sunset on the third day Ned
and his companion arrived at their
destination. It was a typical mining
village, and may be known as Shantytown.
It was located on a side hill, rising
gradually from a narrow river,
and consisted of some twenty five
cabins made of rough boards
put together by men having a
very slight acquaintance with the
carpenter's trade. The architecture could only be compared
with that of the houses on the
rocks near Central Patk, and
certainly was not superior.
Ned looked about him with POST OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PR gran nya ni will broad THING HADD

NED NEWTON AMONG A GROUP OF SHANTYTOWN MINERS.

satchel to hold his purchases, and when he | It is for her sake that I would so much like satchel to hold his purchases, and when he lits to her sake that I would so much like had completed his round found that but two dollars remained of the thirty which had been advanced to him. He was rather surprised that his mining friend had trusted him with so considerable a sum, but he afterward found that in a new the laterward found that in a new thinks owell of you." country people are less suspicious than in the seats of an older civilization.

Ned occupied a cheap lodging, and the next day at the appointed hour went to the

rendezvous agreed upon.
Philbrick came in half an hour late.
"So you're on hand," he said. "That is well. The stage is nearly ready to start. So these are your togs. Well, did you have money enough?"
"Yes, but there wasn't much over. If I

could have bought the things in New York, half the sum would have been sufficient."

"Very likely. In a few years prices will be down here, but we must wait a while. There is one thing I ought to have thought -a revolver."
"Shall I need a revolver?"

"Yes, but it's likely Mackaye will have a spare one."

"She didn't know I was coming."
"You didn't run away? If so, I shan't
think so well of you."
"No; I was carried away against my
will, and without my knowledge."
"That sounds mysterious. Please elucidate, as my legal friends used to say."
Ned told his history in as few words as
"ressible"

possible. possible.
"It sounds like a romance. Do you think the captain deliberately planned to take you from New York?"
"I am obliged to think so."

"It certainly looks like it. Had you any previous acquaintance with Captain Roberts?" "No; he was a complete stranger to

me."
"Then no doubt he is the agent of some

other party. Do you think of any one who wished to get you out of the way?"

"Yes, sir; I can think of one—a cousin of nor methor" of my mother.

"Have you any wealthy relative whose money this cousin might wish to monopolize?"
"Not that I know of."
"You see I haven't forgotten my legal education. A lawyer always seeks for a motive, and the pursuit of money is a very obvious one. Did Captain Roberts oppose your leaving the ship?"
"No. he even advanced me ten dollars"

"No; he even advanced me ten dollars."
"Perhaps he wanted to make it easy for you to run away?

you to run away?"
"At any rate I prefer to stay, now that I am here. When I return I want to take some money to my mother."
"I'll do my best to help you, Ned. In time you may circumvent the man who is plotting against you."

"How do you like the looks of Shantytown?" asked Philbrick. "I think it is rightly named,"

answered Ned with a smile.

"Right you are, my boy!
Doesn't look very luxurious, does

it?"
"It isn't my idea of luxury."
"And yet, let me tell you, there are some here who were brought up in brown stone city mansions. We have even three college graduates."

ates."
"Do they like living in this

way?"
"Well, not for a permanence, But all have come out here with the hope of making their pile. Some will succeed, and some won't."

"Are the mines productive?" "I answer again, that some are and some are not. A man left here last month with ten thous-

here last month with ten thousand dollars, all gathered in six
months."

Ned's eyes sparkled.
"I don't wonder people are
willing to stay here with such a
prospect," he said.
"It's a lottery, though. I have
been here a year, and I have not
made three thousand dollars, that
is, in this spot. I had money
when I came here, however."
"And where does my future.

"And where does my future employer live?"
"Do you see that cabin about a quarter of a mile off?"
"Yea" Yes.

"That belongs to Sandy Mackaye. He is the oldest resident here. He has lived here five years, I have heard him say. For three years it was the only house."

"It isn't in the village?"
"No; he prefers to live aloof from the crowd."

crowd."

"Is he rich?"

"Nobody knows, for he keeps his own counsel. I shouldn't be surprised if he were, for he is understood to have been very successful, and he doesn't spend much

money."
"I hope he isn't a miser," said Ned some-

"I hope he isn't a miser," said Ned some-what anxiously, for he feared in that case his compensation would be very small.

"No: I can assure you on that point. He isn't a miser, and he isn't mean. He can be liberal when there is any occasion for it. There was a poor fellow here—an Irishman—who had only recently come, and had not yet had an opportunity to make much when he had the misfortune to break his lee. Sandy Mackaye sent for a doctor. nuce when he had the mistortune to break his leg. Sandy Mackaye sent for a doctor —the nearest one was fifty miles away—had the bone set, and paid the entire expenses of the poor fellow till he was able to be

about again. about again."
"I am glad to hear it," said Ned, his brow clearing. "That speaks well for him. I shall be glad to work for a man like that." Meanwhile they were on their way to

Mackaye's cabin, and it was not long be-fore they reached it.

Philbrick did not take the trouble to knock, but opened the door, and entered, followed by Ned.

"How are you, Sandy?" he asked

"How are you, Sandy? "he asked.
"I might be better, Philbrick. And who
is this boy you have with you?"
"Your new assistant. I found him in
San Francisco." San Francisco.

The Scotchman fixed a kindly but penetrating glance upon Ned.

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked.
"Ned Newton."

"Your age?

"You are well grown for that."
"I hope I shall be old enough for your

You will do, I think. But you may not like the task you have undertaken."
"I can't tell about that so soon, but I

shall try to suit you.

"And I will try to make things pleasant or you. What news from Frisco, Philfor you. brick?"

Then followed a conversation between the two miners, to which Ned felt that he was not authorized to listen. He gathered, however, that Philbrick had done some however, that Philbrick had done some business for Mackaye, and he saw some papers transferred to the Scotchman which the latter locked up in a wooden trunk at one end of the room

Presently Philbrick went away, and Ned was left alone with his employer. He took a good look at Mackaye, being naturally a good look at Mackaye, being naturally interested in one with whom he was to live, and for whom he was to work. This was what he saw. A man rather above the middle height, the hair still abundant but streaked with gray, penetrating eyes, a face with a kindly expression, but indicating reserve. On the whole Ned was favor-

ably impressed.
"Well, my lad," said Mackaye, "I must explain to you that, while still strong, I have of late been troubled by rheumatism, and have been obliged to give up my active

and have been obliged to give up my active business. Moreover I have got to an age when I feel like taking a rest. Do you know anything about cooking?"

"I am not an accomplished cook," answered Ned, smiling, "but I have helped my mother. I used often to get breakfast, and help about dinner if she had a headache

"Then you know all you need to for my purpose. I will give you an interest trial. You will find on the shelves in the corner some tea, a few eggs, and a loaf of bread. There is a little fire in the stove alcorner some cea, a No.

bread. There is a little fire in the stove already. Put on some more wood, and boil
the kettle. Our supper will consist of
boiled eggs, bread and butter, and tea.
Are you competent for that?"

"Oh yes, sir. But where do you get
bread here?"

"We have a man in the village, a baker

"We have a man in the village, a baker "We have a man in the village, a saker by trade, who supplies the whole neighborhood. It is a saving to us, though we pay large price. How much do you think we pay for a small loaf like that?"

"In New York I don't think it would be over tive cents."

"Here we pay twenty five, and are glad of the chance to do so instead of making bread ourselves."
"I am glad of that too, Mr. Mackaye,

for I have never had any experience in bread making. We always went to the baker There was a cook stove in the cabin.

better than Ned was prepared to see.
"I had the stove brought from San

Francisco, 'explained his employer, answer-ing Ned's unspoken questions. "It cost me several times as much as it would at the looked upon it as a necessity, and did not grudge the hundred and fifty dollars it cost

me."
"Certainly he is not a miser," thought

The plain meal ordered by the Scotch-The plain mean ordered by the Scotenman did not present any difficulties to the New York boy. He moved about quickly and handily, and set the table neatly. Mackaye looked on complacently. "My lad, you understand your business," he said. "I was always clumsy about

e said. "I was always clumsy about ouse work, though I have cared for myhe said. self for the last five years—excepting three months, when I had a young man with me, who in the end made off with a considerable sum of money belonging to me, or more strictly, gold dust, which he no doubt took to San Francisco and disposed of."

"How long since was that, Mr. Mac-

About a year.

"Did you make any effort to capture

"No, it would have been more trouble than it was worth.

"How much did he steal?" "Somewhere about five hundred dollars I indge.

I judge."

Sandy Mackaye spoke indifferently, as if this were an insignificant sum. To Ned five hundred dollars seemed a small for-They ate supper, and Ned cleared away

They ate supper, and Neu cleared away, the dishes.

"Now, my lad," said Mackaye, "you will be curious to look about you a little, as a mining village is something new in your experience. Go out and explore, but try to be back at nine o'clock."

CHAPTER LXIV

A GROUP OF MINERS.

LL had struck work, and as Ned walked slowly through the village, he saw groups of men sitting or lying about, chatting and smoking. His, being a new face, attracted attention. "Who are you, boy?" asked a miner, not unkindly, looking up from one of these

groups.
"I know who he is," said another, before
Ned had a chance to reply. "Philbrick
told me. He's come to help Sandy Mackaye.

"You are right," said Ned.
"Sit down here, and tell us where you

come from.

ome from.

They made room for the boy, and he sat own between two bearded miners.

"I came from San Francisco last," he said

"You're from the East, I reckon."
"Yes, from New York."
"Used to live in New York," went on
16 first speaker. "I was a clerk in Stewthe first speaker.

"You don't look much like a dry goods clerk now," said Ned, noticing his bronzed face and rough attire.

"No more I don't. I should have to

spruce up a little if I wanted to get back into the store."
"I worked in New York, too," said another. "I was in a store on the Bow

ery."
Then they began to ask Ned about New York and certain places there familiar to them. He was able to answer satisfac-

them. He "..."

"Who's got a pipe for the lad?" asked the first miner. "Give the boy a chance."

"Eve got an extra pipe. Here, lad!"

"Thank you," said Ned; "but I don't

"Don't smoke, and you a New York boy! Well, that's queer. No matter, you'll soon learn out here." learn out here."
"I hope not."

"I hope not."
"Oh yes, you will. How do you like
Sandy Mackaye?"
"I think I shall like him, but it is only
two hours since I first made his acquaint-

ance."
"He's a bit queer, Sandy, but he's rich.
He can buy us all out."
"Is that so?" asked a slender young
man of very dark complexion, looking up
with interest. He was a new comer, having only been a month at Shantytown, and, of course, he was not fully informed about his neighbors.

nus neighbors.

"Yes, there is no doubt about that. He's been here five years. He got the cream of of the mining. It's a lonely place, and nobody thought it worth working except he, and he didn't let on till he had to."

"So he's well fixed?" said the dark

young man, seeming very interested.
"No doubt of it." "How much money do you think he's

"There's no telling. He may be worth a hundred thousand dollars." "A hundred thousand!"

The young man's eyes sparkled with cu-

"I suppose he doesn't keep it in his cabin?"

"Seems to me you are a good deal interested in Sandy Mackaye and his money, said the first miner, eying the young man

rather suspiciously.

"I am interested in any one that has money," responded the other, laughing. "I only thought that it would be very imprudent to keep so much money in one of

these cabins. these cabins."
"Tut, man; there are no thieves here.
If there were one, he would have a short shrift and a speedy ticket to the happy hunting grounds, as our Indian friends would say."
"Probably you are right," commented

the young man, shrugging his shoulders, and he dropped the subject.

one of the group, producing a dirty pack of cards from his blouse. "I." "And I," answered two of the

others

others.

"Will you play?" Ned was asked.

He shook his head. He understood that
gambling was intended, and he neither had
the money nor the inclination to take part in it

"May I play, too?" inquired the dark young man.
"Yes, the more the merrier!"

The four sat down, and Ned, not feeling particularly interested, rose and resumed his walk

He went up on the bill, and though it was now growing dark, he got a view of the village and its surroundings. When he re-flected how far he was from New York, and nected how har he was from New Jork, and contrasted the lonely mining village with the busy city in which he had been reared, he seemed to himself somehow to have dropped into an entirely different world. When he returned, the poker party were about separating. The only one whose

about separating. The only one whose face indicated satisfaction was the dark voung man.

"You've got the evil one's own luck, Lopez," said one of the players, discontent-

Lopez, "said one of the players, discontent-edly.

"Yes," answered Lopez, for the young man was a Portuguese; "this is my lucky night. Tomorrow I may lose it all."

"You play a good game."

"Oh, no!" he said, depreciatingly. "As you say, I was lucky."

He rose and walked slowly away.

"Did he play sonare?" asked one of the

"Did he play square?" asked one of players, who had not hitherto spoken. "So far as I could see." " asked one of the

"It seems strange he should win all the

time."
"He'd better not cheat, or-

The sentence was not finished, but the pause was significant.

"He'll bear watching. Do you know anything about him?"

"No execut that he came here four

No, except that he came here four

weeks since, and bought a claim from Per-kins, who wanted to go back to Vermont."
"I don't fancy his looks."
"We mustn't condemn a man on account of his looks.

"How much did he win tonight? A slight calculation was made. "A hundred dollars at least."

"We can't afford to lose that every night.

The next evening the same party played again. But Lopez did not play as carefully, or perhaps he so contrived it, but any rate he lost steadily, but not to the extent of his winnings the previous evening. tent of his winnings the previous evening. This quite reinstated him in the favor of his fellow players, who decided that he played "on the square" after all. They sympathized with him good naturedly on his ill luck.

"Oh, it's the fortune of war!" he said, lightly. "I can't expect to win all the

time

But when he left the company and walked way, there was a mocking smile upon his

away, mater and face.
"I could have won all their money tonight," he said to himself, "but it wouldn't
have been safe. I could see by his face
that one suspected me last night. TomorI shall vanture to win a little more."

He walked on, busily thinking.
"But after all," he soliloquized, "this too slow. Fifty or a hundred dollars evis too slow. Fifty or a hundred dollars every other night, and it won't do to exceed that, doesn't amount to much. I am interested in that old Scotchman, Sandy Macested in that old Scotchman, Sandy Mackaye. Where can he keep his mouey, I wonder? If I could only find that out, I would make a magnificent haul. A hundred thousand dollars, Warner said! O. it's enough to make my mouth water. I must worm myself into the confidence of that boy. He looks fresh and confiding.

that boy. He looks fresh and confiding.
Through him I may learn what I want."
Meanwhile Mackaye had gone with Ned
to his claim, and showed him how to

work it.
"I can't do anything myself," he said. "There would be too much exposure, with my rheumatism. You will find it hard work at first. Two or three hours will be enough. I have some work for you at home,

you know."
Sandy Mackaye seemed to take a decided liking to his young companion and helper!
He speedily drew out of him the events of his history, so far as they are known to the

"Who'll have a game of poker?" asked written to your mother where you are, so as to relieve her anxiety.

"I have done that, sir."
"Then I'll try to help you in your praiseworthy purpose. It may be for the best that you were brought to this distant land after all."

"I hope so, Mr. Mackaye."

But while Ned and his employer were thus harmoniously conversing, a danger menaced them both, and this danger proceeded from the man Lopez.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

B. H., Bennington, Vt. Consult our advertising W. M. J., Winchester, Ky. The price of Nos. 171 to 188 is 75c.

J. H., Montgomery, N. Y. No premium on the colus named.

coins named.

P. B. B., Wilmington, Del. The dime of 1838 is not on the premium list.

E. P. S., Norristown, Pa. We fail to find such a periodical listed in the newspaper directories.

G. F. R., New York City. Your exchange will be published. See regulations at the head of the Exchange Column.

En Quad, Nyack, N. Y. Your question, accom-panied by name, address and stamp, will receive a reply by mail.

reply by mail.

C. F. M., Medis, Kan. The receiver is always required to pay the expressage. See advertisement of bound volumes elsewhere.

T. W., New York City. A process for removing rust from steel will be found in the "Answers to Correspondents" of last week.

F. S., New York City. 1. The making of a home-made hectograph is explained in No. 217, page 134. 2. The leading funciers can tell you.

H. E. R., Taunton, Mass. Yes, stamps are taken in small amounts, though at this season of the year we would prefer them forwarded by refriger-ator car.

F. M. H., Providence, R. I. 21st St. between 6th and 7th Aves., New York City, is in the 8th Congressional District, represented at present by Timothy J. Campbell.

Timothy J. Campbell.

C. D. C., Union Mills, Ind.
bicycle, 2 m. 29 4-5 s., by F. Furnival, English atmateur; best mile, tricycle, 2 m. 49 2-5 s., by R. Howell, American professional.

L. L. T., Milltown, Pa. The stories mentioned contain a good deal of fact; but, as they are fiction at bottom, we doubt if they should be regarded as founded on fact. What do you think?

F. S., Chicago, Ill. The best prepared food for mocking birds is the following. 8 qts. maw meal, 4 qts. zwieback. 2 lbs. boiled ox heart, 4 lbs. best lard, 1 pint ground ants' eggs—the whole thoroughly mixed.

mixed.
F. B. S., Medina, N. Y. 1. The highest point reached in the Antarctic region is 78° by Capt., afterwards Sir James Clark Ross. 2. We do not know.
3. See advertising columns.
4. Typewriters receive from \$10 to \$18 per week.

C. C., New York City. Remarkable as was the martial career of Wellington, it has nothing to compare with the stupendous military projects undertaken by Napoleon. Why do you not read the fascinating histories of these great men?

CHARMING MINOR OF THESE GREAT HER IT YOUNG REPUBLICAN, NEW York City. James G. Blaine matriculated at the Washington and Jeffer son College, Washington Co., Pa., in 1843, when 13 years of age. He was graduated in 1847. The honors of the class were divided equally among three students, of whom Mr. Blaine was one.

Young Armonar, Chicago, Ill. 1. The Unitarian denies the doctrine of the Printip, believing that God the Care of Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., in No. 150. 4. The article "Popular Military Instructions" in No. 233, will inform you how to obtain arms from the State for your company. 5. The State does not farmish awords.

vocation allowing pienty of moderate exercise and fresh air be better?

T. A. M., Baltimore, Md. 1. We expect before long to publish another story by the author named. 2 Average height of boys of fourteen, 4 ft. 11 in.; weight, 86 lbs. 3. The cent of 1817, if it has fifteen states. 4. "Footprints in the 2 according to constant and the constant of t

his history, so far as they are known to the reader.

"I don't want to go back to New York, said Ned, "till I have something to carry with me. Indeed, I could not do so, for I have no money to pay my fare."

"That is right enough, my lad, if you've I feel, it is a seventeen, and the seventeen is the reader.

"That is right enough, my lad, if you've I feel, it is a seventeen, and the country of the country is a seventeen, and the country is a seventeen.

BLOOM AND GLEAM.

BLOOM AND GLEAM.

HAVE my times all dull and gray,
When life crawls malined and slow,
which I am forced to go.
But I have times—God sends them me,
And on them sets his seal—
When every momen laughs with glee,
And woe smiles into weal.
Or else I climb up at my will,
With hope and gladness shod,
Until I stand upon the hill
Wrapped in the arms of God.

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

THE WINTURNE

By JOHN C. HUTCHESON.

CHAPTER XX

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

IN the excitement of starting the stamps In the excitement or starting the stamps, the usual precautions of posting senti-less and keeping their arms ready had been for the moment forgotten, and the In-dians had taken the miners unawares.

After the first start of surprise at being so unexpectedly attacked passed over, there was a general rush to cover of all the members of the party, who sought shelter behind the breastwork of earth that the young engineer had caused to be thrown young engineer had caused to be thrown in round the spot facing the river all along its right bank. They caught up their rifles and cartridge pouches—which lay here and there about as they had dropped them in their expectancy while waiting the result of the weighing—as they ran to shelter themselves, and prepared to return the fire of their foes.

All the miners rushed to the breastwork

ive one, and that was Seth.

At the instant when he turned, like his comrades, to seek the protection of the rampart, toward which the others hastened, an arrow struck Sailor Bill obliquely across his torehead. Tossing up his hands, the poor boy, who was standing on the timber which led to the wheel, tumbled over into the foaming water below, that was seething

the foaming water below, unit was seeming like a whirlpool.

Uttering a frenzied ejaculation of angoish and grief, Seth plunged into the flood, and an instant after dragged forth Sailor Bill's body, heedless of the arrows and bullets of the Indians, which showered

and bullets of the Indians, which showered all around him.

The intrepid fellow seemed to bear a charmed life, for not a shot nor a barbed head of the savages' feathered missiles reached him as he pulled the poor boy's apparently lifeless body from the water. He was not content until he had hauled it up beneath the breattwork. Then, with a shout of vengeance, he seized his rife and set to work to aid the others in dealing death on those who had as he thought. death on those who had, as he thought,

death on those who had, as he thought, killed his young friend.
It was a terrific fight whilst it lasted.
Mingled with the war whoop of the Sioux, which was repeated ever and anon, as if to excite them anew to the carnage, came the fierce exclamations of the miners, and occasionally a calm word of command from Mr. Rawlings, to restrain the men from getting too flurried. He certainly showed himself worthy of the post of leader.

"Stealy, boys! Don't wasta your five."

"Steady, boys! Don't waste your fire.

"Steady, boys! Don't waste your fire.
Aim low; and don't shoot too quickly!"
"Ping! ping!" flew the bullets through
the smoky medium with which they were
surrounded, while the fall of one Indian
after another evinced the fact that the
shots were not wasted.
It was a regular fusillade;—and the
miners delivered their fire like trained soldiers from behind the breastwork that had
so providentially been erected in time

diers from behind the breastwork that had so providentially been erected in time.

Presently there was a rush of the red-skins, and the besieged party could hear the voice of Rising Cloud encouraging his warriors, and taunting those he attacked.

"Dogs of palefaces!" cried the chief, "your bones shall whiten the prairie, and

your blood color the buffalo grass, for your treatment of Rising Cloud in the moon of the melting of the snow! I said I would come before the sumac should spring again on the plains; and Rising Cloud and his warrious are hore." warriors are here!".

Then came the fearful war whoop again,

with that terrible iteration at its end "Who ah—ah—ah—ah—oop!" like the howl of a laughing hyena.

the should be a laughing hyena. The river alone interposed between the whites and their enemy, and gave them a spell of breathing time, but in spite of this protection, the odds were heavy against them. What could even sixteen resolute

men, as the party now numbered-for one had been mortally wounded by a chance shot, and although Josh the negro cook could fight bravely and did, Jasper was not of much use—what could sixteen men do in a hand to hand struggle with hundreds of red skinned human flends?

or red skinned human nends?

The river, however, was a great help, especially now that it had been converted into a mill race, and flooded beyond its usual proportions. When the Indians rushed into the water to wade across and rushed into the water to wate across and assault the camp at close quarters, as the shallowness of the stream at thet season of the year would previously have easily enabled them to have done, they found, to their astonishment, that the current, which they did not expect to be more than a foot deep, rose above their waist belts, then above their armpits, and finally above their heads.

their heads, pushed onwards by their companions behind, were submerged in the flood; while the miners, still sheltered by Ernest Wilton's trenched rampart above, rained down a pitiless hail of bullets into the half drowned mob, whose very strength now proved their principal weakness.

"Give it 'em, boys; remember poor Sailor Bill!" shouted Seth, his blood up to fever heat with passion, and the spirit of revenge strong in his heart. "Give it 'em, an' let nary one go back to tell the story!"

"Steady, men, and fire low!" repeated Mr. Rawlings.

Mr. Rawlings.

Mr. Rawlings.

And the miners mowed the redskins
down with regular volleys from their repeating ridles, although twenty fresh Indians seemed to spring up in the place of
every man killed.

The fight was too severe to last long, and

The fight was too severe to last long, and soon a diversion came.

As Rising Cloud, raising his tomahawk on high, and leading the van of his warriors, was bringing them on for a decisive charge, several sharp discharges, as if from platoon firing, were heard in the rear of the Indians.

Just then, a bullet from Ernest Wilton's rifle penetrated the chief's brain, and he fell dead right across the earth rampart in

front of the young engineer. The platoon firing in the rear of the savages was again repeated; the United States troops had evidently arrived to the rescue; and, taken now between two fires, and disheartened by the fall of Rising Cloud, the Sioux broke, and fled in a tumultuous mass towards the gorge by which they had entered the valley of Minturne Creek.

CHAPTER XXI. A STRANGE AWAKENING.

HE struggle over, the miners had time to count casualties, and see who amongst their number had fallen in

the fray.
Thanks to Ernest Wilton's breastwork

Thanks to Ernest Wilton's Oreastworn, their losses had not been very heavy.

Noah Webster was slightly wounded, and Black Harry badly; while the only one killed outright was Tom Cannon, formerly the keen sighted topman of the Susan Jane, who would never sight wreck or sail more. Sailor Bill was only wounded, and not

dead, after all.

Jasper, who had been hiding beneath the embankment beside the boy's supposed lifeless body, had perceived signs of return-ing animation in it, to which he immediately called the attention of Seth and also Mr. Rawlings, and the three were bending over the figure in a moment, just as almost a year before they were bending over it in precisely the same way in the cabin of the

Susan Jane.

The Indian's arrow had ploughed under the skin of the boy's forehead nearly at the same place that bore the sear of his former wound when he had been picked to be a skin of the same place. wound when he had been picked up at sea, and could not have inflicted any dangerous injury. It was evidently the shock of falling into the foaming torrent from the tun-nel, as it rushed into the river, that had rendered Sailor Bill senseless for the time

He was now coming back to himself, for his limbs twitched convalsively, and there was a faint tremor about the eyelids.

Just then Ernest Wilton came up and

stood by the side of Mr. Rawlings, while Seth was rubbing the boy's bared chest vigorously with his brawny hand to hasten the restoration of the circulation. At that moment Sailor Bill opened his eyes—eyes that were expressionless no longer, but with the light of reason in them—and fixed his gaze on the young engineer as if he recog-

"Ernest!" the boy exclaimed wonder-ingly, "what brings you here? Where am

And he looked from one to the other of the group around him in a half puzzled

way.
"Jerusalem!" ejaculated Seth, jumping to his feet and turning to the young engineer. "He knows you, mister. Kin you rec'lect him?

rec'lect him?"

Good heavens!" said Ernest, "I do
believe it's my cousin, Frank Lester, now I
hear his voice. Frank!"

"Yes, Ernest," answered the boy, heaving
a sigh of relief. "Then it is you after all.
I thought I was dreaming."

And be sank back into a calm sleep as if

And be sank back into a calculation where in bed.

"Now didn't I say so, Rawlin's?" saiseth triumphantly, turning to that gentleman.

"I leave it to any one if I didn' diagnose the boy's symptoms correctly! I said ef he can meet with a similar shock to that which cost him his reason, he'd get it

that which cost him his reason, he'd get it.
back again, I told you that from the first
on board the Susan Jane."
"You certainly did," replied Mr. Rawlings. "It's the most curious case I ever
heard or read of! Do you think, Seth,
when he wakes up he'll be still all right
here?" tapping his forchead expressively.
"Sartain as thar's snakes in Virginny!"
said thex water returning for a moment to

said the ex mate, returning for a moment to

said the ex mate, returning for a moment to his vermacular mode of speech. "I'm right glad to hear it," said Mr. Raw-lings. "What a difference that look of in-telligence in his eyes made in him! I de-clare I would hardly have known him to be

clare I would hardly have known him to be the same boy!"

"You're right there," said Seth. "I've read in some book of the eyes bein' called 'the windows of the soul;' an' I believe it's pretty near the mark."

"Golly, massa Rawlings," put in Jasper at this juncture—the darky had been dying to speak for a long time—"p'raps him turn out to be gran' fine genelman, for sure, 'sides bein' massa Wilton's cousin, hey?"

"Praps I'll souse you in the river if you don't make tracks and bring down somthin' as we can take poor Sailor Bill up to the hut

don't make tracks and orning down solitinia as we can take poor Sailor Bill up to the hut in," said Seth, speaking again in his customary way, and in a manner that Jasper plainly understood.

He disappeared at once, returning shortly in the sail of the sail

in company with Josh. The two bore a mattress between them, on which the boy was placed, still asleep, and carried up to the house, where he was softly put down on Mr. Rawlings's bed and left with Seth watch-ing by his side until he should wake up, as the latter expected, in his proper senses.

The camp was in a state of tremendous

The camp was in a state of tremendous excitement, as may be supposed, for no less than three thrilling episodes of interest had occurred all in one day, any one of which would have been sensational enough in itself to have afforded matter for gossip for a month.

The starting of the stamps—the attack

and repulse of the long dreaded Indian band—the fact of Sailor Bill recovering his lost senses-all happening at once, all coming together !

CHAPTER XXII.

COUSIN FRANK.

T was too much for even the most apa thetic of the miners to contemplate a clamby. And when, after the final departure of the United States soldiery—whose commander returned, after pursuing the Sionx for some distance among the Black Hills, to report that no further attack need be feared from the band, which was now thoroughly dispersed and incapable of assailing the camp a second time, that year at least—Minturne Creek resumed its nor-mal quietude, and seemed duller than ever after such stirring events as had recently been witnessed, the excited gold diggers gathered together in twos and threes, think-ing over and talking about what had taken

Beyond the stirring events that had han-Beyond the surring events that had hap-pened they had also to mourn the loss of two of their number, as gallant comrades as men ever had—for, ere long. Black Harry had followed the smart foretopman to the silent land.

He had, succumbed to the dangerous

He had succumbed to the dangerous wound he had received towards the end of the struggle, from an Indian tomahawk wielded by a powerful arm, which had al-most cleft the poor fellow's head in twain. After so many months of close com-panionship, the death of the two sailors

panionship, the death of the two salors was keenly felt.

The best way to banish painful thoughts, however, as Mr. Rawlings knew from sad experience, was to engage in active employment; so he did not allow the men to remain idle, although he gave them ample time few are to file the fight, was your test. time for a rest after the fight was over.
Summoning to his aid Noah Webster,

who, like some of the others who had rewho, like some of the others who had received trivial wounds, made light of the bullet hole through his arm, he nustered the hands late in the afternoon of the eventful day, and delivered a short practical address to them before resuming operations—a speech which, being to the point, had the desired effect of making the mer, go back to their work with a will.

"Now, lads," said he, "we must be up and doing. Sitting there talking will not bring back the poor fellows that have some.

"I mourn our comrades just as much as you do, for they worked steadfastly, like the honest, true hearted men they were, through the hard time of toil and trouble we had till recently, and at the last they fought and died bravely in the defense of the camp.
"But crying over them won't help them

now; all we can do is to bury them where they so nobly fell, and then turn our hands to carry on our work to the end that is now so near in view, just as they would bave insisted on doing if they had been alive still and with us!"

and with us!" They had been daive sun and with us!" There was no more lethargy aften Mr. Rawlings's exhortation.

The men sprang up with alacrity to set about what he had suggested rather than ordered. Graves were dug in the shelter trench of the rampart that Tom Cannon and Black Harry had held so courageously against the Indians, and their bodies interred with all proper solemnity, Mr. Rawlings himself reading the burial service.

Then the miners grasped their picks and shovels with one hand as they wined away

a tear with the inners grasped their press and shovels with one hand as they wiped away a tear with the other, and went back to the mine, some of them possibly with the re-

mine, some of them possibly with the re-flection that, all things considered, their slain mates were perhaps after all now better off than themselves!

After the sad ceremony which he had just performed, Mr. Rawlings did not feel much inclined for gold seeking or any worldly affairs, although he went towards the mine as a matter of duty. When he reached the stamps he found Ernest Wil-ton already standing there, but looking pale and perturbed, as if anxious about something.

"What is the matter?" said Mr. Raw-lings. "You seem out of sorts, beyond what the loss of these poor fellows would

what the loss of these poor fellows would have affected you."

"Yes, I am," replied the other. "I can't help thinking of that cousin of mine, and wby I did not recognize him when I first saw him; but then he was quite a little boy at school, and who would have dreamed of your picking him up at sea?"

"Strange things do happen sometimes," said Mr. Rawlings. "When was it that you last saw him in England?"

"Four years ago last Christmes if I rec-

you last saw him in England?"
"Four years ago last Christmes, if I recollect aright. He was then a little school-boy, not half his present size. How on earth did he manage to get to sea? my aunt had a perfect horror of a sailor's life, and would never have thim go willingly. But, there, it only serves me right for my selfish neglect of writing to my kind relatives! As you told me before, I ought to have kent up my communication with my lives! As you told me before, I ought to have kept up my communication with my family, and then I should have known all about it. I can't help now faneying all sorts of queer things that may have occurred. My poor aunt, who used to be so fond of me, may be dead; and my uncle, who was of a roving nature kindred to mine may..." mine, may——"
"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rawlings, good

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rawlings, good naturedly, interrupting him. "If you goon like that, you'll imagine you're the man in the moon, or something else! Sailor Bill, or rather your cousn Frank, as we must now call him, will wake up presently and enlighten us as to how he came to be in his present position—or rather in the Bay of Biscay, where we picked him up; for we all know his subsequent history; and then you'll learn what you are now puzzling your brains about, without any bother. I confess I am curious in the matter too, for I wish to know the secret of that mysterious packet round his neck; that mysterious packet round his neck; but we must both wait with patience, and dismiss the subject for the present from our minds.

from our minds.

"Come along with me now, my boy," he added, as the body of the miners hastened up after paying their last tribute of respect at their comrades' graves. "I'm just going to have a look at your sluices, and see whether the stuff is coming out as

and see whether the sum is coming or rich as before."

This invitation at once caused the young engineer to brighten up, as the idea of action had aroused the miners from dwelling on what had happened.

(To be continued.)



The subscription price of the Argosy is \$2.00 per year, apable in advance.

The subscription price of the Anons is 81.00 per year, apalain in advantage and two copies for one year All remnantiant time for the Anons should be adressed to the publisher.

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ANOTHER NEW SERIAL

Next week's Argory will contain the opening

ERIC DANE:

THE FOOTBALL OF FORTUNE. By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

This is a dramatic story of the adventures of a young American, who is deprived of his exted inheritance by an unscrupulous rival who confronts him with proof that he has been

The narrative is, we think, the best that has yet been written by this favorite author for young people, and will be followed from week to week with deep interest by all our readers.

Next week we shall have yet another serial to

IMPROVING THE WEATHER SERVICE

During the phenomenally hot July to which this city and vicinity was treated this year, the perspiring citizen not only lost patience with the existing state of things, but also his confidence in the weather clerk's powers of forecasting the future.

The cause of this failure of the prophets has now been explained, and a hope of partial remedy held out. It seems that many of the storms on the Eastern coast come from the ocean, which has not hitherto been pro-vided with signal stations.

The department, however, is now preparing to employ a carrier pigeon service to keep it informed of the barometric changes out at sea. The pigeons will be flown from the vessels sailing from Key West, and thus timely warning will be given of the hurricanes which start at the West Indies and follow the course of the Gulf Stream.

A PROFITABLE BABY.

It isn't every baby that earns a thousand dollars for its parents. Indeed, some babies leave babyhood far behind them, and grow up to have babies of their own before they are possessed of that amount of money.

A man employed in a photographing establishment in this city brought his child to the gallery with him one morning and left it for a moment on a chair. Suddenly it began to slide off, and its face assumed such a comical look of joy at the novel motion that one of the operators focused his camera and took an instantaneous view of the impending catastrophe.

The picture was such a success that a prominent manufacturer paid the baby's father a thousand dollars for the privilege of using it for advertising purposes. It may now be seen in chromolithographic form ornamenting the windows of drug stores and the stations of the elevated roads.

A SURGICAL TRIUMPH.

MEDICAL and surgical science, we are often told, is in its infancy; but it can point to wonders and triumphs no less remarkable than those of the mechanic or the electrician.

New discoveries and departures have been multiplied in recent years. Not the least worthy was an experiment which has just been brought to success by the surgeons of a hospital in this city. Their patient was a boy of seventeen, whose legs were bowed side to side and also bent forward, the result of that disease of the bones known as

He was placed under the influence of ether. and a wedge shaped piece was carefully cut firemen.

from the top of the tibia, or shin bone, to correct the forward bend. Next, the fibula, or smaller bone of each leg, was obliquely severed across the middle; the flesh was cut away from it along its whole length, and the periosteum, the delicate membrane which covers and nourishes the bone, turned back. The protuberant part of the bone was then removed with a sharp steel chisel, the mem-brane replaced, and it is hoped that in a few days the patient will be able to arise and walk without difficulty.

The medical profession has been well named "the grandest of all callings." It is undoubtedly the one that ministers most directly to the well being of humanity, and we trust that our readers admire it sufficiently to read with interest of its wonderful progress.

WE may quote from the advertising columns of a London contemporary an announcement which sounds like a parody on the above case It reads thus:

THE NOSE MACHINE, used for an hour daily, speedily shapes the member to perfection. Ear machine for outstanding ears. Price, 10s. 6d. Address,

At this rate, we fear that fashion will regulate the form of the features and limbs as well as the torm of the teatures and mines as well as the cut and color of the apparel. We shall read in the "society columns" that "noses are worn retroussé this winter," or "high forcheads are fashionable just now." that

Our readers may remember that we promsed, at the commencement of the sumn to give them a first rate paper throughout the heated season. We are not afraid to remind them of this pledge, for it has been amply fulfilled, and the way in which our circulation has been maintained at its highest figures ws that our friends appreciate the fact

But good as the Argosy has been during the summer, we are going to still further im-prove it in the fall. We mean to make it the best paper for young people published any where. To carry out our purpose, new arrangements are being made, the effect which will be seen in a very few weeks. Tell your friends to look out for the September numbers of The Golden Argory.

Have you seen a copy of our new books, "Mun-sey's Popular Series?" If not, ask your news-dealer to show you one. "The Mountain Cave," the first of the series, is going with a rush. You ought to have this book for your library.

THE EQUINE DRAMA.

Horses bid fair to play prominent parts on the boards during the approaching theatrical season. From Boston comes the announce ment that in a play to be brought out early in the autumn a race track will be introduced and the finish of an exciting contest enacted

and the linish of an exercing contest enacted in view of the audience.

The horses are to be real, and the speed equally genuine. To this end the manager has hired buildings on either side of his theater and made openings in the walls so as to gain a sufficient amount of space in which to give his fast horses a chance to acquire full headway, and a corresponding opportunity to slow down after the finish.

Another play, to be produced at about the same time in New York, is to employ the services of two trained Arabian steeds in a piece introducing a fire department in action. In short it seems as though the theaters were resolved on turning themselves into circuses.

FORBIDDEN FISH.

We wonder how many of our New York readers are aware of the fact that there is excellent fishing in the large Central Park reservoir. Yet such is the case, and among the members of the finny tribe that have their home in this great artificial lake are nickerel

catfish, perch, eels, and gold and silver fish.

It has been rumored that the students of Columbia College have requested permission to be allowed the privilege of a day's fishing these home waters.

But it is not probable that such permission would be granted, even if asked, for as one of the morning papers justly observes, if one institution was favored in this respect, there would be no good cause for refusing others so that the result would be a speedy depletion of the reservoir's population. This, it is stated, would be a serious evil, as the fish act as so many filters in the way of keeping the water fresh and free from impurities.

Their usefulness in this respect counterbalances the annoyance caused by the oc-casional escape of a small fish through the network at the outlets to the city mains, and its subsequent lodging in the hose of the

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER,

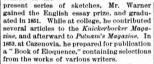
Hanaging Editor of the "Hartford Courant. WE have already published in the pages of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY a sketch of Senator Hawley, editor in chief of the Hartford The managing editor, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, is not less worthy of mention among leading contemporary journalists.

He was born on the 12th of September, 1829. at Plainfield, Hampshire County, Massachusetts. His father, who was a well educated farmer, died when the son was but five years old, and from this time until he was thirteen young Warner's only training was that of a district school at Charlemont, Massachusetts, His opportunities of culture were limited, and he saw few books except Bible commentaries and works of similar character

In 1844 he moved with his widowed mother

to Cazenovia, in Madison County, New York, where he studied for several terms at the eminary of the Oneida Methodist Conference, situated in that town. H'a was now able to give free scope to his natural literary tastes; he read a wide range of authors, and stored up information which won him distinction when he entered Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York

At this institution, which has already been men-tioned several times in the



Shortly after this Mr. Warner started westward, to join the staff of a new literary monthly to be issued in Detroit. Before he arrived there, however, the scheme abandoned.

He then went further West, and during the years 1853 and 1854 he accompanied a surveying party in Missouri. This experience ended, he returned to the East and went diligently to work at the study of law.

He was admitted to the bar at Philadelphia in 1856, and for nearly four years practiced his profession in Chicago. Then, in the spring of 1860, he entered, or rather reentered journalism, in the capacity of assistant editor of the Press, an evening paper of Hartford, Connecticut.

He was very successful in his new sphere of labor. At the commencement of the war he obtained the principal management of the Press, and its reputation and influence were rapidly extended. In January, 1867, it was consolidated with the Hartford Courant, Mr. Warner becoming managing editor of the new combination, and Senator Hawley directing its course as editor in chief.

The Connecticut senator's political avocations throw the maintenance of the Courant almost entirely upon the shoulders of Mr. Warner, and the high character it possesses is due in great measure to his efforts. While his journal has the conservatism of age-for its weekly edition, the Connecticut Courant, was established in 1764, earlier than any other existing American newspaper—yet it is not opposed to innovations, as is shown by its reent change from the old fashioned four page blanket sheet" into the more modern and convenient form of eight smaller pages

ings" (1872), "Backlog Studies," "Life of Captain John Smith," and "My Pilgrimage." being among them. In 1868 and 1869 he traveled for fourteen months, and the graceful humor of the letters which he wrote to the Courant from the Adirondacks, the White Mountains. and from Europe, made them extensively read and copied. He has for many years conducted the "Editor's Drawer," the humorous department of Harper's Magazine.

Mr. Warner married in 1856 Miss Susan C. Lee, daughter of William Elliot Lee of New York. He lives in a pleasant home in the suburbs of Hartford.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE FASCINATION OF FISHING.

In an article recently printed discussing vacations for street car drivers and con-

ductors, it was said that they are as a rule the most steady of the city's vast army of workers, and " cept for a day now and then when blackfish are running. seem to care very little for a vacation jaunt."

Strange taste indeed, to care only for fishing when a holiday from the daily toil is given them! One would think that these men. of all others, would get enough of standing still, and desire in creation some

the way of re-CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. pastime that would involve brisk movement, like base ball

playing, bicycle riding, rowing, swimming or any of the outdoor sports requiring rapid motion of the muscles.

And yet car drivers do not by any means

stand alone in this peculiar preference. Printers, who toil at the case hour after hour, or business men who sit all day over ledgers and account books in their offices, also manifest the same ardent desire to break away and seek recuperation and solid enjoyment, not in a wild ride across country on the back of a fleet horse or in a brisk game of lawn tennis with their friends. No, they may like these modes of exercise and take part in them often, but for downright pleasure, give them the rod and line and a long quiet day in which to sit and watch and wait for that which may never come

Verily, the charm of fishing is a magic one.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Time hath often cured the wound which reason failed to heal.—Seneca.

THE earnestness of life is the only passport to the atisfaction of life.—Theodore Parker.

Ir is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheer-fulness of the guests, which makes the feast. Where there is no peace, there can be no feast.—Earl of Clarendon

ALL earthly distinctions vanish before those of the soul. The barriers of caste, the insignia of rank dwindle to nothing in the spiritual estimate of man No inequality can destroy the relationship—the es-sential likeness between us.

senual meness octowen us.

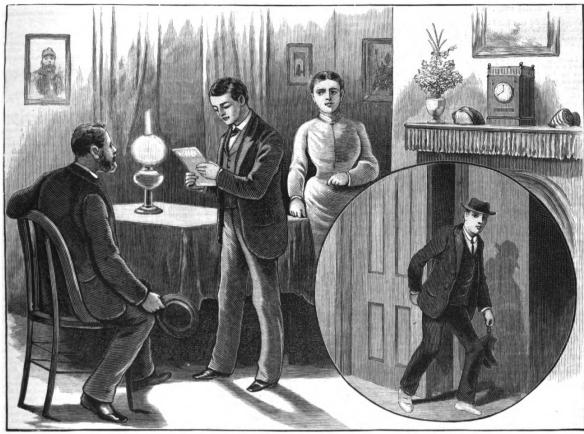
A Max is a great bundle of tools. He is born into
this life without the knowledge of how to use them.
Education is the process of learning their use, and
dangers and troubles are God's whetstones with
which to keep them sharp.—Becker.

CUNNING signifies especially a habit or gift of overreaching, accompanied with enjoyment and a sense of superiority. It is associated with small and dull conceit, and with an absolute want of sympathy or affection. It is the intensest rendering of vulgarity, absolute and utter.—Ruskin.

ing of vulgarity, absolute and utter—tuskin.

Ir is no man's business whether he has genins or not. Work he must, whatever he is, but quiety and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the thing that God meant him to do, and will be his best. If he be a few should be a support of the support of the property of the

convenient form of eight smaller pages.
Outside of his work in journalism, Mr.
Warner has made himself a reputation in literature both grave and gay. He takes a
settye part in the discussion of questions of
social science in his State, notably higher
deducation and the reform of the prison system. He has delivered many addresses to
colleges, and has published several books:
"My Summer in a Garden" (1871), "Saunter-



ANDY OPENED THE LETTER. AND FOUND THAT IT WAS FROM THE MAGNATE OF MONTOBAN

This story commenced in No. 244. YOUNG PILOT MONTOBAN By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XII.

A GREAT EXCITEMENT IN MONTOBAN.

A GREAT EXCITEMENT IN MONTOBAN.

HE explosion must have shaken the country for miles around. To Morgan Lamb and his son, who were standing on the bank of the river and but a short distance from it, it had the effect of an earthquake. The flash and glare first areathquake. The flash and glare first matter of the surface of the statement of the surface of the surfac numination was instantly followed by the terrific report and the shaking of the earth beneath them. Then came the crash of waters, and the heavy roaring, which did not cease for half an hour.

not cease for half an hour.

"The dam has broken away!" exclaimed Andy, who was the first to speak after the tremendous flash and crash.

"Fire and flash do not come out of water unless it has some help, "replied the maintaints, as he led the way into the main road. "The dam has been blown up." "What could blow it up?" asked Andy, as he followed his father, who deemed it wise to place himself and his son at a greater distance from the scene of the catastrophe.

did not blow itself up, and either powder or dynamite has been at the bottom powder or dynamic has been at the octom of it. This is the work of some enemy of Mr. Barkpool, and it is just what might be expected at any time while this senseless quarrel lasts," said Mr. Lamb, as he heard excited voices behind him.

excited voices behind him.
"How could any one put powder or dynamite where it would blow up the dam?" inquired Andy, who wanted to know how the thing had been done.

"Very easily, my son. On the other side of the year that the series of the series.

water that pours over the dam," the ma-chinist explained. "The fall is high on this side, and one can walk under it half

this side, and one can was a way across the stream."

"I never heard there was any such place there," added Andy.

"hir. Barkpool sent me to examine the dam about a year ago, and I discovered the opening. I reported it, but he told me not to mention it, for people would certainly wish to visit the place, and he thought it was dangerous. He was sure Phin would be into it if he knew of it. The powder was no doubt placed under the falling sheet be into it if he knew of it. The powder was no doubt placed under the falling sheet of water, and discharged with a slow match, or something of that sort."

'Then others must have known of this

thing.

Some one else must have discovered

Mr. Lamb and Andy walked at a rapid Mr. Lamb and Andy waked at a rapid pace, while the roaring of the river com-pelled them to speak in a loud tone in order to be heard above it. They reached the cottage without seeing any person, for those who had been startled by the explosion all who had been startled by the explosion all ran to the dam. Those who heard the col-lapse of the lower dam doubtless hastened in that direction. Mrs. Lamb had heard the crash and the roaring of the waters in the river, and had gone out of the house into the darkness to ascertain what had hap-pened, and was at the front gate when her husband and son arrived. Mr. Lamb explained the matter to her, and they went into the house. At first she

Mr. Lamb explained the matter to her, and they went into the house. At first she thought it was an earthquake, and then a peal of thunder; but the roaring she could not account for. As soon as they were in the house, she took a letter from the mantel, and handed it to Andy.

"What's this, mother?" he asked, for he was not much in the habit of receiving letters.

"I don't know what it is; I haven't mine where it would blow up the dam?" independent of the work of the river, the formation of the shore will allow a person to pass under the sheet of dresses and the river. The formation of the shore will allow a person to pass under the sheet of dresses and the river. The formation of the shore will allow a person to pass under the sheet of dresses and the river of dr

"I wonder who it's from," added Andy, looking at the address.
"You can tell by opening it," said his

"You can tell by opening is, made a mother, with a smile.
"Ah, here is the address of Percival Singerlay on the envelope!" exclaimed Andy. "This is from Di. I suppose she Andy. "This is from Di. I suppose she thinks she did not thank me enough for

thinks she did not thank me enough for helping her."

Andy opened the letter, and found that it was not from the fair skipper, but from her father. The magnate of Montoban said he was actually sorry for what had happened, and wished him to call at the house as soon as he possibly could. Andy read it, and then passed it to his father. Then his mother looked at it.

"Shall I go, father?" asked Andy.

"Certainly; go at once, my son," replied the machinist, without any hesitation.

"That is a friendly letter."

"I don't want to curry favor with him," said Andy.

"I don't want to curry tavor with him, said Andy.

"He is sorry he treated you as he did, and you were too proud to explain how you happened to be on his grounds after he had accused you of stealing his strawberries. He sends for you; and you will not demean yourself by going to see him," replied the father.

"I wish you would go with me, father," suggested Andy.

Mr. Lamb considered a moment, and then said he would do so. Mrs. Lamb would go with them a part of the way, and call upon a friend. In the road they found a great many people on foot and in vehicles, hastening to the Onongo Mill to ascertain what had happened there.

The machinist informed those who asked

The machinist informed those who asked The machinist informed those who asked for information that the upper dam hale been blown up, and his supposition that the lower one had been carried away by the sudden rush of the immense volume of water, was confirmed: The whole town was out of doors, and great excitement prevailed. The news that the upper dam hald been blown up was brought by the machinist, and it did not tend to allay the uproar. The whole of the lower town approar. The whole of the lower town approars and a big wave dashed up on the shore and

peared to be gathered on the bank of the

Andy and his father did not find the Andy and his father did not find the magnate at home, or even any of his family, for they had all gone out to see the havoe of the waters. Even the servants were not in the house. They went to the shore, where a large fire had been built to throw its light on the dashing stream. But there was nothing to be seen, for the water had done its work; the dam had been carried away, and only the wreck of it remained. mained.

the furious flow of the water was But the furious flow of the water was subsiding as the pressure was reduced from above, and the people soon returned to their homes when there was nothing more to be seen. Just above the dam was a bridge; but fortunately it had been built high enough to be out of the reach of the rushing tide, and it had not been carried away. It was crowded with people, looking at the dashing water.

As the inhabitants left the scene, all of them were talking about the sevent and

As the inhabitants left the scene, all of them were talking about the event, and asking who had blown up the Onongo dam. It could not have been an enemy of Mr. Singerlay, for the deed had been done at the upper dam; but it was evident that the villain, wheever he was, had done more than he intended, for both dams had been

destroyed.

Andy and his father returned to the mansion of the magnate; but he had not yet arrived, though they found Dolph in the house. He had just come un, and he seemed to be out of breath. His clothes were wet and covered with yellow mud, and he was certainly in a very bad plight. "Your father has not yet come in, has he?" asked Mr. Lamb, as he met Dolph in the hall.

threw me down." answered the rich man's

son.
"Were the boats carried away?" asked

Andy.
"No: they both held on; but I thought "No; they both held on; but I thought the Dragon would be stove against the shore. That is, they were both there—I think they are all right," stammered Dolph, who did not seem to be quite sure about the beats. "I must go and put on some dry clothes, for I am wet to the skin."

He went up the stairs, evidently in a hurry when he saw his father come in at the front door. Mr. Singerlay did not seem to be at all depressed by the loss of the dam and wecomed Andy.

dam, and welcomed Andy.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INTERVIEW WITH THE MAGNATE.

" AM glad to see you, Andy Lamb; and AM glad to see you, Andy Lamb; and if you had only told me how you happened to be in my grounds, it would have been all right," said Mr. Singerlay, as he gave his hand to the young man. "I am very sorry I was so rude to you, and I apologize for it. I am glad to see you, Mr. Lamb, for I believe you are the father of Andy."

It was certainly very magnanimous on

It was certainly very magnatumous on the part of the mighty magnate of Monto-ban to apologize to a boy like Andy, for, unlike Dolph, he believed that a young fellow of sixteen was still a boy, and he was so embarrassed that he could hardly say a

word.

"It is all right, sir; and it is my fault that I did not explain how I happened to be in your grounds," replied Andy.
"Di cried like a baby when she learned what had happened, and I promised to make it right with you, if I coull," continued Mr. Singerlay, as he invited his guests to be seated. "Andy, Di thinks you are the greatest man in Montoban; and I am inclined to believe that she is more than half right. You were a brave young fellow to stand up against a pair of revolvers in the hands of a desperate young vagabond." vagabond.

'I dodged down into the bottom of the boat, and there was not much danger, sir, when Tom Sawder did the shooting," said

when I om Sawaer dut the shooting, said Andy.

"No matter what you did; it was plucky, and you deserve a gold medal," added the magnate, with enthusiasm; and Andy found it difficult to believe that the speaker was the same gentleman who had dragged him into the house by the collar a couple

of hours before.

While they were talking about the adventure upon the lake, Di and her mother

venture upon the lake, Di and her mother came in.

"It's all right, Di!" exclaimed her father. "Andy has forgiven me for my bad behavior."

"I am glad to see you again, Andy; and I was sorry that anything unpleasant happened on your way from the boat house," said Di, with a gush which overwhelmed the modest champion.

"No matter about that, Miss Singerlay;"

"No matter about that, Miss Singerlay; it is all right now, and if you please, we won't say another word about it," replied Andy. "I am very glad I was able to be of some service to you in getting your boat away from Tom Sawder."

"But you had to fight for it; and I see that you have some of the scars of battle on that you have some of the scars of actie on your face now, Andy," interposed the mag-nate. "It is marvelous to me that you were able to hold your own against that bruiser, for the policemen say he is an ugly customer.

"I had something better to fight for than replied Andy, glancing involuntarily at Di.

I have got out a warrant for the arrest of the four vagabonds who made the second attack, and three of them have been ar-rested. They are in the lockup; but Tom Sawder could not be found," said Mr.

Sawder could not be round, said Mr. Singerlay. "You will be wanted as a witness tomorrow, Andy."

"We left them all clinging to the wreek of their boat, and I wonder how they got ashore," added Andy, who had heard nothing from the hoodlums since his return.

"I sent two officers down in the Dragon,

and they found all the rascals except Tom,"
Mr. Singerlay explained. "They said a
man had come after them in a boat, and landed them on the west side of the

"Who was this man?" asked Andy. "Who was this man?" asked Andy.
"The boys did not know him, or pretended they did not. As soon as he had
put them ashore, he pulled away with Tom,
and that was the last they saw of either of them. They say that they heard high words between Tom and the man when the boat had passed around a point." "But where did the boat go?" inquired

Andy.
"The boys could not tell. They walked across the island to what they call the landacross the island to what they call the land-ing rock, but the boat was not there, and both the man and Tom had disappeared. Then the officers took the boys, and sailed around the island and walked all over it in search of the missing vagabond; but they could not find him, the man or the boat."

"That is very strange," said Mr. Lamb.
"Very singular indeed. I questioned
the boys myself, and I am inclined to bethe boys myself, and I am inclined to be-lieve that they told the truth, for they were very badly scared," added the magnate. Then Andy told what he knew about the stranger on Bunkel Island; but the party

stranger on Bunkel Island; but the party did not make any progress in selving the mystery which had bothered the inquirer at the time he was in the Diana.

"There is one thing about this affair which impresses me more than anything else," said Mr. Singerlay, after they had exhausted the discussion of the mystery. "Andy does not belong on my side of the controversy which has been kept alive between Barkpool and myself for over two years. Though he belongs to the Onongo faction he want to the assistance of my years. Though he belongs to the Onongo faction, he went to the assistance of my daughter when she needed help; and if Barkpool himself would do such a deed, peace would be made at once."

"I am afraid he will never do such a thing" added Mr Lamb, shaking his head

thing," added Mr. Lamb, shaking his head.
"But I will, if I get the chance!" ex-"But I will, if I get the chance!" ex-claimed Mr. Singerlay, springing out of his chair in the excitement of the moment. "With the example of Andy before me, I feel just as though I could do something noble and magnanimous even towards my great enemy

Neither Andy nor his father deemed it Neither Andy nor his father deemed it prudent to say anything upon this remark-able proposition of the magnate. Mrs. Singerlay declared that she would be willing

Singerlay declared that she would be willing to live on two meals a day if the senseless quarrel could be brought to an end.

"Andy is hardly a member of either faction," suggested Mr. Lamb, who thought his son was getting rather more credit for magnanimity than he deserved.

"But Barkpool's son was in the boat with him, and ordered him not to meddle with the matter. The boy was just like his father, and would have let the rascal abuse my daughter to his heart's content," argued the magnate, very earnestly. "Andy had to stand up against Phiu, and leave his boat in spite of him: and he did it. It was a noble action, and I appreciate it more than any other person can."

"Except me, papa," added Di.

than any other person can."
"Except me, papa," added Di.
"Just as you like, Di. Now what can
I do for this young man, to whom we
owe so much?" continued Mr. Singerlay,
looking at the machinist. "I am sure that
Barkpool will punish him in some manner
for what he has done; and he is malicious

enough even to punish the father for the deed of the son."
"He has done so already, sir," replied

Mr. Lamb.
"What! Has he discharged you?" demanded the magnate.

"He has; simply because I insisted that my son had done nothing more than his

Mr. Lamb described the scene at the

residence of Mr. Barkpool.
"When was this?" asked the magnate.
"Not five minutes before the explosion which carried away the upper dam," answered the engineer.

swered the engineer.
"Then five minutes later he would not have done it," added Mr. Singerlay, rubbing his hands. "Both dams are gone, and we must use steam. My machinist and engineer died last winter, and I have not yet found another. I was thinking what I yet found another. I was thinking what I should do when I came into the house from the river. I will give you a hundred dollars a month for a year, with a better house than you have now, rent free."

than you have now, rent free."
"I am out of a job, and of course I accept," said Mr. Lamb, laughing.
"You will have to go to work tonight, for Barkpool must see our mill in operation as usual tomorrow morning," added the

magnate The engineer assented, and went to the engine room.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VAULT OF THE MONTOBAN BANK. HILE Mr. Singerlay went to the mill with the engineer, Andy remained with Di and ker mother. He had hardly left the house before Dolph came down stairs. He had changed his clothes, and looked like himself again, for he might easily have been mistaken for a common laborer when he came into the house.

Dolph had beard nothing about the affair on the lake, for he had gone away as soon as his father had refused to comply with as his father had refused to comply with his request to supply the money for the purchase of a steamer. He was a good deal surprised to see his sister on such good terms with Andy, but he did not ask any questions

The magnate returned as soon as he had shown the new engineer the engine room and Mr. Lamb came with him, for he found everything in order there, and it was not necessary to start the fires till after mid-

night.
While Mr. Singerlay and the engineer While Mr. Singerlay and the engineer were talking about the running of the mill the next day, Mr. Roblock, the cashier of the Montoban Bank, came in to bring the keys. The magnate was the president of the institution, and he had a theory of his own in regard to the security of banks. He did not believe in trusting any one, and the cashier was hardly more than a clerk. He was required to carry the keys to the house of the president when he closed the bank, and to come for them in the morning. The official did not object to this method, though it was rather humiliating, for if any one was taken from his bed in

for if any one was taken from his bed in the night at the muzzle of a revolver it

would be the president, and not himself.
"You are rather late, Mr. Roblock," sa the magnate, with a frown on his brow, as he consulted his watch. "Have you been out to see the river with the keys in your pocket?

"No, sir; I have not been out of the bank since I closed at five o'clock." replied the cashier, annoyed at this implied suspicion. "I have not been to supper yet,

picion. "I have not been to supper yet, for I have only just finished my work.".

"I hope you do your work as far as possible in the day time," added the president, as he took the keys.

"I do, sir; and this is the first time for a year that I have kept the keys till after dark," answered the cashier, with his lips compressed.

The Pontport Bank was robbed last week, and I think you have more cash on hand than usual at the present time." con-

"I have very nearly a hundred thousand dollars in the vault."

"You will not have so large a sum for a long time," said Mr. Singerlay, with a smile. "I was thinking of building a better dam as soon as the dry time came, for the old one was getting very weak, as has been fully proved tonight."
"I heard that the dam had been carried

away as I came along the street," added the cashier, who seemed to be the only man in town who had not been out to see the scene of the wreck. "I hardly believed it. scene of the wreck. "I hardly believed it, though I heard a strange roaring sound for

"The upper dam was blown up, and the The upper dam was blown up, and the rush of water carried the lower one away."

The cashier asked a few questions, but he did not seem to be much interested; and it was evident that he would resign his office as soon as he could find another where his self respect would not be a con-

stant burden to him. "Take these keys up to my room Dolph," said the magnate as soon as the cashier had gone. "Where have you been all the evening? You did not come in to

"I was on board of the Dragon when the "I was on board of the Dragon when the dam broke away, and I ate my supper in the standing room, on what was left of my last lunch," replied the young gentleman, with a forced smile, as the engineer

thought.
"Were you in the boat when the dam gave way?" asked his father.

gave way?" asked his father.
"I was; and the rush of the water carried the Dragon on shore," answered Dolph, putting a good deal of excitement, real or assumed, into his manner. "I was thrown down and nearly washed away, but I saved myself by the skin of my teeth."
"Were either of the sail boats damaged?"
"Not a partiele. I left them all right at

their moorings."
"You left them all right?" demanded

"You left them all right?" demanded Mr. Singerlay.
"I did; they both held fast."
"What do you mean, Dolph? Both of them broke from their moorings, and I sent a man to pi.k them up before I cane into the house."
"They were all right when I left them," persisted the hoeful son, though it was evident that he had put his foot in it. "I left them all right, and went on the bridge to see the water running through the break."

to see the waterrunning through the break."
"When did you leave the boats?" asked
Mr. Singerlay, with a heavy frown on his
brow, for it looked as though there was
something wrong in the son's statement.

"I left after the first rush of water was over

"And the boats were at their mooring

"And the boats were at their moorings then?"
"Yes, sir."
"But I saw them a long way from the bridge myself when I went out. Of course they broke loose at the first rush of water, in less than two minutes after the dam gave

way."
"If they broke away at all, it was some time after the first rush," said Dolph, dog-

time after the first rush, said Dolph, dog-gedly.
"No matter now; we will talk about it another time," added Mr. Singerlay. "Put the keys in my room."
"I am going to bed now, for I am tired

out," added Dolph, as he left the room.

There was something strange about
Dolph's conduct, and as it looked as though Dolph's conduct, and as it looked as though there might be a case of domestic discip-line. Mr. Lamb had risen from his chair and gone to the door, followed by Andy. Di and her mother had gone with them so far to bid them good night. As soon as the son was out of the room, they took their leave. Mr. Singerlay's brow was badly son was badly wrinkled, and as soon as Di was gone, he told his wife that something must be done with their son.

with their son.

The magnate saw that Dolph had been lying to him, but he was unable to penetrate his object in doing so. He talked of sending the young man to a military school in the State, where he would be subjected to strict discipline. The mother objected, and they went to their room still discussing the question. He was so interested in the subject that he did not observe that the head. ject that he did not observe that the bank keys were not on the table at the head of his bed

Dolph went to bed as he said he should, Dolph went to bed as he said he should, but he did not get to sleep. In fact he was not at all inclined to sleep. When the clock struck twelve on the church near the mansion, he got out of bed and dressed himself, taking the utmost care not to make any noise. Midnight was a late hour in Montoban, and all honest people were fast

asleep.

When he had completed his toilet, he took the bunch of bank keys from between the mattresses on his bed, and put them in a the door with the same care he had used in dressing himself. He carried his shoes in his hand, and when he reached the hall, he could hear his father snore, for the magnate

could hear his father snore, for the magnate had this unfortunate habit fully developed.

Without hindrance of any kind he reached the street and then the Montoban Bank. He was entirely familiar with the building, and the cashier had gratified his curiosity by showing him how the vault was opened, and where he kept the money. Dolph was a privileged person and it was not prudent to refuse to answer his questions, or even prevent him from entering the vault.

Dolph was thebind the counter and light.

prevent him from entering the vault.
Dolph went behind the counter and lighted a small lanteru, which he had taken from
the hall of the house; but he put his handkerchief over it so that the light should not
be seen by any person in the street, if any
one should chance to be out at this unseemly hour. Thus prepared he went to seemly hour. Thus prepared he went to the yault, and had inserted one of the keys. when he heard a noise at one of the windows of the back room, which was used by the directors.

directors.

He listened, and heard a boring and grinding sound. It occurred to him that some one intended to rob the bank. But he had come for a purpose, and hedetermined to carry it out; then he would give the alarm and drive away the robbers.

He opened the vault after some time, for it was not an easy thing for one who had had so little experience with the locks. He intended to take the sum he wanted put it in

It was not an easy thing for one who had had so little experience with the locks. He intended to take the sum he wanted, put it in his pocket, and then return the keys to his father's chamber, so that he could find them on the little table at the head of his bed when he woke in the morning.

Dolph did not think the job would take more than two minutes of his time, and the cashier would have to explain how his cash happened to be short the next day. It locked like a very simple operation to the young man; and he was not in the habit of vexing himself over moral questions.

He was excited, for he was not used to this kind of business, and it took him longer than he expected to get into the vanit, though he got there at last. As soon as he was inside of the strong box, he removed the covering from the lantern. As he did so, a strong pair of hands was placed at his throat and he was dragged from the safe.

When he tried to shout, his captor choked him. He was thrown the table or other than the contents of the safe was the way the safe was the covering the safe was the way the safe was the safe was the way to the safe.

When he tried to shout, his captor choked him. He was thrown on the floor, and two persons stood over him, one of them pointing a revolver at his head.

(To be continued.)

THE HEIGHTS AND THE VALLEY. BY F. R. BAYNES.

THERE are gray clouds in the valley, Clouds and mists and chilling rain, But the heights are bathed in sunshine, There we look with longings vain.

Silver moonlight in the valley, Glitters on the heights above, While the dew drops in the valley, Kiss the lilies that they love. On the heights there are no lilies, They love best the valley low, All that glitters on the heights is Diamond ice and pearls of snow

This story commenced in No. 233.]

Dick+Broadhead.

By P. T. BARNUM,

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

CHAPTER XLII.

RICHARD BROADHEAD'S STORY.

HEN Sichard Broadhead entered the room where Dan Mannering and myself were awaiting him, there was for a moment rather an awkward pause. Neither of us seemed to know exactly what

visitor noticed this hesitation, the cause of which, of course, he did not under-

You wanted to see me, Mr. Barnum? he said in a questioning tone, as if he wished to give me a gentle hint to pro-

"Yes," I replied. "I want to see you "Yes," I repued.

upon a very peculiar matter, which may concern you closely. Take a seat, for I should like to have some conversation with you, and it may take some little time."

Broadhead seated himself opposite to me,

and again he had to wait a minute or two before I went on. To tell the truth, I was somewhat embarrassed at the unusual task I had undertaken

All this time Dan Mannering, quite forget-All this time Dan Mannering, quite forget-ful of etiquette, had been eagerly gazing at the stalwart athlete, who, if he noticed it, must have thought that my young friend was possessed of considerable staring powers. But circus performers are ac-customed to be looked at with admiration. "Well, Mr. Broadhead," I said at length,

"Well, Mr. Broadnead, I said at reight,
"I will come to the point at once,"—a statement which I hardly carried out. "You
have told me a good deal about your past
life, and for one of your age"—he was but
twenty one or two—"you have seen a good

twenty one or two—"you have seen a good many strange adventures."

"I have, sir," he replied, in a tone which betrayed no boastfulness. "Some of them," he added, "I have related, in answer to your questions."

"Yes," I continued: "but part of your history you could not or would not tell me."

"No, sir," returned the athlete, firmly but courteously; "I told you that there were good reasons for this, and you kindly questioned me no further."

"I respected your wishes, and restrained

'I respected your wishes, and restrained

my curiosity."

Broadhead gently inclined his head as if

in acknowledgement.

"But now," I went on, "I have a better motive for inquiring than mere curi-

osity."
"Indeed, sir!" he answered, in evident surprise.

"Never mind, as yet, what my motive is; but believe me that the time has come when you should tell me everything you know about your early life, however unwilling you may be to speak on the sub-

For a moment there seemed to be a struggle in his mind, but it was soon

over.
"I can trust you, sir," he said frankly,
"and I will tell you all I know. Part I
have told you, and part I cannot tell you,
for it is a mystery that I would give a great deal to solve.

deal to solve."

"I may possibly be able to solve it for yor," I answered. "But proceed with your story. Where were you born?"

"Tha: I do not know," was the reply—not an unexpected one to me, for some-

how I had begun to share Dan Mannering's belief that in Dick Broadhead we should find his lost half brother. The next mofind his lost half brother. The nement, however, my confidence however, my

don." And the speaker gave a sort of steamer, and first became connected with hotel with Dan, and two happier boys I shudder as he recalled this unpleasant you, sir, as you perhaps remember." don memory.

You say your earliest definite recollection—can you remember nothing before that?" I asked.
"Sometimes I seem to recall a very dif-

"Sometimes I seem to recall a very dif-ferent seene. I dimly recollect a happy home, and the face of a loving mother bending over me. Then again I think it is only imagination."
This was a significant point, and I ment-ally made a note of it, although I did not interrupt Broadhead's narration.

"At any rate, my boyhood was spent on the streets of London, and a pretty kard school I found them. I blacked shoes, sold papers, and did any odd job I could get to

school I found them. I blacked snoes, some papers, and did any odd job I could get to do. I was on the streets all day, sometimes in the City, sometimes in the West End; and at night I went back to the old house in Buckingham Rents, Theobuld Street, Clerkenwell—that was the place, as I remember only too well.

"I lived there with a man and woman who were—well, not any too respectable.

They used to make me work late and early, and spend in drink all I earned. They tried to make me steal, but I never would, and sometimes I got a good beating for this. Otherwise I was not particularly badly treated;

"I never imagined that I was the son of "I never imagined that I was the son of these people; indeed, they admitted that I was not. I was generally called by their name, which I need not mention, but they told me that my right name was the one I tool me that my right name was the one i now bear. As to my real parents, I could find out nothing, in spite of all my en-deavors to do so. My worthy guardians simply informed me that I had been left with them to bring up, and that I could stay as long as I behavel myself. This showed no great benevolence on their part, as the money I earned was their principal

as the money I can'tel was their principal support.

Those who had left me with them, they added, were in trouble. I knew what the phrase meant. With them, in trouble meant 'in prison.' Hence I inferred, and the horrible belief grew upon me, that my parents were criminals, convicts—that they had, perhaps, been hanged for some awful crim

"I felt that some dark stain rested upon I feit that some dark stain rested upon my origin. The subject more and more engaged my thoughts, till it became the chief object of my life to solve the mys-tery. A boy who is happy enough to have a loving father and a tender mother, cannot understand, I suppose, how a waif like myself longs to find the parents he has never seen.

Broadhead's voice faltered at this point, and I could see that he was strongly moved. There was silence until he continued his

'I determined to go to work quietly to clear up the question of my parents. I have never been willing to speak to strangers or even friends on this subject, for I feared it was true that they were criminals; and yet I hoped that I might one day find that it was not so. I have worked with this pur-pose ever since and have traveled all over the world in search of a clew, but so far it has been without success."

has been without success."
"You have told me of your adventures in Africa," I said, as he paused once more.
"What was it that led you to go there?
Was it a mere love of adventure, or had
you another motive?"

you another motive?"

"That was the first of all my voyages,"
he answered; "I went to Africa partly because I thought I had a clew to my parentage, and partly because I wanted to get
away from Buckingham Rents.

"I had found the name of Richard Broadhead mentioned in an old scrap of newspaper. He was a farmer near the Orange
River in Cape Colony, and his name got into
the papers because he found a large diamond
on his land—one of the first disproads that on his land—one of the first diamonds that were discovered in that part of the world. Happening to see this, I fancied that the farmer might be a relative of mine, and I determined to hunt him up. I went down on his land-one of the first diar to the London Docks and got a job as cabin boy on board a sailing ship bound for the

Cape.
"I was shipwrecked on the way there, but at length reached on the way there, but at length reached Cape Town and suc-ceeded in making my way to Broadhead's farm on the Orange River. I was disap-pointed. Its owner, in spite of his English name, was a stolid old Dutchman who had no missing relatives, and who, I felt, was certainly no kinsman of mine. "I followed up several other clews, and

CHAPTER XLIII

CONCLUSION.

HAT was it that brought you to America?" I inquired. "No particular reason, sir," replied Broadhead. "I drifted here almost by chance.

most by chance."
"Well, I hope it may prove to have been a fortunate move, for it may be that I can help you to a solution of the mystery that has so long perplexed you."
"What, you, Mr. Barnum!" exclaimed young Broadhead, almost starting from his chair in his surprise. "Is it possible that you know my parents?"
His eves were lighted up by an eager.

His eyes were lighted up by an eager gleam of hope, and he sat leaning forward, waiting for my next words, like one exwaiting for my next words, like one expecting deliverance from a great peril. Dan Mannering seemed no less excited, and kept his gaze fixed steadily on the young athlete, to whom I had introduced him simply as "a young friend of mine."

While we were waiting Richard Broad-head's arrival I had asked Dan why he had wanted to know if the young man had ever been in Africa and he had resulted that it

been in Africa, and he had replied that it was because when at one time a cousin of his mother had been in Cape Town he had heard of a man by the name of Broadhead being in the city, but by the time he had finally ascertained his address, he had sailed for England, and all traces of him

I now answered young Broadhead's query I now answered young Broadhead's query as to whether or not I knew his parents, by saying: "I can tell you better about that, Richard, if you will first take a good look at my young friend Dan here and let me know whether you have ever seen him or any one like him before."

Dan had mentioned to me that he bore a strong likeness to his worker, and I now

Dan had mentioned to me that he bode a strong likeness to his mother, and I now wished to ascertain if the memory of that face which Broadhead had said sometimes rose up before him, would be revived by gazing at the comely countenance of my gazing at t

boy friend,

"Oh, you need not be embarrassed about
it," I added, laughingly. "Dan has been
staring at you pretty steadily ever since
you have been here," whereupon young
Mannering blushed like a girl, and Richard
began to explain that he was quite used
to that sort of thing.

to that sort of thing.
Suddenly he paused, the smile left his lips, and his face took on a rapt expression indicative of serious thought. His gaze had become centered on Dan Mannering, and for an instant he seemed to forget where he what he had been saying, everything

was, what he had been saying, everything but the boy before him.

"Well," Jinquired, steadying my voice as best I could, for I too was beginning to be affected by the discovery that I felt sure was coming, "have you decided that you and Dan are old friends, or does he merely look like some one you once knew?"

For an instant there was no response.

The two were gazing at one another in utter silence, but apparently with their whole souls in their eyes, and I now noticed that Dan's gaze was riveted to Broadhead's right hand, which rested on the crook of his

Then Richard spoke.

"What is the meaning of this mystery, Mr. Barnum?" he exclaimed. "Why should this boy—whom I am sure I never saw before today—have a face that is so fa-miliar to me? It is the one that sometimes rises before me like a dream of the past when I seem to see my mother. Who is he, Mr. Barnum?

Mr. Barnum?"

Before I could reply, Dan sprang up, and catching the young athlete by the hand he had been gazing at, held it out towards me with the cry: "See, Mr. Barnum, I'm sure he is my brother Richard now! Here's the mark of that acid the nurse spilled on him mark of that acid the nurse splined on him when he was a baby and which the doctors said would never come out!" "Well, well," I muttered, taking a hand of each and wringing it heartily; "I little

of each and wringing it heartily; "I little thought that I would ever be the means of bringing about so romantic a meeting. After this I shall never allow myself to be charged with announcing impossible wonders. I shall simply tell this story of Dick Broadhead's restoration to his family, and add that truth is stranger than fiction."

A telegram was at once sent to Philadel-phia, announcing to Mrs. Mannering the oyful news that the son she had long since shaken. "I followed up several other clews, and done that I was born in London. My earliest definite recollection is of a dingy house—a rookery, in fact—on a little street in Clerkenwell, in the heart of London. The control of the

Indeed, their joy in one another and in the new prospects that opened out before each of them, was so intense and irrepres-sible that it overflowed and made me as light hearted over their good fortune as they were themselves, for there is nothing I enjoy so much as seeing young people happy.

THE END.

EXCHANGES.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open free of charge, to aniscribers and see follows is open free of charge, to aniscribers and see follows a control of the control of papers, seep time see in the control of papers, see in the control of papers and see in the control of papers and seep time see in the control of papers and seep time seep time see in the control of papers and seep time s

E. R. Granam, Cipue, at 1 a pair of the States, and tin tags, for a volume of The Golden Argosy.

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An E flat cornet, for a composition of prackets.

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and tacile, and a pair of mokel paten american-cible skates, for a telegraphic outif, or a Centen-nial watch.

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all valued at \$12, for a seam engine, locomotive or boat. J. Tartier, care C. P. Bechlel, 396 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N.Y. A set of boxing gloves, a pair of punches, 1 to 0 and A to Z, for a 52 inch rubber tired steel spoked blevcle.

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BOBROCKY'S BOOTS.

BY HENRY F. HARRISON.

OUR dogwatch lookout, Jim? Well, Joe and I'll sit here on the edge of the tigallant focisie, and if you want to hear the yarn about Bobrocky's boots, you can roost atop of the windlass bitts close by, it being a clear night with the full moon jest peeking over the edge of the

Yes, Bobrocky is a curi's name. Yes, Bobrocky is a curi's name. Rocky Bob, or Bob, was what we used to call him. But of course it wasn't his own. If you two young chaps goes to sea for any time—which you're fools if you do—you'll find that there's a many names on the shipping list that don't fit the man that signs 'em. I was shipmates with Bob three different times. Once was aboard the relief supply ship that went up the Arctic sea five or six vers are. Again we

ear ago. Again we as both aboard Lord Brassey'ssteam yacht circumnavigatin' the world. And the last time was the one I'm going to tell of.

was ashore I was ashore in Frisco jest paid off from the ship Gauntlet, which I was a fool for leaving, Cap'n Bolan being one of them few civil spoke Christian cap'ns as don't leave their bibles where the Dutchman left his auchor—to home.

to home. Men was tremendous scarce, and I could a shipped for the States a dozen times. But I was times. But I was looking for a deep water vessel—say to the East Indies or the East Indies or Chiny. Now that I'm getting along in years I always callate to put in my winter vy'gin' in warm veather; and this was late in Novem-

It was a Saturday

Now to the head of Montgomery Street there's a swell hotel "for gentleman only"—a reglar five dollar a day besides extries—sort of place where play acting folks and rich sporting chaps like to throw away

I wasn't quite sure how he'd take it, but we'd always been kind of chummy a shipboard, and thinkses I. "Bob's come in for a fortune like enough. Now I'll see whether prosperity's spiled him or not," and in I goes, dropping sudden like into a empty cheer alongade him.

Now Bob was the coolest hand I ever run across anywhere. He said once that so much had happ'ned to him, he'd lost the fac'lty of being s'prised, and I believe it.

"Hallo, old shipmate," he says, as easy as if we'd see each other a yesterday, "how goes it?" And for all I was wearing a pea jacket, moleskin trousis and a "billy cock" hat, he turned and gripped my hand so hard that the swells standin' round stared a bit. I wasn't quite sure how he'd take it, but

Then he pulls out a cigar case, and a minnit later we was smoking and talking together as easy as you please.

But Bob hadn't come into no fortune

mor'n I had.

He'd been paid off 'n a yacht what had been crusing a year in the South Pacific, and being second officer had a good bit o' money coming to him when they 'rived in Frisco.

"I don't mind telling you, shipmate,"
Bob says, "that I was born and brought up
a gentleman, with a college education and
all that. No matter how it all came about, all that. No matter now it all came about, I cut the whole thing and drifted into a ship's fo csle. Every time I have a good pay day, I sink the ship and turn gentleman long as my cash holds out. I've got about a week more time to serve and then back I go to the old life."

Well, it was one of them curi's wrinkles Well, it was one of them curi's wrinkles one runs across now'n then. I wasn't no-ways much s'prised. The wu'st of it was Bob was throwing away his money right and left. He was that seasoned as no one ever see him drunk, but full he was from morning to night, and the way he treated a crowd to champagne and such in the bar-room a couple of hours later, was scandal-

ous.

It was two weeks after that I see Bob

here chloral they dosed it with, I donno.

here chloral they dosed it with, I donno. The last I remember was going to sleep sitting on a bench to the end of the room. When I next knowed anything I was a laying in a fo'esle bunk, and by the swish of the water along the side, I knowed she was under way, but not outside yet.

My head ached fit to split, but I managed to crawl out and on deck. And if you'll believe me I was aboard that very three master with all sails set a stand ng down San Francisco bay with a strong west wind abeam.

abeam.

I tried to git aft to tell the cap'n but it wasn't no use. The mate, which was a bully ragging Nova Scotiaman, driv me back with a belaying pin, and sot me to work putting on chaffing gear whilst the rest was clearing up decks.

Bob hisself was to the wheel, and when he come for ard at four bells I had to laugh,

the second mate give us, we managed to just keep from freezing and that was all.

Now, the sea boots was two sizes too big for my foot, and I was always growling about it, but Bob only laughed. "If I'd known we were to have been shipmates, I'd a' got a smaller pair," he said in his good natured sort of way, and, of course, I'd say no more. no more.

and the course of the second that is a subject to the line well to the nor and. And when we see the line well to the nor and. And when we see the second the line well to the nor and. And when we see the second the line well to the nor and. And when we see the second the line well to the nor and to load in the second the line well to the nor and to load in the second the second the line well to the second the line well to the nor and to load in the second the second the line well to the nor freet till they thawed to the land to load the line well to the lease of the Delaware. One of my toes was freet bit and Bob insisted on my wearing the sea boots instead of an old pair of gum boots, that was a tight fit, which the cap'n had given me.

I was astraddle the boom end hauling with both han's on the earn', when all to once it parted, and I turned the neatest kind of somersault overboard.

I've been overboard three or four times, but what with the freezing water and the big boots, I thought I was gone that time sure.

I suffered tremend-ous with the cold for ous with the cold for nigh an hour, and then all at once the water come blood warm, and it were like being in a sailors' paradise. The fact was that whilst we was reefing, the schooner was clost to the edge of the gulf stream, and I suppose an off shore current drifted me fairly into the stream fairly into the stream itself.

Leastwise that is what the quarter mas-ter of one of the Cromter of one of the Cromwell Line of steamers as picked me up early next morning said. And a lucky pick up it was in more ways than one. For there was a lot of rich New Orleans fulks aboard, and they raised nigh a hundred dollars amongst. "on and merchant of the new process." amongst 'em and give me.

And one young chap which his name was pinkney and with his millions, being a bit eccentric, rigged me out from top to toe in one of his own swell suits that he hadn't worn morn a mionth.

So when I went ashere and got barbered with the state of the sta up, I cut quite a figger. And after the Purdy got in ten days later, I boarded her before she was made fast.

before she was made fast.
You'd ought to seen the old man's eyes stick out when I told him I'd come for my wages. But he paid 'em after a while.
Bob was the only one aboard that didn't look any ways astonished.
"Some folks are bon to luck if they are old sailors," he says, looking me up and down, "and if you're so flush as you say, maybe you'll pay me for those sea boots."
And considering what they'd done for me I hadn't a word to say.

A PECULIAR MARK OF RESPECT.

A PECULIAR MARK OF RESPECT.

If a man should present himself at the White House in Washington, and, walking up to the President, double up his fist and shake it in Mr. Cleveland's face, he would in all likelihood be arrested on the spot for a crank or a madman. But in one of the African kingdoms, this is the prescribed etiquette for all those who approach the throne. It means, "I hope that I see you strong and well, O King, like unto my fist and my arm."

A HINT TO TOWN FOUNDERS.



WE WAS REEFIN' THE MAINS'L IN A GALE OFF THE CAPES OF THE DELAWABE.

agin—this time down in sailor town, where agau—this time down in sailor town, where I was hanging out most dead broke, waiting for a ship to come in from Puget Sound, which they said was to load for the Philippine Islands.

pine islands.

He looked bad enough, but he was the same Bob. When I met him he was a wearing the same plug hat, consider ble the worse for being knocked off and jumped on,

worse for being knocked off and jumped on, and a long ileskin coat buttoned tight up about him, reaching to his heels.

Come to find out he was worse'n hard up and had shipped for New York in the big three masted schooner John Purdy. Men was so scaree that unless they made up the balance of the crew by nex' day she'd have to sail short handed.

Bob said he'd got all his outfit 'cepting a pair of sea boots—would I lend him five dollars to buy 'em?

Well, of course I did. That lef' me one

dollars to buy 'em?

Well, of course I did. That lef' me one solitary dollar, though I didn't tell him of that. Bob hung on for me to ship along of him, but I was set on getting into warm weather, and besides I wouldn't ship in one o' them three masted man killers for no kind of a vy'ge. So we shock han's—I sort of wondering what part of the world we'd west in rest. meet in next

That night I was fool enough to take a glass of grog with an old shipmate into Brophy's place, down in the wu'st part of the city. It was only the one glass, but it glass of grog with an old shipmate into blanket, was what we had atween us for a Brophy's place, down in the wust part of hundred and twenty odd days' passage round the city. It was only the one glass, but it days on the city in the control of th

bad and ugly as I felt. If you'll believe me he had on the black clawhammer coat buttoned tight up round him, but both tails were tore off so it made a jacket. His black trousis was tracked into a pair of new sea boots—the ones I'd furnished the money

boots—the ones I'd furnished the money for—and he was wearing what was left of the plug hat jammed down on his ears.

He kind of grinned, but I knowed he was a bit ashamed for all. We didn't make much talk, though, till the watch went below for dinner. I found them that shanghaied me was thoughtful enough to shove a couple of old shirts, a pair of socks and a Scotch cap into a clo'es bag which was put aboard when I was fetched into the foc'sle—"dead drunk," so the runners told the mate, who, of course, knowed I was drugged.

the mate, who, or course, aboved I madrugged.
Well, that was a vy'ge to be remembered.
Well, that was a ry'ge to work a eight hundred ton schooner. Four of 'em was furriners and little account when we come into cold weather. They had clo'es enough to keep 'em comfor'ble, but they wasn't the kind to share with nobody, so Bob and I

had hard lines.
For come too find out, all the outfit Bob For come too and out, an the oblishin coat which, with the sea boots, a mattress and a blanket, was what we had atween us for a hundred and twenty odd days' passage round

ate rooms.

had freed his mind on the subject of

"Ze two offisaire sall feel better in zair

26 two omsairs san teel obtter in zair own stateroom," said the Frenchman, with a grin; and the outer cabin doors being forced open, Jack and the chief mate were bundled unceremoniously into their separ-

The door to the inner cabin, where Jen-

[This story commenced in No. 236.]

SOUTHERN SEAS; OF SACK ESBONS EVENTFUL VOYAGE

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

of "That Treasure," "The Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STRUGGLE WITH THE MUTINEERS.

T length the mutineers went forward to consult. Li shuffled out of the pantry, where he had been in hid-ing. Clarence Vandyke, whom Jennie had been unable to find, made his appearance

also.
"I wish we had one of those Gatling

"I wish we had or guns on the quarter," savagely growled Mr. Farr, bringing h is handspike heavily to the deck. "I'd engage to bring em to terms in a hurry,"
"Don't er—don't you think it would be better to let 'em have the boat, captain?" rather awkwardly inquired Clarence, who was evidently in a state of great bodily fear.
Captain Darling did

Captain Darling did not deign to reply, while Jack favored the cowardly youth with a look which made him slink away into the

All at once there was a murmur of voices and a shuffling of feet heard from forward. Armed with capstan bars and heavers, and this time led by the two Malays, who had lashed their sheath knives to long bam-boos, the seven mutinboos, the seven i

As was known after-As was known afterward, the natives were worked up to frenzy by the use of the maddening drug known as bhang, which the cook had in his possession. Under the influence of this they found to the state of the state this they feared noth-

"Into the cabin, Jen -quick!" commanded her father, thrusting her roughly down the after companion way, and pulling the slide over, despite her en-

treaties.

Only once could
Captain Darling fire
with fatal effect before his wrist was
slashed with one of
the Malays' knives, severing some of the muscles, and the re-volver fell to the deck at the captain's feet.

volver fell to the deck at the captain seq.

A furious scramble for the weapon ensued. Mr. Farr, slipping in the blood, went sprawing in the gangway, and in an instant the two Italians were on the top of him. Captain Darling, faint and dizzy with loss of blood, received a blow from some unknown source which knocked him to the main deck, where, crawling up on the grating before the cabin door, he

Keeping the pistol between his feet, Jack, who felt the strength of a young Sampson in his tense sinews, swung the iron bar above his head as though it had been a reed

Fid, the biggest Malay, went down before it like a log, falling prostrate over the lifeless body of the cook, who had been shot through the head at the captain's

With a fierce imprecation, Carlos, the second Malay, and the French sailor, rushed bodily at Jack, who, sweeping his weapon about him, dreve the three from the gangway to the main deck.

Turning his head to look for the revolver he saw a hand, outstretched through

Turning his head to look for the re-volver he saw a hand, outstretched through the open bull's eye of Clarence Vandyke's stateroom, grasp the pistol and draw it in-side, after which the heavy glass was side, after which the closed with a sharp snap.

And before he could turn again, the foe

were upon him.

Jack fought like a hero, but against heavy odds. He had only the poor satis-faction of dealing Carlos Fontaine a blow on the left arm which caused that useful member to drop suddenly to its owner's

side, drawing a groan of agony from him.

Then the Malays, dropping their weapons,
sprang upon Jack in front, while the
Frenchman attacked him from behind, and another moment he was dragged to the

Only that Carlos Fontaine dared not add murder to his crimes, Jack Esbon's career had ended then and there. As it was, even after the defenseless young fellow's wrists and ankles were securely bound with spun yarn, Carlos kicked him heavily in the side with flerce oaths.

You are the same combination of bully

and coward as when I knocked you off the boating stage at Mapleton, Carlos Fon-taine!" mad-



JACK DESCRIED A CRAFT FULL OF DUSKY NATIVES, RAPIDLY OVERHAULING THE BOAT.

losing all caution and self control in the something sharply in his own language, but available at a variable and the Chinaman's yellow face

losing an eauton and sen control in the hot excitement of his anger. "Jack Esbon—as I've more than half suspected for some time past!" said Fon-taine, staggering back with a muttered im-

taine, staggering back with a muttered imprecation.

"Yes, Jack Esbon, who only hopes he may live to see you hung!" hotly responded Jack, and a dangerous gleam came into Carlos Fontaine's eyes.

"You may not live to see yourself free," he returned between his teeth, but just then he was called away by the other nutineers.

he returned between his teeth, but just then he was called away by the other mutineers, and Jack was left to his own reflections, which naturally were anything but pleasant. Dragging himself up so that he could lean his back against the booby hatch and look about him, Jack beheld Mr. Farr lying pros-trate and bound near the waterways and

about nim, Jack beneid Mr. Farr lying pros-trate and bound near the waterways, and grinding his teeth in impotent rage. "I'm too mad to talk!" he said in a thick voice; "I never put in a blow—not a single blow—and was downed in the very start out by two dirty Italian sailors!

And then Mr. Farr ground his teeth again.
"Where's Captain Darling?" asked Jack,
who had the fullest sympathy for Mr. Farr's

frame of mind.
"The steward and that coward of a Van

which caused the Chinaman's yellow face to change to a sickly white.

The mutineers evidently were in no hurry. Unaware that the revolver, which Carlos had vainly looked for after Jack's propulsion to the main deck, was in posses sion of some one of the cabin occupants, they purposed ransacking and leaving the ship at their leisure.

ship at their leisure.

Now the lazarette, which I have men tioned, is a roomy compartment under the quarter, where the ship's heavier stores and

tioned, is a roomy compartment under the quarter, where the ship's heavier stores and cordage are generally kept. From this, two narrow wings extend under deek on either side of the cabin staterooms as far as the break of the quarter. Lying on the floor of his room, Jack not only listened to the command given Li, but also could hear him crawling painfully along the starboard wing till only the portion between the under berth of the stateroom and the passage itself, divided them.

Suddenly, a board fell in, a grunt followed, and the head and shoulders of Li, whose finger was pressed against his lips, protruded themselves.

Taking a knife from his blouse, Li reached out and severed Jack's bonds without speaking a word. Then, before Jack could address him, he drew back his head, replaced the board, and was heard with renewed crunts, to would the band's beand's leave. "The steward and that coward of a Vandage of the steward and that coward of a Vandage of the steward and that coward of a Vandage of the steward and that coward of a Vandage of the steward and was beard and was heard with resplaced the board, and

of the mutineers received it effusively and had freed his mind on the subject of young Vandyke.
"Don't know," said Mr. Farr, sententiously. "Probably they'll ransack the cabin at their leisure and take what money and valuables they can find; select a lot of the best stores in the pantry, and go off in one of the beats," he went on as Jack groaned in vezation of spirit.
While they were thus talking, four of the men came aft.
"Ze two offisaire sall feel better in zair carried it forward.

carried it forward.

Bending down, Jack saw that a square
aperture large enough to admit a man had
been cleverly sawed through the partition.

This at once explained how Carlos Fontaine had obtained the liquor whose baleful
effects aggravated by his evil nature had
led him on step by step till he had gone
too far to turn back.

too far to turn back.

But the discovery, apart from the use Li had made of it, was of minor importance just then. Jack rose to his feet and stretched his cramped limbs with a long breath of relief. Then, taking his sailor's sheath knife from his chest, he belted it about him. He opened his room door, and in another moment Mr. Farr was freed.

Outling the beshings of the inner cabin

in another moment Mr. Farr was freed.
Cutting the lashings of the inner cabin
door, Jack tapped softly at the panel.
"It's the second mate and Mr. Farr,"
he said in a low tone, and with a joyful cry
they were quickly admitted by Miss Jennie,
whose light dress was stained with the
blood from her father's wound.
Centain Darline was sitting on the

Captain Darling was sitting on the lounge, his wrist swathed in linen, on which Jennie had poured Fryar's balsam the universal sea panacea for cuts and wounds. He was pale with loss of blood, but greeted Jack and Mr. Farr with con-

siderable animation.
"I am hoping the wretches may stupefy themselves with brandy," he said, after a hasty explanation on both sides; "and as Vandyke here mananayke here managed to get my revolver back—of which, by the way, Mr. Smith, you may take charge—we may possibly recapture the ship after all."

But Mr. Farr shook

bit Mr. Farr shook his head. "I'm afraid they'll be too sharp for that," he dubiously returned; "but I think the worst they will do any way is to secure what valuables they can and leave in one of the boats."

I have taken "I have taken father's money from the desk, and put it in his inside pocket," said Jennie, "and I believe Mr. Vandyke is in his stateroom looking out for his own things."
"No fare but he'll do

"No fear but he'll do "No fear but he il do
that—the cowardly
cur," growled Mr.
Farr, who was pacing
to and fro in great perplexity. From the two
men left in the starboard watch nothing had been heard, but they were probably still in the forecastle.

Ned was still sick in his berth and Peter caring for him, so that it was not likely the mutineers would trouble them But what

was to be done? How—
The sound of voices approaching the quarter was heard—hilarious voices pitched

quarter was neard—nuarious voices precises in high keys.
"Lively now, boys," called Carlos, "we want to get off before the old ship is seen here at anchor by a P. and O. steamer. They might think she was in distress and board

And very soon the creaking of the boat cranes as they were swung out board, the rattle of blocks, and the splash, as the port boat fell into the water, announced their

purpose.

"We hat not to leave till mornings—there is not so much of hurry," said the Frenchman in a rather surly tone.

"We want to be all ready when we do go, when "we the authoritative reply, "so

"We want to be an ready when we do go, though," was the authoritative reply; "so fill a breaker from the water cask, one of you; Tony, hunt up the oars and sail, and the rest come below with me and see what the rest come below with me and see what we can find in the cabin."
"Girl in cabin and cap'n," said Fid.
"Spose dem got revolver—"
"Poh—that was kicked overboard in the

scrimmage," interrupted Carlos; and very shortly the two Malays, accompanied by Carlos himself, entered the forward cabin,

Jack took his position just opposite the panel. Mr. Farr grinned with satisfaction, while the others waited the result with evi-

dent anxiety.
Crash went the door panel—crack went the revolver, and a yell from the Malay told that it had taken effect.

that it had taken effect.

A volley of oaths followed, but there was no further attempt to enter. Those in the cabin gathered from the talk outside that the ball had entered the fleshy part of the Malay's shoulder, inflicting a painful though not necessarily a serious wound.

Balked of entering the cabin, the pantry was ransacked — stores taken out and placed in the boat alongside.

Then the mutineers went forward, and there was a sound of revery. And it was not long before the Russian Finn's voice was heard to join in the uproar, indicating that the brandy had drawn him over to the side of the enemy.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ADRIFT IN A BOAT.

HE hours dragged slowly by. HE hours dragged slowly by. The mirth grew fast and furious, and Jack was apprehensive that the Malays, crazed by liquor, might renew their former attack. Having reloaded the empty chambers of the revolver, and placed a handful of cartridges in his pocket, he sat watching the two entrances to the achie by turns.

to the cabin by turns.

Captain Darling's arm had been placed in a sling, after being bandaged. He paced the cabin door hour after hour, half crazed with bodily pain and mental anxiety, while Jennie sat silent and outwardly composed. The two others were

equally mute.

It was midnight when there were signs of a cessation of the tumult forward.

The mutineers were heard hauling the boat up to the main chains as though for

boat up to the main chains as though for departure, and Captain Darling drew a long breath of relief.

"It's the cheapest way to get rid of such a set of cut throats," he said, breaking a long and painful silence; "and in the morning we will perhaps be able to sight a native boat that we can charter to take a message to the American consul at Batavia—"

The clatter of one of the after hatches being taken off and thrown violently on

deck, checked his further speech.

"What do they want 'tween decks?"
nuttered Mr. Farr uneasily, as he listered with his head on one side while some one was heard unsteadily descending the lad-

der leading down from the booby hatch.
"Good heavens!" exclaimed Captain
Darling, as a sudden fear flashed across
his mind, "do you suppose the drunken
scoundrels have carried a lantern down

among those tins of kerosene?" For part of the Kerr's cargo was petroleum in cases and barrels, which had been stored 'tween decks—the oil in question meeting with a ready sale in every civilized

meeting with a ready sale in every civilized part of the Indian ocean.

Before any one could reply, there was the noise of a falling ladder—a shrill cry from the unfortunate Chinese steward, who had been sent below for a couple of cases of the oil, to serve partly as bullast, partly for traffic with the natives, and then an explosion which shook the ship from stem to stern.

"Fire, the ship's on fire!" velled Car-

from stem to stern.

"Fire—the ship's on fire!" yelled Carlos Fontaine, and a general stampede in
the direction of the boat ensued, as a colamn of flame and smoke shot upward from

umn of name and the hatch.

Mr. Farr dashed up the after companion Clarence Vandyke, uttering a Mr. Farr dashed up the after companion way, while Clarence Vandyke, uttering a cry of terror, burst open the door and rushed through the forward cabin out on the main deck, imploring Carlos Fontaine to save him.

Captain Darling, as though overwhelmed at this final and most hopeless misfortune, stood dazed and bewildered in the middle of the floor, while Jennie, clinging to his unwounded arm, looked imploringly to-ward Jack, who had just returned from a

brief survey.
"The ship is doomed, Miss Jennie," he "The ship is doomed, Miss Jennie, ne said hurriedly, as the roar of the flames and a rush of thick black smoke into the cabin proved the truth of his assertion. "Get on the quarter as quickly as possible with Captain Darling—I will join you in one moment.

the command was obeyed, Jack ran As the command was obeyed, Jack rai into the young girl's stateroom, snatched the woolen blankets from her berth and a long waterproof cloak from the wall. Hurriedly making these into a bundle, he secured the chronometer and the ship's papers from Captain Darling's room, to-

gether with such articles of clothing as he could lay hold of. Rushing up the com-panion way with them, he handed every-thing down into the boat, which Mr. Farr had hauled under the mizzen chains. And not a moment too soom. The in-

And not a moment too soon. The in-flammable cargo had ignited like tinder, and as Jack, dropping into the boat, pushed her bows quickly round, a second explo-sion heavier than the first took place, and an towering pyramid of fire poured out of the main hatchway, communicating quickly to the sails and rigging. Getting out the cars, Mr. Farr and Jack pulled well out of range of the fierce heat, where they lay for a few moments.

where they lay for a few moments.

The other boat was making in an opposite direction. Jack saw, with feelings of relief, that it contained nine persons, so that the sick man had been saved as well as his shipmate. Peter, together with Clarence Vanders. Vandyke.

Captain Darling, quite upset by the pain of his wound and the extent of his misfortune, covered his face with his left hand sat in mute despair, deaf even to the whispered attempts at consolation which his daughter would have given. Now the light double ended ship's boat, which contained the form the state of the state of

which contained the four, had always been rather a hobby with Captain Darling. It was built in the most thorough manner, with watertight compariments, and oars, mast, sail, and tiller kept always lashed

under the thwarts.

In addition to this, Captain Darling had taken a hint from clear headed Captain John Drew, of the ship Pathinder, regarding the usefulness of keeping a small supply of water and stores in such a boat for any resemble amorphous like the one which

ply of water and stores in such a boat for any possible emergency like the one which had so suddenly come upon them. Wherefore the J. O. Kerr, Jr., as the stauch little craft was called, contained two tins of ship bread, a keg of water re-newed every other day, a quantity of can-ned provision, tea, coffee, a tiny portable oil stove, and a ten gallon boat keg contain-ing a similar callection of the pressuries ing a similar collection of the necessaries found in the same receptacle carried by a whaleboat.

The must was stepped, the small compass placed in position, and the boat headed nearly a S.S.E. course by the orders of Captain Darling. Gradually shaking off his lethargy, the captain roused himself enough to give the necessary directions in classics.

"Good by, old ship," he said sally, as turning for the last time he watched the terribly grand spectacle of the hull, masts, spars and rigging enveloped in leaping flames which lit up the sea for miles

Jennie hid her face in her father's lap, and wept quietly, but without any unneces-sary demonstration of sorrow to add to his anxiety

Mr. Farr steered, while Jack silently arranged the blankets and articles of clothing in the forward part of the boat, to serve as a couch for the young girl or her father when it should be needed.

As far as could be foreseen no particular difficulty was apprehended in making their way over the two hundred miles of the com paratively landlocked sea along the northern coast of Java.

Islands of different sizes abound on every isianos of different sizes abound on every hand, sails of native fishermen and trading vessels everywhere dot the sea, while through the clear atmosphere the cloud capped summits of the inland mountains of Java itself are plainly discernible a goodly number of miles from the coast. There was one possible source of danger.

Years ago these waters swarmed with pirat-ical craft, which have been nearly, yet not entirely exterminated. It is very rarely that a merchantman is attacked by native boats, but not infrequently it happens even at the present day that a vessel which has grounded on the reefs, or gone ascore in a gale of wind, has been pillage! and every member of her crew murdered by the say

But in the comparatively short distance But in the comparatively short diseases between their present position and the port of Batavia, there seemed little danger of encountering any of these unwelcome mar-

anders, and Captain Darling gave the mat-anders, and Captain Darling gave the mat-ter only a passing thought. Under any other circumstances the cruise even in an open boat would have been full of romaatic interest. The beautiful surof romantic interest. The beautiful sur-rounding islands, with their wenderful scenery, the smoothness of the sea, roughed by the steady blowing of the southeast trade wind, which was laden with the island perfumes, the distant mountain peaks piercing the azure heavens, and a hundred novel and charming sights were open to the voyagers' vision as with the beams of the

morning sun gilding the boat's sail it flew onward over the sea.

But Captain Darling was thinking of his lost ship and the criminal ingratitude of Carlos Fontaine. Mr. Farr was dolefully Carros Fontaine. Sir. Fair was desembly ruminating on his personal losses and the uncertainty of getting a mate's berth on artical at Batavia. Miss Jennie was full of anxiety for her father, and Jack himself was depressed at thus being again literally set adult in the weal.

set adrift in the world.

Absorbed in their own reflections, no one made much attempt at conversation. Some coffee heated over the little oil stove, together with a few ship biscuits, sufficed for the morning meal, none of the party having any particular appetite.

Captain Darling, whose arm pained him terribly, would not lie down, but forced Miss Jennie to do so, and a sort of rude awning was extemporized to keep the sun from her face.

from her face.

"A sail coming up astern hand over hand!" suddenly said Jack, looking back.

"And may I be boiled!" energetically returned Mr. Farr, glaneing in the same direction, "if it isn't one of those Ladrone

island proas! Now what!"

The flying proa peculiar to the Ladrone islands is either single or double—varying

in length from fifteen to fifty feet.

The one rapidly approaching the Kerr,
Jr., from astern was a double proa of the

largest size.
Imagine two very long and very narrow boats, sharp at either end—each hollowed from a log of the buoyant tapa tree, placed side by side with a space of some four feet between them, and held together by trans-verse bars of wood fastened across the gunwales a few feet from bow and stern.

The stumpy mast was a tough bamboo stem, while a long tapering yard of the same material, fished and spliced from the upper end to the lower one, where the sheet was attached, supported an immense lateen sail of finely woven grass cloth, which could be hauled up by brails or lowered by simply

But the peculiarity of this proa, and one that attracted all eyes as she neared the boat, was the novelty of the outrigger.

Two other bamboo stems were lashed in such a way as to project some eight feet outsuch a way as to project some eight rect out-board at a rising angle on the windward side. Across these a platform was rigged, on which a dozen or more scantily attired natives were squatting. As the breeze freshened these would be joined by two or resenced these would be joined by two or three more according to the extrength of the wind. If it diminished, a sufficient num-ber skipped nimbly inboard to keep the proa on an even keel.

In the stern stood the helmsman, wield-

ing a paddle with an elaborate carved handle, and by him the presumable captain, who gave some orders in an unintelligible

pargon.

Down came the sail, and in ran the shift-ing ballast. The proa—the fleetest of South Pacific craft—shot alongside the boat, and a dozen brawny hands grasped the gun-A tall athletic islander, who at least was civilized enough to wear a pair of linen trousers (but nothing else), coolly stepped

trousers (but nothing else), coolly stepped into the boat, making signs which were evi-dently of a friendly nature. At least twently dark faces peered over the proas gumvale, "Put up your pistol, Jack!" said Captain Darling; "resistance is perfectly useless, and I don't think these fellows mean us our beau." any harm.

"Me—Pipatu," said the new com-tapping his tattooed chest.

Jack, who had impetuously drawn the re-volver from the bosom of his shirt, was obeying Captain Darling's command, when

obeying Captain Darling's command, when Pipatn extended his hand.

"Me—give," he said, but Jack shook his head gravely. He did not know whether these islanders were acquainted with the use of firearms or not, for even at the present day there are islands in the South Pacific within a hundred miles of New Guinea (one of which has only been discovered within the past year) where the foot of a white man has never trodden.

Remembering having read of a similar

on a white man has never trodden.

Remembering having read of a similar experiment, Jack, after a moment's hesitation, raised the weapon, and, aiming at a bunch of gaily colored teathers inserted in the top of the bamboo mast, fired.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

VERY head ducked below the gunwale, and Pipatu himself tumbled backward over Mr. Farr's legs. And as three or four feathers cut from the bunch came drifting downward, a uni-

versal chorus of astonishment arose from

the proa's crew.
"They never smelt gunpowder," mut-tered Mr. Farr, as the chief arose and re-garded Jack with a look of awestruck rev.

garded shor with a look of awestrack reverence; "and that's so much in our favor. I think," he added after a lengthened scrutiny, "they are Banap islanders—if so we're all right."

But as Jack replaced the pistol in his shirt Pipatu's attention was drawn to the chronometer case, the compass, lantern, and other articles within sight. His eyes sparkled with evident greed, and after a sbort conversation with another dark skinned gentleman, he waved his hand in a dignified manner toward the proa, as if

say:
"Will you have the goodness, gentlemen and young lady, to step on board?"
As Captain Darling had said, resistance

was useless; and, moreover, expostulation

was inseres; and, moreover, expostulation would be equally so.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him.

As Jack and Mr. Farr unwillingly rose from the thwart to obey, Captain Darling, pointing to his bandaged arm, and then to the blankets, intimated that he would remain in the boat and lie down in the bottom.

"But, father," began Jennie, when Cap-tain Darling made gesture for her to be silent.

Then the captain, exerting his panto-mimic powers to the utmost, laid his hand on Jennie's shoulder, and again pointing to his arm, tried to impress upon Pipatu the necessity of the young girl's presence with him in the boat.

him in the boat.

But for some reason Pipatu did not thus see it. Gently but firmly he handed Jennie over the side, and Jack quickly followed without urging.

"Him stay," said Pipatu, indicating Mr. Farr with a satisfied nod, as though he had satisfactorily settled it by compromise.

And as Captain Darling rose to his feet in alarm, Pipatu, with a peremptory gesture, motioned him to stay where he was, as also Mr. Farr.

as also Mr. Farr.

The chronometer box, which seemed to

be the principal article coveted by the native, was handed on board, and in an-other moment Pipatu had jumped over the proa's rail, holding the boat's painter in his hand.

Running lightly aft he made it fast to one of the cross pieces between the double

Then at his command the lateen sail was hoisted to the mast head, the helmsman handled his paddle, and like a thing of life the proa, altering her course to the north east, flew over the seas with a free wind distending the great lateen sail.

Pipatu placed a narrow plank from the gunwale of the proa they had just entered

to its companior, which was evidently in-tended for freight and baggage, while the other, being, so to speak, the working side of the establishment, was tenanted by the

crew. "Go," he said, bowing with a grotesque show of politeness, which was heightened by another broad smile.

Jack handed the young girl across, and with her proceeded at once to the stern, in obedience to a motion of Captain Darling's hand.

"Don't be worried or alarmed, Jennie,"
"Don't be worried or alarmed, Jennie,"
called her father, tenderly; "Mr. Farr here,
who once commanded a trading vessel in
these waters, tells me that he is convinced
that these are friendly natives, belonging to an island called Banap, one of the most northerly of the Ladrones."

"The worst to be said of 'em is they'll

steal whatever they can lay their hands on, added Mr. Farr, encouragingly, and then the two talked together in an undertone for

a moment or two.
"Jennie," again called her father, "do
you have confidence enough in me to believe that whatever I advise is for the best

"Yes, father," was the young girl's firm

reply.
"Well, listen," said Captain Darling, and you, Mr. Smith. If we are not allowed to come on board the proa again, Mr. Farr and I purpose cutting adrift atter dark, and making for Batavia. There the American consul will aid me to lay my case before the Dutch authorities, who will send an armed vessel to Banap and bring you both away. The natives are kind and harman armed vessel to Banap and bring you both away. The natives are kind and harmless, but they regard a white prisoner as a sort of duvnity, and are loath to let them go. The island is seldom or never visited on account of its isolation, and should we all be carried there it might be years before we could get away. Now, what shall Ido?"

Jennie sat with ner small fingers inter-

across his eyes.

across his eyes.

"My brave girl," he exclaimed, and then rather huskily he went on after a moment:

"Mr. Smith, I haven't known you long, but I believe you to be honest and God fearing. I trust Jennie, my motherless cirl, implicitly to your care and protection. It is all I can do!"

"May God so deal with me as I by your daughter," was the straightforward reply. "I will protect her with my life if need be!"

From some this might have sounded a trifle bombastic. Coming from the manly looking, clear eyed young American, whose straight muscular figure stood erect in the proass stern, it sounded like a solemn

pledge.
"Id trust that fellow with a-with my whole family!" exclaimed Mr. Farr, whose far away wife and children were, as Captain Darling well knew, dearer to him than his

Jennie said nothing, but simply extended her hand to Jack. The tremulous touch of her fingers called to mind the faint pressure

her fingers called to mind the faint pressure which had conveyed so much sympathy and encouragement on the eventful even-ing of that incident which had so strangely changed the course of his life. It was a strange time and place for the disclosure of his identity, yet he had de-layed it long enough, and if she knew who it really was that had promised to be her protector, the young girl would have more courage and confidence, perhaps, than if he were a comparative stranger.

courage and conneence, pernaps, than it he were a comparative stranger.

"Miss Jennie," he began, hesitatingly;

"Mare a—a sort of confession to make.

I have been sailing under false colors since I came on board the Kerr. My name is not Smith it is——"

Smith, 1t is—
"Jack Esbon," said Miss Jennie, around whose lips played the shadow of a smile.
"Miss Jennie—how did you know?" stammered Jack, who was taken completely

"I have suspected something of the kind ever since you began getting your own voice back," returned the young girl, with a beaming face; "yet the—your hair, you know, being changed, I could never feel quite sure; and then, too, you did not make yourself known to me, your former freed and schoolmate, so what could I think? But yesterlay, after that terrible scene on shipboard," she went on, before Jack could speak, "I heard you when you made yourself known to Mr. Fontaine, and I told father at the same time. That is one "I have suspected something of the I told father at the same time. That is one reason why he felt willing to leave me in

your protection."

Jennie spoke without a shadow of hesitation or embarrassment. If Jack had been her very own brother she could not have shown more frankness in her speech, or exhibited greater trust in him by her

exhibited greater trust in him by her manner.

And as he bent his dark eyes on the young girl's winning face, Jack mentally vowed that come what might he would prove true to the confidence Miss Jennie and placed in his courage and judgment.

But rousing himself, Jack as briefly as possible told his story, somewhat in detail, from the moment when he was pulled insensible on board the towing schooner in Umbega river, to that of joining the Nancy and his subsequent adventures on Watting's Island and in the little schooner Donna.

"It sounds like a—romance, Jack," said the young girl as her friend ceased speaking, and for a few moments the two sat in silence, while Jack took the opportunity, for the first time, of giving more particular attention to his surroundings.

Part of the proa was covered with an arching roof, strongly built, over which was stretched a sort of waterproof matting. This, as they afterward found, was intended to the sive of the isolater.

This, as they afterward found, was intended for the wives of the islanders—the men for

for the wives of the islanders—the men for the most part sleeping in a smaller similar enclosure in the working boat.

The space between this and the stern, where Jack and Miss Jennie sat, was, to the former's surprise, heaped up with broken pieces of brass work and portions of steel machinery, which he saw at a glance must have belonged to a small steamer of American build, for on a partly demolished steam gauge he read "Chenery Bro's, Mfrs, New Haven, Conn."

"Some sort of small steam vessel must

laced, and the working of her face showed the mental struggle that was going on.

"What ough! I to do?" she asked suddenly, as she raised her dark eyes, swimning in tears, to Jack's face.

"I'rnst implicitly in your father's judgment," he replied, with grave earnestness.

"It shall be as you say, father," called Jennie, in a slightly tremulous voice, and Captain Darling drew his hand suddenly across his eyes.

tonishment.
Lying on a pile of mats, securely bound, and having a piece of tappa cloth tied aggs, was a man dressed in ordinary sailor attire. So much of his face as could be seen was swarthy in hue, and his upturned eyes, in which Jack read both astonishment and entreaty, were black and glittering.
Jack glanced across at the other proa. The bellying lateen sail, whose foot ran transversely across both gunwales, hid the crew and helmsman completely from view.

trainversely are reverse both grant water, and the crew and helmsman completely from view. Indeed Pipatu himself had gone to sleep in the working boat's cabin, while the remainder of the crew were perfectly indifferent as to the occupants of the other wide.

"Is it a white man, do you think, Jack? asked Jennie, but her companion did not asked Jennie, but her companion' did not hear. Kneeling at the entrance to the arching department, he quickly cut the cloth from the captive's mouth with his sheath knife. As he did so, Jack started back in astonishment and dismay.

"Lascar Joe!" he exclaimed—"for Heaven's sake, how came you here?"

(To be continued.)

WHAT PUSS IS WORTH.

It is a universally acknowledged fact that cats lead a hard life of it in this world of dogs, boys and bootjacks. It can be but poor consolation to the felines to realize that they are now growing to be looked upon with more respect, but only by reason of the discovery that their hides are valuable when separated from their emaciated bodies.

their emaciated bodies.

According to a contemporary rugs of selected maliese and tortoise shell are already various furs are made in this material. Taxidermists, too, are advertising for kittens by the thousand to stuff for ornamental purposes. At present the only purpose to which they are applied in this country is the manufacture of carriage robes, but vast numbers of them are applied in this country is the manufacture of carriage robes, but vast numbers of them are mand for coats and hats, dressing gown linings and other garments.

The pelts come from all parts of the country. They are gathered by professional collectors, who supply them by the quantity at regular schedule rates. A common cat skin is worth black one twenty five cents. The cheap kind must be dyed before making up, but the black and maltese are prettier with their color unstrend. A carriage robe of the best cat fur is worth from forty to lifty dollars.

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recently announced as follows:
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Island?" The result was this:
"An Ilind is a place where peeple get put
in for fitting and being fite."
The young geographer's idea was evidently
not derived from the descriptions of the romance writer, but from the actual life of a
part of the population of the metropolis, who
cannot sever the word "island" from the
abode of civic punishment.

HE WAS NOT A DIVER.

"Good by, my dear." said a wife anxiously, as her husband turned to go. "I shan't have as ner ausband turned to go. "I shan't have a moment's peace until you return. Oh. John, when will you have saved enough to give up a life so beset with peril and dan-"Before long, dear, I hope. But I must go. I want to call the game promptly at four octock."

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"Hail! Horrors, Hail!"
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