

GOLDEN AROOSY

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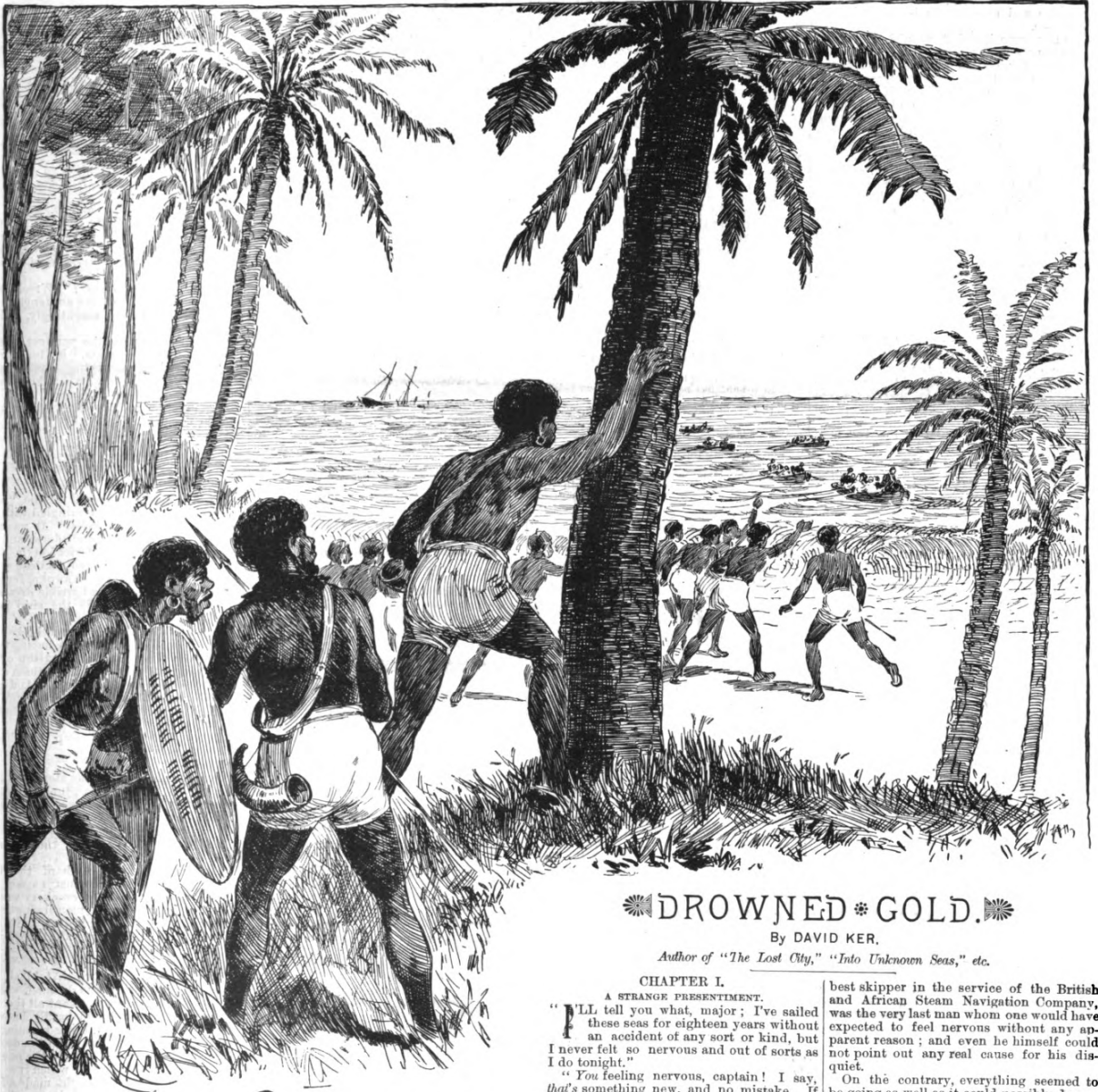
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AS THE BOATS FROM THE WRECKED STEAMER DREW NEARER TO THE DASHING BREAKERS, WILD BLACK FIGURES WERE SEEN TO SWARM ALONG THE NARROW SANDY BEACH.

◆ DROWNED * GOLD. ◆

By DAVID KER.

Author of "The Lost City," "Into Unknown Seas," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

"I'll tell you what, major; I've sailed these seas for eighteen years without an accident of any sort or kind, but I never felt so nervous and out of sorts as I do tonight."

"You feeling nervous, captain! I say, that's something new, and no mistake. If any one but you had said as much in my hearing, I should have felt like telling him to hold his tongue."

In truth, Captain Edward Peters, the

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.

On the contrary, everything seemed to be going as well as it could possibly do.

The weather was beautifully fine. The run from Liverpool to Sierra Leone had been even quicker than usual. Since they left Sierra Leone two days before, they had

HINTS ON SWIMMING.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY.



HE art of swimming is undoubtedly one of the most useful, enjoyable, and healthful accomplishments that

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 it many rotaries 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. 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:

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.

The first thing 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.

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.



THE PRELIMINARY SHIVER.

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 keep yourself right side up or not, go right on hauling yourself 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.

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 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 and legs slope downward and present so much surface 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 English, or hand racing stroke, and is much used by the champion swimmers in short races. It is

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.

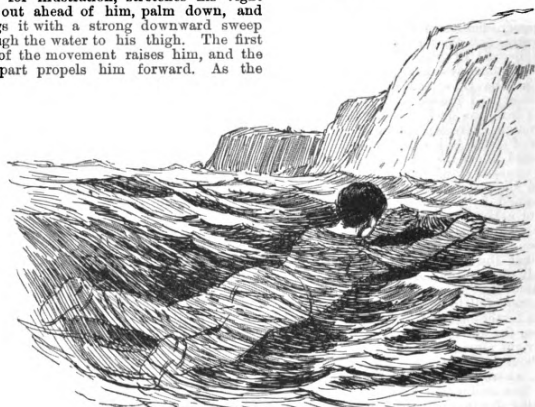
Then, without losing any headway, the right arm is swung through the air so that the hand passes a little above the face and as far forward as it will go. Then, buried in the water, it is drawn sweeping backward past the lower part of the left ribs and finishes its part of the stroke a little below the 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.

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 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



AT HOME IN THE WATER.

right 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 describe this stroke, and more difficult to learn it, but it is being adopted largely by swimmers because of its power 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 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 their speed that he forgot to plunge from the rail after them until the captain gave him a push.

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

nately with the feet; 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 '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 island of St. Thomas. Every boy along the North and East River can swim it. It is the fastest 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 vary the exertion and rest his muscles. He will try the long, easy breast stroke, the English 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.

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.

Always keep the eyes open under water 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.

In reading the newspapers we often come across the sobriquet "Uncle Sam" applied to the United States. The quaint origin 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 army. The inspectors of these at that place were Messrs. Eberster and Samuel Wilson. 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 by the contractor.

The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." The lettering fell to the lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Wilsons, who, on being asked by some of his companions the meaning of the marking (the letters U. S. as initials for United States being quite new to them) replied that he did not know unless it meant "Eberster and Samuel Wilson." The joke took among the men and passed from one to another, even "Uncle Sam" himself being occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

Many of these workmen were found shortly afterwards, following the recruiting drum. Their old jokes accompanied them, and before the first campaign ended this identical one first saw the light of print. It gained favor rapidly and penetrated everywhere. "John Bull" was first used as a nickname for the English people in a satire by Arbuthnot, in which the French are alluded to as Lewis Baboon, the Dutch as Nicholas Frog, and so on. John Bull was the only title among them which has earned the honor of immortality.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER LXII.

NED STARTS FOR THE INTERIOR.

NED 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 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."

"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.

"I think I am as strong as some boys of eighteen," said Ned. "How long have you been in Frisco?"

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

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

"It isn't for myself. I've been out in the country mining—just ran over to Frisco on a little business. One of 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 sooner trust you than most of the men I might get."

"Thank you, sir. How far off are the mines?" "About seventy five miles." "When do you want me to start?"

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

"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 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 scanty supply of money would suffice.

"Are there any stores at the mines where I can buy shirts and socks?" he asked. 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." 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.

"You don't know what prices you have to pay in Frisco," he said. "Well, so long as you wait a minute, what is your name?"

"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 store clothes, and what we miners call 'biled shirts' then, but let me tell you, Ned, Jim Philbrick, the miner can buy out James Philbrick, 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 made a tour of the furnishing stores, and found, as his new friend had intimated, that articles were much dearer in San Francisco than in New York. He bought a

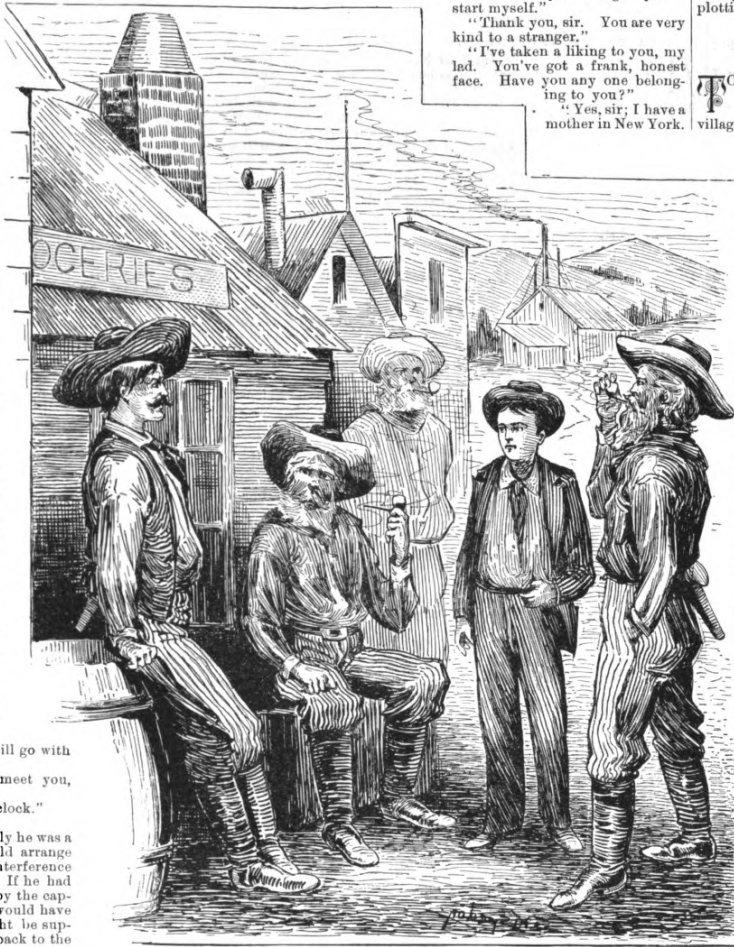
"Mackaye?" repeated Ned in a questioning tone. "Yes, that is the man you are to work for."

"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 start myself."

"Thank you, sir. You are very kind to a stranger." "I've taken a liking to you, my lad. You've got a frank, honest face. Have you any one belonging to you?"

"Yes, sir; I have a mother in New York."



NED NEWTON AMONG A GROUP OF SHANTYTOWN MINERS.

satchel to hold his purchases, and when he 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 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 of—a revolver."

"Shall I need a revolver?" "Yes, but it's likely Mackaye will have a spare one."

It is for her sake that I would so much like to succeed."

"Was she willing to have you come so far from home?" "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 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 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." "Perhaps he wanted to make it easy for 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."

CHAPTER LXIII.

SANDY MACKAYE.

TOWARDS 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 Park, and certainly was not superior.

Ned looked about him with curiosity. "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."

"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 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 employer live?" "Do you see that cabin about a quarter of a mile off?"

"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."

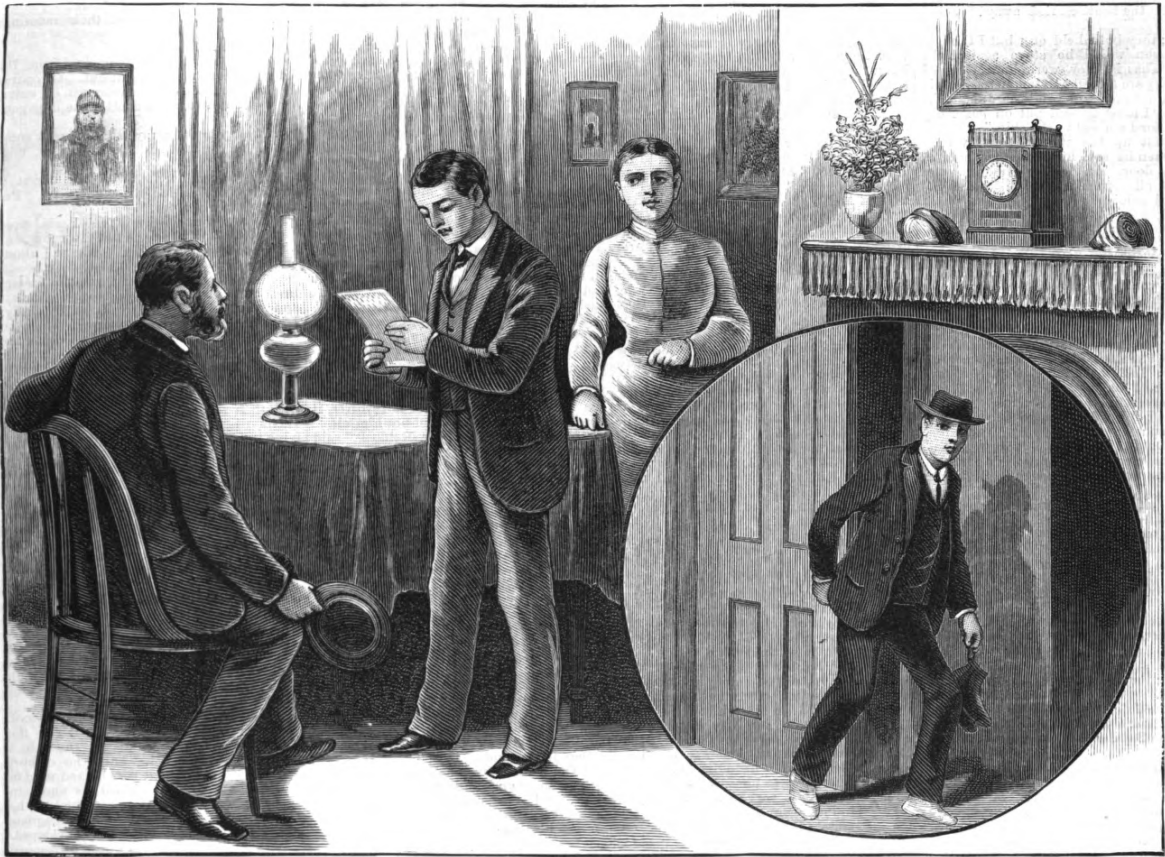
"It isn't in the village?" "No; he prefers to live aloof from the crowd."

"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 somewhat 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 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."

"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



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

[This story commenced in No. 244.]
YOUNG PILOT LAKE MONTOBAN
 By OLIVER OPTIC,
 Author of "Every Inch a Boy," "Always in Luck," "Making a Man of Himself," "Young America Abroad Series," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

A GREAT EXCITEMENT IN MONTOBAN.

THE 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 attracted their attention, and the sudden illumination 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.

"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 machinist, 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.

"It did not blow itself up, and either powder or dynamite has been at the bottom 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.

"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 river, the formation of the shore will allow a person to pass under the sheet of

water that pours over the dam," the machinist explained. "The fall is high on this side, and one can walk under it half way across the stream."

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

"Mr. 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 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 it."

Mr. Lamb and Andy walked at a rapid pace, while the roaring of the river compelled 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 ran to the dam. Those who heard the collapse 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 happened, 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 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 opened it. You had not been gone five minutes before a man came to the door, and asked for you. When I told him you were not at home, he left that letter," replied Mrs. Lamb.

"I wonder who it's from," added Andy, looking at the address.

"You can tell by opening it," said his mother, with a smile.

"Ah, here is the address of Percival Singleray on the envelope!" exclaimed Andy. "This is from Di. I suppose she 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.

"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 for information that the upper dam had 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 had been blown up was brought by the machinist, and it did not tend to allay the uproar. The whole of the lower town ap-

peared to be gathered on the bank of the river.

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 havoc 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.

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 event, and asking who had blown up the Onongo dam. It could not have been an enemy of Mr. Singleray, for the deed had been done at the upper dam; but it was evident that the villain, whoever 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 in, 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.

"Not yet; but he will be in before long," replied Dolph, so exhausted that he could with difficulty utter the words.

"You look as though you had had a hard time of it, Dolph," added Andy, looking him over.

"I went down to look out for my boat, and a big wave dashed up on the shore and

BOBROCKY'S BOOTS.

BY HENRY F. HARRISON.

YOUR dogwatch lookout, Jim? Well, Joe and I'll sit here on the edge of the t'gullant fo'c'sle, and if you want to hear the yarn about Bobrocky's boots, you can roost atop of the windlass bits close by, it being a clear night with the full moon jest peeking over the edge of the sea.

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 shipmate with Bob three different times. Once was aboard the relief supply ship that went up the Arctic sea five or six year ago. Again we was both aboard Lord Brassey's steam yacht circumnavigatin' the world. And the last time was the one I'm going to tell of.

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

Men was tremendous scarce, and I could a' shipped for the States a dozen times. But I was looking for a deep water vessel—say to the East Indies or Chiny. Now that I'm getting along in years I always call late to put in my winter 'ygin' in weather; and this was late in November.

It was a Saturday night. Not being give to boozing and spreeing of it as sailors gen'rally do, I was up town with my store clo'es on looking into the shop winders and all that.

Now to the head of Montgomery Street there's a swell hotel "fo' gentlemen only"—a reglar five dollar a day besides extra sort of place where play acting folks and rich sporting chaps like to throw away their money.

Lots of handsome drest men was sitting to the long open winders a smoking and talking, and as I was walking past, I nat'rally looked up.

I'm one of the kind as never forgets a face no matter where I see it; and amongst the crowd of gentlemen was one I thought I knowed right well.

But when it come to his clo'es I was took aback. A shiny plug hat, black swaller tail coat and trowsers with a white vest cut nigh as low as his waist band to show his starched shirt bosom, and his boots shining so you could see your face in 'em.

Nat'rally, as this handsome drest chap happened to be Bobrocky himself, I was kind of struck aback. Las' time I see him he had on a ragged woolen shirt, trowsers that looked like they'd been wrung out of a tarpot, and a secon' hand sou'wester hat.

I wasn't quite sure how he'd take it, but we'd always been kind of chummy a ship-board, and this time I was wearing a pea jacket, moleskin trowsers and a "billy cock" hat, he turned and gripped my hand so hard that the swells standin' round stared a bit.

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 nor'n I had.

He'd been paid off 'n a yacht what had been cruising a year in the South Pacific, and being second officer had a good bit of m'oney coming to him when they r'ived 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 come about, I cut the whole thing and drifted into a ship's fo'c'sle. 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 one runs across now'n then. I wasn't no ways much s'prised. The w'ust 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 of champagne and such in the bar-room a couple of hours later, was scandalous.

It was two weeks after that I see Bob

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'c'sle 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 sail set a standin' down San Francisco bay with a strong west wind 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 set 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 knowed 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.

We'd worked round Cape Horn and across the line well to the north'ard. And when we got past Hat'rals it was the middle of February and cold! Cold ain't no name for it. I've seen Bob a standing to the wheel with his broadcloth clo'es froze stiff many a time. And many's the time, too, I haven't knowed whether I had han's or feet till they thawed out a bit in the fo'c'sle. Then I knowed it fast enough and I've had to bawl like a baby with the pain.

We was reefin' the mains'l in a gale off the Capes of the Delaware. One of my toes was frost 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 earin', 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.

And now there's where the big boots was the saving of me, for I worked 'em off one after another whilst being full of water they was dragging me down, which I couldn't a done with the tight fittin' gum ones.

And then the grating which Bob hisself hove over drifted against me, and I managed to make myself fast with my belt. But it was that dark and blowy, them in the boat couldn't see nor hear nothing of me, so they pulled back, and the schooner kep' on—a common sailor being no account compared with making a quick passage from Frisco to New York.

I suffered tremendous 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 itself.

Leastwise that is what the quarter master 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 folks aboard, and they raised nigh a hundred dollars 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 mor'n a month.

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

You'd ought to see the old man's eyes stuck 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 born 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.

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.

NEW YORKER: "What fresh air you have out here! It's so much fresher than in New York."

FARMER: "Jess so! That's just what I was saying to my old woman. Why ain't all these big cities built out in the country?"



HE WAS REEFIN' THE MAINS'L IN A GALE OFF THE CAPE OF THE DELAWARE.

agin—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.

He looked bad enough, but he was the same Bob. When I met him he was wearing the same plug hat, consider ble worse for being knocked off and jumped on, and a long illeskin coat buttoned tight up about him, reaching to his heels.

Come to find out he was weels'n hard up and had shipped for New York in the big three masted schooner John Purdy. Men was so scarce 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 left 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 shook han's—I sort of wondering what part of the world we'd 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 w'ust part of the city. It was only the one glass, but it did for me as certain as though it had been a gallon. Whether it was lodum or this

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 trowsers was tucked into a pair of new sea 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 shang-hailed 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 fo'c'sle—"dead drunk," so the runners told the mate, who, of course, knowed I was drugged.

Well, that was a vy'ge to be remembered. We had six men for'ard 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 to find out, all the outfit Bob bought in Frisco was the oilskin 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 Cape Horn.

But a sailor I'll live through most anything, and what with some under flannels

[This story commenced on No. 236.]

IN SOUTHERN SEAS: OR JACK ESBON'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STRUGGLE WITH THE MUTINEERS.

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

"I wish we had one of those Gatling guns on the quarter," savagely growled Mr. Farr, bringing his hands heavily to the deck. "I'd engage to bring 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 not deign to reply, while Jack favored the cowardly youth with a look which made him sink away into the cabin.

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 bamboos, the seven mutineers dashed aft.

As was known afterward, the natives were worked up to frenzy by the use of the maddening drug known as bang, which the cook had in his possession. Under the influence of this they feared nothing.

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

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 revolver fell to the deck at the captain's feet.

A furious scramble for the weapon ensued. Mr. Farr, slipping in the blood, went sprawling 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 fainted.

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 feet.

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

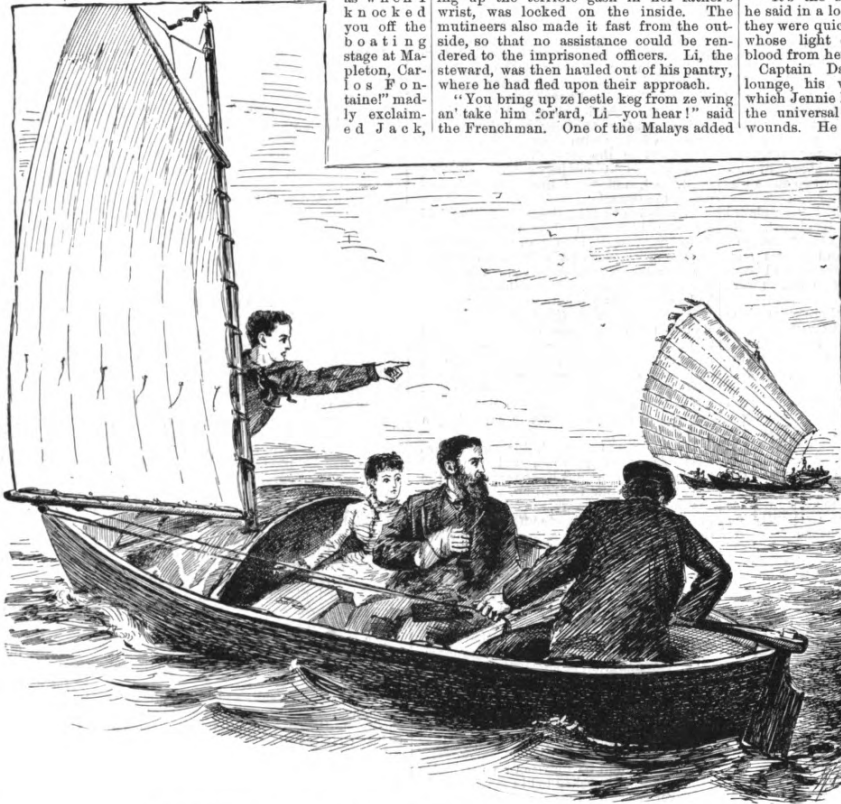
Turning his head to look for the revolver he saw a hand, outstretched through the open bull's eye of Clarence Vandyke's stateroom, grasp the pistol and draw it inside, after which the heavy glass was closed with a sharp snap.

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 satisfaction 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 in another moment he was dragged to the deck.

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 fierce oaths.

"You are the same combination of bully and coward as when I knocked you off the boating stage at Mapleton, Carlos Fontaine!" madly exclaimed Jack,



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

losing all caution and self control in the hot excitement of his anger.

"Jack Esbon—as I've more than half suspected for some time past!" said Fontaine, 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 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 prostrate 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 not at all 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 Vandyke ventured to open the cabin door a little way so that Miss Jennie, with their help, could drag him in," was the reply.

"What do you suppose they mean to do with us?" again asked Jack, after Mr. Farr

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 boats," he went on as Jack groaned in vexation of spirit.

While they were thus talking, four of the men came aft.

"Ze two offshore sall feel better 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 separate rooms.

The door to the inner cabin, where Jennie Darling, with such assistance as the terrified Clarence could render, was binding up the terrible gash in her father's wrist, was locked on the inside. The mutineers also made it fast from the outside, so that no assistance could be rendered to the imprisoned officers. Li, the steward, was then hauled out of his pantry, where he had fled upon their approach.

"You bring up ze leetle keg from ze wing an' take him for'ard, Li—you hear!" said the Frenchman. One of the Malays added

of the mutineers received it effusively and 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.

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 betted it about him. He opened his room door, and 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.

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 considerable animation.

"I am hoping the wretches may stupefy themselves with brandy," he said, after a hasty explanation on both sides; "and as Vandyke 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 his head.

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

"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 fear but he'll 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 forecabin. Ned was still sick in his berth and Peter

mutineers would trouble them. But what was to be done? How—

The sound of voices approaching the quarter was heard—hilarious voices pitched 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 her."

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 haf 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, 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 we can find in the cabin."

"Girl in cabin and cap'n," said Fid.

"Spose dem got revolver?"

"Eh—that was kicked overboard in the scrimmage," interrupted Carlos; and very shortly the two Malays, accompanied by Carlos himself, entered the forward cabin, and some one violently rattled the door.

"You let me in—we break him down," hoarsely called the biggest Malay.



A DUET.

HIS TIME WAS VALUABLE.

TRAMP (whose request for food has been denied).—"Well, ma'am, would you let-me sleep in the ten acre lot back of the barn if I won't make any noise?"

Lady of the house.—"Ye-es, I don't mind lettin' ye do that."

Tramp (appealingly).—"Well, one thing more, ma'am, before I say good night. Would you have me called at seven o'clock sharp? I want to catch the limited cattle train West."

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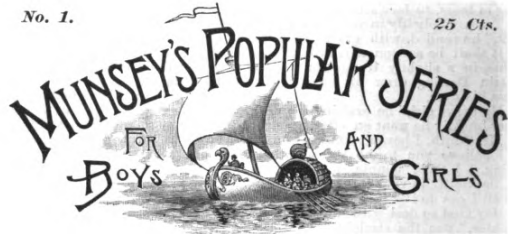
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