in the year 1887, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Lib n c

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AN ELEGANT BABOUCHE BY THE SIDE OF A H . . . SOME AND DISTINGUISHED LOOKING GENTLEMAN

35

MARINE

FARMER BRENT'S BOY. By P. C. FOSSETT.

"We have to be the head of our class," defuy caught it behind his back with his right hand and gets to be the head of our class," defuy caught it behind his back with his so of sixteen, to a group of his classmates, one afternoon just after the Miltorville public term, for he studies hand and he really is school had dismissed for the day. "It's bad enough," he continued, with an air of in twirling his ball in the air, the loss of disgust, "to have to go to the same school bad on or how an almshouse found-ling at that, without having him at the head of one's class."

Haldens

"The Pilgrim Fathers settled me even if "The Pilgrim Fathers settled me even if they did not settle Virginia," answered Bob, with a comical grin; "but when a fellow's head is full of 'fly catches' and 'home runs, he's apt to get the Janestown and Plymouth Rock folks mixed up. And, by the way, I heard a young gett of about your size announce the other day that Congress was composed of the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Wasn'tyour head at the time full of those English aristocrats you hove to read and talk about so much...

at the time till of those English aristoctats you love to read and talk about so much— ch, my boy? "and Bob poked the dignified Howard playfully in the ribs. Howard's face flushed a beet red, and the rest of the group langhed outright, much to his annoyance. Master Dumley, however, drew himself up with great dignity, and wid. said

"In the fashionable society in which I ant to move when I'm a man, such petty knowledge is not necessary; but as you in-tend to adopt a profession, it may be valu-able to you - and, if I were in your place, I wouldn't let an almshoase pauper outstrip

me." So saying, Howard took the arm of Gerald Lewis, his boon companion, and walked away in a huff, while merry Bob Gilman shouted after him: "Slong, your lordship !

To move in aristocratic circles when he grew to manhood was one of Howard's pet hobbies, and he never tired of telling his chums how he intended to travel in Euchilds how no interact to traver in Eu-rope and hob nob with the nobility, when he reached his majority. His clothes were made in the city and were always of the latest fashionable cut, and to hear him talk one would suppose he was a direct descend-ant of William the Conqueror instead of William Dunley, at one time the village william Dumley, at one time the village cobbler. Mr. Dumley, in the early years of his business life, kept a small candy shop in the same room where he half soled and heeled the brogues of Miltonville's populafield the brogges of antonyme's popula-tion. Gradually the candy shop grew into a dry goods, grocery and general country storo, and eventually the cobbler gave up his last and awl to devote himself to mercantile pursuits and careful speculation.

Though of limited education he was snrewd and far seeing, and was now the snrewd and far seeing, and was now the richest man for miles around, and the Dumley residence was the handsomest in town. He was so engrossed in business that the care of Howard devolved mainly upon his wife, who had been a pretty girl at service when she married Dumley in the earlier years of the reign of the last and awl. The rise to wealth and prosperity had de-veloped her into a frivolous woman, who spent her time in novel reading, dressing and paying and receiving calls. She considered herself one of the aristocracy, and led the fashions among the feminines of Miltonville.

When Howard told her, in the early part of the school term, that Bill Spicer was one of the scholars, and that he had been raised at the county poor house, she was very much shocked and wanted Mr. Dumley to take Howard away from the public school

Mr. Dumley, however, sagely remarked nat "Bill Spicer wouldn't bother Howard that if Howard didn't bother Bill Spicer," and so Mrs. Dumley was forced to content her self with warning her son not to "lower and self with warning her son not to "lower linuself by associating with the bound boy." Under his leadership, which was main-taired by a liberal supply of pocket money, a small clique in the school had studiously snubbed young Spicer all winter, and the blood tingled his checks on two or three oc-

blood tingled his checks on two or three oc-casions as he heard casual remarks dropped about the "county poor," "almshouse wait," and "charity boy." On this same afternoon the bound boy was busy feeding supper to the stock on Mr. Brent's farm, about a mile from town, as he rakes the bay down into the manger of "Old Robin," the plow horse, at the same time which me neary oir we will

of "Old Robin," the plow horse, at the same time whistling a merry air, we will take a brief glance at his past history. One morning early, after a dreadful storm which had raged the night before, a poor farmer, living near the sea coast, about twenty miles from Miltonville, found a wet and exhausted woman, with a wee babe tightly clutched in her arms, lying on the merchy beech mear his home. marshy beach near his house. The clothing of both was of fine material

In the cooling to both was of mile inaternit and elegant make. They were taken into the house, but the exposure to the elements proved fatal to the mother, and before nightfall she died, having been unable to tell who she was or from whence she came. The babe lived, but the farmer already had a house full of children, and the little wait was turned over to the county anthorities, who also buried the mother in the potter's

ship had been wrecked some miles down the coast, and it was thought that the woman and her child had been washed ashore and that the mother had wandered to the spot where she was found, but no-body took sufficient interest in the matter to pursue investigations, and the child grew up as a ward of the county. Despite his unfavorable surroundings he

Despite his unlavoratole surroundings ne developed into a handsome, intelligent boy, with a lively, cheerful disposition and pe-culiarly engaging manners, and became the favorite of the natron of the almshouse. He was named William Spicer, after the farmer who had first sheltered him, and at about nine years of age was indentured or bound out to farmer Brent until his twenty first year.

Here, for the past six years, young Spicer had found a pleasant home. Farmer Brent's family consisted of himself, his wife, who was almost a mother to the orphan, and Nina, the bright faced, brown haired daughter of eleven. Mr. Brent had just bought the farm when William came to live with him, and much of it had to be cleared and put under cultivation, and the six years been years of hard work for the bound boy,

who had now reached his fitteenth year ac-cording to the almshouse record. He had been a faithful assistant to the farmer, and as it was almost impossible to spare him from the farm to attend school, Mrs. Brent, who had been a school mistress in her maiden days, made it a point to devote an hour every other evening to his education. He was an apt pupil, and at fifteen was not far behind most boys who

had attended school regularly. One evening during the previous Septem-ber Mr. Brent had overjoyed the boy by

saying : "Now, William, as the farm is paid for and I am pretty well on my feet, I can afford to let you take it easier, and this winter you can attend the Miltonville pub-lic school. Til hire black lke to help me occasionally, and you can feed the stock in

becausing, and you are solved in the mornings and evenings." Spicer was acquainted with nearly all the boys in the village, for he did the bulk of Mr. Brunt's dealing with the town stores, and on Saturday afternoons, his half holi-days, he often played ball with the Miltonville boys. Though his origin was known to most of the lads, he had rarely had it thrown up to him, and then only by the lowest and roughest element, for his genial, pleasant manners had mrde him well liked. Among his stauchest friends was Bob Gilman, the most popular and confessedly the smartest boy in the school.

confessedly the smartest boy in the school. A few evenings after Howard Dumley and Bob Gilman had had their little un-pleasantness, the two boys, together with Gerald Lewis, were returning from the post office, where Howard had been to get his father's mail. Bob and Howard had "made up," for the former was one of those boys who couldn't stay mad long, and Howard was only too glad to keep on good terms with Bob Gilman. To be down on Bob meant to have about two thirds of the boys in town his enemies. "Let's see what the news is, boys," said Howard, as he unfolded a New York daily paper, while the other two peered over

paper, while the other two peered over his shoulders at the open pages. Howard scanned the society news, while Gerald as should be society news, while Gerald read the society news, while Gerald read the secount of a frightful railroad ac-cident. Bob's eyes ran up and down the columns, taking in almost everything at a glance.

"Oh, my, Howard," said Bob, finally; "here's something that'll just suit you. Listen to this very important paragraph:

• Among the arrivals by the Arizona managental, and the arrivals by the Arizona on Mon-day were the Earl of Cheswick, accompanied by Mr. Groupton Crayen, of the Lendon Theore, Mr. John D.C., The and Mr. and the Arizona and Arizona and Arizona travel income, under this family name of Arithur Hampton, having no personal attachés with him except his valet. The party left New York last night for a short jaunt through the State of M---;

"There !" excla med Bob, springing ing back and looking at Howard with mock ing back and looking at Howard with mock gravity. "what do you think of that? Here's one of your precious English noble-men coming right into our State, and who knows but what he may stumble into Mil-tonville? Brace up now, Howard, and be prepared to give him a 'tony' welcome." Howard fushed up a little, but before he could say anything Gerald Lewi who was however mover his schedbrates a 'old he.

Known among his schoolmates s Old In-terrogation Point, inquired of Job what "M. P.," "Q. C.," and "valet" meant. "Why, 'M. P.' stands for Member of

Parliament, and 'Q. C.' for Queen's Coun-sel; valet is a French word, and means an It was ascertained after a few days that a the noble earl's clothes in order, blacks his post haste fo⁺ town.

shoes, and brushes his plug hat and coat," answered Bob, with an air of superior wisdom.

"Then I must be 'Old Robin's' valet, for I have to brush his coat every night," said Bill Spicer, as he suddenly slapped Bob Gilman on the shoulder from behind, and Gilman on the shoulder from behind, and broke into a mery langh at the surprise of the crowd at his sudden and unexpected appearance. He had stopped at the post office for Mr. Brent's mail on his way from school. "I say, Bob," he continued, barely noticing the cool manner with which Howard and Gerald greeted him, "wouldn't ib e joily to be an earl, and have some-body to brush your coat and hat and shoes for vou?" for you?" "We don't have earls in America,

"We don't have earls in America, 're-plied Howard ; "and if we did," he added with a touch of meaning in his voice, " our noblemen would have to be able to trace their ancestry back at least one generation, if not for construise "." if not for centuries.

if not for centuries." Bob saw the blood rush to Spicer's face, and he interposed with the remark : "Yes, and these English noblemen are generally descended from murderers under the guise of knights or robbers of the Jesse James type. [11] bet, "he continued, "that this same Earl of Cheswick's original ancestor was a footpad in Queen Elizabeth's time." "I shall never be an earl, of course, "said Spicer, and he looked steadily at Howard, "but Lean and will be a noble men and a

but I can and will be a noble man and a gentleman," and bidding Bob good after-noon he turned off in the direction of Mr. Brent's.

As he walked along his thoughts were not As he waiked along his thoughts were not of a pleasant character, and he involun-tarily sighed as he passed the ittle cemetery on the outskirts of the town. Here, in the burying lot of Mr. Brent, reposed the re-mains of his mother. When a wee boy the matron of the almshouse had shown him her grave in the potter's field, and during all his stay there he had carefully tended the stort.

all his surjust are no maximum and the spot. Three or four years before our story opens the crumbling pine coffin had been replaced with a newer and better one, and the remains of the poor woman were removed it this lith commetery for ever after a sacred to this little cemetery, for ever after a sacred place to the poor bound boy. His young heart was sad as he thought how much alone in the world he was. No father, mother, or relatives of any kind ; no home, for good as the Brents were to him, it was not like the homes of a majority of his school-mates, where they were surrounded by loving parents and sympathizing relatives name, for the name he bore was result of accidental circumstances. he bore was only the

result of accidental circumstances. Then he began to whistle himself into a more cheerful frame of mind as he espical black like Sockum tolling along in the middle of the road ahead of him, his body swaying from side to side. Like always took the middle of the road or street, "for," in de hoss channel." Ike, with Mahala Jane, his wife, and three

or four pickaninnies, lived in a little cabin on the edge of the Brent farm and did odd jobs for neighboring farmers and townspeople.

Look dar, Moss Bill," said the darky "'Look dar, Moss Bill," said the darky, with great glee, stopping short in the road as Spicer overtook him, and displaying a handful of coin, "dar's fo' dollahs an sixty fo' cents, an' I made itall dis day. Tse bin workm' down to the National Hotel dis arternoon, fer dey's berry busy down dar. Five or six bigh tone genmen kum dar on de train las' night, an' Ise bin waitin' on dem. Dat's war I got all dis money. Dey's not our kin' of folks, for dey kum from de odder side ob de world, an' one ob 'em is a birg yun. I'm sunh. kase all de res' rom de ouder side ob de wordt, an one ob 'em is a big gun, I'm snah, kase all de res' looks up ter him an' pays hin, much re-spects. I tell you, Moss Bill, sumpin's gwine ter happen roun' dis town putty soon, kase one man's bin 'ritin' all day long, soon, kase one man's bin 'ritn' all day long, an' Jedge Harvey's bin dar wid de strangers, an' ahout fo' o'clock de boss of de po'house druv up, an' I heerd Moss Lane, de lanlor, whisper ter bin, 'Walk right up ter de secon'story front room; dey's bin waitin' fer you all day.' Den jess as I started away secon story front room; dey's bin Waith for yon all day. 'Den jess as istarted away Moss Laue sex to me, sex he: 'Be, you goes right by Misser Brent's, donn you?' an' tell bin by Misser Brent's, donn you?' an' tell bin ter kum ter de National Hotel ternight widout fail !' I tell you, Moss Bill, sumpin's gwine ter happen roun' dis town berry soon.

Ike had rattled all this off almost without pansing to take breath, and when they reached Mr. Brent's the darky delivered his message with much ceremony. Many were the surmises as to what important business Mr. Lane could have with Mr.

The bound boy had studied his lessons and been asleep for an hour when Mr. Brent returned. He and his wife then held a protracted consultation, and it was long after midnight before the lights were extinguished

midnight betore the nguts were exanguashed in the farm house. The next morning at school, soon after the exercises of the day had commenced, Mr. Paddington sent Spicer to the black board to do an example. As he passed Howard Dumley's desk he dropped a pendi, and as he stooned to brick it up. Howard Indivator Juniey's desk ne dropped a penci, and as he stooped to pick it up, Howard defty pinned something to his coat tail. No ore saw him do it but Bob Gliman, whose desk was right behind Howard's, and before he could warn Spricer, the latter had walked to the black board, and on turning his back to the school unconsciously exposed to full view a sheet of foolscap paper, on which was scrawled in rude letters

"THE ALMSHOUSE GRADUATE !"

It takes but a little incident out of the regular routine to cause a commotion in the regular routine to cause a commotion in the average school room. A half suppressed giggle was heard all over the room, many laughed outright, while here and there were heard load whispers of "Shame". Among the latter Bob Gilman's voice was plainly distinguishable. The noise at once attracted the attention of Mr. Faddington, and the state of the state of

who was engaged in reading a note which had just been handed up to his desk by one of the scholars. Just as the principal noticed the placard

Bob Gilman sprang from his seat intending to snatch it off before Spicer found out what it was, in order to save him from the inevitable mortification it would cause him. inevitable mortification it would cause him. But the bound boy saw that all eyes were directed towards him, and, divining the reason, pulled the paper off and read the words. His face burned with mortification, reason, putter the paper with mortification, words. His face burned with mortification, "Bring the paper here, William !" said Mr. Paddington.

"Now," continued the teacher, in a tone of anger, while he held the sheet of paper up so that all the scholars could see it, "I want to know who pinned this on Spicer's coat. It was a contemptible act, and I am determined to find out and punish the perpetrator." There was no response, and the teacher.

"Intring to Spicer, asked: "William, do you suspect who the gnilty party is?" for Mr. Paddington, by some means, had become aware of the fact that a few of the scholars had more than once sought to annoy the honest boy by referring

sought to annoy the honest boy by reterning to his almshouse life. "Yes, sir," faltered the boy, "but I —." " He don't like to tell who he suspects," said Bob Gilman, springing suddenly to his feet; " but I will tell who I saw pin it on the same pin terms in the same pin terms." his coat. I have whited for a safe phi field his coat. I have whited for the guilty one to own up, but as he doesn't appear to be inclined to do it, informer or no informer, I do not intend to shield any boy who would It was Howard lo such a low, mean act. Dumley, for I saw him with my own eyes, and he dares not deny it."

And Howard's features too plainly showed guilt for him to attempt to plead innocence. He hid his face behind the covers of his atlas.

There was a silence so profound for a few seconds in the school room that the ticking of the old fashioned clock in the corner, as Bob Gilman afterwards said, sounded as loud as blacksmith Brown's sledge hammer

loud as blacksmith Brown's sledge hammer when he welded a cart tire. , "Howard," said Mr. Paddington, with severity, "you shall not escape punishment for this, but at present it must be post-poned. I have just received a note that will compel me to dismiss school until to-morrow morning." The look of joyful surprise that swept over the faces of the scholars was followed by a rush for the door, and in a few mo-ments the school room was emptide of every

one but the school room was emptied of every one but the teacher and Bill Spicer, whom the former had requested to remain behind.

Ten minutes later, as Howard Dumley and Gerald Lewis, the former breathing dire vengeance against Bob Gilman, strolled the verificational Hold, they were surprised to see their teacher and the bound boy pass through the door of the private entrance. Two hours afterwards Bob Gilman's eyes were the size of small moons as Bill Spier

spoke to him from an elegant open barrouche in which he was seated by the side of a handsome and distinguished looking gentleman of middle age, with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms. Follow-ing the barouche were two or three other carriages containing several strangers sandcarriages containing several strangers show wiched in between Judge Harvey, Mr. Driggs, the editor of the *Bugle*, Mr. Breit and several other prominent men of the town. Still later in the day the whole party, including .undertaker Black, visited the including -undertaker Black, visited the cemetery, and there was a mysterious going in and coming out of the National Hotel that made half the town wild with curiosity

that made half the town wild with enrivasivy to know what was up. Mr. Driggs, with an air of importance, and accompanied-by one of the strangers, who was said to be a journalist, called at the little telegraph office about nine o'clock in the evening and remained an hour. When questioned us to what was the mat-ter at the National Hotel, his only answer was, "Get the city papers tomorrow and

When questioned as to what was the man-ter at the National Hotel, his only answer was, "Get the city papers tomorrow and they will tell you all habout it." The next morning the scholars of the Miltonville public school were all in their places except Bill Spicer. Mr. Paddington seemed to be preoccupied. The seconds ticked away into an hour and he made no sign of going on with the exercises. Sud-denly there was a sound of footsteps at the outer door. The teacher hastened to open it and welcomed the distinguished looking stranger who had slready attracted such at-tention in Miltonville. By his hand he led Bill Spicer, who was dressed in the best suit tailor Smith could furnish at such short notice. Behind them came several promi-nent men of the town, and all took sents on the platform. the platform. "My dear boys," said Mr. Paddington,

" My dear boys," said Mr. Paddington, " I have the honor of introducing to you the Right Honorable Earl of Cheswick, of Cheswick Hall, England." Bob Gilman and Howard Dumley ex-

changed glances, and Gerald Lewis stared at Spicer. The nobleman bowed to the changed games, and in a brief speech compli-mented them upon their intelligent appear-

mented them upon their intelligent appear-ance, etc. "And now I have a great surprise for you," added the teacher. "Permit me to introduce to you your old schoolvante, once Bill Spicer, but now Sidney Hampton, nephow and heir to the estates of the Earl of Cheswick," and blushing to his cyclids, the young heir walked to the front of the platform and faced his late colleagues. It was ease no. The algorithm for four

It was even so. The almshouse found-ling was the son of the Hon. Robert Hampton, a brother and five years the junior of the Earl of Cheswick, by whom he was idolized. The old earl had discarded the idolized. The old earl had discarded the younger son because in marrying the daughter of a poor but worthy country squire, he thought he had disgraced the family. Arthur, the eldest son and heir, was absent in India when this occurred. Shortly after his return the father died, and he succeeded to the title. The younger and ne succeeded to the little. The younger bother had disappeared, and though for fourteen years the present earl had used every means to find him, no trace of his whereabouts had been discovered. In his last interview with his father, Robert had angrily told him that he never intended to be the second secon bear his name again. A year before our story the Earl of Ches-

wick had stumbled upon an old sea captain in London. He had commanded a ship fourteep years before bound for America, on which a man and his wife and baby had taken passage. The man answered the detaken passage. The man answered the de-scription of Robert Hampton. The vessel was wrecked while trying to make the was wrecked while trying to make the Capes of Delaware and went ashore in an out of the way place. Two boats were hunched, one containing the first mate, hunched, one containing the first mate, the steward, and the three passengers, while the second held the capton, the sec-ond mate and the rest of the crew. The first mate's boat was supposed to have been swamped, as note of its occupants were ever afterwards seen. The captain and one of the crew were the

only ones who safely reached the land of those who set sail in the second boat. The passenger when he embarked at Liverpool had given his name as "Nothamp," which the earl concluded to be a corruption of his real name, "Hampton

Upon this slender clew for months past agents of the missing man's brother had worked, and in company with the captain two London detectives had sailed for this country and visited the vicinity of the wreck, where they stumbled upon the sea-side farmer, William Spicer, who told the story of the woman and her babe. On the strength of this the Earl of Ches-

wick also came over. Suffice it to say, that within a week he had collected ample wife of his brother, who had undoubtedly been lost, while she, by some strunge pro-

over lost, while she, by some strange pro-tidence, had been washed ashore. The clothing worn by her and the babe was still at the almshouse, and on one of the old female employees of the institution the earl recognized some articles of jex-ely that had once belonged to his brother. Ther bad re device the bad of the strategies of the sec-tor of the sector of the They had no doubt been stolen from the dead body of the unfortunate woman years before, but the earl generously interfered.

before, but the earl generously interfered, and saved the offender from punishment. The Earl of Cheswick politely declined a reception tendered him by Mrs. Dumley in honor of himself and his long lost nephew, and the whole town flocked to the station when the distinguished party left Milton-ville a few days afterwards in a special car. The city papers had long accounts of the romantic story, and the Miltonville Bugle, published by Mr. Driggs, printed a sup-plement giving the fullest details relating to the affair. Sidney Hampton's parting with the Brents was very affecting, and Bob Gilman took him aside and apologized for calling the founder of the house of Cheswick a footpad. He was langhingly forgiven by

the founder of the honse of Cheswick a footpad. He was laughingly forgiven by the ex bound boy, who also induced Mr. Paddington not to punish Howard. The Brents are having a handsome new residence put up on the farm, while little Nina is to be educated in the best schools at the expense of the earl, and the town at the expense of the earl, and the town gossips say that some day she may be the Countess of Cheswick. The present earl is a bachelor, and not likely to marry. His nephew, if he survives him, is sure to be the Earl of Cheswick, and perhaps, like many English noblemen, he might choose an American wife. The school fund of the town received a

handsome present from the earl before he left, and the remains of Sidney's mother were exhumed and carried across the Atlantic to be buried in English soil, William lantic to be buried in Enclish soil, William Spicet, the poor farmer, was presented with the deed of a nice farm, and even Ike Sockum had a new cabin built for him, which caused him to sagely remark some-thing about "entertainin angels onawars." Bob Gilman spent last winter at Ches-wick Hall, and cause home dressed in a swell English suit, and with the informa-tion that Subara Hamuton, would built his

tion that Sidney Hampton would visit his old friends during the summer. Howard Dumley was crestfallen for some time, but finally recovered his equation for some time, but finally recovered his equation of the refers "to my old chum and schoolmate, the Earl of Cheswick," to those who don't the Earl of Cheswick," to those who don't kaow any better. Mrs. Dumley avers that she always thought that young Spicer had aristocratic features—but she never said so while he was merely a bound boy.



We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all, only such questions as re of general interest can receive attention. We have on file a number of queries which will be an-wered in their turn as soon as space permit. J. L., Pinon, Kan. No license required.

G. S., Spring Creek, Miss. We do not know.
 B. E., Jersey City, N. J. The books have name

overs. A SUBSCRIBKR, Homer, N. Y. See reply to "Lu-ubrator."

B. O. B., Houston, Tex. No premium on half dol-

lar of 1895

J. M. Wilkes Barre, Pa. Millstone Point is in Washington Co., Md. F. V. W., Exansville, Ind. See remarks at the head of the Exchange Column.

can of the Exchange Commu. M. S. G. Buffalo, N. Y. Other subjects, of more eneral interest, must take precedence. UNLUCKY JAMES, Hamilton, Mo, The cent of 1857 worth Sc. to 10c.; no premium on that of 1858.

G. C. H., Washington, D. C. Diagram of device or stopping ship to hand, Doubtful, very doubt

ful R. G. McM., Winfield, Kan. Yes. The advertise-ment of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES in this number explains all that.

xpianis all that.
M. M., Painesville, O. The half cents of 1800, s03 and 1809 commend a few cents' premium. The ills are worthless.

bills are worthless. E. M., New York City. An estimate of the sance described in recent numbers, will be on the fourth page of last week's issue.

on the fourth page of last week is suse.
H. L. C., New Iberia, La. "The Lost Trail" and "Campdre and Wigwam," bound in cloth, will be mailed, post paid, on receipt of \$1.25 each.
F. P., Newark, N. J. Your suggestion may be worth considering some time. We of course aim to publish articles of the most general interest.
W. W. We work on the most general interest.

R. W. W., New York City. No premium on the silver three cent piece of 1852. 2. Average height of a boy of sixteen, 5 ft. 3 in.; weight, 107 lbs.

t a boy of exteen, 5 ft, 3 in ;; weight, 107 lbs, A Cosstaw Franzer, New York City, - Por infor-nation about classes at Cooper Enion, address, in-losing stamp, the secretary of that institution. W. H., Philadelphia, Pa. Yachts do not carry beir anchors on the extreme tip of their bowsperia. Then not stowed they hang from the catheads at be bow.

J. H. K., Mitchell, Ind. We can furnish any pub-lished book by Alger. Optic or other juvenile writer, post paid, for \$1,25, which is the general retail price of such works.

MISS M. W., Moorefield, W. Va. "The New Pupil" and " Barbara's Triumphs" are not yet in book form. One or both will be issued in Vol. 1. of MUSSEY'S POPULAR SKRIPS.

H. B., Broad Brook, Conn. 1. Geo, P. Rowell's fewspaper Directory, 8 Sprice St., New York City. The Bradstreet Co., 279 Broadway, New York ity, may be willing to furnish such a list.

T.J.P., King City, Mo. We will send "The American Boy's Own Book of Sports and Games" for \$2.65 post paid, and "How to Get Strong," paper covers, for 50 cents post paid, or cloth, for \$1.10 that

postpaid. R. S. R. Savanna, Ill. Women are entitled to vote at school elections in Massachusetts and a few other stars, They are entitled by local law to full suf-frages, they are entitled by local law to full suf-frages of Utah, Washington and Wynning the formation of Utah, Washington and ming

W. McD. Your question is a study. To learn hotography is not difficult. It requires consider-ble study, but not much studying of books. For a sinktion of "study," see Webster's unabridged able study, definition dictionary.

THE CRESCENT CADETS of Philadelphia would like The CRESCENT CADETS of Philadelphia would lik to hear from such as are willing to recruit the ranks—fourteen and eighteen being the age limits Address John Davis, 825 Neclaune Street, Phila delphia, Pa.

delphia, Fa. Frvk Bors, Detroit, Mich. Boys cannot enlist in the Navy. The schoolship St. Mary's, under the supervision of the Board of Education of this city, receives boys for instruction, fitting them for able seamen in the merchant marine or the many.

easement in the uncreduant marine or the navy. Insurnment, Fort Scott, Kan. 1. Lantern gear is the incident of the sensitive of the irrum up. 2. There are sub-the marking all the irrum up. 2. There are sub-the marking of the irrum up. dustrial Liberator and the Mechanical Engineer. A dustrial Liberator and the Mechanical Engineer. A sensitive of the irrum up and the irrum of the dustrial Liberator and the Mechanical Engineer. A sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the dustrial Liberator and the irrum of the irrum of the dustrial Liberator and the irrum of the irrum of the dustrial Liberator and the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum of the sensitive of the irrum o

tastics for July showed 190,000 to 260,000 per day. F. R., Taylorville, III. Sporting goods houses will furnish rules of football. See advertising columns. Or in the season, address Secretary Foot-ball Association, Princeton College, N. J., enclosing Oc. for the official rules of the intercollegiate asso-

ciation. X.Y.Z., Brooklyn, N.Y. 1. See replies to "Sailor " and "Five Boys," 2. The boatswain or "bob"n" is the man who has the immediate direction of the watch; he directs them as they handle the sails and has certain other duties and responsibilities of which space will not permit a description.

which space will not permit a description. A CONSTANT READER, NOTH Brockfield, Mass. See articles on the canvas cance in Nos. 243 and 244, and estimate of cost in building the cance on fourth page of the last number. Cances and violins can be had of sporting goods houses and dealers in musical instruments respectively, of whom inquire or particulars

for particulars. A. H., Cheago, Ill. A class in plumbing, for rouths of 17 to 21, begins at the New York Trade Schools at 7 of clock, October 26. Terms 512 for full source (to April)—58 to be paid when name is intered, balance hefore April 17. For further par-ison the strength of the strength of the strength of the distribution of the strength of the strength of the strength of the and 68th interests, New York City.

In and usin streets, New York City. C. T. J., New London, Conn. 1. No premium on he cent of 1803. 2. Nor on the half dime of 1845. Inspector Byrnes, of New York, and Pinkerton of hicage, have written books containing consider-hicage, have written books containing consider-ble information on these points. 4. A minor can-ted acquire hand by preemption. Consult the latites or a haver. 5. Consult the "scalpers."

statutes or a lawyer. 5. Consult the "scalpers." J. J. K. Belleville, N. J. The earliest suttlement of New Jersey is not precisely known, but the first coloury was planted by the Dutch, probably between coloury and planted by the Dutch, probably between user the present sets of Philadelphia in 1823 Assaul-ness the present sets of Philadelphia in 1823 Assaul-1635 the English made some settlements, and in 1638 colonies of Swedes and Finns were estab-listed.

1638 colonies of Swedes and Finns were established. Saturda, West Philadelphia, Pa. 1. We would advise you not to turn sailor. 2. The shipping offices on second Street. Philadelphia, are the places where is a "bog", "your wages would be from \$8 to \$100 rt (4) as able second be from \$8 to \$100 rt (4) as able second be from \$40 bog as able second be form \$40 bog as able second mate \$30 to \$40 a a cap-tain \$65 to \$500 rt (4) as able second mate \$30 to \$40 a a cap-tain \$65 to \$500 rt (4) as able second mate \$30 to \$40 a a cap-tain \$65 to \$500 rt (2) rt (4) as able second mate \$30 to \$40 a a cap-tain \$65 to \$500 rt (2) rt (4) as able second rate \$30 to \$40 a a cap-tain \$65 to \$500 rt (2) rt (4) rt (4)

SAILOR BOY, Baltimore, Md. The age minimum SALOB BOX Ballimore, Md. The age minimum in the revenue service is dipthen years-eighteen months previous service in the merchant marine being a requirement. To be eligible for an officer's Pay, 255 and nyward. 2. First position-that is, the perpendicular and not the oblique - is correct. 3. When the sun has sunk so low that it is partly below the sea horizon, and the intervening swells alternately like it from and expose it to the view. Low neuron Larschell, the term.

LUCUBRATOR, Latrobe, Pa. 1. "Paddle Your Own anoe" is an old colloquial expression, origin unknown

2. "She, while apostles shrank, could danger

s from

 while apostles shrans, grows
 brave, "Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave,"
 rast at his cross, and earliest at his grave,"
 "Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave,"
 "And calco and peaceful is my sleep,"
 "Rocked in the craftle of the deep,"
 from "The Gradle of the deep," by Emma fillerd, 1787 1890.
 "Though lost to sight, to memory dear,
 "Though lost to Sight," by Geo. Lintuction, "Though Lost to Sight," by Geo. Lintuction, 1996. 4. Thous found in " "98-1865. is ley, 5.

1798-1865. "Who rules o'er freemen should himself be "is from "Gustavus Vasa," by Henry Brooke, 1706-178

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
 "O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
 is from the fable "The Shepherd and the Philosopher," by John Gay, 1689-1732.

FYCHANGES

EXCHANCES. Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to sub-scribers and weekly purchasers of Time (ot.DRX Ancowy, the we cannot publish exchanges of fraerms, bries' ecca. dameerous clienticals, or any objectionable or worthless of papers, exceed these sent by readers who visit is not tain back numbers or volumes of Time GolDRX Ancowy. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions make an exch. Dis doubt intent. All who intend to make an exch. Dis doubt intent. We have on the address given. We have on the anumber of exchanges, which will be published to their turn as soon as space permits. Harry C. Pitman, New Castle, Ind. Tim tags, for the same.

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ne same. Charles W. Rowan, Marion, Ind. A Rogers No. 2

Inceasaire. Marian, Marian, Ind. A Rogers No. 2 Charles for a sulfar. F. Warburton, 1248 Day St., Philadelphia, Pa. Tin Lags, 52 varieties, for stamps. David Scanlon, 174 Court St., Brooklyn, N.Y. A new card printing press, for a banjo. George C. Hill, 458 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass. Ostamps, for every coin prior to 1855. W. H. Verity, Box 119, Luther, Mich. Five tin set, for very stamp not in this collection. Stamps, for one's stamp and in the collection stamps, for one's law, 110, Luther, Mich. Five tin stamps, for one's law, 111, A Ten different for eight stamps, for one's law, 113, Luther, Mich. Five tin stamps, for one's law, 114, Ten different for law, stamps, for eight, 375 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. A magic lautern, complete, only used twice, for a banjo.

W. H. Speck, 3 West Seventh St., Wilmington, Del. Tin tags and postnarks, for the same. Ex-Dal.

bailor, J. Speck. 3 West Seventh St., Wilmington, J. M. Bosek. 3 West Seventh St., Wilmington, J. M. Bosek. St. Schwarzski, Stor the same. Exchange lists.
 George Peper, 167 Sumpter St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 158 stamps in an album and 450 mixed stamps, for old U. 8, cons.
 J. J. Dean, 84 Felton Ave., Cleveland, O. 1.700 in the same of The Goldski Annova, C. H. Dunham, 1098 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
 H. Dunham, 1098 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
 H. Hunham, 1098 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
 H. Dunham, 1098 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
 H. Dunham, 1098 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
 H. Subselv, Boston, B. S., Stampson, C. G. Stampson, C. G. Stampson, C. G. Stampson, C. Stampson, Computing Strange, Stampson, C. Stampson, Computing Strange, Stampson, Computing Strange, Stampson, Computing St., Stampson, Cambridge, Wis. Younglow's History of France, 200 postmarks, etc., for Vol. IV. C. Thompson, Computing St., Boston, May, St., West Philadel-phia, Para, Latree jointed shing rod and outfit, for small Holly scroll saw.
 Fred Harris, Euski, Pla. Florida curjosities and specimens of wood, for "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberg Find, 's or other books.
 K. Sheldon, Randolph, N. Y. A pair of roller skates, value at \$35,09 to different stamps and 1500 timetage. Torler States, States and and at \$3,00 tifferent stamps and 1500 timetage. States and and at \$3,00 tifferent stamps and 1500 timetage. States and and at \$3,00 tifferent stamps and 1500 timetage. States and and at \$3,00 tifferent stamps and 1500 timetage. States and show and states. Davad at \$3,00 tifferent stamps and 1500 timetage. States and show and states. Davad at \$3,00 tifferent stamps and 1500 timetage. States and show and states. Davad at \$3,00 tifferent stamps and 1500 timetage. States and show and states. Davad States and States and States. States and show at \$3,00 tifferent stamps and 1500 timetage. States and show and states. Davad States and

L.E. Shendum, Raintoiph, N.Y. A pair of roller L.E. Shendum, Raintoiph, N.Y. A pair of roller in tags, for a key and chuidfinent stampe and 150 tin tags, for a key and chuidfinent stampe and 150 tin tags, for a key and chuid stampe and the stampe or a telegraph battery with two cells. H. A. Watts, 406 South Illinois St., Indianapolis, I.A. Watts, 406 South Illinois St., Indianapolis, H.A. Watts, 406 South Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind. A Brilliant magic lantern, in good order, sith Burriefly Cassb, Oskinad, H. I. A torsson m and sticks, cost \$7, nearly new, for Yois, III, and IV, or The GOLENK AMOON, built and in good conduction, Albert H. Schupp, 4017 Ludlow St., West Phila-dophila, P.A. Japir of 10¹, yal Iclamp ice states, for a three or four joint fishing red, with a small red-bak. An International album, South, Siour, Falle, Dak. An International Anne, South, Siour, Falle, Dak. An International Anne, South, Siour, Falle, So stamps, for Nos. 209 to 200 of The GLOEN Ak-GOY.

of statings, of James T. Augur, Jr., 264 Fourth Ave., Grand Rayids, Mich. A pair of Vineyard nickel plated roller skates, stamps, and gypsum, for stamps or

etriositics, Box 49, Lake Village, N. H. A Gem H. J. Miron, Box 49, Lake Village, N. H. A Gem stamp album (600 spaces), for 50 U.S. revenue or department stamps, or for 200 square cut envelope

M. Fairbank, 701 Sixth Ave., New York City. M. Fairbank, 701 Sixth Ave., New York City. Ihree joint fishing rod and a pair of Raymond rolls skates, for Vol. I., II., III. or IV. of THE GOLDE

Baniel Masten, ibox 2309, Amsterdam, N.Y. A set of dominoes, as et of checkermen and a steam engine with a copper boiler, for a hunting knift acopper boiler, for a hunting knift.
 Bobert C. McConnell, Salina, Kan A pack of base ball carls, an Acme carl printing press and "Round the World," by Kingston, for "Dred," by Masten, for the Morek of th

INCE the principal object of the swim-mer's art, apart from the pleasure and health which he

The start, up AT to the second second

tage: The swimmer must avoid approaching the drowning person in front, in order that he may not grasp him; for whatever a

There are many methods of grasping the person in danger; probably the best plan is to clasp him by the neek from behind and then swim upon your back to the shore or nearest point of landing. Of course, the person being rescued is frantic, and new mostilly efforts of the state of the course, the period being resource is manufact, with and may possibly attempt to get free by scratching the hands of the resourc. This may be overcome by ducking his head under water or pushing the thumbs under the lobes of his ear, which subjects the

the nones of his ear, which subjects the drowning person to great pain, causing him to immediately desist. Another method is to grasp the drowning person's hair with one hand, when you have got him on his back, and thus swim ashore.

A third method, which has frequently proved snecessful, is to take the drowning man by the feet, either with the hands and swimming on back, or by placing them under one arm and swimming on breast with the other arm and with legs. It is a with the other arm and with legs. It is a fact, curious as it may appear to some people, that a legless body will not sink, and it will be seen that by supporting the legs the body will float easily, and one may be resoned without much trouble. This method has this special advantage if the person being rescued attempts to struggle, it throws his head under the water, and the folly of his course of action is immediately realized.

realized. Again, a rescue can often be made con-veniently by grasping the victim by the back of the neck with one hand and push-ing him forward. Here the sensitiveness of the drowning comes into play. Feeling the grasp on the neck, his first impulse is to throw his head backward, which enables the rescuer to obtain a good leverage, and easily take the drowning man to shore. For two swimmers the la-

e drowning man to shore. For two swimmers the la-bor is easier, because they can mutually assist each oth-er. If the drowning man still has some presence of mind remaining, they will then seize him, one under one arm and one under the one arm and one under the other, and without any great effort bring him along, with his head out of the water, while they enjoin him to keep himself stretched out as much as possible without motion.

Sundstrom, the champion

Sundistrom, the champion long distance swimmer, who has already been quoted in the article on swimning, summarizes the subject thus: "To save a drowning per-son you must prevent him from taking hold of you. As you approach him, go under water, and if he is faced toward you catch him by the legs and twirl him around. Then come up be-hind him and grasp him by the collar or the hair at the back of the head and flop him upon his back.

THE RESCUE. drowning person seizes he holds with con-vulsive force, and it is no easy matter to get disentangled from his grasp. If, how-ever, the drowning person does clutch you, sink with him, and imvediately he will re-lease his hold upon you and try to keep the surface. It is then a very easy matter to get behind him and fasten your hok. THE RESCUE. 'To tow him ashore, swim 'Do tow him ashore, swim you. If he does tura and try to grasp you, bit him in the stomach with your knee, and hit him hard. If necessary, punch his head and stun him. Do anything to break his hold if he grabs you, because if you don't both of you will drown."

Mr. Sundstrom was near a Brooklyn dock one day when two little fellows, twin brothers about seven years old, tumbled from a raft into deep water, grappled each other and sank. He flung off his coat and dived after them. At the bottom he found one holding fast to a pile and the other elinging to him. He tried to pull them away, but only sunk himself into the nud with the effort, and had to go up for air. The next time he dived to them, caught them around their bodnes, braced his feet against the pile, and tore them loose. Be-fore they could get their death grasp on him he had a hand in the hair of each and took them to the surface, and, although they had them to the surface, and, although they had been under water nearly ten minutes, their

been under water nearly ten minutes, their lives were saved. This brings us to another and a very im-portant part of the subject, namely, the treatment of one who has been brought ashore after several minutes' immersion in the water, and who is quite or nearly un-conscious. Every one who lives by sea, river or lake, should know how to act in cases of this kind; and many do know. For the benefit of the others, we give the follow-ing very clear and simple code of directions published by the Massachusetts Humane Society :

ociety : 1. Lose no time. Carry out these direc

Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot.
 Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils.
 Hold the body, for a few seconds only, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windwice may run out of the lungs a



and riom the funds, and anowing it to be enter and expand them to the full capacity of the chest. Remember that this is the most important step of all. To do it readily, lay the person on his back, wich a cushion, pillow, or some firm substance ind of the hands over the lower part of the breactbone and the upper part of the ab-domen, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure twenty or thirty times a minute. A pressure of thirty pounds may be applied with safety to a grown person. 7. field the limbs with the hands or with dry cloths constantly, to aid the circulation and keep the body warm. 8. As soon as the person can swallow, give a tablespoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm coffee or tea.

give a tablespoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm coffee or tea. 9. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. Success has rewarded the ef-forts of hours. A few words may here be added upon a fruitful source of death in the water, and the methods by which it can be combated. I refer to cramps, the greatest danger to the swimmer.

the swimmer. Some persons are very subject to cramps upon slight occasions. They would cer-tainly be wise never to go out of their depth if they can help it; and the best ad-vice to all who are attacked by cramps in any part of the body is that they should get out of the water as rapidly as possible.

By far the most dangerous of all these af-By far the most dangerous of all these af-fections is cramp in the stomach. It literally doubles the victim up, contracts and ren-ders powerless all the nuscles of the body, and makes breathing very difficult, leaving the swimmer in most cases in a hopeless state. If there is no available assistance, nothing can save his life but the exercise of the greatest will power, presence of mind, confidence in one's self and the dogged arit and by horical power to suffer the most.

confidence in one's self and the dogged ger and physical power to suffer the most extension is generally forewarned of the approach of cramps by a slight contraction and stiffening of the muscles in the region about to suffer attack. When this is felt he should at once roll over upon his back, rest as easily as possible for a few mo-ments, and gently paddle towards the shore, using only the hands. He should have confidence in the sustaining power of the water, and his respiration should be slow and easy. When the indications of the cramp have gone, he should swin on easily and gently.

gone, he should swim on easily and gently, using the legs as little as possible, and should avoid attempts at loud outcries, even for assistance, unless it be very near at hand, for this exhausts the lungs, creates

at hand, for this exhausts the lungs, creates a jerky circulation of the blood, and may bring on the cramp again. Cramps in the toes, feet, calves of the leg, thighs, arms, hands, shoulders and neck result generally from cold and fatigue or weak unscles, and at times from too much effort in stroking. When attacked in any of the above mentioned places, the part affected should be allowed to rest. If, for instance, a cramp should take you in the

provide an accred should be allowed to rest. If, for instance, a cramp should take you in the calf of one leg, it would be well to refrain from using both, for in resting one and using the other, the latter, which may be as fatigued as the former, is most likely to cramp also from overuse.

overuse. The main stay, in all cases, for a person attacked is confi-dence in himself and in the sustaining power of the water, and ability to endure severe bodily suffering.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR BEARS.

As proof that wild animals in the United States are not confined to menageries and the story papers, we quote from a corres-pondent's letter to *The Christian Union*, written from the White Mountain region of New Hampshire, a few weeks since.

A farmer, at whose house the writer and his friend had been spending the night, was

friend had been spending the night, was asked why he did't ruise sheep. "Because the b'ars ketch 'em," was the reply. "They ketched one out of a few key' heb Western fires that sent 'em around to us through Canady. We've got an apple tree a jeece back of the house that the bears elimb overy year and eat the apples. We call it the 'bear tree.' We daren' let the children go berrying for heat of the wents. The different of the sent and the sent and the different bear tree.' We daren and the wents. The different bear tree.' We daren and the wents the different in when they see a man, but we don't like to let the children tray far."

FERTILITY OF RESOURCE.

EDITOR: What was that awful crash in the omposing room just now?

FOREMAN: Sure, all our foreign news has fallen into "pi."

EDITOR: Pick it up and head it, "Projectors of the new Polish newspaper, the Ojezuzna."



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THE FAIREST TIME. Calmer than breezy April, Cooler than August blaze— The fairest time of all may be September's mellow days.

Press on, though summer waneth, Aud falter not, nor fear, For God can make the autumn The glory of the year.

.... This story commenced in No. 247.]

DROWNED GOLD.

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

CHAPTER X.

EANWHILE Steve Holcombe was formed time of its was having a grand time of it in the forest, little dreaming of the deadly eril that had so suddenly entrapped his

peril that had so si ill fated cousin. At every step he found some new wonder to look at. Flowers gorgeous with all the brightest shades of crimson, purple, and gold—leaves broad enough to thatch a cottage _______ ferns that would have covered a di-______ ning table from end to end-lizards a foot long, brilliant with every color of with every color of the rainbow—ants as big as beetles, heetles as big as butterflies, and but terflies as big as sparrows—all occu-pied him so com-pletely that he never noticed how the path was turning m and more away from the beach, and lead-ing him right into the depths of the forest

But even the American boy's active frame soon began t.) feel the strain of this violent exercise in the hot, stifling vapor bath atmosphere of the African jungle, and as he paused at length to take breath he ob-served for the first time that the bright blue sky above was already almost blot-ted out by the deep-ening shadow of the huge dark trees that rose around him

"We won't get to the beach this way un-

less we walk right round the world; we've just got to 'bout ship.'" They turned accordingly, and began to

They turned accordingly, and began to etrace their steps, but they had scarcely gone twenty paces when Cariboo, who was two or three yards in advance of Holcombe, stopped short suddenly and called out, "Massa Stere, somebody shout." Stere had heard nothing, but now, as he held his breath to listen, he did hear some-thing that made his blood run cold. From the far distance came a wild ery for help, shill and anguished, as if uttered by one in mortal agony, and the voice was that of Harry Peters! Harry Peters !

Harry Peters ! "The niggers are upon him !" roared Holcombe. "Bun, Cariboo !" Away they both darted in the direction of the cry, shouting with all their might in

of the cry, sh answer to it.

But running along a native path, barely a foot broad, through an African forest-as every one who has tried it knows to his as every one who has tried it knows to his cost-is very much like attempting to go at full speed along the bottom of a muddy dich half filled with brambles. Twice Steve fell sprawling on his nose,

Twice Steve fell sprawling on his nose, i tripped up by vince as a tough and supple as telegraph wircs. The straggling boughs which interlaced each other across the path flew back and cut them like borse whips over the face and arms as they ran, while the path itself, soaked by the con-stant min, and trodden into mire by the continual passing and repassing of the kroomen, was so slippery that they might almost as well have been running upon ice.

But the thought that Harry was in dan-ger roused Steve to extraordinary efforts, and made him for the time being a match even for the tircless muscles of the young savage in front of him. And now the trees began to grow thinner on either side, and the tawny sand showed itself through a narrow gap in the great wall of dark green leaves; and soon they eme burging through it to the one heach

came bursting through it to the open beach beyond, torn, bleeding, gasping for breath, but providentially not far from the spot ere poor Harry was still struggling in

where poor Harry was still struggling in his living grave. Steve Holcombe, who had seen quick-sands before, knew what was wrong in an instant, and happily the same glance that showed him his cousin's peril showed him also a way of helping him. A few yards of lay a broad, thin piece of planking, washed ashore from the wreck. Steve seized it, and whirled rather than drazged it down the beach till he came close to where Harry stood.

But luckily the violent effort with which But luckily the violent effort with which Harry had flung himself forward had slightly loosened the sand around him, and his kneas being still free, he struggled with all his might to loosen it yet more. Steve and Cariboo fslt that the deadly pressure was slowly yielding, and put forth their whole strength in one final pull. "Hurrah here he comes " Harrah there he comes "

Here he came, sure enough, with a jerk which threw them both on their backs. But which threw them both on their backs. But so terrific was the strain that Harry's stout shoes, tightly laced though they were, were torn right off his feet, and instantly swal-lowed forever by the fatal slough from which he had so narrowly escaped. For a few moments no one spoke a word. Then Steve said, drawing a long

breath :

"Say, ain't it a mercy Cariboo and I turned back when we did? We were head-ing right into the forest when I happened shout, then - ugh !" "Let's go back," said Harry, with a shud-

der; "I've had quite enough of it for one day. Don't you feel as if this whole place

alternately rising on the crests and dipping between the long oily looking swells that were rolling in upon the beach, and break-ing on the sand at the feet of the three

It certainly did appear to be a raft, or at the fashion of one; but what the upright object on it could be they were quite at a loss to make out

loss to make out. Suddenly Cariboo broke forth with one of his shrill, impish langhs. "Dat ting no man at all, Massa Harry ; him nothing but—what white man call dat

him horting but, what white man call that needle who point same way all time?" "Compass?" cried both boys at once. "Dat so: him econyass!" And Cariboo burst into another lovd laugh, which was lustily echoed by his two companions as another glance showed them that he are wight

ERY.

L^o which the com-pass stood had evi-dently been to rn away by the burst-ing up of the decks as the water poured in below, and were now drifting ashore with the tide which with the tide which being at the full, stranded this curious waif a few minutes later close

have another to verify it by. Let's see whether this one's got hart at all. Hallo !"

"What's up?" asked Steve Holcombe, stepping for-

ward and glancing hastily at the compass. But Harry was already rumuaging his pockets for the first draft of his father's chart of the scene of the wreck (given to

pockets for the first draft of his father's chart of the scene of the wreck (given to him at his own special request after the fair copy had been completed), and, glancing hastily over it, he called out, "I say, Steve, it's a good job this thing did come ashore, for the Dutchman's com-pass must be stark wad; this one points quite different from what if did." His consin looked from the compass to the chart, and from the chart back again to the compass. Then he gave a sudden start, and cried, eagerly, "Say ! s'pose it was the *ship's* compass that was wrong instead of the Dutch-man's?" "The ship's compass?" echoed Harry. "Hurrah! then they can't be down upon father for losing the ship, for of course he'd got to follow his counsas. I remember now hearing some of the officers say that they wondered how a careful man fike father came to be ont of his counse. Now it's all as plain as print. I'm jolly glad that 1 did got in the follow his course. as plain as print. I'm jolly glad that I did get into that old quicksand, for if I hadn't get into that old quicksand, for it 1 much we'd never have seen the compass at all. Three cheers for father ! Hip, hip, hurtha !" And up went Harry's cap into the air like a rocket, with a shout that made the woods

"We must let Uncle Edward know at once," said practical Steve. "I'll run back and tell him, and bring him here right away." "And I'll go along with you," cried

Harry. "But you can't run through the bush

. 1

was just waiting to swallow you down ?" "You bet I do," growled Steve, "and the sooner wer off, the better." But just as they turned to depart, Cari-boo happened to cast a glance seaward. He stopped short at once, looked fixedly in that direction, and then, pointing his stumpy black forefinger towards the wreck, asked, eagerly,

isked, eagerly, "Look, see, Massa Harry-what that onder?" 3

Steve and Harry turned round, and, looking where he pointed, opened their eyes to the very widest in a wondering stare, as

the very widest in a wondering stare, as well they might. "What on earth is that thing? It looks like a man standing on a raft," said Harry. "That's so; but if it's a man, I guess he must be a tolerably thin one!" "And a tolerably short one, too. He can't be standing, surely; he must be sit-ting down?

Chilt be statisting, succept to make be made ting down." "Looks like it. But what on earth can he have got on that glitters so? See, there it goes again ! a regular flash, just like a soldier's helmet!" "It earth he come of that Spanish gold

"It can't be some of that Spanish gold drifting ashore?" suggested Harry, excitedly shaking

"Not likely," answered Steve, his head. "Either it would be in the chest and then it couldn't glitter like that, or else, if it's got capsized out of the chest, it would go to the bottom. No, it isn't that, I guess

-I only wish it were !" Then came a panse, while all three stood watching in silence as the mysterious object approached.

Nearer and nearer to the shore it came,



IT SEEMED DOUBTFUL WHETHER STEVE AND CARIBOO COULD DRAG HARRY OUT OF THE QUICKSAND.

"Throw yourself forward!" should be as he pushed the plank over the edge of the quicksand, knowing that its broad flat shape would make it less liable to sink than

an object of any other form. Quicksands, like other soils, are of various kinds. Some will engulf a man in a few minutes, while in others more than an hour may pass before he has quite disappeared. By good fortune Harry's mishap had oc-

may pass before ne has quite disappeared. By good fortune Harry's mishap had oc-curred in what an Irishman would have called "a slow quicksand," and being not knee deep, he was still able to throw him-self forward as directed. "Catch hold !" cried Stove, stepping more the picks and wirishing the process

upon the plank, and unwinding the coarse native cloth which he wore round his waist like a sash. He slung one end of it to his cousin, who clutched it with the grasp of a

drawning man. "Now, Cariboo!" should Steve, "come on here! Tale a good grip, Harry. Are you ready? Now then, pull!"

CHAPTER XI.

A WALF FROM THE WRECK.

T was a tremendous tuc, and for a few moments it seemed only too probable that the brave boys, instead of saving their comrade, would be dragged in to perish along with him. Steve clinched his teeth in desperation as he felt the plank on which they stood sink-ing into the treacherous surface; but he never relaxed his hold for an instant. "I'm bound to fish him out, somehow," muttered he savaget "or else on down

muttered he, savagely, "or else go down along with him."

laugh, which was companions as another glance showed e..... that he was right. " Well," cried Harry. "I've heard people talk of navigation by the compass, but this is the first time I ever saw a compass start off to navigate by itself!" " I guess it felt kind of lonely on the wreck," added Steve. " and concluded to come ashore and see what was going on. It must have been clever, though, to fix up that raft all by itself."

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CHAPTER XII A STARTLING DISCOV-

H E three or four planks on which the com-



without your shoes, you know; and besides, we must leave one man here to stand sentry over the compass, and see that the

"Well, then, I'll tell you what—we'll send Cariboo to call father, and we'll stay won't be quite so game to try on any of their thieving when they see two white even on word."

their thieving when they see two while men on gurad." "I goess it's no good giving Cariboo a message, though," objected Steve; "he'd get it so mixed that it would take uncle all day to sort it ont. 'I'll just write him a note, and we'll both sign it."

So saying, he tore a leaf from his pocket book and hastily penciled on it:

"Come at once and bring the major. We've found something that'll help you." STEVE.""HARRY."

"Cariboo," said Harry, giving him the paper, "you go find massa captain, you give him this book, come back here quick -you sabbee?" The Kroo boy answered with a knowing

nod and darted away along the beach, leav-ing Harry and his cousin standing beside

down all the nggers upon us tull gallop. 1 want to put on the extinguisher." As he spoke he spread his sash over the compass stand in such a way that from a distance it would seem to be nothing more than a cloth hung out to dry upon a handy bit of timber. That done, he two boys sat bit of timber. That done, the two boys sat down to wait with what patience they might for Cariboo's return.

To find oneself all alone upon one of the most barbarous coasts of Africa, with swarms of thievish and bloodthirsty savages swarms of thievish and bloodthirsty savages close at hand, is (as I know by experience) anything but a pleasant situation. But when to this is added the necessity of stand-ing guard over something, the first glimpse of which would bring down these ruffians by scores to plunder and to kill, the duty becomes one which few men would be par-ticularly arxions to undertake. So thought our two hercos, as they

So thought our two heroes, as they watched Cariboo's lessening figure disappear at length round a bend of the shore, and remembered how long a time must pass be-feare he avails at ime

remembered how long a time must pass be-fore he could return. Brave as both were, they could hardly be expected to feel quite comfortable at the thought of baving to remain for an indefinite time, utterly unarmed, on a spot where they might at any moment be pounced upon by a horde of human wolves to whom mercy

Many an anxious glance did they cast at the bend round which Cariboo had vanished, to watch for the coming of their friends, and then at the wooded point that hid Kroo Town, to see if there were any sign of their enemies

Suddenly a gaunt black figure came slouching forth trom behind the point-

"The niggers are coming," muttered Holcombe.__"Let's stand right before the compass, Harry-they mush't see it at any price

price!" "I don't care if they do," growled Harry, clinching his teeth ; "this thing may save father from being ruined, and if they want to take it, they've got to kill me first." "And me, too," added Stere. The savages had evidently seen them and appeared to be coming right toward then; but although both boys felt their hearts beat quicker at the prospect of so unequal a combat they never flinched one whit.

beat quicker at the prospect of so unequal a combat, they never finched one whit. All at once, however, the hideous gaug stopped short, seemed to exchange a few words among themselves, and then vanished into the thickets, while our hercose saw ap-proaching from the opposite side Captain Peters and Cariboo, followed closely by Major Vere and the Lakoja's second officer, Mr. Garnet.

Major vere and the Lakoja second view. "You've done me a very great service, my boys," said the captain, when he had heard the story and examined the deviation of the compase. "This deviation is what did the mischief, beyond all doubt; and with such a bit of evidence as that. I with such a bit of evidence as that. I with such a bit of evidence as that, I shouldn't wonder if I get clear off, after all. But it's queer that this compass, which is one of the best I've ever had, should play such a trick all of a sudden; it looks to me

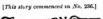
such a trick all of a statute, it room here!" "Foul play?" echoed Mr. Garnet, with a flerce gleam in his stern gray eyes. "Foul play?" repeated the major, look-ing grave. "What makes you think so,

ing grave. captain ?"

The captain—who was examining the compass and its stand with the greatest at-tention—made no answer; but all at once he gave a start, and drew in his breath quickly as if in pain. "I thought as much," he said. "Look here !"

here And he drew from one of the grooves of the stand (into which it had been slipped so dexterously as to be hardly noticeable) a narrow piece of iron.

(To be continued.) +++



IN SOUTHERN SEAS; 95 By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

WUN LUNG'S JUNK.

TACK climbed on board of the junk, and G ACK climbed on board of the junk, and assisted Miss Jennie and Lavu to do the same. It was a vessel of some eight hundred tons burthen. The stern had an awkward rise of about thirty feet, while the bow, which was proportiontely high and as bluff as that of a Dutch galliot, was without a bowsprit, but orna-mented by an immense eye painted on either side of the curved stem.

But there was no time to notice any fur-ther peculiarities of the unwieldy looking craft. The owner of the straw hat, who was a tall lathy looking man with a keen smooth shaven face, good natured twinkling blue eyes, and iron gray chin whiskers, re-moved his head covering with a flourish, and bowed very low in honor of the two girls

"My name is Smith — Alcidorus C. Smith," he said with great politeness and an admiring glance equally divided be-tween the dark skinned Lavu's pretty face and the bright features of Miss Jennie, whose eyes were shining with excited in-terest.

"Mine is Jack Esbon, at your service, responded Jack, after which he introduced the girls in due form, and hastily explained how Miss Jennie and himself happened to

be there. "Sho!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, who had evidently retained his New England vernacular, notwithstanding the fact that for thirty years he had never been within a hundred miles of his native State of Connecticut.

necticut. "Why, I knowed Cap'n Darling, your pa, well, miss," he went on, leading the way to the high quarter, whore a sort of temporary awning had been rigged: "for the first voyage he commanded the old Northanny-ton, Cap'n Darling took me and a little combination company as passengers out to Calcutta."

A China boy brought stools, and in a state of great inward astonishment the lit-tle party of three seated themselves, con-scious of inquiring glauces from some ferty or fifty Chinese and cooly sailors scattered about the decks.

Mr. Smith's explanation of his own pres-ence on board a Chinese junk was brief and to the point. He himself was one of those restless roving New Englanders who with restiess roving New Englanders who with an eye to speculation drift to every part of the civilized globe. "Combination com-panies," embracing small shows from a pantomime to a minstrel troupe, were Mr. Smith's hobby, and as manager of one of the latter he had come to financial grief in Singapore, whither he had ventured experi-mentally with half a dozen others.

mentally with half a dozen others. Thence he had drifted to the island of Formosa, where he fell in with an old ac-quaintance, Wun Lung, an Americanized Chinaman, who owned the junk. To the latter, Mr. Smith had made a brilliant proposition, which was in effect, to take the junk across to Sam Francisco and there place her on exhibition as the genuine and only Chinese innk that had ever crossed had be not be an order of the second as the genuine and only Chinese jank that had ever crossed he North Pacific. A junk had once (in 1847) rounded the the

Cape of Good Hope and reached Boston with a similar object in view, and the pres-ent voyage would be shorter as well as less dangerous

dangerous. "But things have gone wrong from the start out," said Mr. Smith rather modelly, as he began nervously chewing a bamboo sliver. "Foo, the Chunese sailn' master, r muddled himself smoking opium before we was four days out, and walked overboard in the night. First officer Chung don't know a quadrant from a chart box. Sec-ond one is smart enough in his way, but her

don't know navigation any mor'n I do. don't know havigation any morn 1 do. Wun Lung is supersitions and thinks if we put back to Formosa after once starting, we're gone up. And what we're goin' to do," concluded Mr. Smith, sighing heavily, "beats me out and out."

"How much'll you take?" tersely broke

"How much'll you take?" tersely broke in Mr. Smith, whose sharp features lit up with sudden hope. "Two hundred dollars and a passage for Miss Darling," returned Jack after a mo-mentary hesitation. "Wun Lung and his wife is eatin' break-fast below. I'll see what he says!" ani-matedly exclaimed Mr. Smith, and in an-other moment he had disappeared in the passage way leading into the cabin. "Oh, Jack, do you really think you could?" whispered Miss Jennie. "Uncle Horace, father's brother, lives in San Fran-cisco, and if we could get there..."" "But poor Lavu-what she do?" cried the young native girl, who had imperfectly followed the conversation. For once Jack was impolite enough to ignore her inter-

was impolite enough to ignore her inter-

"I don't see why I can't get the old tub across, Jennie," he replied, speaking in a low tone. "There are plenty of men to work her, and all I should have to do would be to attend to the navigating part, which, thanks to what I learned on board the Kerr, I think I can do if what's his name-Wun Lung-will only do the interpreter part of the business."

Further conversation was prevented by the return of Alcidorus C. Smith with a

beaming face. "Mr. Lung says it's a barg'in," he re-marked, without further preamble, and after a short conversation it was arranged that Jack, with Miss Jennie, should come on board early the following morning, after which the three took their depart-Laying the canoe near the reef, enough

Laying the canoe near the reet, enough pompons and multe were caught to show that they had been fishing. While this was being done, Jennie gently explained to poor Lavu, who was very sad and tearful, the necessity of seizing upon this very un-expected opportunity of returning to her native land, where she might hope to have news of her father.

news of her father. "Even if we could get to Batavia, as I first thought of doing, Lavu," said Jack, taking up the theme, "neither Jennie nor I have a dollar of money, so if Captain Darling was not there what should we doi

"Come back to Banap - 'course you

"Come Dack to Banap – course you would," was the simple reply. But at last Lavu, if not convinced, was silenced, and sorrowfully promised to do all in her power to help her two friends off

off. And so when they had caught a reason-able supply of fish, the cance with its oc-cupants was paddled back to the village. There was little sleep for three persons in Banap that night—I almost said four. For the captain had become very fond of the manly young fellow who had brought with him a breath of the world outside, from which the former had so long been separated separated. Yet he was too generous to throw

any hindrance in the way of his leaving, and as the first ruddy beams of morning began to break, a rather sorrowful group stood to-

gether on the shore. Not another soul in the village was awake, so their adieux were made without interruption. Lavu's dark eyes were full of tears as she

Lavin's dark eyes were thin of tears as such threw her arms about Jennie, who herself was scarcely less affected, while the captain cleared his throat several times when he wrung Jack's hand for the last time.

wrung Jack's hand for the last time. Both Jennie and Jack had resumed the apparel which they wore when they left the Kerr, and each had been provided with a small bundle of additional clothing fur-nished them by the kindness of their two triande

nished them by the kindness of their two friends. And as Jack pushed off his own eyes feit rather misty when he saw the captain and Lavu walking slowly up from the shore hand in hand, neither seeming willing to look behind for a final glance at the two who were leaving them. Half an hour later Jack stood on the

junk, while Miss Jennie in the cabin was taken possession of by Mrs. Wun Lung, who appeared to be a buxom young woman of Irish extraction.

of frish extraction. "I was only a hired help in ould Flood's family, my dear," frankly explained Mrs. Wun, who was rosy, good natured, and good looking; "an' now, I'm Mrs. Wrn Lung, wife of the Formosy tay merchant; and for all Wun is a Chinyman, I wouldn't and for all Wun is a Chinyman, I wouldn't swap him for any Amirican I've seen."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OW it came about that the second mate of the junk was a young Japa-nese who had mate of the junk was a young Japa-nesse who had been educated in America, so that Jack had no need to depend upon Mr. Wun's services as an interpreter.

So in a very short time the anchor was hove up, and the unwieldy looking craft was warped through the opening in the reef through which the proa had made her entry and exit; and then the big lattice work sail forward and the smaller ones aft

work sail forward and the similar to be a set of the tiller, were hoisted to place, Two Mongolians attended to the tiller, which was worked by a tackle in anything like heavy weather. Jack, who at first regarded the whole

thing as something in the nature of a fan-tastic absurdity, walked to and fro on the quarter with as much dignity as he could gummon on such short notice, while the summon on such short notice, while the Funki—so the junk was named—headed toward the rising sun, began an ocean journey, which an average sailing vessel would complete in from thirty five to forty five days.

The days. She was well found in water and provi-sions, was seaworthy, and had further been improved by the addition of a wooden keel, which, with the two immense lee boards used in beating against the wind, kept her from making an extraordinary amount of lee ay.

There was an American quadrant, a chronometer, and an excellent pair of bin-oculars on board, but the chart and compass were both marked in Chinese characpass were both marked in Chinese charac-ters, and here the services of Shamsu, the young Japanese officer, were called into requisition, while Howki, the saturnine leather visaged first officer, confined him-self to the more practical duties of ordering the sailors here and there. It was not until noon that

seri to the more practical duties of order-ing the salidors here and there. It was not until noon that as Banap is-hand began to grow dim in the distance, Jack went below, partly for a look at his own quarters and partly to see how Jennie was getting on with her new acquaintances. He found her sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Wun Lung in quite a spacious cabin, carpcted with coir matting, and furnished with stationary bamboo chairs and a lounge. At one cad was an elaborately carved shrine containing an ugly bronze idol, before which some incense together with several strips of red paper was slowly consuming in a brazier. A mirror and some Chinese inscriptions adorned the walls, which were of light pol-ished wood, while on either hand were the

ished wood, while on either hand were the Ished wood, while on either hand were the several staterooms, in one of which Mr. Smith, already very sea sick, was heard groaning in a most dismal manner, Miss Jennie greeted Jack as "Captain Esbon" with a mischevons smile, and at once presented him to Mr. and Mrs. Wun Lung who received him with hearty cor.

Lung, who received him with hearty cordiality.

"It's young you are for a captain, Mr. Esbon," laughed blooming Mrs. Wun as at the title the color flew into Jack's check; "but by what I've been hearin' of yon from Miss Jennie, here, I've never a doubt you'll bring us acrost to Frisco safe and

Neither apparently had Mr. Wun Lung, who were a neat services rule of fashion-able cut, and had his stiff black hair cropped close to his head. For, though evidently in the first stages of xnawed one nichtoner, he nulled his

For, though evidently in the first stages of renewed sea sickness, he pulled his small ivory moustache, and gave a ghastly smile as he murmured : "Cap'n allee right—let him 'lone." Leaving Miss Jennie sewing industriously on cortain fabrics with which she seemed to have been furnished by kindly Mrs. Wun, Jack was directed to his own state-room by the cooly steward. The effects of the defunct Chnness sailing master con-tained several articles which Jack saw

Having surveyed his surroundings, Jack had a long look at the chart kept continu-ally spread out on a small table in one corner of the room, and then went on deck again, where with the assistance of Shamsu as interpreter, he succeeded in dividing the watches in a more systematic manner than is generally in vogue on board a

than is generally in vogue on ooard a Chinese junk. It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that such a thing as sailorizing, as understood in our own merchant service, is unknown on board Chinese vessels.

on board Chinese vessels. When a rope parted or chafed off it was of course spliced or renewed, and twice during the voyage by Jack's orders the simple lanyarid system connected with the rigging was "set up" or tightened. For the rest, the two watches alternately lounged about decks or slept in their narrow quarters nearly amidships, between which were lashed three immense wooden tanks containing water. All were orderly enough, and fairly good sailors, excepting in a sudden squall or heavy blow, when they were very apt to lose their heads -half of them taking every chance to skulk below at suppl times below at such times

In the bad weather which they encoun-In the bad weather which they encoun-tered several times during the voyage, an immense drag, shaped something like a basket of bamboo and wicker, was made fast to a stout coir hawser and thrown over the weather bow; and by this means the head of the unwieldy craft was kept to the wind

Oil bags were let over the stern at the same time to break the force of the sea, same time to break the force of the sea, and fire crackers exploded before a wooden divinity between decks supposed to typify the god of storms, while a couple of brazen gongs were furiously beaten. Many interesting incidents in connection

with this singular voyage I find written down in Jack's journal, but I have not space in which to record them. With the usual alternations of fair wind

and foul, light breezes and calm, sudden squalls and violent thunder tempests, the Funki wallowed her way across the North Pacific, and as Jack began looking forward to being once more in his native land, his

to being once more heart sank strangely. For once more he strongly felt that he relatives or friends, with the exception of Miss Jennie-for whether Captain Darling was living or not had become in his own mind a matter of considerable doubt. He did not like the sea well enough to

adopt it as profession; and unless Miss Jennie's uncle could in some way help him to some honest employment -a stranger in a strange land -Jack felt that when his two hundred dollars was gone he should be again adrift. Mr. Smith's schemes were f vr too vision-

ary for Jack to place much confidence in them, else he would have listened to more than one hint given him by that gentleman relative to joining issues in the matter of the junk exhibition.

I'd agree to give you a fair percentage on the profits to star about and kind of explain the seafarin' part to visitors," Alci-dorus had remarked a few days before ar-rival, but Jack shook his head.

"It's too much like the dime museum business, Mr. Smith," he replied good na-turedly, to the former's secret indignation.

Vaguely Jack remembered having read in reference to the Chinese junk which, as I mentioned, visited America in 1847, that as a pecuniary venture it was not a success. One day he intimated as much to Mr. Smith.

"That was in Boston—the Funki is goin" to San Francisco, "returned Mr. Smith, with an emphasis on the name of the latter city which made makers in its interval which spoke volumes in its favor as a curi-osity loving community, so Jack said no mor

Seventy two days from Banap island, th headlands of the Golden Gate were sighted. shortly afterward a pilot taken on d-the most astonished pilast for a and board-the most astonished pilast for a time on the Pacific coast. "After this, I'll believe anything," he

"After this, T1 believe anything," he muttered, glancing from Jack himself, who, binocular in hand, stood coolly surveying the distant shores, to the uncouth propor-tions and clumsy rig of the junk herself. Then he stared at pretty Jenny, who, thanks to her own ingenuity, had with Mrs. Wun's assistance during the voyage suc-ceeded in appareling herself in such a way as to at least be presentable on arrival. From Miss Jennie he turned his attention to the contrast between Mr. Wun Lunc. to the contrast between Mr. Wun Lung silent, sallow and thin, to Mrs. Wun, talk-

ative, rosy and plump. And lastly, at the shrewd, eager features of Alcidorus C. Smith, who had already an-nounced the mission of the junk Funki.

"A Noah's ark with a reg'lar m'nagerie aboard," mused Mr. Pilot, and under his breath he hummed these pathetic and touching words:

"Oh, he drove in the animals two by two-The humble bee and the kangaroo; But the ark she would have surely sunk If she'd been built like a Chinese junk."

CHAPTER XXXIX JACK ESBON IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE advent of the Funki created even more of a *furore* than Alcidorus C. Smith had anticipated.

A berth at one of the principal wharve was engaged for the grotesque craft, and as soon as everything was ready on board, the public were admitted on the payment

of half a dollar each. But before the Funki was thus thrown open to public inspection, Wun Lung and his wife departed for their very comfort-able residence in Chinatown, after the former had obtained the address of Jennie's uncle and dispatched her thither in a carriage

"Remember, Jack, you are to call to-morrow," said Jennie, slipping a card on which the address was written into his hand, as she said good by to him for a short time. There was no need for profuse words on her own part, expressive of her gratitude. Indeed, no words could properly convey the feelings of the young girl toward her preserver and protector. And Jack understood her silence in this

respect perfectly. "I have done only what any right minded fellow ought to," he told himself simply as the carriage drove off.

And then, having received his pay from Mr. Wun Lung by the hands of Mr. Smith, his agent, who in the fullness of his own heart added twenty five dollars to the sum agreed upon, Jack took himself up town.

The services of a hair dresser and a tailor effected a marked change in Jack's external appearance, and having made a few other necessary purchases, including a traveling bag, Jack sought out an inexpensive hotel, where, having dined, he at once betook

where, having unea, he at once betook himself to the reading room. He had not seen a newspaper for months. Everything he read was new and strange. Political changes, terrible epidemics in foreign countries, the awful volcanic destruction in the island of Java, of which the fearful sights he himself had seen were but a small part, disasters by sea and land -all this and much more to the same effect, he gathered from some back numbers of the dailies furnished him at the periodical stand

Then Jack's heart gave a sudden thump, as he read the following paragraph in a paper of later date.

Then Jack's heart gave a sudden thump, as he read the following paragraph in a paper of later date. "It will be remembered by our readers that the solution of the same board barrow in the Java sea a few weeks since. A pas-senger who escaped in the same board will the mutineers was transferred by them to the bark Bangkok for this port, and from him our reporter obtain the parairculars then given state the probable fate of the captain. Its communication has been received by Mr. Horace Darling, of this city, from Mapleton. Darling, the size of the captain his daughter, the first and second mate, who were presumed to have got away in another boat. A communication has been received by Mr. Horace Darling, of this city, from Mapleton. Darling, this solut just arrived per steamer istria, from London, which we are allowed to make public. As Mr. Yandyke conjectured, the four persons mentioned as occupants of the cabin escaped in the stern boat. They will was taken in tow by the proa got adrlft, leaving Miss Darling and the second mate in the native vessel. Captain Darling, with the first officer and a third person-a Lascar, who is some will our read to second mate in the active vessel. Captain Darling, with the first officer of the Ladrone than the boat the board. Captain Darling received allo medical board as succeed by one of the Peninsular and Orientel mail steamers, home bound from Hong Kong, and its occupants taken on board. Captain Darling received allo medical treatment, but until arrival in London was in mate had bin transferred to the latin Darling, with the first officer of the lating received allo medical treatment, but until arrival in London was in mate had bin fransferred to the latin Darling though very weak, is rapidly convalescing, and be exprised to use a from Jenne be not hoard. Captain Darling received allo medical treatment, but until arrival in London was in ma

anxiety would be taken from Jennie's mind when she learned of her father's safety. Greatly relieved himself, he devoted the

remainder of the day to rest and a further perusal of the city papers.

That the ubiquitous reporter had been

interviewing Mr. Alcidorus C. Smith on board the Chinese junk was evident from a couple of short paragraphs in the evening edition of the Herald

edition of the Herald. "Miss Darling, daughter of Captain Darling, of the lost ship J. O. Kerr, before mentioned in these columns, Mr. Wun Lung (owner of dorus C. Smith, Mr. Wun's agent, were fellow passengers in the Chinese junk Funki, which is duly visited by hundreds. We hope soon to publish a detailed account of Miss Darling's strange and romanite experience upon Banap group, together with her rescue therefrom by Captain Jack Esbon, who brought the junk safely to our shores." "Perhaps the youngest commander in this port is Captain Jack Esbon, now stopping temporarily at the De Witt Hole, in Mont-groups Street. The full particulate selend-ing to Captain Esbon's elevation to the com-mand of a Chinese junk, together with a narration of his adventures since leaving his he laid before the puble, as soon as he can be properly fuller use the substances on a he can be properly half under a selevation as he can be properly half under, as the fully as the public as the substances of the

As Jack, half laughing, half frowning, at this very apparent result of Mr. Alcidorus C. Smith's volubility, laid aside his paper, C. Smith's volucity, has as been yet as soberly dressed man, who singling Jack out as though by a sort of intuition from the dozen or more occupants of the room, approached him with a respectful box. "Is this Captain Jack Esbon?" he asked howing respectful by.

"Is this captain Jick Esbon' is a sked, bowing respectfully. "It is Jack Esbon without the 'cap-tain'," bluntly replied Jack, wondering within himself if the smooth shaven low voiced personage before him could be a

voiced personage before him could be a newspaper reporter. "I am Simpson-walet to Mr. Matthews the banker," he said in a smooth even voice. "He learned tonight of your ar-rival in town, and being too ill to write has sent me with a carriage to bring you to bim at once." him at once

"But I don't know Mr. Matthews-I am a stranger in the city !" exclaimed Jack,

in great astonishment. "Very good, sir," was the imperturbable reply ; "but Mr. Matthews knows you, "very government," Matthews knows you, and is very anxious to see you before he di-that is," said Simpson, checking him-self, "the is very anxious to see you im-

Matthews ! Jack racked his brain to remember whether he had ever known any one of that name in earlier days, but all in vain Perhaps it was some sort of trick to Vani, Fernaps it was some sort of the to lure him to some seeluded spot with rob-bery in view. But no. "Simpson, how is Mr. Matthews to-night?" asked a portly red faced man with

a diamond solitaire in his shirt front the size of a hazel nut.

size of a hazel nut. "No better, sir," answered Simpson, shaking his head. "Doctor Wheaton thinks the chances are against his re-covery," he added in a dry unemotional

thinks the chances are against covery." he added in a dry unemotional voice, as the questioner grunted and pro-ceeded to light an expensive eigar. "That sounds straight enough," thought Jack, "and I suppose the only way to solve the mystery will be to go with this secretive looking Simpson. Very well," he added alond, addressing the valet, who was standing hat in hand awaiting Jack's deci-sion, "I'm all ready." Simpson led the way to the door, where a carriage with a coachman on the box was in waiting.

John," said Simpson "Drive on, John," said Simpson, briefly, as, entering after Jack, he pulled to the door, and subsided into silence.

to the door, and subsided into silence. In vain Jack questioned him. The man evidently knew nothing excepting his er-rand. That Mr. Matthews was a wealthy banker, without wife or family, occupying a suite of rooms at the Palace Hotel, and that he was dangerously ill with some complicated heart disorder was the only information Jack elicited.

formation Jack elicited. A few moments later the carriage was stopped before a private entrance to the manmoth hostelry, and having alighted, Simpson led the way through the magnifi-

Simpson led the way through the magnin-cent hall and up one flight. Softly opening a door near the head of the stairs, Simpson motioned Jack to enter. The room was large and furnished in the most luxurious manner. The soft-ened light from massive chandeliers fell upon valuable paintings and choice statuary. Everything showed the presence of wealth and a cultivated taste. Indicating by a gesture that Jack was to

sit down, Simpson passed through the heavy curtains of a portiere leading to an inner apartment. A subdued murmur of voices was heard, and in another moment the valet reentered, followed by a grave looking elderly man, who bowed with a somewhat deferential air. "Captain Esbon," he said in a loud tone,

as the valet discreetly withdrew, "I think as the valet discretly withdrew, "I think best to say that my patient, Mr. Matthews, is aware that he has only a short time in which to ere-close up his worldly affairs. A lawyer has just left him, and now, while his mind seems perfectly clear, I think you had better see him and listen to what he has to say. Try to avoid anything like ex-

citement or emotion as far as possible." In a state of extreme mental bewilder-ment Jack followed the physician into the adjoining apartment, which was furnished even more sumptuously than the one he had left.

"Very well, doctor ; I'll remember-now leave us," Jack heard the occupant of the richly carved bedstead say in answer to cer-tain whispered words of caution from the physician, who, having administered a powerful stimulant, quietly obeyed. "It is he," muttered the sick man, adding,

in a stronger voice : "Come here, Jack." What! The voice, though somewhat weak, was but too familiar to his ear. Was he dreaming ? Trembling with an emotion which he

softly to the bed side. "Do you know me, Jack?" asked the sick

man, bending his deep, suspicious eyes

sible?

(To be continued.)

AN AMATEUR FIRE COMPANY.

A COMMENDABLE combination of work with play has been effected by a company of New York boys, a description of whose enterprise in organizing a fire company was recently printed in the World.

Little Hook and Ladder Company No. 12, as it is called, came into existence several months ago, principally through the efforts of twins, John and Henry Meyerricke, who so nearly resemble each other that is frequently puzzles even their friends to detect "t'other from which." These boys were born in Ger-many. Their father is a professor of chem-istry and they are under his tuition in the same line.

many. I their indice is a professor of enem-istream they are under his tuition in the Although not yet eighteen years old, they are clever in handling chemicals and likewise are first rate mechanics. Residing next door to Engine Company 12, they took a funcy to make miniature apparatus for extinguishing fires. They reprodued on a small scale the extension and scaling ladders used at Hook and Ladder No. 1, in Chambers Street. Then they manufactured implements and tools finally they tuckied the Bonner stand dipe and succeeded in producing a perfect one in minimizer.

and subceeced in producing a perfect one in Bechind Kngine Company 12 there is a va-cant lot, and there the lads erected a sheq, where they placed their engines and imple-ments, helmets, etc., and began to organize a corps. They made themselves chiefs of the department and battalion, none of the mem-bers of which was over seventeen years of

bers of which was store shought their knowl-are the second star and the shought their knowl-are of chemistry into play by making an open alarm box worked by electricity. They placed it as remote as possible from their engine house, with wires, answering going, etc., attached. Then came the period of acting

engine house, with wires, answering going, etc., attached. Then came the period of drills. The chiefs inaugurated a system by which they placed their men on a war footing. They eight to twelve feel than any propert with p-fammable material. This when fired, made a pretty big blaze; the alarm was sounded and away went Little Hook and Ladder Com-pany No. 12 to the scene. A. reporter witnessed the company's be-havior at one of these mock fires. He was agreeably astunished the find its members structure somewhat excessively with oil, and it seemed as though the fames were too much ahead of them. But they extinguished the up a shout of victory that raised an answer-ing echo among their structure on fuer or both the going a should be were well be used and sent up a shout of victory that raised an answer-enting echo among their structure on the both . Cancien Witti was they will develop tho

ng ceno almost area scattered and hole ex-perienced brothers, who encourage the boys in their industry. Captain White says they will develop into good fremen, as they are not fooling, but are zealous aspirants to honor as crack man-ipulators of the hose, hooks and ladders.

COMPULSORY TROUSERS

THE small boys of the United States, to whom the frock of their early years is a sore trial, will probably wish that they had been born in Mexico, in one of the towns of which country the following proclamation was re-

country the following proclamation was re-cently issued: First.-Every male resident of this city is required to wear paralations from and after Second.-Any person within the boundaries of this city, be he resident or not, who is fauld isobeying this requirement will be faible to imprisonment from one to three days, and to a fine of from 50 cents to 3 doi-lars. Measures will be taken for the proper enforcement of the Montrojerg. President of the Municipality of Iturbide.



The subscription price of the AnGosy is \$3.00 per year,

Club rate. -- For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one yea o separate addresses. All mientions for the ARGOSY should be ad-

ressed to the publisher. Subscriptions to the AngOsy can commence at any time, a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial tory, unless otherwise ordered.

Barbargeptions to use with the baginhing of some series tory, unless obtained and the baginhing of some series tory, unless obtained and the source of the source of the member (whole number) with which not a subscript Hearward, — Thor works, are required after receipt of source of the subscription, and, if he does not renor at particular of the subscription, and, if he does not renor at failed of the subscription, and, if he does not renor of the subscription, and, if he does not renor at failed of the subscription, and, if he does not renor to erdering back number explores cleants for each copy. No rejected Manascript will be retarned numes atange accompany if for num providers. FLANK A. AUX PRAIMERS TRANSPORT

ONE MORE VICTIM.

THE statements which have been made in the ARGOSY with reference to the poisonous nature of cigarettes were vividly illustrated by the recent death of a Brooklyn medical student, the son of the late President Arthur's law partner.

He was found lying lifeless in bed, and the doctor who conducted the autopsy declared that his death was mainly due to cigarette poisoning. He was affected with the disease known to physicians as "tobacco heart." Some of our readers may wonder how tobacco heart could be caused by cigarette smoking; but of the serious character of the disease there is no doubt. The nicotine contained in the weed causes the action of the heart to be come weak and irregular, and produces a general depression of the circulatory system. If the use of the narcotic is continued, this re sults sooner or later in severe and even fatal prostration.

WHAT TEMPER CAN DO

THE ill effects of an ungovernable temper have been popularly considered to be social and psychical, rather than physical; to be the cause of unhappy relations with one's fellow men and of remorseful memory to oneself. It now appears, however, that unbridled indulgence in fits of anger after a time affects the voice, just as a habitual scowl or frown becomes at last indelibly imprinted on the fea-

A famous opera singer, who some ten years ago entranced all hearers by the magic of her song, is now reported to have almost totally lost her voice, owing to the temper which has not only deprived her of nature's lavish gift but driven from her side a devoted husband.

What a sad commentary on the power of "little sins," which, like neglected weeds, speedily grow powerful enough to crush out all else of use and beauty in the garden !

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

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

SOMEBODY has said that the public dearly loves to be humbugged. The same publiccomposed of both men and women-is ever on the alert for "bargains," and there are plenty of people willing to pay ten cents in car fare to reach a store where they can save five cents on the cost of some article of dress or furniture

It was on this tendency of man that the street vendor doubtless reckoned, whose unscrupulous bid for custom was recently exposed in a daily paper. He had a little ped-dler's wagon full of books, marked ten cents each, which nobody bought. He became disgusted at the dullness of trade at last, and, watching his opportunity when no one was looking, replaced the ten cent placard with the following:

e dollar books, slightly damaged by fire, 15 cents. He was soon sold out.

INSECT INVADERS.

ONE of the insects which has long been a pest to the American farmer has just made its appearance in the wheat fields of England. and threatens to bring utter ruin to a crop which high rents and foreign competition already rendered unprofitable to the British agriculturist. The insect in ques-tion-the Hessian Fly-is popularly supposed to have been introduced into this country by observed.

George the Third's Hessian mercenaries, who landed on Staten Island in 1776; but European entomologists assert that it was unknown in their continent till transported there from this country.

The Colorado potato beetle, too, which created much alarm in England ten years ago, is reported to be doing a great deal of damage in Germany. That these destructive little creatures should be carried over the ocean is unfortunate, but by no means unprecedented; and if we have sent to Europe the two mentioned above, the balance is still heavily on the other side, as we have to thank the Old World for the wheat midge, the currant worm, the cabbage worm, and many other unwelcome immigrants.

+++ THE English sparrow, on which the ARGOSY printed a paragraph last week, has been en-gaging the attention of the department of agriculture at Washington. A lengthy report the subject is shortly to be issued. on which will atterly blast whatever remnants of reputation the poor bird still possesses. Farmers and market gardeners in all parts of the country unite in denouncing it, and the only individual who has a word to say in its favor is a man in Albany, New York, who has found that sparrows make an excellent substitute for reed birds, and is doing a flourishing trade in supplying them to hotels and restaurants.

IT might have been supposed that the cow boys of "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Show are not exactly shining lights of temperance. The manager of the combination, however, informs the editor of an English paper that Mr. Cody himself is a total abstainer, and adds : "Our people are abstainers generally, their hazardous work requiring complete self possession at all times. All the great marks-men of the world are abstainers, the use of stimulants being fatal to them professionally."

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

PHOTOGRAPHING THE LIGHTNING. "As quick as lightning " has long been used as a stock comparison for incredible speed, and hence it has generally been considered a rather difficult thing to get ahead of one of these electric flashes. The past summer has been noted for the

freque ncy and severity of its thunder storms, and, as doubtless many of our readers have observed for themselves, the brilliancy of these fireworks of nature has at times been of a most remarkable description. How to obtain a faithful picture of one of

these magnificent sky transformation scenes was the problem that presented itself to the mind of a certain amateur photographer, for it was out of the question to hope that he would be able to uncap his camera quickly enough after first seeing the flash. He finally hit upon the device of placing the instrument at night, uncapped, before an open window. The darkness, of course, would prevent any confusing images arising from the lengthy exposure, and, with the cap in his hand, the philosopher stood ready to clap it on the in-

stant the first flash had passed. The result was a photograph giving a vivid portrayal of the display in the heavens, gether with a beautiful representation of the illuminating effects on the surrounding landscape.

POISON IN THE ICE.

WHILE the purity of drinking water is a subject to the importance of which nearly every one is awake, there are few who concern themselves about the condition of the same element in its solid form—commonly called ice. The coldness of iced water makes it im-possible to taste pollutions which would otherwise be quite apparent ; and this seems to have given rise to the idea that all ice is

As a matter of fact this is far from being the case. The New York State Board of Health recently condemned the ice supply of the city of Syracuse as being dangerous to health ; and contaminated ice has frequently caused outbreaks of dysentery and other diseases. Although in the process of freezing water does lose some of its impurities, enough of them remain to sow deadly disorders

To cool water for drinking, do not put ice into it, but place the vessel which contains the water inside another containing the frozen fluid. This is a rule which should always be

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, Editor of the Philadelphia Press.

Few American journals stand higher than the Press of Philadelphia, whose good reputation, wide spread influence, and financial prosperity entitle it to rank among the great apers of the land. This position it owes to the ability of Charles Emory Smith, with whose personality it is to a great extent identified, and who has in the last eight years built up its fortunes entirely anew.

Mr. Smith was born at Mansfield, Connecticut, in 1842, but seven years later removed with his parents to Albany, New York. Here he was educated in the public schools and at Albany Academy, graduating at the latter in 1959

For the next six months, when he was only sixteen years old, and before he entered col- succeeded another, and still the one thing

lege, he wrote leading articles for the Albany Evening Transcript, a daily naper of good standing. The remarkable development of his talents was further shown by his entering Union College as a junior in the following year.

1861 Mr. In Smith graduated at the Schenectady university. He was appointed to the staff of General Rath bone, and for two years was engaged in the work of recruit-

ing and organizing volun-teers for the war. This post

he exchanged for one in the faculty of his old case, out of a few pieces of cast iron, has school, the Albany Academy, but in 1865 he built a ten horse power engine that is but a school, the Albany Academy, but in 1865 he finally left the scholastic for the journalistic world, becoming editor of the Albany Express.

For five years he remained in charge of the Express, undertaking, in addition, during several months of 1868, the duties of private secretary to Governor Reuben Fenton. Then. in 1870, he was associated with George Dawson in the editorship of the Journal, the leading Republican newspaper in Albany, and became editor when Mr. Dawson retired in 1876. sol

By this time Mr. Smith had gained a prom-inent place among New York journalists and in the politics of the State. In 1874 he was president of the State Press Association, and delivered the annual address at its meeting For six successive years he served as delegate to the Republican State Convention. In 1879 he was selected as temporary and permanent president, and was chairman of the committee on resolutions in each of the other years, excepting 1877, when Roscoe Conkling held that post and Mr. Smith was secretary. He was also a delegate to the national Republican Convention in Cincinnati in 1876, and as New York member of the committee on resolutions a large portion of the platform was drafted by his per

Mr. Smith also took a warm interest in educational matters. In 1871 he was elected a trustee of Union College by his fellow alumni, and in 1879 the State Legislature appointed him a regent of the University of the State of New York.

In March of the latter year he removed to Philadelphia, and took charge of the Press of that city. First established in 1857 by John W. Forney, the well known Pennsylvanian journalist and politician, the paper for a time was successful and influential as a supporter of the moderate Democratic principles of which Stephen A. Douglas was the chief exponent. Then its prosperity declined, and was at a low ebb when the reorganization was effected.

Mr. Smith took up the reins as editor, directing manager, and part proprietor, with what entire success has already been stated. The Press has more than regained its lost ground, and its prosperity has been well deserved. Its course in national politics has been consistent and honorable, and it has done some vigorous and effective work in the cause of local reform. Its editor soon became actively interested

in Pennsylvania politics. In 1881 he was se

SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

lected to open the campaign for his party in that State. At the commencement of the present year, when the first mayor of Philadelphia under the new reformed charter was to be elected, Mr. Smith was chairman of one of the two committees of citizens who were mainly instrumental in the selection.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE. THE triumph of persistent effort was illustrated very forcibly the other day in Connecticut.

For fifteen years an inventor of the name of Case has been at work on a new kind of steam engine. He had the idea, but just how to get it into practical shape, that was the difficulty. Model after model was made, one experiment lacking eluded

Other small inventions were broughtout and served to tide the family through financial straits, but there was always a return to the one great object, over which Mr. Case studied and studied until at last, a few weeks ago, he conceived the improvement. which has crowned his long task with success. The invention

is neither more nor less than a miniature steam engine with the power of a much lar ger one. Mr.

foot and a half long and eight inches wide It has been thoroughly tested, and unmistakably accomplishes all that is claimed for it.

A stock company, named after the inventor. has been formed, of which Mr. Case gets \$75,000 worth of shares, besides the \$50,000 he receives in cash outright for his patents

> DON'T GIVE IN. BY SOMERVILLE GIBNEY. BY SOMERVILLE GINERT. Bors, when troubles crowd about you (You'l) find pienty in this life.) And when fortune seems to flout you, And you're weary with the strifs: Then's the time to show your metal, Keep your heads up; don't give in; Face the trouble, grasp the nettle. And determine you will win. What's the good of turning craven? That will never gain the fight. That will bring you to no bayen Of success and calm delight. No, boys, no, be up and doing. Put your shoulders to the task. Fortune's shy, and needs pursuing If within her smile you'd bask.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS. TRIFLES make perfection, but perfection is no

OUR actions must clothe us with an immortality. oathsome or glorious.

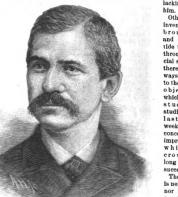
Do not imagine a thing is simple because you appen to think it is.

REPORT to UNITE it is. KNOWLEDGE of our duties is the most useful part of philos.phy.—*Whately*. WHEN the foreucons of life are wasted there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening.

SEEK to converse in purity with your own pure mind and with e

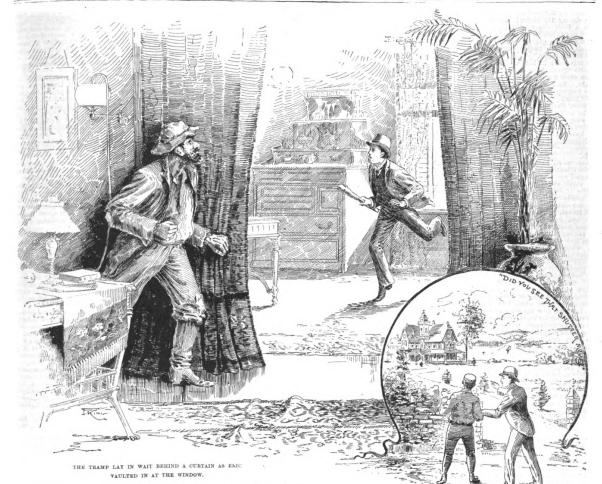
SELF CONTROL lies at the foundation of chara He that does not control himself must be trolled by others.

mann. THE truth can not be burned, beheaded or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dongcon is truth still, and a lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH.

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[This story commenced in No. 248.]

SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

FIGST AND STOR By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

Author of "The Heir to Whitecap," " Hay," "The Knights of Steel," etc.

CHAPTER V.

CAST ADRIFT. Y this time Eric had recovered some-what from the shock Y-Y this time Eric had recovered some-what from the shock Mr. Tilbert's astounding course of action had fiven him. He now began to rally his forces for an assertion of his rights. "Mr. Tilbert," he began, "you know that I am your cousin, Eric Dane, as well as you ktow that there is a sun in the sky."

ktow that there is a sun in the sky." "You are impudent, boy," was the other is retort. "I have told you once to leave the grounds. Do you wish me to use force to put you off?" "I will go-presently. Although I have as good a right here, and better, than yourself, I did not come prepared to assert that right by force. To do so requires a little preparation. But before I go, I would like to ask you what proofs the boy who was here last night gave you to convince you that he was correct in announcing my death?"

"I decline to discuss the matter with you. I have said that you are an impostor, seeking to foist yourself into the shoes of a young man known to be the heir to an imyoung man known to be the heir to an in- he wished to reach might come along at any means property, and who met an untimely instant, he rushed into the waiting room fate while on his way to take possession and up to the ticket window. of it. Whether you crossed with him in the steamer, or were a chance traveling last night," he pantingly inquired of the companion in the train, I neither know nor agent, "to a young fellow about my size in eare to know. My time is valuable, so your de-feat and retiring at once," and with these principally because he could think of no

words Mr. Tilbert, who had taken out a ci-gar, coolly lighted it, stepped off the piazza, and sauntered away towards the stables. To follow him was our hero's first im-

To follow min was our heros mass and pulse, then his price rebelled. "Press myself on such a man, beg him to take me in as though I were a tramp!" he muttered to binself. "Never! It is impossible that he can succeed in estab-

lishing such a preposterous claim. The law will see me righted, and mete out such haw will see me fighted, and mete out soon punishment as the crime deserves. But now I must get away somewhere and think quietly. It has all been so sudden, like the crash of a thunderbolt out of a clear sky."

With no definite idea where he was go-ing, or just what he proposed to do, Eric walked rapidly down the drive to the gate. As he reached the latter a sudden thought struck him.

struck him. "That fellow in the train!" he ex-claimed to himself, at the same instant breaking into a run for the station. "If I can get him and bring him here to confront this precions cousin of mine, that will be all the proof I want. If I can only find him !"

He had resolved on inquiring at the station for what point the unknown youth had bought his ticket after his call at the Tilberts'.

It was now between one and two o'clock, almost the hottest time of the day, and the perspiration was pouring down Eric'r face in streams when he reached the railroad.

Fearful lest a train bound for the point he wished to reach might come along at any

other terms in which to describe the

other terms in which to describe the gen-eral appearance of his sest mate in that ill fated car. "Well, I can easily answer your ques-tion," laughed the man behind the window. "I didn't sell aticket to anybody after 7.30 last night. People don't travel much in the cars from this station after dark. What's up? Has your house been robbed?"

"Oh, no," faintly responded Eric, turn-ing away to drop into a seat near the door.

Ing away to drop into a seat near the door. He was sadly disappointed. What could have become of the fellow ? Perhaps he was still at the Tilberts'. That, however, was very improbable. It might be that he lived in Cedarbrook, although he had not mentioned the fact whon Eric spoke of that as being his own destination. "Perhaps that old gateman will know something about it," was the sudden thought that now occurred to him. The man recognized him at once, and greeted him with, "An' I suppose now that Mr. Tilbert do be all broke up over this terrible occurrence. An' may I inquire whether you be yourself a relative of that young man's?" "Well, I'm rather a close connection of his," was Eric's answer. Even in the dis-tracted state of mind in which he was plunged, he could not forbear a bitter smile as he uttered the words. The old I rinshman noticed it, and was not

The old Irishman noticed it, and was not little shocked.

while ago? The one that brought the news

While ago r the one that start of my -----I de checked himself abruptly. He had been about to say 'my death." He re-membered just in time that he must be certeful if he did not wish to be taken for an escaped lunatic. "I mean the boy who came to Mr. Till-the told him about the accident," he

"T mean the boy who came to Mr. Til-bert's and told him about the accident," he went on. "Well, I would like to know if you can tell me whether he lives here in Cedarbrook, or anywhere near?" "Well, thin, I don't know anything about him," was the sharp retort of the gateman, and there was such a marked contrast in his manner to what it had been but a short time previous, that Eric could not but be sensible of the change. "All Cedarbrook appears to be in league again towards the waiting room. Poor fellow I Could he be expected to realize that he had himself brought about

realize that he had himself brought about the alteration in the old Irishman's manthe alteration in the old insiman's man-ner by his apparent lack of respect for the dead? "Can you tell me where I can find a hotel?" he inquired, presenting himself once more at the ticket window.

"Certainty," was the brisk response. "Cross the track and follow Wentworth Avenue till you come to a big red barn. Just opposite you will see a path running off into the woods. That'll be a short out to the Bluff House."

Eric thanked the man, and lost no time in "He might show more respect for the dead even if they can't find any remains to bould a funeral over," he said to himself. Ignorant of the horror he had caused, Eric went on hurriedly: "You remember the young fellow you told me about a little so gay and full of spirits with his friends,

planning for the good times they would all ing blow in the man's face, directly between party in the shape of the young bicyclist. have during the winter! But setting his teeth a little closer together, Eric deter-mined not to think of the past. "What I've got to do now," he told himself, "is to keep up my spirits, and foot for my rights"

fight for my rights."

fight for my rights." At this point he happened to be passing a pretty Queen Anne cottage, in front of which stood a carriage and a wagon load of trunks. Eric passed just as a gentleman, after locking the front door, joined a lady of the order.

after locking the from down, at the gate. "Now, Herbert, are you sure the house will be safe without a soul in it while we are away?" Eric heard the latter say. "Those shutters look so frail. If we could only have got Bridget to stay !" "Nonsense, Edna," was the gentleman's response. "We are to be gone only a

That was all Eric heard, and he gave no That was all Eric heard, and he gave no special stention to it at the time. Indeed, his mind was so foll of his own troubles that there was little space in it for the worries of other people. He kept on his way, and presently entered the narrow path that led through the woods toward the heart the state of the special state of the special state of the state of the special state of the special state of the state of the special Bluff House.

He had gone a considerable distance without seeing any signs of the other end, and was regretting that he had not inquired of the man at the station just how far it was, when a gruff voice at his elbow startled him.

"Will you oblige a poor man with a few pennies for a sup of dinner?" it said. tew pennies for a sup of dinner? It said. Its owner had stepped out from behind a tree. And what a man! His hat was riddled with holes, his coat was nothing but a mass of patches of various sizes and colors, his trousers, which had once been gray, but were now the color of the earth, were tied about his waist with a string, and were of varying length, the short leg vanishing into a boot that looked as if it might have been fished out of an ash barrel, while the long leg was not quite long enough to make close connection with a

disreputable gaiter. "No, I'm not exactly a pretty boy, leastways not under present circumstances, nor what you would call a dude by my clothes, but Im hungry all the same and I want money," and the man gave his outstretched hand an unpleasantly close hitch towards Eric's chin.

CHAPTER VI.

/ PECULIAR TRAMP.

"I HAVE acting france," said Eric. "I am hungry myself." "Well, then," coolly suggested the tramp, "invite me to dinner with you. I won't stand on no ceremony. It's day time, and I can git along without my swaller tail.

"The fellow must be crazy," thought our vouchsafing any reply. But the nan was evidently resolved to

But the han was evidency resolved to make the best of the lonely locality in which the chance encounter had come about. Taking a step nearcr Eric, he stretched out three of his dirty fugers and began to toy with our hero's watch chain in an off hand way, as though he were a familiar friend who felt himself entitled to take liberties

Eric drew back so sharply that his watch. a handsome gold one, a present on his six-teenth birthday, slid from his pocket.

teenth birthday, slid from his pocket. The tramp caught it dexterously, and slipping it back in its place, leered un-der, and warningly remarked: "You'd oughter be more careful, my young friend, how you show off your wallybles in lonely spits like this."

spots like tins." "Let me go, I say," cried Eric, making a desperate effort to free himself from the grasp of this unwelcome acquaintance. But the man had a grip like iron.

"I've took a fancy to you, young feller," he went on, " and as long as you won't in-vite me to dinner along of you, where we could do our chattin' peaceable like, I'll invite you to set down alongside of me on this here tree trunk and rest yourself awhile. I know you must be clean tuck-ered out and hotter'n pepper."

As be spoke, the tramp passed his other arm around our hero's back and forced him to sit down on a log that lay on the edge of the path.

This was the last straw. Eric, weary, warm, sick at heart almost, was in no huto be trifled with.

The next instant, conquering his aversion to touching the man, he drew back his arm suddenly, and, before the tramp could guess at his intentions, had planted a ringis eyes. The fellow reeled for an instant, but

The fellow reeled for an instant, but never relaxed his hold on Eric's left arm. "Better yet," he exclaimed. "I do like to see a proper spirit in a youngster of your years. That hurt now, I can tell you, and it does you proud, and makes me surer than I was afore that a brave 'un like you

ain't a goin' to yell for help when a gentle-man stops him in the woods just to have a fittle chat."

"Is that all you want?" panted our hero. The tramp's fashion of taking such a blow as he had just given him was so pe-culiar, that for an instant Eric forgot his animosity in amazement. "Isn't that what I've been tellin' you all

"Isn't that what I've been terms you as along?" was the reply. "An' it is my high regard for a youngster of your pluck that hinders me from havin' you run in." "Run in?" repeated Eric, in a tone of

"Yes, jailed, snapped up by the cops for "sault and battery." "Oh, I see. But you attacked me," our "backed binnself. How

"Oh, I see. But you attacked me,"our hero began, then checked himself. How absurd it was to be trying to econerate himself for having resusted insult at the hands of a tramp! "Oh, attacked you, did 1?" chuckled the other. "Will you be so kind as to point to

other. "Will you be so kind as to point to any mark on your person of the likes o' this lump atween my eyes? Come, now, what did I do to you?"

what did I do to you? "You used force to keep me from going on my way," replied Eric; "and—well, you're about the coolest tramp I ever saw

Well I must be purty comfortable then this weather. But come now, let's talk about how we can compromise this here about how we can compromise this leve matter. How much will you fork over?" "If you don't take your hands off me," began Eric, disregarding the question,

"I'll ____" hissed the tramp in his ear, "Hush !" hissed the tramp is his ear, accompanying the warning with such a se-vere pressure on his arm that no second

command was needed. That which had caused the sudden exclamation was the appearance of a boy on a bicycle, coming along the path from the direction of the red barn. His rubber tired direction of the red barn. His rubber tired wheels made no sound, and the cousequence was that he was close to the ill assorted couple on the log before they knew of his approach. The path was a narrow one, and as trees bordered it doces as other with the states

bordered it closely on either side there was ordered it closely on either side there was no possibility for the young rider to turn out to avoid the obstruction which the feet of the tramp presented. The log was close to the path, and when he sat down behind Eric, the man had stretched his legs out comfortably in front of him. This being the position of affairs, "header" was unavoidable. But the bo

was unavoidable. But the boy was evidently used to taking them, and as his wheel came with a dull thud against the tramp's boot, he took his hands from the steering bar and put them out in front of him, ready to clutch the ground as he was sent flying in a neat curve through the air.

"Look a here, my son," exclaimed the tramp, rubbing his leg with one hand while he tried to discutangle himself from the bicycle with the other, "do you want to be run in for runnin' over honest folks in this permiscuous manner? Come here, and take this infernal machine of yours off, will you?" will you?

Eric, who had been thus unexpectedly set free, lost no time in springing to his

fect. "Are you hurt?" he inquired of the boy,

as he assisted the latter to rise. "Not a bit. It's lucky, though, I wasn't going very fast. Hope my machine isn't broken," and the youthful wheelman, who looked to be not over thirteen, hastened to raise his steed of steel.

raise his steed of steel. The tramp grumbled a good deal as by the united efforts of Eric and its rider the bicycle was lifted off his leg, but went no further in his manifestation of hostility. "I guess I won't mount again," said the boy, as he asked Eric to hold his machine while he dusted the dirt from his knickerbockers. "There are a lot of roots run-ning across the path just above here, so I'd have got off before I got to the hotel any

way."" "I'll walk along with you, then," said our hero. "I'm not quite sure of the

way." "Come along, I'll show you," the boy, and the two started off. " responded

The tramp made no attempt either to de-tain or follow them. His intentions with regard to Eric Dane, whatever they may have been, had evidently been frustrated by the appearance on the scene of a third to?

"You'll hear from me again, young fel-ler," Eric heard him sullenly mutter. The next moment he was hidden from sight by a bend in the path.

CHAPTER VIL .

PERCY TILBERT.

HERE could, perhaps, be no greater contrast in appearances than that be-tween the two companions with whom our hero had met by chace during the past quarter of an hour—the tramp and the oung cyclist. The latter was a bright faced, handsome

Ind, neatly dressed in a tennis suit of pink and white. In his left hand he carried a racquet, of which Eric presently offered to relieve him, as the numerous twists of the path rendered the guiding of the machine

pain rendered the guiding of the machine quite an absorbing task. "Thanks," said the boy, as he handed it over. "I can manage it better when I'm riding than I can this way. I s'pse I oughta't to play today any way, but it's a match game and my name was down. Be sides, it isn't as if there was to be a funeral.

Eric looked mystified, as well he might. Eric looked mystified, as well he might. "Oh, but I forgot—you don't know about it," want on the boy, adding : "I'd like to hear what you think, so I'll tell you how it is.

He rested his chin on the saddle as he pushed his wheel slowly along, and looking gravely up into our hero's face, continued thus

"You see, there was a cousin of mine, about your age, I should think, coming to live with us. He'd been staying over in England for ever so many years, and none of our family had ever seen him. Well, we expected him yesterday—or today, I mean— but the steamer got in ahead of time and he started to come out here on that train that started to come out here on that train that fell off the bridge last night. And a chap came to our house about nine o'clock with his pocketbook and told us he'd been sit-ting next to him in the last car, and that Eric—that's my cousin, you know—must have been roasted alive. Wasn't it awful? Eric have been roasted alive. Wasn't it awful? And Everett-he's my brother-says I oughtn't to play today. What do you think ?

As a matter of fact. Eric was thinking sc As a matter of fact, Eric was thinking so busily that he scarcely heard the question. How strange that chance should have thrown in his way this boy, who was with-out doubt his cousin, Percy Tilbert, one of the sons of the man who had deliberately undertaken to keep him out of his rights !

What should he do? Ought he to de-clare himself to this boy, and endeavor to convince him that he was no impostor, but the veritable 'Cousin Eric whom they had been expecting, and for whose death the small boy's conscience evidently told him he should be at that moment mourning?

But this course would, in case our here succeeded, involve the destroying of a son's respect for his parent, and this it seemed a cruel thing to do. Here was, however, an opportunity to learn the particulars of the way in which the news of his supposed death had been announced to Mr. Tilbert.

"Are you sure your cousin was killed though ?" Eric inquired, after an instant's reflection. "Perhaps he succeeded in get-ting out of the car in the same way that this other young fellow, who brought you the news, must have done. He may turn up

yet." "Do you think he will ?" exclaimed the "Do you think he will ?' exclaimed the other, his face brightening. "But then this other chap seemed so certain that he hadn't got out. He was awfully frightened himself."

"Does he live in Cedarbrook ?" inquired Eric, so eagerly that the boy seemed a little surprised. "No,"

he answered, "but I gues can't be very far off, because father sent the conchman to drive him home last night." "And you don't know his name?" went

on Eric in a voice that he strove hard to

keep steady. "I forget it. It was a funny one with a McQuirl or something like that in it. Why,

do you know him?" admitted Eric. "And "T ve seen him," admitted Eric. "And I'd like very much to see him again. But isn't that the Bluff House just ahead?"

Our hero was glad to make this diversion in a conversation that was beginning to

in a conversation that was beginning to grow embarrassing. "Yes, and that's Charley and the rest waiting for me," responded the boy, as he waved his cap and gave vent to a private signal whistle

"You're going to stay at the hotel, aren't you?" he added, turning to our hero. "Come and see us play; don't you want ""

"I will as soon as I get my dinner," rewin as soon as I get my diffier, re-turned our hero, whose spirits had been wonderfully revived by his encounter with young Tilbert. He felt assured that he would now have but little trouble in ascor-taing the whereabouts of that train com-panion of his who had been the cause of lacing him in his present awkward pre-

uncament. Leaving Percy with his young friends on the lawn, Eric presented himself at the office, engaged a room, and after refreshing himself with a bath, disposed of a hearty dinner, by which time it was after four o'clock.

I must see the Tilberts' coachman." he said to himself, as he santhered out on the laws to watch the spirited tournament going on between the boy tennis players of the lotel and those of the cottages in the neighborhood.

He had conceived a strong fancy for Percy Tilbert, and it seemed impossible to believe that he was the son of his father. "Yet, who knows?" mused Eric, in the

"Yet, who knows?" mused and "Per-enthusiasm of his newborn hope. "Perenthusiasm of his newborn hope. "Per-haps the man really and truly believes me is be an impostor. But if I can once get hold of that fellow with a McQuirl to his name, things will soon be settled one way or the other." or the other

Indeed, so encouraging did the outlook appear to bim that when presently Percy came running up to announce that he had won the singles, and to ask him if he didn't want to play a set with him, he consented at once. Eric was thoroughly at home on the ten-

nis court, and spent the remainder of the afternoon very agreeably in a trial of skill with the young players, with whom he speedily became on the best of terms.

Percy remained to tea with his friend Charley Shaw, and having arranged to loan him his bicycle till the next afternoon,

"In his bicycle til the hext atternoon, started to walk home about seven o'clock. "Ill go along with you to fight the tramp and find out the name of that Mc-Quirl somebody or other," volunteered Eric.

The boy gladly accepted his company and the two struck into the path through the wood. They had just reached the other end of it when Eric suddenly halted, and catching Percy by the arm, exclaimed in a low voice: "Didn't you see that shat-ter move on that cottage?" "Yes, but what of it? That's the An-

"Yes, but what of it? That's the An-dersons', and the girl is only shutting the blinds

But there isn't anybody home," explained Eric, and he went on to relate the scrap of conversation he had overhead between the husband and wife early in the afternoon

Perhaps that's what that tramp was "Perhaps that's what that tramp was loafing around for," suggested Percy. "Just as likely as not he's taken this time when everybody is at home for support o pry open a window and slip in. He's atraid somebody will come around to mount guard after dark."

"I suppose we ought to find out," said Eric. "Are there any policemen in Cedar-brook?"

"There's a constable, but I don't know where he lives. I'll tell you what to do. I'll go to the front door and ring the bell, I'll go to the front door and ring the bell, and you can stand by that window and see if the tramp jumps out. If it should hap-pen to be any of the Andersons they'll come to the door." "Not a bad idea," commented Eric. Taking out his knic, he stepped back to the woods, cut a stout stick for himself and then the structure of the stout stick.

then the two proceeded to carry out Percy's plan.

They struck across the lawn towards the Anderson cottage, and while the younger boy went around to the front. Eric took up his stand near the window at which the movement had been observed, and which

was in the rear of the house. The pext instant the electric bell began to sound, and a second later the shutters were thrown open and the ugly visage of the tramp appeared. He was in the act of jumping out when

he caught sight of Eric. He at once sprang back and vanished. Impulsively our hero darted forward, and putting his hand on the window sill, vaulted lightly into the room in pursuit. Scarcely had he done so when the tramp

sprang from a corner where he had been concealed, and, throwing his arms about

conceased, and, throwing his arms about Eric's shoulders, held him fast, "We'll both be taken now," he cried in a tone of triumph. "I haven't forgotten what I owe you for that clip you gave me, and I'll pay you out by proving you to be must rel."

(To be continued.)

AN AUTUMN SUNSET Lowrn and lower the light is falling. Waves of color that come and go; Yellow and purple slowly palling. Finsh of pink in the after glow; Booming bees forsake the clover, Day is over.

Lay is over. Pater and faster from hazy hollow Night is closing on field and wood ; out of the west the late bound swallow Hastens back to the crumpled brood ; Stately winged, the nighthawks hover, Day is over.



By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM, Author of " Tom Tracy," " Number 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXVIII. DABNEY'S RESOLUTION.

ABNEY seemed to have little liking for 1 the nefarious enterprise in which he and Lopez had embarked.

"I wish it were over," he said, nervously. vonsiy. "You seem to be a hero!" said Lopez, sneeringly. "Nothing venture, nothing have! That is one of your English pro-verbs I have heard."

verbs 1 have heard. "Can'tyou get along without me, Lopez ?" "No, I can't, and I wouldn't if I could," said Lopez sharply. "You are the worst coward I have met for a long time. Brace up, man ! Think of the reward. You have not told me how much you

will allow me 'You shall have a third of what we

enre

"I shall be running half the risk." "But it is I who am at the head of the affair. You only follow. If you wish to change places with me...." "No, I would rather have you take the

lead

"Then let me hear no complaints. now we will separate. It is best we should not be seen together. At half past eleven o'clock, meet me in the shadow of the rock to the northeast of the town. You know

"" ""Yes. Where will you be in the mean-time?" asked Dabney, as Lopez turned to go. "I shall go to my cabin, and lie down for a short sleep." "Ent shall you wake up in time?"

"But shall you wake up in time r "Yes; I can always wake when I plan to do so. But should I not be on the spot at the time appointed, wait for me. Even if we don't make the visit till one or two o'clock, it will answer." "All richt, Lopez."

"All right Lopez." "The Portuguese left the cabin, and Dab-ney remained alone in the ruined hut. He was evidently very much disquieted. He paced the floor, now with slow, now with quick steps. "I don't know why it is," he soliloquized,

mopping his moist hair, "but I feel that evil is near me—I wish Lopez would under-take this enterprise alone. We run a double take this enterprise alone. We run a double risk, either of being shot by old Sandy, or of being hung to the nearest tree if we fail and are captured by the miners. So far as Lopez is concerned I don't care. He is cold blooded, selfish, and cruel. It is he who has drawn me into this scrape, and I fear it will lead me to my death. But it is too late to retract '

Five minutes later his brow cleared. A

Five minutes later his brow cleared. A new resolve had been formed. "I will do it?" he exclaimed. "I have already robbed Sandy Mackaye once. I won't do it again. I will go to his cabin and give him a warning. I must meet Lopez and accompany him, but I shall have made myself right with the old man, and I shall steer clear of danger." He put on his hat, and stepped outside. "If Lopez should see me, he reflected, "he would suspect trachery, and shoot me down without mercy. But he is fast asleep in his cabin—I think I can venture." Twenty minutes later, as Sandy Mackaye and Ned were thinking of retiring, a tap was heard at the door.

was heard at the door.

It occasioned surprise, for late calls were

It occasioned surprise, for late calls were not customary in the mining village. "Open the door, Ned 1" said Mackaye. Ned did so. "Is Mr. Mackaye in ?" asked Dabney. "I know that voice," said the Societiman, striding to the door, and eying the visitor. "What brings you of all men here, Dab-pey?" he asked sternly. "How do you dare to anycer in my presence after what

mit, but I come this evening to do you a service." "What is the service?

"What is the service?" "An attempt will be made to rob you this very night." "Ha, I suspected as much. And who is in the plot?"

"Two men

"Who are they ?"

"Lopez is one." "So I supposed." "And I am the other."

You !" repeated the old Scotchman with a dark frown. "Yes, but I shall really be on your side

"Yes, but I shall really be on your side. I will help you to capture Lopez. It will be a partial expiniton—" "Do so, and the past shall be forgiven." There was a further conference of ten minutes, and Dahney left the cabin unob-served. He did not go back to his refuge on the hills, but walked about, and at half past eleven stood beneath the rock where he had agreed to meet Lopez.

CHAPTER LXIX.

AN HOUR OF SUSPENSE.

THE young Portuguese was in excellent spirits. To do him justice, he was a man of courage, and the presence of danger gave him pleasurable excitement. On the other hand, Dabney was restless and distributions. and disturbed.

"Don't you think we had better give up the enterprise?" he asked. e enterprise?" he asked. "Tush, you are a coward!" returned opez. "I don't believe there's a drop of

Lopez. good, healthy blood in your veins. milk and water." "I never was engaged in any such busi-

ness before, Lopez." "Think of the inducement. Once your

pockets are lined, you can go where you please. You can start in some business if you like, and no one will be the wiser." "Shall you start in business, Lopez?" Lopez laughed.

"I don't think it's in me to become a steady business man," he said. "After this is over, we'll part company, if you wish. You can go your way and I'll go mine." mine

Dabney did not reply, but he fervently hoped that this would be their last meeting. If Lopez should escape and find out that Dabney had turned traitor, the latter knew very well that his life would not be worth very well that his life would not be worth five minutes' purchase. In making an at-tempt to dissuade Lopez from committing the robbery, he felt that he was doing some-thing to avert suspicion from himself. "I suppose you don't want to go without me?" he inquired. "I word the of we are required. There are

"No ; two of us are required. There are two of them "One is a kid."

"But a smart one. I should feel safer if

"but a smart one. I should reel sater in the boy were out of the way." "Very well, Lopez. I will go with you. I would rather give the whole thing up, but I won't back out."

I won't back out." "That's the way to talk. There may be some stuff in you, after all." They waited till miduight and then took

their way towards the cabin of Sandy Mac-

kaye. "I wish it were well over," thought Dab-". if wish it were well over," thought Dabney, who, as the reader has seen, was not much of a hero. "At any rate, I'm glad I have made myzelf right with the old man, I don't think Lopez will suspect any thing." Lopez seemed in excellent humor. "What a fellow you are !" said Dabney. "One would think you enjoyed it." "So I do. I like excitement." "But there may be danger." "Not much, I think, You say the old man is a heavy sleeper."

"Yes

"And the boy probably sleeps sound also-most boys of his age do. We must be "I'll take good care of that." Lopez laughed. The evident cowardice

of his companion inspired him with good natured contempt. How different would have been his feelings if he had known that the man at his side had given information which must necessarily make this enter-prise a failure and expose him to imminent here we danger !

Meanwhile old Sandy and Ned were pa-tiently waiting for the advent of the robbers. The Scotchman had given his instructions to Ned.

"Take care not to fire at Dabnev-he is "What brings you of all men here, Dab-i "State care inct to fire at Dahney"- he is "what brings you of all men here, Dab-lare to appear in my presence after what has happened?" "Wait till you hear what I have to say, "Wait till you hear what I have to say, Mr. Mackaye. I have wronged you, I ad vengeance."

Further instructions were given to Ned, for his revolver, but did not dare to touch vho determined to follow directions imwho de plicitly.

Ned was a courageous boy, but he could not emulate the coolness of his employer. He was excited in anticipation of the scene He was excited in anticipation of the scene which was so soon to be enacted. He felt somewhat as a soldier may be supposed to do on the eve of battle. It was rather try-ing to any one's nerves to lie there in the dark, waiting for the entrance of burglars. But Ned would not have cared to avert the

But Ned would not have cared to avert the event, though it might be accompanied by danger. He grasped his pistol and waited with what patience he could muster. Sandy Mackaye was armed, not with a pistol, but with a revolver. A pistol he would not have regarded as sufficient pro-tection, for once discharged, supposing it failed, to accomplish its aim, he would be failed to accomplish its aim, he would be left at the mercy of the burglars. I say burglars, for in case he were left defense-less, it might happen that Dabney would join with the stronger party and cooperate with Lopez. At any rate, the old Scotch-man thought this possible, and did not pro-pose to give him the chance. Sandy Mackaye had a watch, but of course he could not consult it in the dark. He did not yearture to light a match for if

He did not venture to light a match, for if the intending burglars were anywhere near it would lead them to suppose he was

It would lead them to suppose he was awake and so defer the entrance. "I wish they would come," grumbled Sandy to himself. "I am getting sleepy, and I would like a chance to go to bed." Ned felt differently. He could not poss-libly have fallen asleep, with such an ex-citing scene near at hand. He did not feel prompt in action. He fired without hesita-tion, and Lopez, with his hand still uplitted, sank heavily to the floor of the cabin with

ctung seene near at nand. He did not reed at all drowsy. At length a low sound was heard. A window was being raised, for it was through this that Lopez thought it best to effect an entrance. Not a word was exchanged be-tween Ned and his employer, but both were on the alert, and waited for developments

"Get in first," said Lopez to his companion.

"Hadn't you better get in first?" whispered Dabney. "Do as I tell you !" said Lopez sternly.

"It is no time to hold back now.

There was nothing for Dahney to do but obey. He feared that he might be mis-taken for Lopez and shot by Mackaye, and this was the reason of his reluctance to

this was the reason of his reluctance to precede his accomplice. Both got through the window, and of course found themselves in complete dark-ness. But Lopez was provided with a dark lantern, which had seen similar service be-fore, and it emitted a narrow beam of light hissea Lopez, will a local a state of the st that served to show them where they were, that served to show them where they were, and to indicate the location of the chest, which was supposed to contain the valu-ables of which they were in search. Lopez noticed, but it did not arouse any had done so!" "Ay, I would, and I wish I had." Sandy Mackaye remained silent, and did not attempt to interfere with the quarrel. He rather enjoyed it in his grin way. Scarcely five minutes had passed when the cabin was filled with minors roused by Ned. In their rough attire, black bearded,

suspicion in his mind, that the chest occu-pied a different position from what it had when he saw it in his preliminary visit to the cabin. It was so placed now that it was in full view from the sleeping room un which Ned and his employer were now resting. Dabney noticed this too, and he readily understood the cause of the change. Lopez lost no time, but giving Dabney the lantern to hold sank on his knees before the antern to hold same of his knees before the chest. He had very little difficulty in opening it, being expert in this necessary accomplishment of a burglar. He raised the lid of the chest, and begar eagerly to explore the interior.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE LAST OF LOPEZ.

"You see!" answord the Scotchman, pointing to the open cheets. "Lopez!" exclaimed one, recognizing the Fortuguese. And who is the other?" "The other was once in my employ. He gave me notice of the attack early in the evening. He is under my protection. I wish him to receive no harm." "As to the other?--" "Do your will" "He is wounded ?" "I wounded him to save the life of the other. He sprang won him when he THE LAST OF LOPEZ. EANWHILE Mackaye, with a quiet-ness which could hardly have been expected from a tail and somewhat come to the portal of the inner room. There he stood calmly surveying the burg-lar who was in the act of robbing bim.

Lopez heard a slight noise, and quickly urned his head. turned his head. What he saw was enough to discompose There stood Sandy

"Boys, seize Lopez, and bear him out!" said one of the miners, who assumed the even a brave man. There stood Sandy Mackaye tranquilly observing him, while in lead. his extended hand he held a revolver which covered the Portuguese.

Lopez sprang to his feet, and reached for his own revolver, which he had luid on the floor beside him.

The Fortuguese and not plead for mercy. He knew the stern law of mining settle-ments, and that nothing would save him from his doom. In less than fifteen min-utes he was dangling from the branch of a "If you lift that weapon, I fire," said the Attack the was using fing in the binner of a tail tree, less than fifty rods away. Mackaye turned to Dabney, who was trembling with fear that he might suffer the same fate as Lopez at the bands of the

Scotchman calmly. There was something in his very manner which carried to Lopez the absolute con-viction that he was in earnest. The burg-

lar stayed his hand. "What do you want of me?" he asked. "Rise to your feet." Lopez did so, nothing loath. He longed

angry miners. "I want to ask you a few questions," said the old Scotchman. (To be continued.)

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"Go and get the revolver, lad," said Mackaye to Ned. "If he dares so much as to lift his finger to you, that moment is his last

Meanwhile Dabney, pale and perturbed, stood holding the dark lantern. "Why hasn't he the sense to drop it, or turn the light away?" thought Lopez. "We

turn the light away?" thought Lopez. "We might escape." Ned did not hesitate a moment, but dashed forward and picked up the revolver. This secured, he drew back, and took his place beside Sandy Mackaye. Lopez longed to attack him, but he was covered by the revolver in the hand of the Scotchman.

Lopez now had time to look in the direc-tion of his companion Dabney. There was something in the man's manner that aroused his suspicions.

"Dog," he said, "you have betrayed

Dabney, who was trembling with fear, essayed to answer, but the words were scarcely audible. This confirmed the suspicions of Lopez. He drew a knife from an inner pocket,

and with an exectation sprang upon Dab-ney, who would have let the lantern fall, but that Ned sprang forward and seized it. "Help! he will murder me!" exclaimed Dabney in affright, as Lopez raised the knife to strike him.

Fortunately for him Sandy Mackaye was

a groan. Mackaye made a stride to the fallen man, snatched the knife from his hand, and then

snatched the knife from his hand, and then turned to Ned. "Go," he said, "rouse the settlement. This is a matter which I don't care to ad-judicate alone." "Don't forget that I warned you," ex-

claimed the panic stricken Dabney. "Then you did betray me!" said the wounded Lopt... "Scoundrel! if I live I

will kill you." "You won't let them hang me!" went on

Dabney with pitcous appeal, addressing himself to Mackaye.

"You lured me to my death, traitor!" hissed Lopez, with a look of terrible hate

to give up the attempt. You surely don't forget that?" "Why didn't you tell me that you had given warning to the Scotchman?" "Because you would have killed me if I had done so !"

and menacing in their looks, they struck terror into the heart of Dabney, but only

made Lopez more defiant. "What is the matter, Sandy?" they

"You see!" answered the Scotchman

other. He sprang upon him when he learned that Dabney had warned me of the

attack, and but for my bullet, would have stabbed him to the heart."

Two stalwart miners lifted Lopez, and

The Portuguese did not plead for mercy.

ore him from the cabin.

briefly.

asked.

"I will protect you," said Mackaye.

LIONS AND LION TAMERS. BY JOHN L. LAWRENCE.

BY JOHN L. LAWRENCE. THE most perilons of all occupations is not that of the soldier, the sailor, the minner, or the locomotive engineer, nor yet that of the base ball umpire. Haz-ardous as the nature of their work often is, they do not face such cartal risks as does

The second secon

in this way, was little better than a

murderer. We will not har-

we will not har-row our readers' feelings by adding other instances of the same kind, but will relate the narrow escape of a lion tamer in an Ameri-

tamer in an Ameri-can circus, which happened last June. His name was De-lorme, and he had been a cab driver till he got work in a girang where his circus, where his duties included feeding and watch-ing several cages of wild beasts. Then one of the old keep ers resigned his po-sition and Delorme was promoted to fill his place. His duhis place. His du-ties involved the additional pastime of riding in the street parade caged up with a den of

Although he wore the glittering hel-met and gilded coat of mail of the forof mail of the for-mer keeper, yet the three big lions knew very well that Delorme was some-what uncomfortable in their confined society, in spite of the loaded revolver

and the heavy cow-hide lash which he always carried about with him.

hide lash which he always carried about with him. Two of the lions were docile enough, but the third, whose name was Nimrod, was an ugly tempered brute. Delorme never re-moved his eyes from Nimrod, and each day as the parade passed through the principal streats of the leading towns, Nimrod and Delorme could be seen glaring at each other. Delorme was anxious to have the lion's teeth drawn, but such a suggestion was scouted by the owners. Some of the employees laughed at Delorme for keeping his eyes so persistently riveted on the lion, but, as matters turned out, Delorme was none too cautions. One morning the show was parading up the main street of a New England town. The first chariot was drawn by a team of white horees, and contained a den with the three lions and their keeper, Delorme, whose eyes, as usual, were fixed on Nim-rod. Bands of nusic were playing, flags flying on all sides, and the sidewalks and windows were alive with admiring specta-tors of the annual event. On one of the street corners were some people who had know Delorme as a pri-

On one of the street corners were some Consider the states Consists were some increasingly, when which it was, not only people who had known Delorme as a pri-people who had known Delorme as a pri-ticitizen, before he reached the pinnacle lionesses, tigers, polar bears, panthers and of greatness as a circus performer with a jother beasts.

glittering helmet. Proud, perhaps, to show their acquaintance with the great man of the hour, they shouled to him, call-ing his name and waving their hands. For an instant Delorme removed his eye from the lion to salute his friends, when without warning the huge beast sprang towards him with glaring eyes and open jaws. Delorme dropped upon his knees and fired his pistol

tol. The lion, possibly from a jolt of the chariot, missed his prey, and before he could turn and spring again Delorme swung the inside iron gate against him, dividing the den and confining the furious beast at or a cold of its one end of it.

The crowd all thought this was a part of the programme, but after the pared it was found that Delorme had had quite enough of furious lions. He disrobed from his Greeian gladiatorial attire and donned his every day overalls. He handed in his res-ignation and left the show. He returned to the cab company

who had previously employed him, and was engaged to drive a Herdic. He had had enough of starring as a lion tamer. There is such a thing,

however, as success in this perilous vocation. Some very interesting an remarks on the subject

"The only means I employ to tame ani-mals are my complete self confidence and my courage. Red hot irons, arms, loaded whips are the implements of the charlatan or the coward. I have never made use of anything more formidable than an ordinary riding whip. And I only work with full grown animals, captured in a wild state, and not, like my confreres, with beasts born in the measure.

and not, like my confreres, with beasts born in the menagerie. "When the Prince and the Princess of Wales visited my establishment in 1878, I entered the cage in their presence and in the presence of Gambetta and others, and

the presence of Gambetta and others, and mastered six full grown African lions whom I had received that day, and who were as ferocious as any I have ever had to do with. "At Madrid once I pursued a lion that had got loose for thirty minntes, caught tim single handed, and held bim till my men brought up his cage, into which I threw him. I was slightly injured. At one time one of the great hits of my performance

shoated : 'Sultan ! Sultan ! what are you doing ?' My voice frightened him, doub-less, for he opened his jaws and loosened his hold without tearing out the fesh. If he had done that I should inevitably have been killed. He then seized me by the arm and afterwards by the thigh, wounding me besides with his claws in three other places. besides with his claws in three other places. I managed, however, in spite of my terrible wounds, to struggle to my feet, and once on my feet was master of him. Since then, however, I have not entered the cages. I have been terribly shaken and reduced in strength. It will be some time before I shall have sufficient nerve to approach Sul-

shall have sumelent herve to approach Sul-tan once more. "I do not believe," he adds, "in that nonsense that is talked about it being im-possible to do anything with animals who have tasted human blood, or have seen it. If I did, I should have retired from business long ago. I have been bitten and torn over and over again, and have often continued

my performance with my blood streaming all over me. The brutes appreciate my courappreciate my covr-age and are airaid of me, because they see that I am not afraid of them. That is the whole secret of lion tam-

Nor does M. Bidel Nor does M. Bidel believe in the so called power of the eye, by which some tamers profess to mesmerize lions.
 "I myself am short sighted and possess bo year arelier no very quelling eyes," he modestly remarks. "A remarks. "A blind man could be as good a lion tamer, if he had the tamer, if he had the requisite pluck, as any one else. The voice, the tone of command, is the principal in stru-ment in overawing lions. Articulate sounds seem to anaze them."

No un d'a seem to annze them." M. Bidel says that lion tamers must carefully avoid all excesses. "Alcohol is the very worst thing a sion can make a bad use of. The beasts seem to know when a man has taken too much. One would much. One would fancy they can dis-criminate between real courage and that bravado which is called Dutch courage. Most of these accidents that you read about in the papers are caused by the drunkenness of the lion tamers, who

LION CUBS IN THE GARDEN OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT DUBLIN. IRELAND.

were recently made by M. Bidel, the great French lion tamer, who no longer performs in public, but lives in a handsome house, appropriately named the Villa of the Lions, in the suburbs of Paris, while his mena-gerie travels about. ''I was born to the basiness,'' he says, in were recently made by M. Bidel, the

"I was born to the basiness," he says, in relating his experiences. "My father kept a show. I began to enter the cages when I was quite a child. I began with wolves, hyeans and other small fry. At fifteen I left my parents and traveled about the country with other shows. "In 1859 1 was at Bayonne with the Ban-

" In 1859 I was at Bayonne with the Ban-arbo Menagerie. A young royal Bengal tiger got loose. You can imagine the state of the inhabitants. I was sent for. I looked for the beast for some time, and found him at last in a blacksmith's shop. I went up to him, caught him by the throat with one hand, and with the other threw him on my

hand, and with the other threw him on my shoulders and carried him back to his eage. "I carried him three hundred yards. My back was considerably damaged. I was twenty years old then, and it is from that moment I date my vertable career. I had faced danger, knew what it was, and did not faces it. I immadiately heres to true lives.

was to pick up a full sized lion on my shoulders and to carry him round the cage three times."

shoulders and to carry inin round the cage three times." M. Bidel owns a splendid black maned Atlas ion named Sultan, said to be the finest specimen in Europe. Sultan has had an eventful history. His owner first en-tered his cage in September, 1876, when the lion was sur years old. The previous day he had killed a man called Vicard, and the performance was given for the benefit of Vicard's widow and orphan. Vicard was a railway porter and had been foolish enough to put his hand into the lion's traveling box at the station—Sultan had just arrived from Africa that morning—to stroke the brute. Sultan seized his arm and tore it off bodily. The man died the same night.

lion tamers, who bring their contage up to sticking point by excessive drinking. I take no alcohol at all, except one glass of wine each day. If I am ever offered a drink, I take a glass of milk, beer very rarely. To master these brutes I have to begin by being completely master of my-seli." self.

self." As M. Bidel says, lions born in captivity are far less treacherons and dangerous than those imported from their native jungles, and there would be few accidents if only these home bred specimens were employed by lion tamers. The supply, however, is limited, for lions rarely bred

however, is limited, for hons rarely occur in menageries. More cubs have probably been raised in Dublin than anywhere else. There are at present six young lions in the garden of the Zoological Society of that city, two of which were born last October and four in Novem-ber

Sultan seized his arm and tore it off bodiy.
Before twenty four hours had elapsed
Befor

[This story o enced in No. 244.1 OUNG PILOT MONTOBAN By OLIVER OPTIC,

hor of "Every Inch a Boy," "Alve Luck," "Making a Man of Himself, "Young America Abroad Series," etc., etc. Ahrays

CHAPTER XVIII.

DOLPH MAKES A LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

DOLPH MARKS A LIBERAL PROPOSITION. OLPH SINGERLAY thought he was in a tight place when he found him-self on the floor in the bank, with one man holding him by the throat, and another pointing a pistol at his head. He could not even say that he would submit, or beg his assailants not to kill him. He did not feel much like buying a steamer just then, and the Lily was likely to re-main for the present on the waters of Lake Modogo. It was plain enough to Dolph. as soon as

It was plain enough to Dolph, as soon as he was in condition to have anything plain to him, that the Montoban Bank was in the possession of a couple of bank robbers. They were not amateurs, like himself, for they did their business they thoroughly as they went

along.

It goes without saying that Dolph was sorry he had undertaken the job, for he had already ma for he had already made a failure of it; and he would have been con-tent to do without any steamer if he could only get out of the scrape.

He could see now that he had shaken the bush while others were to gather the fruit. In other words, he had been kind enough to save the rob-bers the trouble of blowbers the trouble of blow-ing up the lock of the vanit, for he had brought the keys and opened it for them. Of course they were very much obliged to him, though they did not take the trouble to say so.

But they did not kill him, as he thought at first they intended to do. The sight of the revol-The sight of the revol-ver, within a foot of his head, had thoroughly subded him, and he did not appear at all like the young fellow who had been so overbearing and sancy to his father. The two robbers, after they had tied his hands be-hind him, took no fur-ther notice of him, but returned to the vanit, in the contents of which they had more interest they had more interest than in him.

As soon as they were at a convenient distance

from him Dolph began to feel better. One of the robbers had a dark lantern attached to his belt, which he dark intern attached to ins beit, which he closed as soon as the prisoner was secure, and the room was as black as a load of charcoal. The prisoner raised his head when he felt like himself, and looked around him.

around him. He had been left on the floor, and there was nothing to prevent him from getting up, if he could do so with his arns tied behind him. He could see nothing but a faint light in the vault, for the operators had partly closed the doors. Dolph rolled his body a little way, and then thought he could get up; at any rate he decided to make the attempt. It was not an easy thing to rise from the floor when bound as be was as any one may know by trying it

thing to rise from the floor when bound as he was, as any one may know by trying it. It required a struggle, and he made some noise by hitting the leg of a table. One of the robbers came out of the vault, with Dolph's lantern in his hand. When he saw that the prisoner had changed his position, and was trying to get up, he gave him a bid which burt kick, which hurt.

"Don't you move agin ! If you do, I'll break every bone in your carcass !" said the robbe

What are you about, Tom ?" demanded "What are you about, iom ' demanded you, continued to the man remaining in the vault, in a loud ime recovered his; and earnest whisper. "He's tryin' to git away, Poddy," replied the one who had kicked Dolpb. "Douse that glim, and don't speak a word!" said the man. It now appeared

growth. Poddy, as the one in the room called his Poddy, as the one in the room called his companion, gave no further attention to the prisoner, or to his associate. He had found the drawer which contained the money, and he was very busy in transfer-ring the bills to a leather bag he had brought with him. This task was com-pleted in a few minutes, and then he searched the vault for anything he had overlooked.

overlooked. He found nothing he wanted outside of the drawer; but the large packages of bills, labeled with big figures, which he found in the tills, seemed to satisfy him. There were plenty of papers, perhaps bonds, but he would not bother with them

he would not bother with them for they were liable to lead to the detection of the robbers. He closed the bag hastily, and then left the vault. He closed and locked the jouble doors of the and locked the ionble doors of the strong room and put the keys in his pocket. Then he went to the rear room and closed the window by which he had entered, and put everything in the condition in which he had found it. "I was going to borrow three thousand dollars of the bank for something. My fa-ther owns most of the stock, so that it was the same as borrowing it of thin, only he would not lead me the money," Dolph pro-

would not lend me the money," Dolph pro-ceeded to explain. "Short stories !" exclaimed the robber. "You have got all the money from the bank now. If you will lend me three thou-sand dollars of it, I will take the keys back to my father's room, and nobody will know that you have been here till the cashier misses the cash in the morning," added Dolph, who thought in bimself that this would be a brilliant stroke of business if the principal burglar would agree to it. "I won't trust you," replied Poddy, after

to open his mouth even to utter a whisper. He divined the destination of the robbers, and was confirmed in his belief when they

and was confirmed in his belief when they halted at the Onongo Bank. Like the Montoban, the bank was in the second story, with the entrance at the side of a store. Poddy placed his prisoner at the side of this door, and took a lot of brass keys from his pocket. When he took hold of the knob, in order to insert the key, which he had probably fitted beforehand, he found that the door was not locked. "Take hold of that orb, Tom; he may "Inake hold of that orb, Tom; he may "This door is not locked; what does it mean?"

mean i

light.

But the principal did not wait for the

question to be answered. He opened the door, and Tom led Dolph into the lower entry. They tied lower entry. They tied him to the stair rail and went up. Poddy took off his shoes and led the way. As he entered the room he was surprised to see a

CHAPTER XIX.

A REMARKABLE DUPLICATE

OPERATION. OLPH was glad to be OLPH was glad to be left alone, though his arms were tied behind him and he was fastened to the stair rail. He had made a liberal He had made a hberal proposition to the chief burglar; but his coming to the Onongo Bank ex-plained why he had de-clined it. Poddy was no small operator, and he small operator, and he was not satisfied with the funds of one institution. He did business by wholesale.

balks alike. If they crippled one magnate, they extended the same treat-ment to the other. But But he did not give much at-tention to this view of the situation, for he was moved by more personal and selfish considera-tions. He was a prisoner and he wanted to get out

of the scrape. If he could not get the three thousand dollars he wanted, he did not care to have his father de-prived of the use of his large deposit just as he had to build a new dam. He wished to get away just then more than he wished anything else in this world. He strained the cords

that bound his arms to their utmost tension, but he could not break them

while he was jerking and squirming with-in his bonds, the two robbers went upstairs and discovered the light. If they had been astonished to see a glimmer in the vault of

astonished to see a glimmer in the vanit of the other bank, they were donbly surprised to see the same thing again in the Onongo. Poddy seemed to be alarmed. Though it had been a robber like himself before, he could not believe in meeting with the same adventure a second time in the same night. He could not have found such an event in any other place in the country—for two such magnates, dilugently laboring to spoil their ouly sons, could be realized only in Mont-oban. A boy might cry for the moon, but there could not be two of them to rob a bank for a steam boat. bank for a steam boat.

Poddy was so astonished that he halted at the door for some time before he could to attempt any resistance. The man held decide to advance. It could not be an am-him by the collar, for he did not wish to fre the revolver in the descrided street, lest the report should people it with awakened citizens. Tom Sawder held his tongue, and ap-peared to be nothing but a supernumerary in the operations of the night, for if he at-by his companion. Dolph noted the route taken by his conductor, but he was afraid decide to advance. It could not be an am

"DON'T YOU MEAN TO GIVE ME MORE'N A THOUSAND DOLLARS?" EXCLAIMED TOM, SPRINGING TO HIS FEET,

pointed at his head. "I want you to understand that I will put a bullet through your head if you at-tempt to get away," said he in a loud whis-per. "We won't hurt you if you keep still and do as you are told; and when we are done with you we will let you go. That is all; but we shall make short work with you if you give an any trouble."

"I should like to make a trade with you," continued Dolph, who had by this time recovered his self possession, and even his wickedness, if he had lost the latter for

"Say quick ! What do you mean?" de-manded Poddy, evidently interested, in

Dolph.

one." The robber had made up his mind, and he did not allow Dolph to argue the point any further, for he took him by the collar and led him down the stairs, repeating his warning as he did so. Dolph was disappointed, for when he had recovered his self possession, and with it his evil intentions, he began to hope he might yet become the owner of the Lily. Poddy meant business, and it was useless to attempt any resistance. The man held to attempt any resistance. The man held him by the collar, for he did not wish to fire the revolver in the deserted street, lest

you if you give us any trouble." "I won't give you any trouble," replied

Dolph. "You had better not," added Poddy, im-

Sawder, without a doubt. Poddy was in a hurry, and taking Dolph by the collar of his coat, he assisted him to by the control ins coat, he assisted init to rise. Then he led him to the door, care-fully closing the gate that was at the end of the counter. At the door he halted, and opened his dark lantern, so that the pris-oner could see the revolver which he registed at his head last. one pointed at his head.

When Poddy spoke to his companion, and called him "Tom," Dolph had a glim-was favorably impressed by the proposi-ter spoke he had no difficulty in recogniz-ing the voice of the choid of the had-tion. The one who had kicked him was Tom Swarder without a doubt. Dolph. Poddy was silent for a moment ; and pos-sibly he would have consented to adopt the plan if he had not had other business on his hands. ''I won't trust you !'' he exclaimed, at last. ''In this business we don't trust any are.''

that the other was only a boy of good



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The chief operator looked into the vault, and then called Tom, who surveyed the in-

"It is Phin Barkpool!" said Toya in meterior of the strong box for a moment. "It is Phin Barkpool!" said Tom Saw-der, as soon as he had seen enough of the young man's face to satisfy him in regard to his identity.

Tom's fists were clinched, and his teeth were set together, for he connected Pbin with his rebellious passenger in the Milly, as he did not hear what had passed between them before Andy Lamb went to the assist

Poddy did not wait to hear any more. He entered the vault, and laid violent hands on Phin, and secured him as he had the other magnate's son. Then he entered the vault again, and transferred all the money he could find to his bag. He looked with contempt upon bonds and other securities,

the Montean State of the Securities, so that his work was soon finished. He closed his bag, which had probably never contained so much money before, for the Montoban had yielded a very rich har-vest. With the tools in it, the bag was stuffed full.

"You may take this cub, Tom, and I will attend to the other," said Poddy, as he joined his companion, after locking the vault, the keys of which he found at the inner door.

Tom removed the cord which bound Phin to the bottom of the post, and assisted him on his feet. He handled him very roughly, for the bitterness of the afternoon quarrel was still rankling in his breast. He jerked and kicked him when there was not the least need of doing so, for the prisoner was

least need of doing so, for the prisoner was quite submissive, and was not thinking of buying a steam boat just then. "None of that, Tom !" interposed his more gentlemanly associate, as he saw him kack his victim. "If you kick him again, like this victim, "It you kick him again, "I owe him a thrashing, and I'm go'n to give it to him," muttered the hoodlum. "What for?" asked Poddy, who did not seem to be in so much of a hurry as he had been, for doubtless he felt that the work of he nicht was substantially finished.

the night was substantially finished.

"Shut up, Tom ! "Shut up, Tom ! You are a mule; and you have no more sense than a one legged donkey!" interposed Poddy. "Phin was not willing to let Andy help the girl, for I heard all that passed between them. Andy jumped on board of the girl's boat in spite "The set of the girl's boat in spite "The set of the girl's boat in spite

"That's so," added Phin, deeming it wise to keep on good terms with his persecutors. "Andy's father was discharged from his place because he took his son's part against

me," "I didn't know that," replied Tom, ap peased by what he had heard. "But when I ketch Andy Lamb, I'll bet there will be music

"Drop that now, Tom !" said Poddy "Lead him down the stairs, and see that the other cub is all right." Tom obeyed the order, while his superior

locked the door of the room. Dolph had labored in vain to break his bonds. He had removed not a little of the cuticle from his arms, and wrenched his back in his struggles; but he had accomplished nothwhen he saw Tom Sawder coming wn the stairs with Phin Barkpool, he did ing. not know what to make of it.

Disappointment gave place to wonder and overwhelming astonishment in the mind of the first prisoner when he saw the mind of the first prisoner when he saw the second. The situation was beyond his comprehension. Phin was coming down the stairs from the banking room, and he must have been captured there. How came he in the bank at this hour of the night?

Poddy gave him no time to consider the matter, for he untied him at once, putting all the cords back into his side pocket. The entry was lighted by his dark lantern, entry was lighted by his dark lantern, which he had opened when he came out of the apartment above. Then he stopped and began to feel about his clothes, and look on the floor, as he had done when he

left the upper story. "What you lost, Poldy?" asked Tom, and he waited for the other to leave the building.

"I am only looking to see that I have or loss anything," replied Poddy, as he continued his examination. "In this bus-iness I am careful not to leave anything behind for detectives and constables to work upon; and I want you to do the same." Tom looked at bis ragged habiliments

but he could hardly have told whether or but he could hardly have told whether or not he had lost a rag or a button, Poddy Dolph. "You have done a big job tonight, Phin.

hour. The robber had not used days or weeks in preparing for this job to give it up without an effort, even if it cost the cashier a broken head, or even his life. ""Mr. Barkpool would want another three while Tom followed with Phin. In a cou-tiousand," chuckled the robber. "Six while Tom followed with Phin. In a cou-ple of minutes they came to the mouth of Rockrib Creek, for the Onongo Bank was on this side of the town.

Near the place where the Milly was moored, they came to a row boat, which neither Dolph nor Phin had ever seen beneither Dolph nor Phin had ever seen be-fore. The prisoners were seated in it, and Tom took his place at the cars; but as soon as the boat was a couple of rods from the shore, Poddy told him to cease rowing. Then he untied the cords which confined Dolph, and directed Tom to do the same with Phin. "I don't mean to hurt you, youngsters, and I want you to be as comfortable as pos-sible now that we are out of danger," said Poddy.

Poddy. am much obliged to you; but I

44 T thought you were going to let me go home as soon as you had finished the job," re-plied Dolph, who was willing to admit that plied Dolph, who was willing to admit that the chief robber was a very gentlemanly rascal. "Not yet, my lad ; it would not be pru-

dent for us to let you go now. We might get bagged, and it would break your heart to see us sent over for twenty years." Tom took the oars again at Poddy's or

der.

CHAPTER XX.

OM SAWDER took the oars, but he was not inclined to use the was not inclined to use them. It was about one o'clock in the morn-

was about one of cook in the morn-ing when they left the last bank, and the hoodlum gaped fearfully when the excite-ment of the capture and robbery had sub-sided. He had been on his feet all the day before, working hard most of the time, and he was tired. "I don't want to row all the way back to

Bunkel," said he, in a whining tone. "I ain't used to bein' up all night, and I'm jest about tuckered out."

"I will row a part of the way, as soon as we get a little farther from the town," replied Poddy.

"Why don't you take my sail boat? There is a good wind," suggested Phin Barksuggested Phin Bark-

That would be an easy way to doit; but the boat at the island might serve us a bad turn if any one found it there," said Poddy.

"You will not want me after we get to the island, and I will sail her back," Phin proposed.

"Pull away, Tom," added the chief. "We don't want to stop here all night." "Can't we take the sail boat ?" asked the hoodlum.

'No, we can't ! And if you don't use

No, we can't And in you to board !"
"I will take the boat back so that it won't do you any harm," persisted Phin.
'I will help him," added Dolph.
"You are very kind, and willing to make

yourselves useful; but if I accepted your offer, I should expect a visit from the police-men of Montoban before daylight in the morning," replied Poddy ; and the big haul he had made at the two banks evidently made him more good natured than his a sociate.

"But I will agree not to say a word." protested Phin. "So will I," added Dolph.

answered Poddy "I will not trust you,'

decidedly. " I shall go directly home and go to bed ; I will

I will put the keys back in the drawer where I found them, and I will promise on my word and honor not to open my mouth, pleaded Phin.

pleaded Phin. I will put the keys of our bank on the table at the head of my father's bed where he keeps them nights, and swear not to lisp a syllable," added Dolph. "I won't do it," repeated Poddy. "But we shall be missed in the morning, and my father will time the world upside down before breakfast time, and he will find you if you are anywhere on the builtable

you if you are anywhere on the habitable globe," argued Dolph, as earnestly as a lawyer making a special plea. "That's just what my father will do," added Phin. "He will have a dozen detec-

added Phin. " He will have a dozen detec-tives here from New York City ; and they will be sure to find you." " I see that you are trying to scare me, my dear young friends," replied Poddy, jo-cosely. " But I don't feel faint yet, You don't stipulate for the three thousand do-lars you wanted when you made the offer at the bank, Mr. Singerlay" and

"Mr. Barkpool would want arother three without missing it." "Mr. Barkpool would want arother three thousand," chuckled the robber. "Six thousand dollars would make a big hole in my hard earnings, and I don't think I can aff ord to make such a sacrifice."

afford to make such a sacrifice." "It would postpone the search for you till fine o'clock, or later; and that would enable you to get out of the way of the policemen," reasoned Dolph. "But we don't want to get away, my little joker."

little joker." "You don't want to get away !"

"Not at present." "What are you going to do, then ?" asked

"What are you going to us, usen I usnow the puzzled prisoner. "I should certainly be caught if I showed myself any time within the next three days," said Poddy, with a laagh. "You have got to get rid of me some time; and it will be just as dangerous in three days from now as it will at the present

three days from now as it will at the present time," continued Dolph, who was not will-

time," continued Doipn, who was not writing to give up his point. "I see that you are a lawyer, Mr. Singer-lay; but if it is all the same to you, I will manage this case myself. I don't want to damage your self esteem, but I am forced to say that I have no confidence in your "of the transmission". good intentions."

" I can't row any more, Poddy ; I'm used up, an' I ain't no better'n a bullfrog in a kittle of b'iling water," said Tom Sawder, breuking in upon the argument, "These fellers ain't don' nothin', what's the reason they can't do some of the hard work?" "Well, they don't come in fore shows of

"Well, they don't come in for a share of the swag, and I suppose they won't feel mach like assisting us in the work," sug-gested Poddy, in his jocose way. "I have to give you a thousand dollars of the money,

to give you a thousand dollars of the money, Tom; and you must earn your share." "A thousand dollars!" exclaimed Tom, dropping the oars, and springing to his feet at the risk of upset'ing the light boat in which they were making the trip to the island. "Don't you mean to give me more'n a thousand dollars, Ben Pod-cate 2" gate?

gate?" "Shut up, Tom !" replied the chief, in a tone that was almost savage. It was clear that there were claws beneath the velvety

that there were claws beneath the velvety paws he had been using. The hoodlum had used a name which had not been heard before by the prison-ers; and this appeared to have roused the ers, and this appeared to have roused the anger of the professional robber who was managing the affair, for Tom stammered out that he forgot. The assistant was sorry that he had used the name; but his regret did not appease his wrath at the mention of the share he was to receive of

the plunder. "Don't you mean to give me more'n a thousand?" repeated Tom ; but this time thousand?" repeated Tom ; but this time without using any name.

"That's more than you have earned," answered Poddy, in a surly tone, "I won's tand it !" protested Tom, "If that's all I'm to have, I don't do nothin' more

more." "If you don't pick up the oars, you will not get anything," added Poddy sternly. "I won't do nothin' more till I know how much I'm gon't to have of the swag. Pye been workin' hke a dog for a week git-tor things ready." and now you are gon't for the thing work in the swag. tin' things ready; and now you are go'n' to put me off with a thousand dollars. I won't stand it !"

won't stand it !" "If you don't take the oars, you will sleep the rest of the night on the bottom of the lake; and you will have time enough then to rest yourself," added Poddy, es he took a revolver from his pocket, and pointed it at his rebel associate. "Do you mean to shoot me?" demanded Tom, as he picked up the oars. "I would shoot you as quick as I would."

"I would shoot you as quick as I would a mad dog it you don't mind. Now, pull away, and don't open your ugly moath again

Tom Sawder could not stand up against this kind of discipline, and he renewed his labors at the oars. The chief was not in a this kind of discipline, and he renewed his labors at the oars. The chief was not in a pleasant frame of mind, though he had easily carried his point. The prisoners were not inclined to say anything nucler these circumstances, for Poddy was ap-parently as realy to shoot a man as he was to rob a bank. Silence prevailed for a short time, and then the leader appeared to have recovered his good natured mood. "I somose you are fired Tom ; and

"I suppose you are tired. Tom; and perhaps these young gentlemen would like a little exercise, as I am sure they are both skillful oarsmen," said he, when the hood-lum's powers seemed to be failing him.

"I am willing to row for one; but I should like a share of the swag, as you call it." added Dolph.

"So am I, on the same terms," said

Both of them still had a vision of a

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steam boat floating in their imaginations. "Without terms or conditions, I should

be glad to have you take the oars; other. wise I will do the rowing myself," answered Poddy, as pleasantly as ever. "'Very well; I will take the stroke oar,

"Very well; I will take the stroke oar, and leave the terms to your good will," re-plied Dolph, as he took his place. Phin followed his example with the same remark. It was the first time the sons of

remark. It was the first time the sons of the magnates had ever been in the same boat; but they pulled will together. "I have another offer to make," con-tinued Dolph, without suspending his work. "I am sure you will accept this one, Mr. Poddy."

Poddy was willing to hear it. (To be continued.)

... HE RAISES SNAKE'S TAILS.

WE think the attention of the antiviviser tionists should be called to the old fisherman who is reported by the Elmira Gazette as tell-

ing the following "snake story." "I have discovered a sure bait for bass,"he began; "it is snakes' tails. Everybody has observed that the tall of a snake don't die uptil sundown, but keeps wriggling all day afte the rest of the snake has expired peaceably. Now bass, above all fish, want a lively hast The idea struck me one day when I was the ing. A freshly killed snake was lying in the weeds while its tail was keeping up a lively

ing. A freshly killed snake was jring in the weeds while its tail was keeping up a likely agitation. I took my knife, cut the tail ad-put it on the shore. "I had no sooner tightened up ny line than I had a vigorous blie, and in five seconds was pulling on a three pounder. In mit a hour I had landed eight bass, averaging tr-port of the shore. "I had not be shore and the second start hour I had landed eight bass, averaging tr-port of the shore at a start with the pour state and the shore at a start with hours. I then started out to hunt snakes. I found one after an hour's search, cut of it, and it hasted me for five bass, which pulled in inside of twenty minutes; built at "Since then I have a couple of coultry bers in my employ, who catch alive and bring to trouble in getting all the bass I want ever trouble in Seither. "I here tails, but then I made an imperative discovery which will enable me to fist al summer with a dozen snakes. I found the about mouth of the snake snake as a snake start is the start start and the snake snake snake snakes and summer with a dozen snakes. I found the about mouth of the snakes and snake snakes and snake snakes and snaher entirely new tail, just as lively as the old one."

THE SENATOR'S PATRIOTISM.

Not long ago, according to a Washington dispatch, Senator Evarts was dining with some friends when the conversation turned to the subject of fish in general and shad in particular.

"It is one of the most extraordinary things," said Mr. Evarts, "how absolutely ingrained are men's prejudices in favor of the fish of their own locality. It would be im possible to convince a patriotic citizen of Washington that anything in the piscatory world compared to the Potomac shad, while a Hudson River man would stake his immor-tality upon the superiority of the Hudson River shad to anything that wears scales and

River shad to anything that wears scales and ths. "A North Carolina man thinks you are a fed if you call anything shad except North Car-lina shad, while it is a fact with which the whole world is acquaited "—here the orati-tic transmission of the second state of the orati-tic transmission of the second state of the orati-tic transmission of the second state of the second country residence is on the banks of the last maned historie stream, laughed at his aucon-scious illustration of his own maxim.

THE CHAMPION GUESSER.

WE should think Mr. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, might have made two.or three fortunes during the recent craze for the advertising dodge embodied in the prizes offered by ready made clothing houses and other firms to the one who should guess nearest to the exact number of grains in a jar of corn or of straws in a broom, and the like.

straws in a broom, and the like. Mr. Sibley, says the Rochester *Thion*, once visited a farm where a hog had just been killed, and was asked to geness on its weight. And the second strategies and the second strategies of the ford-and-sixty-one-pounds-and-a-quarter.²¹ The hog was placed upon the scale, for weighed sub-able a pound over Mr. Sibley guess! I he was throughly disgusted, and states a 2⁴⁰ we could 1 have been so much able scales a 2⁴⁰ we could 1 have been so much able and the scales. The resource of the scale of the

taken?" Presenty his eyes lighted up with triume, is he detected a stone in the hog's mouth de-signed to keep the juws distended while the purgass was being dressed. "Take out that plug," said he, "and you will find it weighs precisely half a pound." And it did, to a grain!

A ST RANGE VICTORY.

THE following story is selected from the columns of the New York Sun, and in some of its features reminds one of the old tale of the battle of the two snakes in which each swallowed the other, thus clearing the field: I had been carned for a month in the Wind

River Mountairis, Wyoming, near the head waters of Green River, before I got an Indian alarm. I had come up from Fort Bridger with a pack m ule and plenty of traps and provisions, and by traveling mostly at night and taking every pains to hide my trail I had escaped the attention of the redskins.

Having gained the upper end of the valley, I found a safe s pot for the mule and plenty of game for my traps. For the first two weeks I did not discharge my rifle once. I was trap-ping for fur, and what fresh meat I needed I killed with the bow and arrow. In twenty five days I had a mule load of furs. I had but to set my traps and wait a little.

The discovery which so vexed and alarmed me was made early in the morning. I had my camp close to the base of the mountains on the east side of the valley, while the mule on the efficiency while the mailey, while the maile was hidden on the west side, about opposite. I had enclosed him in about half an acro of ground, on which there was a spring, by building up a light brush fence and by hopbuilding up a light brush fence and by hop-pling him, and it had been my custom to visit him at least every other day. My furs were stored in a cave forty rods above my camp as fast as accumulated, and I had neglected no precaution which experience could sugg Each morning it was my custom to climb to

a ledge of rocks overhanging my camp and take a careful survey of the valley through a

a ledge of rocks overhanging my camp and take a careful survey of the valley through a field glass which I had carried for years. On this occasion I had scarcely turned the glass dians, each mounted, and a pack horse fol-lowing. They were not in war dress, but were three bucks who had come into the val-ley on the same errand as myself. I was boiling mad over the advent of my and I might consider it a great stroke of for-tune if I got out alive, and left them my mule and furs. The fellows were ten miles away when I first sighted them, and I had a little time to reflect on my course. They would camp, and it was certain that I would have to move. The idea of giving up all I had gained and sneaking off empty handed was too re-pugnant to be acted on, and after I had spent ten minutes watching the trio. I descended heave the valley. I must heave an dift, and workdel for a quarter of an hour to oblicrate must take their chances. It was a well hid-den spot, and the Indians might or might not discover it. My destination was a guleh or canyon, a mile further up the valley, and on my side of had never explored the guleh. It doubless contained some hiding place or point of ad-vatage, and I would be forced to seek shel-ter unit. Knew what the Indians purposed of mg.

had never explored the guleh. It doubtless contained some hiding place or point of ad-ter until I knew what the Indians purposed doing. The redskins were coming up the valley at a slow pace, and I had entered the canyon half a stour pace, and I had entered the gulen of the stour pace of the source of the gulen of a slow pace, and I had entered the gulen of the gulen of the source of the gulen of the source of the source of the gulen of the source of the source of the gulen of stour of the source of the presence store, or some other proof of the presence store of the source of the source of the nule would put them on to me, and the three hunters after game on the source of the response of the source of the source of the source of saving any of my property and started off up the gulen to make my es-case through the range. I was a rough dark spot I had get into. I had not gone over three bundred feet before I came to the end. I was what is had was a find comount in bundred feet before I came to the end. I was what is had was a find comount in bundred feet before I came to the way of the valley at the upper end without going over the wild upper a match or two I full realized the sit-and the other the source of the wild at out and strugged mountains. I should, however, it yource other way, but while here on the cecky bed other rift a few yards of. Believing the Indians to be coming, I looked with upper end without going over the wild and maged mountains. I should, however, it yource other way, but while it was burning alast match I here I a great clatter on the ceck yead of the rift a few yards of. Believing the Indians to be coming, I looked with your end was at the spot, and the sec-mads and knees. The minute had g

"woof!" at the entrance, and I not only smelt bear, but I heard him. He had his head in freed right into his face. The roar heattered shook the solid rock of the cavern, and he drew back tumbled around in the gulch for two or three minutes, and then made off, whining with pain and growling with anger

whining with pain and growing with anger as he went. When I could hear him no more, I lighted another match and looked for hairs on the were proofs that it was a clinnamon bear whom I had turned out; of house and home. There were a couple of loose rocks on the focor of the den, and the first move I made what her no lither up and block the entrance, created an obstruction which neither man nor bear could move while I was behind hem.

while they did not in the aperture, they nor bear could more while I was behind them. In about twenty minutes the bear returned, accompanied by his mate, and for the next half hour they made lively work for me. They I did not wish to discharge my rifle acada. for fear the report would be heard by the In-dians, I had to resist them by jamming their heads with the muzzle. The brutes gave it wort away the wounded one hay down ex-actly in front of the entrance and liked his wounds and uttered low growls. He had put himself on grand, and he meant to stay there used in the his renear some start the source out away the wounded one hay down ex-actly in front of the entrance and liked his wounds and uttered low growls. He had put himself on grand, and he meant to stay there used the half his renear some some some out of arowise when I lett eanny, and, though I had no water, I should not suffer much for a couple of days. The only thing I could do was to make myself as comfortable as pos-rared very little about the bears, knowing that I could kill them off at any time, but the Indians were to be seriously considered. They would leave no stone unturned to find my hilling place, and once they discovered man. There was no change in the situation until

The set of the set of

to be made on my defenses, but I was quickly set right. The bear started down the guich, about a the roars of a second bear were heard. And for five minutes there was a terrible commotion a hundred feet below me. I could see the second bear were heard to be a second bear were the second bear were heard to be a second bear were the second while the second bear were the the second bear were the the second bear were the second bear were the second bear were the second bear were bear the fort in the will bestify the

SOAPING THE GEYSERS.

An irreverent tourist among the Yellow stone geysers recently discovered a singular method of rousing the mighty and mysterius forces of nature from the depths of the earth, according to a correspondent from the National Park. "I was told," the latter writes, "that the

I was told, the latter writes, that the Splendid Geyser, once one of the flnest in the upper basin, had completely failed, and had lain dormant for nearly six months. I strolled over to the Splendid and saw a man busily at work dropping bars of soap into the

valid down, there I ran plump up against mass of rock in the path, and when I had burned a match or two I fully realized the site and ratch or two I fully realized the site and reast. I have not a site of the selected in the sele

down the chimney, which certainly started it rumbling and grumbling, and actually brought the scalding water half way up the cone; but it came no further, and gradually sank away back into the center of the earth from which it had been unwillingly forced." ...

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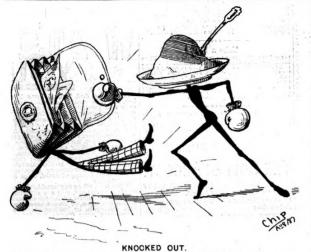
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GARDEN SEEDS IN POLITICS

CARDEN SEEDS IN POLITICS. THE fail elections are once more approach-ing, and the various electioneering methods coming into play again. Congressman Peel, of the Pitth Arkansas district, thinks, necord-ing to a Washington dispatch, that it will not do to underrate the importance of garden experience to illustrate. The nomination is virtually the election in bis district, and the early part of the lest campaign was the critical period with him, yeas young, smart and popular. They went about the district together, making a joint canvasion, smart and popular. They went about the district together, making a joint canvasion the nomination, and the facth was close enough to become interesting. They they mould come make hands with me and say, 'I got those seeds, Mr. Peel. They turned out first rate,' or make some such acknowledgment. This happened so often that I saw my trai was becoming a proventim. "One day we were making speciens, and head

such acknowledgment. This happened so often that I saw my that was becoming a over him. "One day we were making speechemistic and referred to the garden seeds. He dwelt upon the important duties which should engage a congressman's attention, and then told of what be had observed. Said he: It is seems to adoressing packages of garden seeds and public documents to people that he has very little time to give to the weighty issues which should receive attention from your repre-sentative." "He made had a good deal of than at my expense over the seeds. When it came my turn to speak I explained the laudable object of the government in distributing seeds for the benefit of the people, and told of the ap-portionment that us made to each district. "I said, I it is true that I spend a good deal to the agovernment, and the distribution of them is though to be of great benefit to the agri-quitural portions of the country. Therefore I do not consider the time s public a set in the out as misapplied. I suppose that is your resentative, he will pursue a differ-ent dute and down and be able to be of the government in distribution of them is though to be of great benefit to the agri-quitural portions of the country. Therefore I do not consider the time spent in sending them out as misapplied. I suppose that is your representative, he will pursue a differ-ent ourse-decline to be bothered with the seeds and devote his time to more important business." "At this, pays Mr. Peel, "my contestant

business, "and this," says Mr. Peel, "my contestant "At this," says Mr. Peel, "my contestant jumped up hastly and interrupted me by shouting out, 'Ah, no, I'll send the seeds too!!"



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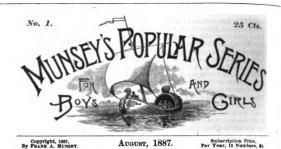
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