

Holden

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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FARMER BRENT'S BOY.

By P. C. FOSSETT.

"WELL, I think things are coming to a pretty pass when Bill Spicer gets to be the head of our class," said Howard Dumley, a dudish looking boy of sixteen, to a group of his classmates, one afternoon just after the Miltonville public school had dismissed for the day. "It's bad enough," he continued, with an air of disgust, "to have to go to the same school with a bound boy, and an almshouse foundling at that, without having him at the head of one's class."

"I don't know what you're going to do about it, Howard," remarked Bob Gilman, the ex head of the class, as he nonchalantly tossed a ball up with his right hand and deftly caught it behind his back with his left; "Spicer cut me down fair, and he's likely to remain head for the balance of the term, for he studies hard and he really is bright." And easy, good natured Bob kept on twirling his ball in the air, the loss of his leadership in the class evidently not bothering his head to any great extent.

"Yes," retorted Howard, "if your head hadn't been so full of base ball you'd never have said the Pilgrim Fathers were the first settlers of Virginia."

BOB GILMAN WAS INTENSELY ASTONISHED TO SEE BILL SPICER SEATED IN AN ELEGANT BAROUCHE BY THE SIDE OF A HANDSOME AND DISTINGUISHED LOOKING GENTLEMAN

32

HINTS ON LIFE SAVING.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY.



SINCE the principal object of the swimmer's art, apart from the pleasure and health which he derives from the exercise, is the saving of life, whether his own or that of others, from drowning, it may perhaps be well to add a few words upon this subject to the article on swimming which recently appeared in *THE GOLDEN ARGOSY*.

To rescue some one from drowning—this is what every swimmer longs to do. It is his crowning glory, and at the same time his most difficult task. In New York, where a narrow and densely populated island is bordered by two deep rivers, opportunities for the display of the life-saver's skill are constantly occurring. When a man or boy falls from ferry boat or pier, there is generally some brave fellow at hand, who leaps into the water and brings him ashore; while others as willing, but who do not possess the necessary ability, bitterly regret that they are forced to be mere spectators of the rescue.

Now it is by no means an easy thing to bring ashore a person who cannot swim, and many a good swimmer has met his death in the attempt. A drowning man will clutch desperately at his would-be rescuer, and hamper him so much that both go to the bottom together. To avoid this it is necessary to know how to handle drowning persons, and to be prepared, if need be, to use no gentle means. The following hints may be studied with advantage.

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



THE RESCUE.

drowning person seizes he holds with convulsive force, and it is no easy matter to get disentangled from his grasp. If, however, the drowning person does clutch you, sink with him, and immediately he will release his hold upon you and try to keep the surface. It is then a very easy matter to get behind him and fasten your hold.

There are many methods of grasping the person in danger; probably the best plan is to clasp him by the neck 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 may possibly attempt to get free by scratching the hands of the rescuer. This may be overcome by ducking his head under water or pushing the thumbs under the lobes 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 successful, 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 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 rescued 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.

Again, a rescue can often be made conveniently by grasping the victim by the back of the neck with one hand and pushing 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 labor is easier, because they can mutually assist each other. If the drowning man still has some presence of mind remaining, they will then seize him, one under 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 long distance swimmer, who has already been quoted in the article on swimming, summarizes the subject thus:

"To save a drowning person 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 behind him and grasp him by the collar or the hair at the back of the head and flop him upon his back.

"To tow him ashore, swim upon your back, using your feet and right hand for propulsion, and drag him after you. If he does turn and try to grasp you, hit 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 clinging to him. He tried to pull them away, but only sunk himself into the mud with the effort, and had to go up for air. The next time he dived to them, caught them around their bodies, braced his feet against the pile, and tore them loose. Before 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 been under water nearly ten minutes, their lives were saved.

This brings us to another and a very important 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 unconscious. 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 following very clear and simple code of directions published by the Massachusetts Humane Society:

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



RESTORING RESPIRATION.

4. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest.
5. See that the tongue is pulled forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief it will not slip.
6. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, in imitation of the natural breathing, forcibly expelling the air from the lungs, and allowing it to re-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, with a cushion, pillow, or some firm substance under his shoulders; then press with the flat of the hands over the lower part of the breastbone and the upper part of the abdomen, 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. Rub 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.
9. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. Success has rewarded the efforts 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.

Some persons are very subject to cramps upon slight occasions. They would certainly be wise never to go out of their depth if they can help it; and the best advice of 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 affections is cramp in the stomach. It literally doubles the victim up, contracts and renders powerless all the muscles 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 grit and physical power to suffer the most excruciating pains.

A person 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 moments, and gently paddle towards the shore, using only the hands. He should be careful not to excite himself, 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 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 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 muscles, 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 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.

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

Many deaths, however, are attributed to cramp which are really due to other causes. Frequently cases of drowning, in which the victim is a good swimmer, are due to a rush of blood to the brain, producing insensibility. A cramp in the arm or leg of a strong man would not cause him to sink suddenly and without a struggle, as we learn they do in so many cases. Every one who

reads the papers will recall numerous instances at the seashore and at every bathing resort where these mysterious drownings take place. They are generally accounted for on the cramp theory, but many of them are probably caused by apoplexy or disease of the heart. A prominent physician recently remarked: "A person suffering from heart troubles entering cold water must suffer a severe shock, and I should warn all who have any serious affection of the heart to avoid bathing, particularly in water of uneven temperature or cold water. They should never bathe in the open air."

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 correspondent'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 asked why he didn't raise sheep.

"Because the b'ars ketch 'em," was the reply. "They ketched one out of a few kep' near the house a few weeks ago. It must be the Western fress that sent us on our way through Cannady. We've got an apple tree a piece back of the house that the bears climb every year and eat the apples. We call it the 'bear tree.' We daren't let the children go berryin' for fear of the bears. The critters mostly keep in the thick woods, and they'll run when they see a man, but we don't like to let the children stray."

FERTILITY OF RESOURCE.

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

FOREMAN: Sure, all our foreign news has fallen into 'em!"

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

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,
And fatter 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.

TO THE RESCUE.

MEANWHILE Steve Holcombe was having a grand time of it in the forest, little dreaming of the deadly peril that had so suddenly entrapped his ill fated cousin.

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 dining table from end to end—lizards a foot long, brilliant with every color of the rainbow—ants as big as beetles, beetles as big as butterflies, and but terflies as big as sparrows—all occupied him so completely that he never noticed how the path was turning more and more away from the beach, and leading him right into the depths of the forest.

But even the American boy's active frame soon began to 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 observed for the first time that the bright blue sky above was already almost blot- ted out by the dense, evening shadow of the huge dark trees that rose around him thicker and blacker at every step.

"We won't get to the beach this way unless we walk right round the world; we've just got to 'bout ship.'"

They turned accordingly, and began to retrace 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 Steve, somebody shout."

Steve had heard nothing, but now, as he held his breath to listen, he did hear something that made his blood run cold. From the far distance came a wild cry for help, shrill and anguished, as if uttered by one in mortal agony, and the voice was that of Harry Peters!

"The niggers are upon him!" roared Holcombe. "Run, Cariboo!"

Away they both darted in the direction of the cry, shouting with all their might in 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 his cost—is very much like attempting to go at full speed along the bottom of a muddy ditch half filled with brambles.

Twice Steve fell sprawling on his nose, tripped up by vines as tough and supple as telegraph wires. The straggling boughs which intersected each other across the path few back and out them like horse whips over the face and arms as they ran, while the path itself, soaked by the constant rain, 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 danger roused Steve to extraordinary efforts, and made him for the time being a match even for the tireless 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 came bursting through it to the open beach beyond, torn, bleeding, gasping for breath, but providentially not far from the spot where poor Harry was still struggling in his living grave.

Steve Holcombe, who had seen quicksands 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 off lay a broad, thin piece of plank, washed ashore from the wreck. Steve seized it, and whirled rather than dragged it down the beach till he came close to where Harry stood.

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

"Hurrah! here he comes!"

Here he came, sure enough, with a jerk 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 swallowed forever by the fatal sloop 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 heading right into the forest when I happened to stop, and if we'd got too far to heat you shout, then—ugh!"

"Let's go back," said Harry, with a shudder; "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 breaking on the sand at the feet of the three boys.

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

Suddenly Cariboo broke forth with one of his shrill, impish laughs.

"Dat ting no man at all Massa Harry; him nothing but—white white man call dat needle who point same way all time?"

"Compass?" cried both boys at once.

"Dat so; him compass!"

And Cariboo burst into another loud laugh, which was lustily echoed by his two companions as another glance showed them 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."

CHAPTER XII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

THE three or four planks on which the compass stood had evidently been torn away by the bursting up of the decks as the water poured in below, and were now drifting ashore with the tide, which, being at the full, stranded this curious waif a few minutes later close to the spot where they were standing.

"I wonder if this thing will do father any good?" cried Harry, with whom this was always the very first thought. "When he drew the chart of this bay last night by the Dutchman's compass, he said he'd like to have another to verify it by. Let's see whether this one's got hurt at all. Hullo!"

"What's up?" asked Steve Holcombe, stepping forward and glancing hastily at the compass.

But Harry was already rummaging his 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 compass must be stark mad; it's one points quite different from what it did."

His cousin 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 Dutchman'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 compass. I remember now hearing some of the officers say that they wondered how a careful man like father came to be out of his course. Now it's all as plain as print. I'm jolly glad that I did get into that old quicksand, for if I hadn't we'd never have seen the compass at all. Three cheers for father! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

And up went Harry's cap into the air like a rocket, with a shout that made the woods ring.

"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



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

"Throw yourself forward!" shouted he, 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 occurred in what an Irishman would have called "a slow quicksand," and being not knee deep, he was still able to throw himself forward as directed.

"Catch hold!" cried Steve, stepping 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 drowning man.

"Now, Cariboo!" shouted Steve, "come on here! Take a good grip, Harry. Are you ready? Now then, pull!"

CHAPTER XI.

A WAIF FROM THE WRECK.

IT was a tremendous tug, 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 sinking into the treacherous surface; but he never relaxed his hold for an instant.

"I'm bound to fish him out, somehow," muttered he, savagely, "or else go down along with him."

was just waiting to swallow you down?" "You bet I do," growled Steve, "and the sooner we're off, the better."

But just as they turned to depart, Cariboo 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,

"Look, see, Massa Harry—what that yonder?"

Steve and Harry turned round, and, looking where he pointed, opened their eyes to 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 sitting 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 can't be some of that Spanish gold drifting ashore?" suggested Harry, excitedly.

"Not likely," answered Steve, shaking 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 pause, while all three stood watching in silence as the mysterious object approached.

Nearer and nearer to the shore it came,

ward and glancing hastily at the compass. But Harry was already rummaging his 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,

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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 become weak and irregular, and produces a general depression of the circulatory system. If the use of the narcotic is continued, this results 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 color, just as a badger's snout or frown becomes at last indelibly imprinted on the features.

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 needles in our ears, 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 public—composed of both men and women—is ever on the alert for "bargains," and there are plenty of people willing to pay ten cents in our face 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 peddler'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:

One 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 have already rendered unprofitable to the British agriculturist. The insect in question—the Hessian Fly—is popularly supposed to have been introduced into this country by

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 to send 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 engaging the attention of the department of agriculture at Washington. A lengthy report on the subject is shortly to be issued, which will utterly blot 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 marksmen 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 we will send two copies, to separate addresses 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 its frequency 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 use 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 instant the first flash had passed.

The result was a photograph giving a vivid portrayal of the lightning in the heavens, together 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 ice water makes it impossible to taste pollution which would otherwise be quite apparent; and this seems to have given rise to the idea that all ice is pure.

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 observed.

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 papers 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 1858.

For the next six months, when he was only sixteen years old, and before he entered college, he wrote leading articles for the Albany Evening Transcript, a daily paper of good standing. The remarkable development of his talents was further shown by his entering Union College as a junior in the following year.

In 1861 Mr. Smith graduated at the Schenectady university. He was appointed to the staff of General Rathbone, and for two years was engaged in the work of recruiting and organizing volunteers for the war. His post he exchanged for one in the faculty of his old 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 sole editor when Mr. Dawson retired in 1876.

By this time Mr. Smith had gained a prominent 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 platform on resolutions a large portion of the platform was drafted by his pen.

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 Pennsylvania 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-

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 reform 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. TITHEINOTON.

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 succeeded another, and still the one thing lacking eluded him.

Other small inventions were brought out 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 larger one. Mr. Case, out of a few pieces of cast iron, has built a ten horse power engine that is but a 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 \$5,000 he receives in cash outright for his patents.

DON'T GIVE IN.

BY SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

Boys, when troubles crowd about you (You'll find plenty in this life), And when fortune seems to frown you, And you're weary with the strife, 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 not gain the fight, That will bring you to no haven 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 trifle.

OUR actions must clothe us with an immortality, loathsome or glorious.

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

KNOWLEDGE of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.—Whately.

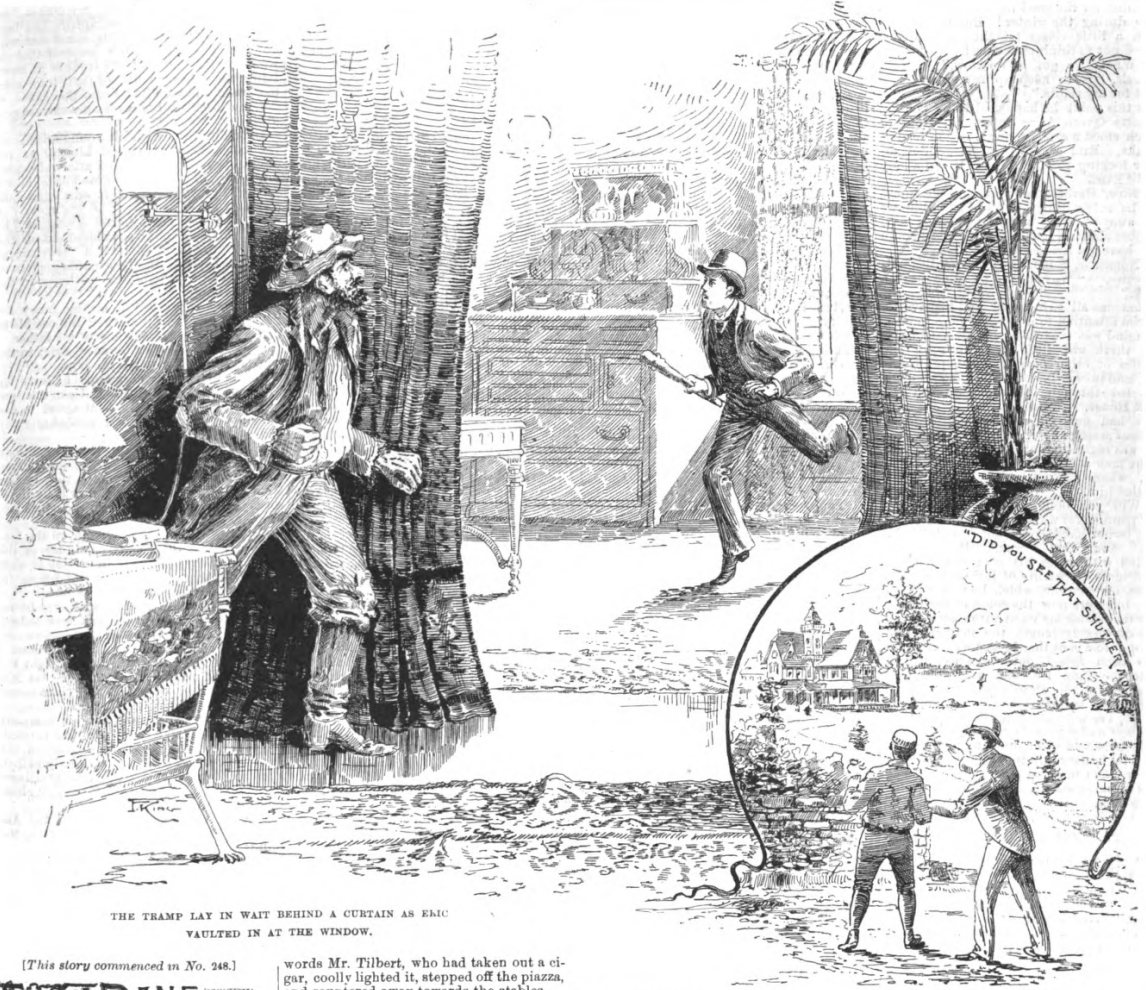
WHEN the forefathers of life are waded there is much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening.

BEZIEGE the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—Lamartine.

THE truth can not be burned, beheaded or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and there is no way to defeat it, and truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory.



CHARLES EMORY SMITH.



THE TRAMP LAY IN WAIT BEHIND A CURTAIN AS ERIC VAULTED IN AT THE WINDOW.

[This story commenced in No. 248.]

ERIC DANE
The Football of Fortune

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.
Author of "The Heir to Whitecap," "Frank Hay," "The Knights of Steel," etc.

CHAPTER V.
CAST ADMIRT.

BY this time Eric had recovered somewhat from the shock Mr. Tilbert's astounding course of action had given 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 know that there is a sun in the sky."

"You are impudent, boy," was the other's 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 immense property, and who met an untimely fate while on his way to take possession of it. Whether you crossed with him in the steamer, or were a chance traveling companion in the train, I neither know nor care to know. My time is valuable, so you will oblige me by acknowledging your defeat and retiring at once," and with these

words Mr. Tilbert, who had taken out a cigar, coolly lighted it, stepped off the piazza, and sauntered away towards the stables. To follow him was our hero's first impulse, then his pride rebelled.

"Press myself on such a man, beg him to take me in as though I were a tramp!" he muttered to himself. "Never! It is impossible that he can succeed in establishing such a preposterous claim. The law will see me righted, and mete out such 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 going, 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.

"That fellow in the train!" he exclaimed 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 precious 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's 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 instant, he rushed into the waiting room and up to the ticket window.

"Do you remember selling a ticket late last night," he pantingly inquired of the agent, "to a young fellow about my size in a brown suit, a straw hat, and—"

Eric paused, partly to recover breath, principally because he could think of no

other terms in which to describe the general appearance of his seat mate in that ill fated car.

"Well, I can easily answer your question," laughed the man behind the window. "I didn't sell a ticket 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, turning 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 when 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 distracted state of mind in which he was plunged, he could not forbear a bitter smile as he uttered the words.

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

"He might show more respect for the dead even if they can't find any remains to hold 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

while ago? The one that brought the news of my—"

He checked himself abruptly. He had been about to say "my death." He remembered just in time that he must be careful if he did not wish to be taken for an escaped lunatic.

"I mean the boy who came to Mr. Tilbert'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 against me," he murmured, as he turned again towards the waiting room.

"Poor fellow! Could he be expected to realize that he had himself brought about the alteration in the old Irishman's manner 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.

"Certainly," 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 cut to the Bluff House."

Eric thanked the man, and lost no time in following the directions given. He was growing faint with hunger, as he had had no opportunity of getting anything to eat since breakfasting at Manhattan Beach.

How long ago that seemed, when he was so gay and full of spirits with his friends,

LIONS AND LION TAMERS.

BY JOHN L. LAWRENCE.

THE most perilous of all occupations is not that of the soldier, the sailor, the miner, or the locomotive engineer, nor yet that of the base ball umpire. Hazardous as the nature of their work often is, they do not face such fearful risks as does the lion tamer every time he enters the cage of his ferocious charges.

So many are the accidents which happen every year to this class of performers that it seems strange that any one can be found willing to enter the profession; and yet the vacancies in its ranks are filled as fast as they occur. The fame and fortune that have been won by such lion tamers as Van Amburgh or Bidel have lured many others, who strove to follow in their footsteps, to their destruction.

A few months ago there was a shocking occurrence in a French menagerie. One of the bandmen, whose wages were five dollars a week, was induced, by an offer of three dollars additional salary, to try his hand at lion taming. He was then announced on the show bills with a great flourish of trumpets as "the famous Salvatore, Monarch of the Maneaters;" but at one of his first performances, he was seized by one of his alleged subjects, and fearfully injured, narrowly escaping with his life.

Here it would seem to us that the proprietor of the menagerie, who paid a man three dollars a week to risk life and limb in this way, was little better than a murderer.

We will not harrow our readers' feelings by adding other instances of the same kind, but will relate the narrow escape of a lion tamer in an American circus, which happened last June.

His name was Delorme, and he had been a cab driver till he got work in a circus, where his duties included feeding and watching several cages of wild beasts. Then one of the old keepers resigned his position and Delorme was promoted to fill his place. His duties involved the additional pastime of riding in the street parade caged up with a den of lions.

Although he wore the glittering helmet and gilded coat of mail of the former keeper, yet the three big lions knew very well that Delorme was somewhat uncomfortable in their confined society, in spite of the loaded revolver and the heavy cowhide 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 removed his eyes from Nimrod, and each day as the parade passed through the principal streets 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 cautious.

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 horses, and contained a den with the three lions and their keeper, Delorme, whose eyes, as usual, were fixed on Nimrod. Bands of music were playing, flags flying on all sides, and the sidewalks and windows were alive with admiring spectators of the annual event.

On one of the street corners were some people who had known Delorme as a private citizen, before he reached the pinnacle of greatness as a circus performer with a

glittering helmet. Proud, perhaps, to show their acquaintance with the great man of the hour, they shouted to him, calling 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.

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 one end of it.

The crowd all thought this was a part of the programme, but after the parade it was found that Delorme had had quite enough of furious lions. He disrobed from his Grecian gladiatorial attire and donned his every day overalls. He handed in his resignation 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 remarks on the subject

"The only means I employ to tame animals 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 conferees, 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 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 minutes, caught him single handed, and held him 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

shouted: 'Sultan! Sultan! what are you doing?' My voice frightened him, doubtless, for he opened his jaws and loosened his hold without tearing out the flesh. 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. 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 Sultan once more.

"I do not believe," he adds, "in that nonsense that is talked about it being impossible 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 courage and are afraid of me, because they see that I am not afraid of them. That is the whole secret of lion taming."

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 no very quelling eyes," he modestly remarks. "A blind man could be as good a lion tamer, if he had the requisite pluck, as any one else. The voice, the tone of command, is the principal instrument in overawing lions. Articulate sounds seem to amaze them."

M. Bidel says that lion tamers must carefully avoid all excesses. "Alcohol is the very worst thing a man in my profession can make bad use of. The beasts seem to know when a man has taken too much. One would fancy they can discriminate 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 bring their courage 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 myself."

As M. Bidel says, lions born in captivity are far less treacherous 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 breed 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 November.

They have thriven remarkably well, and are now, as may be judged from the accompanying illustration, very handsome young creatures. They are as lithe and playful as kittens. When very young they were heavily spotted, almost like leopards; but the marks faded rapidly, and the skins are now assuming the dun color of the full grown *Felis leo*.



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 menagerie travels about.

"I was born to the business," 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, hyenas and other small fry. At fifteen I left my parents and traveled about the country with other shows.

"In 1859 I was at Bayonne with the Banarbo 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 shoulders and carried him back to his cage.

"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 veritable career. I had feared danger, knew what it was, and did not fear it. I immediately began to tame lions, lionesses, tigers, polar bears, panthers and other beasts.

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

M. Bidel owns a splendid black maned Atlas lion named Sultan, said to be the finest specimen in Europe. Sultan has had an eventful history. His owner first entered his cage in September, 1876, when the lion was six 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.

Before twenty four hours had elapsed M. Bidel had entirely subjugated this man killer, and he worked with him afterward twice a day for ten years, till last year, when a terrible accident happened.

"I was suffering from rheumatic pains that day," says M. Bidel, in relating it, "and I happened to slip. A lion tamer must never fall. Lions have no chivalrous notions about respecting a fallen foe. The brute was on me like a shot and got me by the neck. I caught him by the throat and

[This story commenced in No. 244.]



By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

DOLPH MAKES A LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

DOLPH SINGERLEY thought he was in a tight place when he found himself 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 remain for the present on the waters of Lake Michigan.

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 thoroughly as they went along.

It goes without saying that Dolph was sorry he had undertaken the job, for he had already made a failure of it; and he would have been content 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 robbers the trouble of blowing up the lock of the vault, 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 revolver within a foot of his head, had thoroughly subdued him, and he did not appear at all like the young fellow who had been so overbearing and saucy to his father. The two robbers, after they had tied his hands behind him, took no further notice of him, but returned to the vault, in the contents of which 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 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.

He had been left on the floor, and there was nothing to prevent him from getting up, if he could do so with his arms 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 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 kick, which hurt.

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

"What are you about, Tom?" demanded the man remaining in the vault, in a loud and earnest whisper.

"He's trying 't git away, Paddy," replied the one who had kicked Dolph.

"Douse that glim, and don't speak a word!" said the man. It now appeared

that the other was only a boy of good growth.

Paddy, 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 transferring the bills to a leather bag he had brought with him. This task was completed in a few minutes, and then he searched the vault for anything he had 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 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 double 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 father owns most of the stock, so that it was the same as borrowing it of him, only he would not lend me the money," Dolph proceeded to explain.

"Short stories!" exclaimed the robber.

"You have got all the money from the bank now. If you will lend me three thousand 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 himself that this would be a brilliant stroke of business if the principal burglar would agree to it.

"I won't trust you," replied Paddy, 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 halted at the Ononago Bank.

Like the Montoban, the bank was in the second story, with the entrance at the side of a store. Paddy 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 cub, Tom; he may run away while we are busy," said Paddy. "This door is not locked; what does it mean?"

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 him to the stair rail and went up. Paddy took off his shoes and led the way. As he entered the room he was surprised to see a light.

CHAPTER XIX.

A REMARKABLE DUPLICATE OPERATION.

DOLPH 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 proposition to the chief burglar; but his coming to the Ononago Bank explained why he had declined it. Paddy was no small operator, and he was not satisfied with the funds of one institution. He did business by wholesale.

Dolph was rather pleased than otherwise at the impartiality of the robbers in serving both banks alike. If they crippled one magnate, they extended the same treatment to the other. But he did not give much attention to this view of the situation, for he was moved by more personal and selfish considerations. 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 deprived 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.

He pulled and twisted till the stair rail creaked and snapped, but nothing gave way. If he could only get away he might save the money of the bank, and put a feather in his cap by the operation.

While he was jerking and squirming with his bonds, the two robbers went upstairs and discovered the light. If they had been astonished to see a glimmer in the vault of the other bank, they were doubly surprised to see the same thing again in the Ononago. Paddy 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, diligently laboring to spoil their only sons, could be realized only in Montoban. A boy might cry for the moon, but there could not be two of them to rob a bank for a steam boat.

Paddy was so astonished that he halted at the door for some time before he could decide to advance. It could not be an amateur robber who was investigating the vault of the bank this time. He set it down as an impossibility. It must be the cashier or some other officer, diligently counting his cash or making up his accounts.

Whether Paddy's time was worth anything or not, he decided not to waste any of it. If it was the cashier who was in the vault, so much the worse for him, and he had better have gone to bed at his usual



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

When Paddy spoke to his companion, and called him "Tom," Dolph had a glimmer of light; and the second time the latter spoke he had no difficulty in recognizing the voice of the chief of the hoodlums. The one who had kicked him was Tom Sawder, without a doubt.

Paddy was in a hurry, and taking Dolph by the collar of his coat, he assisted him to rise. Then he led him to the door, carefully closing the gate that was at the end of the counter. At the door he halted, and opened his dark lantern, so that the prisoner could see the revolver which he pointed at his head.

"I want you to understand that I will put a bullet through your head if you attempt to get away," said he in a loud whisper. "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 us any trouble."

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

"You had better not," added Paddy, impressively.

"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 the moment.

"Say quick! What do you mean?" demanded Paddy, evidently interested, in spite of his hurry.

a little hesitation, which showed that he was favorably impressed by the proposition.

"Then I will keep the keys in my room, and my father will think I robbed the bank, and they will not look for you," argued Dolph.

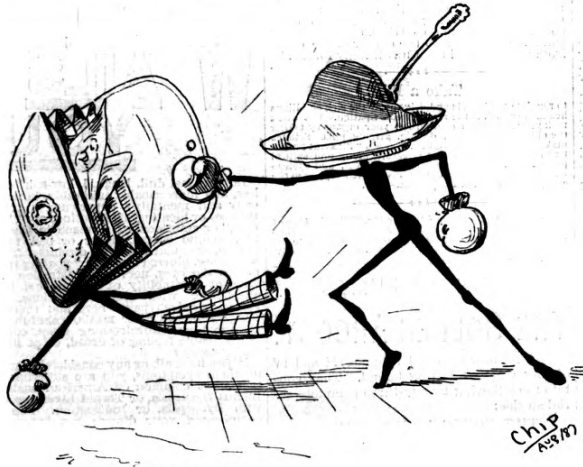
Paddy was silent for a moment; and possibly he would have consented to adopt the plan if he had not had other business on his hands.

"I won't trust you!" he exclaimed, at last. "In this business we don't trust any 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. Paddy meant business, and it was useless 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 the report should people it with awakened citizens.

Tom Sawder held his tongue, and appeared to be nothing but a supernumerary in the operations of the night, for if he attempted to speak he was promptly silenced by his companion. Dolph noted the route taken by his conductor, but he was afraid



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GARDEN SEEDS IN POLITICS.

The fall elections are once more approaching and the various electioneering methods coming into play again. Congressman Peel, of the Fifth Arkansas district, thinks, according to a Washington dispatch, that it will not do to underrate the importance of garden seeds in a canvass, and he tells of a recent experience to illustrate.

The nomination is virtually the election in his district, and the early part of the first campaign was the critical period with him. He entered the contest with a Democrat who was young, smart and popular. They went about the district together, making a joint canvass for the nomination, and the fight was close enough to become interesting.

"Everywhere we went," says Mr. Peel, "somebody would come up, shake 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 rival was becoming a good deal impressed with the advantages I had over him.

One day we were making speeches, and he referred to the garden seeds. He dwelt upon the important duties which should engage a congressman's attention, and then told of what he had observed. Said he: 'It seems to me that Mr. Peel must put in so much time addressing 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 representative.'

"He made the case pretty strong," says Mr. Peel, "and had a good deal of fun 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 apportionment that was made to each district."

"I said, 'It is true that I spend a good deal of time in this distribution. I might save the time for other matters. But those seeds belong to you. They are selected with care by the government, and the distribution of them is thought to be of great benefit to the agricultural portions of the country. Therefore I do not consider the time spent in selling them out as misapplied. I suppose that if you see fit to replace me by my friend here as your representative, he will pursue a different course—decline to be bothered with the seeds and devote his time to more important business.'

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

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