

GOLDEN AEROSY

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AN ADVENTURE IN THE AIR.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

“THE day will come, I think, when a ride through the air will be as ordinary an occurrence as a sail on the water,” said my friend, an experienced aeronaut, as he threw a heavy sand bag out of the floating car, and let the vast bag of silk shoot higher up among the clouds.

We were about a thousand feet above the surface of the earth, and everything below us seemed blurred and indistinct. The landscape had no shape or form about it, but looked like a huge canvas, blotched and spattered over with daubs of particolored

paint. The clouds were the only things that appeared natural, and so close were we to them, that they surrounded us on every side with a mass of formless vapor.

The professor watched the actions of the balloon with close attention, making the huge creature obey his slightest wish, as if it was alive and endowed with intelligence.

After the first peculiar sensation of mounting rapidly in the air had passed away, I began to enter into conversation with my solitary companion about his adventures and experiences in a balloon. He was a man whose practical suggestions were

AS THE GREAT FLOCK OF SEA BIRDS CIRCLED CLOSE AROUND THE BALLOON IN THE MIST, WE SUDDENLY REALIZED THE IMMINENT DANGER TO WHICH WE WERE EXPOSED.

GE

THE SOWING TIME.

Be careful what you sow, boys! For all the bad will grow, boys! And the boy who sows, With a careless hand, Is scattering thistles Over the land, Must know that the harvest he sows today, He must reap the same tomorrow. Then let us sow good seeds, And not the briars and weeds; That when the harvest To us shall come, We may have good sheaves To carry home. For the seeds we sow in our lives today Shall grow and bear fruit tomorrow.

A WATER CYCLE.

As an illustration of what a boy can accomplish by industry and perseverance, we present an illustration of an aquatic velocipede which was designed and constructed by a French boy. It is now in active use on the river Huisne, near Le Mans, in France, and easily makes six miles an hour up stream and ten down.

The young inventor's name is Amedee Bollee, and his mechanical genius seems to be inherited from his father, who has produced several improvements in steam appliances.

His water cycle consists of two hollow pipes of sheet iron, built in airtight compartments and braced together with cross beams. The iron is very thin, and the whole machine, which is about eighteen feet in length, weighs between seven and eight hundred pounds.

The wheel, of course, is fitted with paddles, and is worked with chains, on exactly the same principle as an ordinary tricycle. The chains are taken free and aft to two sets of rotary pedals, tandem fashion, as they are in a double tricycle. At the end of each of the two hollow iron pipes is a rudder, and the pair of rudders are connected by a cross bar, so as to work together. The tiller ropes are led up to the driver on the front seat.

A wheel shade, or covering for the paddle wheel, and a light rail along the deck, complete the apparatus, which is in reality extremely simple. It will remind New York boys of the so-called "Lohengrin boats" on the small ponds in Central Park, which are constructed on exactly the same principle, with a few modifications.

If any of the Argosy's readers would like to test their ingenuity in building a water cycle upon this model, waterproof canvas, stretched over a light wooden framework, could be substituted for the sheet iron pipes, and the running gear of an old bicycle, or especially a tricycle, could be adapted to form the paddle wheel, chain, and treadles. One pair of treadles might be omitted, for a single driver could propel a light machine at a fair speed. The new form of water cycle is thus not so difficult of construction as may at first sight appear, and for those who like to see the way they are going as well as enjoy moderate muscular exercise it may be found a very suitable machine. And it is not an unhandy one, for its rudders take it round the full circle in twice its own length.

FACTS ABOUT THE MOSQUITO.

The mosquito is one of the most interesting of insects, to judge from the frequency with which it is talked about in polite circles during the summer months. In order that the readers of The Argosy may engage in this discussion from an advantageous standpoint, we herewith furnish them with some scientific information on the subject culled from the New York Sun:

Mosquitoes were not born to eat mankind. Their taste for blood is not innate, but cultivated. The original purpose of the mosquito's existence was to eat miasma and other unhealthy things that lie in swamps and pools. The larva or grub of the insect still devotes itself to this branch of the business.

The male mosquito is a gentleman. He stays in retired spots, lives on miasma, and attends strictly to business. All the biting and buzzing business is done by the female.

The difference between the two sexes is very marked. It can easily be seen if something on which they will alight is placed in the open air. A piece of pumpkin pie is the best thing, it is said.

The males are characterized by a mild and peaceful expression of countenance and two lovely feathered antennae waving in front of the head. The female wears a blood-stained lancet and has no trimmings on her head.

Whether the mosquito, or the egg from which the mosquito comes, existed first, is a question which scientists have, as yet, been unable to settle satisfactorily, but there is no question that at the present time responsibility for the existence of the mosquito must rest upon the female. As soon as warm weather arrives the female mosquito goes to the water, crosses her hind legs in the shape of a letter X and lays an egg.

The egg is caught by the crossed legs and smeared with a glutinous substance. The next egg is caught in the same way, and at last, when about 300 to 350 of the eggs have been laid and stuck together by the legs and the glue, they form a tiny little raft which is launched on the water and the female flies away with a consciousness of duty done.

After a few days the eggs hatch out little

hurling herself steadily with her six feet, without any apparent effort, thrusts this bundle of affairs, clustered with a beak like an awl, deep into the flesh, and, through a channel which is left in the center which they fold together, draws up the blood.

One authority says that the tongue does not go with the rest, but folds back in the breast of the insect. It has been asserted that there was no poison in a mosquito's bite, but Professor Southwick of the Arsenal in Central Park, New York, says that he has proven that there is injected into the wound a distinct poisonous substance, the object of which is to make the blood thinner so that it will flow more easily.

The poison causes the subsequent inflammation at the bite, but the pain during the operation comes from the barbs on the mandibles. These project from either side of the tip of the beak, and work with great rapidity, like little saws, first on one side and then on the other, one saw going up as the other goes down.

The remedy for a mosquito's bite is to let it bite. That sounds funny, but it is literally true. If it is let alone the mosquito will suck out all the poison along with the blood, and the bite will be no more painful than the prick of a pin. When disturbed, however, before it has filled itself with blood, the insect flies away, leaving some of the poison in the blood about the bite, and this causes the subsequent itching and swelling.

It is very hard for any one to remain passive while serving as a banquet for a mosquito, and the next best remedy for the bite is am-

A SPARROW IN DISTRESS.

Men are, after all, a good deal more tender-hearted than some people imagine. Sympathy for the distressed sometimes crops out in the most unexpected places.

The story of an English sparrow, imprisoned and threatened with starvation in a Chicago store window, is related by the Tribune of that city with the comment that the heart of the average Chicagoan must be in the right place.

For some time past a weak young sparrow, scarcely able to fly, had been fitting in and out of an open window of a hat store on one of the city's thoroughfares.

At the rear end of the store is a window fitted up with shelves, and one of the board supports runs parallel with the side glass of the window, separated by but an inch of space. The board is tight fitting, and the only opening in the space between it and the glass is near the top of the window.

The little sparrow in its wanderings fell down to the bottom of the narrow space, and could do nothing but flutter helplessly for two days, while the bird was thus imprisoned, a great crowd was gathered in front of the window giving utterance to various cries.

When the little prisoner was first discovered in his predicament several people rushed and informed the proprietor. He set to work to extricate the bird, but after several hours' labor with a wire gave it up. He had no success so far as so that a dignified looking man entered and said:

"Say, you've got a bird in your window over there, and you must take it out right away. If you don't I'll have you arrested."

With the words, "You will, eh?" the clerk took him by the hand and rapidly led him to the sidewalk, where he left him.

Other people, however, kept coming into the store with suggestions as to how a bird might be rescued, until the proprietor placed a step ladder against the window, so that the top of the prison could be reached. Whenever a man came in and said, "You have a bird in the window," he was referred to the step ladder and a long piece of wire shoved into his hand. Although the top of the shelving was covered with dust, people climbed up and for hours worked with the wire, but all to no purpose.

A young man stepped briskly into the store, rubbing his hands. "You have a bird—"

"Are you in a hurry? Where are you going?" the clerk inquired.

"I'm on my way to lunch," replied the young man.

Well, never mind your lunch. Here, I'll shove the wire into his hand and leading him to the ladder, "climb up there and see what you can do."

But the young man's craving for food was too much for him, and he left the store without rescuing the bird.

"Say, mister, yer got er little sparrow in dis window, and yer don't git him out er dere, whimpered a dirty little newsboy as he entered the store.

The proprietor's heart was touched by the pathetic exclamation of a small boy, and he expressed his sympathy in a pained expression of his face, and replied:

"My boy, I'll get the bird out if I have to tear up the ceiling of the store."

He set to work again, and, finding the wire useless, he removed his stock, and after great difficulty he succeeded in cutting a small hole through the board with a scroll saw. Then sticking his hand through the hole, he drew out the winged prisoner. The performance was witnessed by an immense crowd, and its successful conclusion of the glass window alone prevented the crowd outside from embracing the proprietor.

A VOLCANO'S WORK.

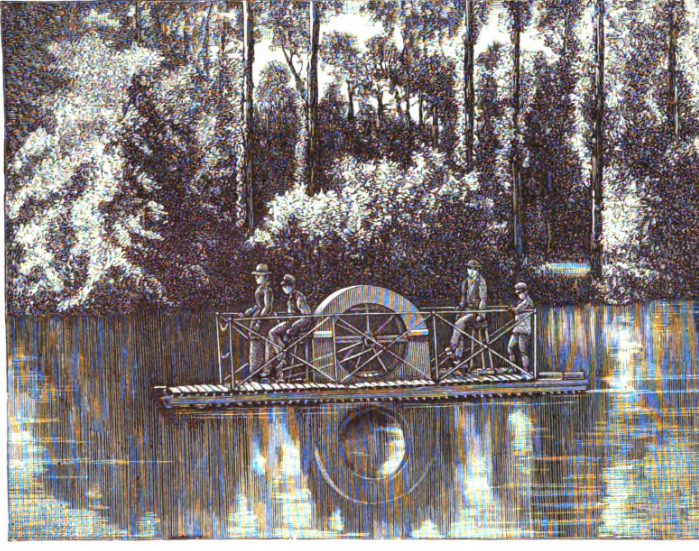
READERS of "In Southern Seas" will be interested in some recollections kindly furnished us by a Brooklyn subscriber, who arrived in Java shortly after the Krakatoa eruption of 1883, mentioned in the story.

He writes that several men of war were employed in collecting the dead bodies, which will be remembered as having been seen by the crew of the Kerr crowding the sea about them. They were gathered into huge piles on the beach, where oil was poured over them preparatory to burning.

An island in Sunda Straits, very thickly inhabited, sunk and disappeared about a mile from its former position, with the loss of almost its entire population. This is by no means a rare occurrence among the many islands in the vicinity.

"We sailed through miles and miles of pumice stone, stretching as far as the eye could see. It seemed like sailing through a sea of ice."

"At a place down the north coast, nearly 300 miles from Anlier, I was told that at the time of the flood the sea in the harbor and canal were left dry, and that ships lying in the land rested on the ground until the return of the water."



THE WATER CYCLE.

larva, which are thin wormy things that come out of the lower end of the eggs, and leave their empty shells to float away and be destroyed by the wind and water.

The larva breathes through its tail. Most of the time it remains at the bottom of the water, feeding on decaying matter, and by this scavenger work doing great good in clearing the swamps of miasma. Occasionally it comes to the surface for air.

The common name for the larva of a mosquito is "wigzler," and any one who looks in a stagnant pool on a summer day will see the larva, feeding on decaying matter, and by this scavenger work doing great good in clearing the swamps of miasma. Occasionally it comes to the surface for air.

The pupa state of the mosquito lasts for from five to ten days, according to the weather, and then some day, when the sun is bright, it rises to the surface. Its skin bursts along the back, and opens out into the form of a boat; a perfect mosquito slowly rises from the shell till it stands on its tail, takes a good look around, kicks out a pair of legs in front, which it places on the water to balance itself, shakes out its wings, gives them time to dry, draws up its hind legs until they rest on the edge of the shell boat, and then, with one flap of its wings and one kick of its legs—which upsets and sinks the boat—the insect flies away.

The most interesting and intense portion of the mosquito's anatomy is the sucker. On each side is a maxilla, or jaw, and next within it the mandibles, which have fine barbs at the end and do the chewing. Then there is a fine tongue and a pointed beak.

When ready for business, these all close together with the largest labium, or lips, the enlargement at the end of which is a sort of sucking arrangement. The mosquito, hold-

ing a little of it rubbed over the bite will take the sting out of it at once. So will ordinary soda and a number of other things of the same nature.

THE HAMILTON CADETS.

The military companies which the ARGOSY has been the means of organizing are attracting a good deal of interest. The following article recently appeared in the columns of the New York World:

Lieutenant Hamilton, of the Fifth Regiment, United States Artillery, located on Governor's Island, had a series of articles some time ago in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY advocating the formation of boys' military battalions. Instructions for organization were given and all necessary information.

The ARGOSY seconded the lieutenant's suggestions, and advised immediate action. As a result, Thomas W. Scanlon, of Brooklyn, invited a number of boys to meet and talk the matter over. About fifty responded, and the nucleus of a regiment has been formed, taking the name of the Hamilton Cadets. General Louis Fitzgerald was appealed to for the use of an armory for drill and meetings. He said he had no power in the matter, and referred the boys to some colonel.

Colonel Emmons Clark, of the Seventh Regiment, took considerable interest in the cause. He promised to lay the matter favorably before the Army Board, consisting of Mayor Hewitt, the President of the Tax Commissioners, Brigadier General Louis Fitzgerald and Colonel Clark. Lieutenant Hamilton, as well as Captain Appleton, of the Seventh Regiment, is doing all he can to advance the organization.

An endeavor will be made to make the battalion an adjunct of the Seventh Regiment as a cadet corps. Boys over thirteen and five feet tall will be admitted to the Hamilton Cadets. Two companies have already been formed, and new recruits are joining all the time.

It is Lieutenant Hamilton's idea to form such organizations in all large cities, all being merged in one large brigade.

SUMMER IS OVER.

Now the cool September mornings show us many a falling leaf. And another summer leaves us only memories, sweet and brief: Soon October with her rainbow hues will bathe the maple tree. And her brilliant colors burnish all the wood from sea to sea.

(This story commenced in No. 247.)

DROWNED GOLD.

By DAVID KER.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

MIDNIGHT INVADERS.

A DEAD silence followed Captain Peters's startling discovery, for the treachery which it revealed was so unexpected and so hideous that it seemed to strike every one in the party dumb.

"You are witnesses, gentlemen," said the captain at length. "How and where I found the bit of iron; and I hope I may count upon your giving evidence according to the law whenever you are called upon."

Major Vere bowed, and Mr. Garnet answered bluntly that he would like nothing better, except the chance of hanging the rascal who did the mischief.

"Right," said the major, grimly. "Whoever put that iron there did it on purpose to wreck the ship, that's certain. The first thing to do now is to find him out, and when we do—"

"We'll hold a council of war on him, and run him up to the yard arm!" broke in Harry, whose notions of justice, if not very distinct, had at least the merit of extreme promptitude.

"Well," said the captain, "let's go back to the factory and draw up a statement of all this."

And away they went, too much occupied with their discovery to notice a dark, lean, crafty and unloading cargo, it that peered out after them from the nearest thicket. A man was hidden there who had seen all and heard a good deal of what had passed, and who seemed by his flashing eyes and excited gestures to be deeply interested in it.

On the way home Captain Peters begged his companions to say nothing of what had happened until, as he phrased it, "they could see their way through the job a little." But unless some unexpected light came to them from another quarter, their chance of seeing their way appeared to be very faint indeed. At present the whole affair was an impenetrable mystery.

Had the Lakoja had on board at the time she struck any of the Kroomen whom the African steamers carry from port to port to assist in loading and unloading cargo, it might fairly have been supposed that one of these savages, who are constantly imperiling their lives for the smallest quantity of plunder, had thought it worth while to risk drowning for the entire freight of a large steamer. But it happened that on the morning of the wreck there was not a single Krooman aboard.

Revenge could have nothing to do with it, for both men and officers were devoted to their captain, and there seemed to be no other reason which could tempt any sane man to wreck himself on a sickly and barbarous coast, where the chances were pretty even between being murdered and dying of fever.

"I can't make it out at all," said the captain, shaking his head. "It's a pity the crew are all away at Grand Bassa, for we might have found out from them whether anybody was seen hanging about the compass that night."

"Beg pardon, sir, I don't think you would," replied the second officer. "On such a night as that was—black as pitch, and raining cats and dogs—any chap might have popped in that bit of iron without the man at the wheel being a pin the wiser."

In fact, they were all as completely puzzled as the captain himself. But before the day was over something happened which—for the time being, at least—put even the wreck itself out of their heads as utterly as if it had never been.

The passengers were gathered in the parlor that evening, after a plentiful supper of boiled rice, potato like cassava, made from scraped manioc root, thick "damp" cake of flour and water, and chunks of beef from a bullock which had been shot in the afternoon, all eaten with two or three knives passed from hand to hand, and washed down with several steaming mugs of sugarcane coffee, the good Dutchmen's stock of sugar having been quite exhausted

farthest from the house, the whole surface of the ground wore a strange, glistening appearance, like the wet roof of a carriage seen by lamplight. But, as Harry approached, he saw with dismay that this entire space was one creeping swarm of black ants!

CHAPTER XIV.

A VISIT TO THE WRECK.

"THE drivers!" shouted Captain Peters, snatching a firebrand, which one of the negroes had let fall, and sweeping it right and left through the living flood, burning up hundreds at every stroke.

That one word was enough for Harry, who recalled instantly all that his father had told him about the countless numbers and untamable fierceness of the formidable "driver" ants, whose terrible bites killed both man and beast, and at whose coming the natives were wont to fly from their vil-

The next morning broke bright and clear. "Captaine," said Mynheer Everts, as soon as he met Captain Peters, "I mean tell you one ting last night, but ze 'drivers' drive it right out of mine head. Your Spanish man dere—how you call him, Camacho?—he start off yesterday, say he go walk to native village. Well, he never come back, and now I tink something happen him!"

"Really?" cried Captain Peters, starting. "Poor fellow! I do hope he hasn't killed himself in despair at the loss of that government money that he was in charge of. Now I think of it, he has been looking very glum and dismal ever since we came ashore. We must send out a party to search for him at once."

"I done all zat," answered the agent, "and my men find him, sure, if he dere; but if Krooman kill him, dey throw him in ze river, no find him never again."

"Well, I hope they will find him, poor fellow; and in the meantime, as the sea's pretty quiet now, and there doesn't seem to

be any wind to speak of, I shall run out in one of our boats and take a look at the wreck, if you'll kindly lend me a few of your boatmen."

"Take so many as you want, and welcome," said the Dutchman, heartily; and half an hour later the boat was on her way down toward the mouth of the river from the creek on which the factory stood, carrying, in addition to her crew, Captain Peters, the major, Mr. Keir, and the three boys, who were in high glee at being allowed to join the expedition.

But they little knew what was in store for them. All went well on the smooth waters of the river; but the moment they got round the point that lay between them and the terrible "bar," the sight of the great hills of white foam that came rushing to overwhelm them made even the reckless Harry look grave.

Instantly the steady pull of the black boatmen was exchanged for a short, fierce, snapping stroke, every fall of the oars being accompanied with a hoarse scream like the cry of a drowning man, which, with the splash and rattle of the oars, the creaking and groaning of the strained timbers, the roar of the contending waves, as they clashed against each other, made a maddening din. Suddenly the boat reared up on end like a restive horse, and then plunged downward as if about to go down bow foremost, sending Harry's head into Steve's ribs, and Major Vere's elbow right into the captain's eye. The next moment they were right in the thick of it.

"Pull—all together—pull!" roared the captain, shaking the blinding spray from his eyes as he clutched with both hands the wet, slippery tiller, which seemed to struggle in his grasp like a wild beast trying to break loose.

The negroes, yelling like madmen, pulled as if they would break their oars, while the lashing spray came pelting over their bare black limbs and brawny shoulders, as the boat plunged down and up, and down again.

"Do you remember those sharks that chased Cariboo yesterday?" whispered Steve to his cousin. "I guess they'll have a good chance of 'free lunch' if our boat tips up."

"Rather!" answered Harry, in the same tone.

And now three monstrous waves came roaring on, so close together that to ride one of them without being caught in the trough of the next seemed quite impossible.

Even the immovable major clinched his



THE MIGHTY WAVE ROLLED DOWN UPON THE BOAT LIKE A FALLING MOUNTAIN.

by their unexpected guests, and fresh supplies being hard to obtain.

Several of the company were looking on at a game of draughts played by Mynheer Everts and the captain. The major was copying the sea chart of the bay, and occasionally exchanging a word with Mr. Keir, who was at work upon an account of the wreck for his journal in New York.

Harry had rummaged out a tattered copy of Fenimore Cooper's "Prairie," and he and Steve were devouring it by the dim light of the swinging lamp. Most of the others were chatting on the verandah, and watching the gathering of a huge black storm cloud over the wide waste of silent sea, when a tremendous uproar outside made them all rush to the courtyard, where they beheld before them a wild and startling scene.

Every one's first thought was that the savages were attacking the place, for a number of black, grim-looking figures, which seemed to start out of the darkness by the glare of the flaming torches that they whirled round their heads, were rushing hither and thither with shrill, unearthly yells.

And in truth it was an attack of savages, more ferocious than any cannibal, and to be counted not by hundreds or thousands, but by millions!

In the midst of the courtyard, all alone, stood a mighty tree, so vast that the flagpole which rose from the highest point of the factory roof reached barely half way up its pillar like trunk. From this tree right up to that side of the palisade which lay

lages as if before the advance of an invading army.

He, his cousin, and most of the other passengers, at once armed themselves with torches, and fell tooth and nail upon the advancing host, slaughtering thousands with every sweep of their firebrands, only to see them replaced by fresh thousands.

It was indeed a battle for life and death. Should the ants force their way into the house, all within it would be compelled to fly from it to the open beach, and spend the whole night there, exposed to the full fury of the coming storm, which would be almost certain death to the sick ladies, as well as to one or two men who had been already attacked by the terrible African fever.

The struggle was long and desperate. The ants fastened savagely upon the bare limbs of the negroes, drawing blood at every bite; and even the white men, bitten right through their clothes again and again, felt as if they were being torn with red-hot pincers.

More than once it seemed as if all their efforts would be vain; but, little by little, the steady perseverance of human discipline began to prevail over the blind ferocity of the destroyers.

By the time the cold bright moon rose above the dark tree tops the battle was over; and as the wearied men heard the furious rain come hammering upon the roof overhead, they had good cause to feel thankful that their sick companions had not been driven forth into the storm by these midnight invaders.

shouts of the captain from the stern, the splash and rattle of the oars, the creaking and groaning of the strained timbers, the roar of the contending waves, as they clashed against each other, made a maddening din.

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FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 41 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

Next week we shall begin the publication of the promised new serial

GILBERT THE TRAPPER; OR, THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN. By Captain C. B. ASHLEY.

AUTHOR OF "LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE OUT." This story deals in fascinating fashion with a subject that is sure to interest our readers—coveys and scout life in the West. A faithful picture of the lops and mishaps, adventures, hardships, joys and sorrows of our country's pioneers is presented in the course of the narrative, which abounds moreover in dramatic situations incidental to the unfolding of a singularly happy plot.

Gilbert, the young hero, is the personification of bravery, and will be sure to win hosts of friends, while Gus and Jerry Warren will not rate far behind him. In short, we predict wide spread popularity for Captain Ashley's new story.

- MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES! MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES! MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES! MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES! MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES! IT IS A GREAT SUCCESS.

Of course you have read "The Mountain Cave," the first of the series.

No. 9 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, entitled "A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST," is now out. Ask your newsdealer for it, or order it direct from the publisher. It is a charming story—one of Mr. Converse's very best.

A PRINCIPAL CARPENTER. A CERTAIN African king has evidently been reading Russian history. He has most been especially impressed by the story of Peter the Great's disguising himself as a traveling peasant, and in this character learning the art of ship building. For this monarch of the Dark Continent has sent his son to Germany, where he has been apprenticed to a carpenter, with a view to learning how to saw, hammer, chisel and plane like any common mortal.

It is to be hoped that the young prince will apply himself diligently, for the knowledge of a trade may yet come in useful. An African throne is quite a precarious inheritance, but a good carpenter can always earn his living.

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

RISE AND FALL OF THE MONKEY. Some two months ago an organ grinder was walking across the Brooklyn Bridge with a monkey on his shoulder, when in some manner the latter slipped his chain and bounded into freedom.

Securing a good hold on the cables that run from the roadway up to the dizzy summits of the towers on either shore, Master Jocko quickly scrambled out of reach, and, regardless alike of the threats and entreaties of master and police, proceeded to disport himself among the wires of civilization as recklessly as though he were taking a promenade over the interlacing boughs of his native wilds.

The organ grinder was inconsolable, the

police helpless, while the small boys and the crowd howled their delight at the escapade.

However, the hero of the occasion at last succumbed to the bait of some tempting tidbit, and descended from his lofty perch between the two cities to exchange boundless freedom for a fleeting feast.

Whether this bold transformation of the far famed bridge into a monkey perch exerted its influence in the matter, we are not prepared to state, but the fact remains that not long after the episode just related the New York police commissioners issued an edict banishing the monkey from the streets.

A WRITER in the London Spectator, in reviewing a history of America, deprecates the importance of Christopher Columbus's discovery. "It is on the stage of the Old World," he remarks, "that the great social and political problems of humanity must be worked out."

We are glad to believe that the last statement is perfectly correct. The peoples of Europe undoubtedly have to face more and greater problems and difficulties than the fortunate citizens of America; but in congratulating themselves for this reason upon their superior importance, they seem to resemble those persons who take pride in the complication and extent of their diseases.

SCIENCE has, it would seem, gone to its farthest limit in the way of furnishing mankind with writing implements designed to render penmanship an art that may be carried on with the greatest ease and rapidity. We have had stylographic pens warranted to write hundreds of hours without refilling. These were followed by fountain, penball and electric pens in infinite variety, until, as we have said, there appeared to be no want left unsupplied.

Invention has therefore transferred its ministrations from the hand to the foot, and a man can now polish his shoes with a "fountain" blacking brush in a fashion unsurpassed for cleanliness and convenience. All that remains to crown the value of the device is for some one to contrive a means of harnessing the brush to electricity as a motive power for the polishing process.

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

THE STRENGTH OF TRIFLES.

AN Iowa woman recently killed herself on account of a quarrel with her husband, this having been brought about by the fact that she had purchased two white shirts for him when he wanted colored ones. From such trifling causes do such fearful effects oftentimes arise.

Great disasters and calamities often call out in us a species of resistance that partakes of the heroic, but the sharp retort, receiving blame where praise was expected, a keen disappointment over some anticipated pleasure—the calm endurance of these and similar apparently petty trials causes a strain upon the nerves of most of us, greater sometimes than we can bear.

It behooves us all, then, to train ourselves to be especially careful of the impression made upon us by trivial deeds, words or circumstances. Like matches, they are small and apparently insignificant, but both possess the power of kindling fires that may wreak terrible destruction.

THE NEW CADET CORPS.

We are glad to see that the interest aroused by the series of military instructions recently published in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY promises to produce permanent and substantial results. On the fourth page of this week's number will be found particulars of the arrangements which are now being made to effect a consolidation of the companies already organized in New York and its vicinity, and to attach them to the Seventh Regiment as a cadet corps. Companies in other cities may also be merged with this, to form one large brigade. We hope that all our boy readers who can do so will join the Hamilton Cadets.

We may here mention Lieutenant Hamilton's new book, "Elementary Principles of the Art of War," which has been adopted as a text book by the War Department, and is a complete and simple handbook of the duties that every soldier must learn. It is published by J. H. Soule & Co., 10 East Fourteenth Street, New York, and costs two dollars.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, Premier of the British Empire.

So much interest has been excited in this country by the present political situation in England and the critical and complicated position of the rival parties, that this is perhaps a not inopportune moment to present a sketch of the leader of the Conservative government which now holds office by rather a precarious tenure.

The Marquis of Salisbury took up the reins of power which fell from Gladstone's hands last year, and he now stands at the head of an empire which includes one seventh of the land surface of the globe, and one fifth of the human race. Though the present premier is a less famous and experienced statesman than his veteran predecessor, he possesses many striking and interesting characteristics, and may be considered as a good specimen of the best class of British public men.

Sprung from a long line of ancestors distinguished in their country's service, he is the third of his house to attain the honor of the premiership. Yet he was not born to his present rank and political eminence; mere chance bestowed on him the one, the other he has gained by a meritorious career.

In his earlier years, he was simply the Honorable Rivers of the people. Cecil, a younger son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and the position of a younger son in the English nobility is not an enviable one. He was born at Hatfield, in the county of Hertford, on the 13th of February, 1830. His school and college days were passed at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, the same institutions which had, several years previously, counted Mr. Gladstone among their pupils.

After graduating at Oxford, in 1849, he traveled over continental Europe, and spent some time in several of the British colonies, making himself thoroughly acquainted with their modes of government, and the feelings and wishes of their people.

It was in 1853 that he entered parliamentary life, being elected for Stamford. He soon earned a considerable reputation in debate; Gladstone was among the first to give a generous congratulation to the new member. It is said that even at this time his ambition was fixed upon the premiership.

Then death removed his father and elder brother, and he became Marquis of Salisbury, inheriting also the large and valuable estates of the family; but while the acquisition of an ancient and honorable title was a great social distinction, it was rather a drawback than otherwise to his political aspirations, as it excluded him from the House of Commons, the chief seat of power.

Events, however, brought him forward as the only possible leader in the new government necessitated by the resignation of Gladstone's ministry in 1885. He had been the most prominent member of Disraeli's cabinet, presiding successively over the Indian and Foreign Departments; he gained especial distinction as the representative of England at the Congress of Berlin, which settled, for a time at any rate, the questions at issue between Russia and Turkey, and on returning to London he met with a most enthusiastic reception. On the death of Disraeli, he was chosen to succeed his late chief as leader of the Conservative opposition in the upper house.

Lord Salisbury's personal appearance is striking. He is six feet high, of stooping and somewhat unwieldy figure. His handsome but sallow features are completely contained with long black hair and beard; singularly enough, he is said to be the first bearded premier of England since the dark ages.

In speaking, his manner has but little

charm; his voice is subdued and plaintive, and his action rather ungainly. Yet he always makes a telling speech; his English is terse, clear, and vigorous, his arguments powerful and earnest, his epigrams especially brilliant, and he has rendered very effective services to the party which he now leads. He has usually a somewhat melancholy air; his enemies have alleged, but unjustly, that he dislikes and despises his fellow men. He is feared by his opponents, admired by all, but he has not yet evinced the possession of that great power of magnetic attraction which so often fits a leader to gather men around him. He has few, if any, intimate personal friends; his wife has always been the sole sharer of his inmost thoughts. Lady Salisbury is a prominent grande dame of London society, a gracious and amiable hostess, as well as a keen politician and a clever writer, and it has ever been her first object to further the success of her husband's career.

There is a good deal of the student in Lord Salisbury's composition, and he takes a great interest in science. His chemical laboratory at Hatfield is his most cherished hobby.

He is also an accomplished writer, and has actually served in the ranks of the great army of professional journalists.

His pen name is Lord Salisbury's composition, and he takes a great interest in science. His chemical laboratory at Hatfield is his most cherished hobby. He is also an accomplished writer, and has actually served in the ranks of the great army of professional journalists. His pen name is Lord Salisbury's composition, and he takes a great interest in science. His chemical laboratory at Hatfield is his most cherished hobby.

Lord Salisbury is now premier for the second time. He first held the office for a brief space in the winter of 1885 and 1886. In January, 1886, he was defeated in parliament, and resigned, according to the British custom. Four months later the same fate befell Mr. Gladstone, who succeeded him, and after the general election of July, 1886, Lord Salisbury again assumed office; and the support of the Conservatives, together with those Liberals who had been alienated by Mr. Gladstone's policy, seemed to ensure him a large majority.

His position is now less assured. The present government has not, in the eyes of impartial judges, been successful, and its somewhat wavering policy has not gained favor in the eyes of the electors. It certainly seems at present as if Lord Salisbury has missed the opportunity of stamping his career, honorable and even brilliant as it has been, with the mark of real greatness.

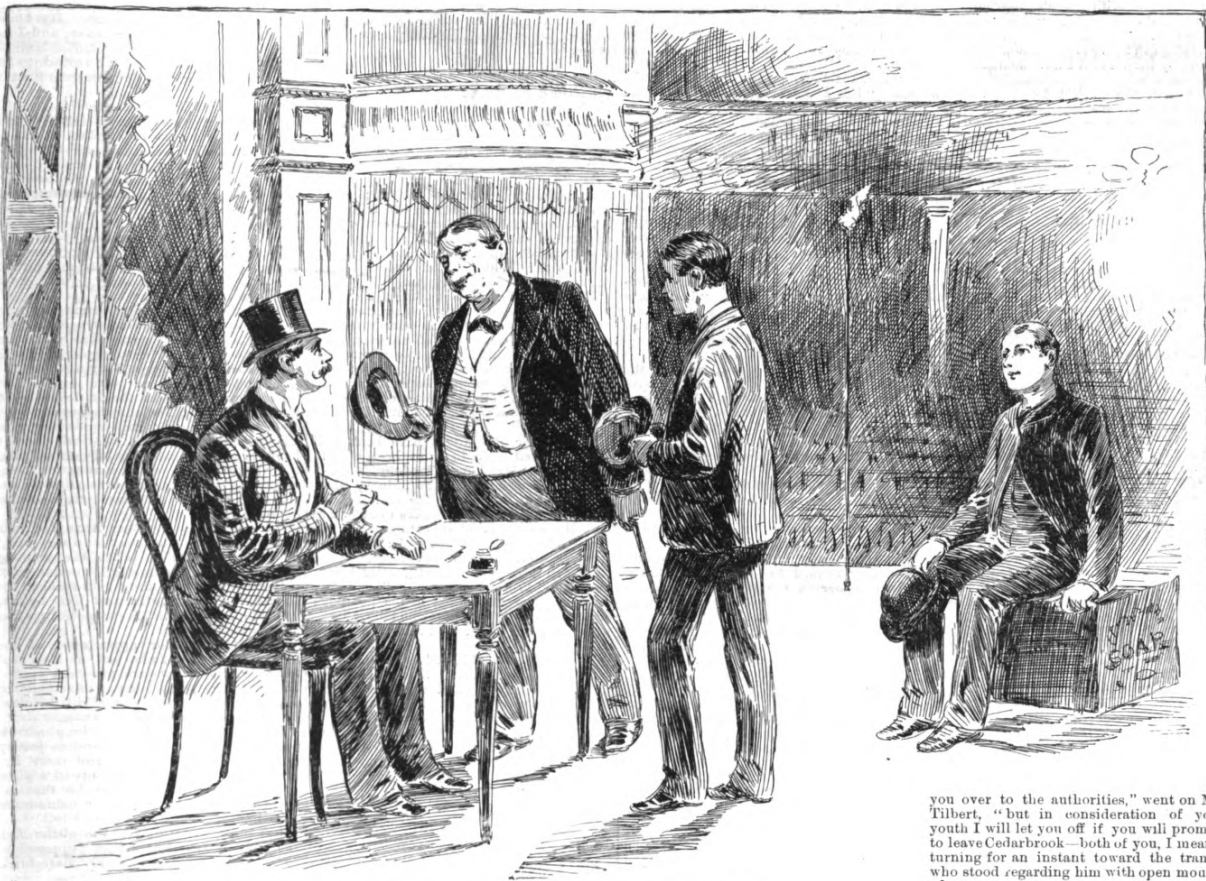
RICHARD H. TITTEBINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

- WEALTH and honors can never cure a wounded conscience. MAN must at some time in his life recognize his nothingness. ALL is but hip wisdom which wants experience.—Sir Philip Sidney. HE who would avoid sin must not stand in the door of temptation. ONE good act today is worth a thousand in contemplation for some future time. Good breeding is defined by the great Lord Chatham to be benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the daily occurrences of life. MANY persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom. Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness, speak approving, cheering words while their hearts can be thrilled by them. SATAN always rocks the cradle when we sleep at our devotions. If we would prevail with us, we must wrestle; and if we would wrestle happily with God, we must wrestle first with our own dullness.—Bishop Hall.



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.



ERIC SEATED HIMSELF TO AWAIT THE RESULT OF MR. APPLEBY'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MANAGER.

[This story commenced in No. 248.]

ERIC DANE
or
Football of Fortune

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

CHAPTER VIII.
A FRESH HUMILIATION.

ERIC knew by experience that it would be worse than useless to attempt to escape from the grasp of the tramp by struggling. Besides, there was Percy Tilbert still ringing the front door bell. He would certainly come around to the window in a few minutes, and help Eric to get free.

But to our hero's astonishment the tramp now began walking him off in the direction of the front door.

"It ain't perlit to keep folks a waitin'," he said. "So we'll let 'em in, whoever it is, an' give ourselves up peaceable. It's purty warm to be trampin' about the country these days, so a nice cool cell will come in handy fer a month or two. We'll try an' persuade the judge ter let us room together, me boy, so's we can go on with our interestin' conversation—why, hullo, if here ain't the very kid that interrupted it."

This last exclamation was elicited when the tramp drew back the bolts and opened the door to discover Percy on the other side of it.

At the same moment a gentleman driving by in a buggy drew up his horse and called out, "Percy— is that you? I was coming after you. What are you doing here?"

Eric looked up and saw that the man, who had now alighted and was fastening his horse to a hitching post, was none other than his cousin, John Tilbert.

Doubtless emboldened by the presence of his parent, Percy, after calling out to the latter, "Come here, quick, father,"

laid his arm on Eric's arm, and addressing himself to the tramp, went on: "What are you holding on to my friend for? Let go of him."

"Oh, here's another high strung lad for us," answered the man of rents and patches, seeming in no wise disconcerted by the advent of Mr. Tilbert on the scene. "On the contrary, he advanced down the path to meet him, dragging the unwilling Eric along with him."

By this time Mr. Tilbert had come up, and Eric noticed that a peculiar look flashed across his face when he first recognized who it was that the tramp had beside him. It was an expression in which surprise mingled with triumph and satisfaction, the latter predominating.

Percy was trying to explain how he and Eric had laid a trap to capture the would be burglar, but his father motioned to him to be silent.

"We give ourselves up," began the tramp. "It ain't no use buttin' agin the law any longer, is it, pard?"

"How dare you couple yourself with me in this manner?" cried Eric, provoked beyond all bounds by the cool insolence of the vagabond. "Your own son will explain to you, Mr. Tilbert," he went on, "how we discovered this man in the act of robbing this house, and that I sprang in through the dining room window to capture him."

"An' perhaps that boy will explain, too," put in the tramp, "how he saw us a sittin' together like two brothers on a log in the woods a plannin' this werry robbery."

"What an outrageous falsehood!" exclaimed Eric.

"Is that so, Percy?" sharply queried Mr. Tilbert, turning to his son. "Where did you meet this young man? Who is he, and what name did he give you?"

"I don't know his name," answered the boy, an anxious look coming over his face; "I never thought to ask him. I was riding up to the Bluff House through the woods on my bicycle, when I ran over that man's leg and took a header. And this other one

picked me up and went on with me to the hotel. We played tennis together, and then, when I lent my machine to Charley Shaw, he offered to walk home with me."

"And was he sitting with this—this man, when you first saw him in the woods?" asked Mr. Tilbert. His tone was a stern one, and his heavy eyebrows met in a frown above his nose as he put the question.

"I—I don't know. I'm not quite sure. I hadn't time to see much before I took my tumble," replied the boy gravely, conscious that somehow his testimony was going to get his unknown, but admired friend into trouble. Then, suddenly brightening up, he added: "But he says that perhaps Cousin Eric wasn't killed after all."

At this mention Mr. Tilbert frowned more severely than ever, and, catching Percy by the hand, drew him aside with the command: "Go out and get into the buggy; you must never speak to this young man again. He is a rascal. That is all you need know at present. I will deal with both of these fellows."

Poor Eric! What could he say to prevent this misconception of his character from taking root in the boy's mind? Circumstances did certainly appear to be against him, for he could not deny that he had been sitting with the tramp in the woods. Of course he could explain how it came about, but of what avail was his simple word with such a man as he now knew his cousin John Tilbert to be? And how could he expect a son to disregard his father's wishes?

But he now became conscious that John Tilbert was addressing him.

"I cannot say I am surprised to meet you again under these circumstances," he was saying.

"Umph!" muttered the tramp, evidently not a little astonished at the ease he was having in carrying out his scheme of vengeance against Eric for the blow the latter had given him.

"It is without doubt my duty to hand

you over to the authorities," went on Mr. Tilbert, "but in consideration of your youth I will let you off if you will promise to leave Cedarbrook—both of you, I mean," turning for an instant toward the tramp, who stood regarding him with open mouthed amazement.

Eric silently ground his teeth. To be treated in this fashion by the man who was robbing him of his inheritance, and he helpless as a babe! It was maddening, but by a supreme effort the boy controlled himself. It could not be possible that this iniquitous plot could succeed in the end. He would bide his time.

Meanwhile it was important that his character in the eyes of the world should be kept as free from suspicion as possible; so, humiliating as it seemed, he forced himself to bow his head in token of acceptance of Mr. Tilbert's clemency.

"Mind you," repeated the latter, "the conditions are that you both take yourselves out of the place at once. Now be off. Wait there, Percy, while I close this house up."

During the interview with Mr. Tilbert, the tramp had relinquished his hold on our hero's arm, and Eric took care that he should not again have a chance to renew it. Turning quickly, he vaulted over the low fence and was several yards down the street in the direction of the station before his would be companion realized that he had given him the slip.

"Well, this is a brilliant fashion for a fellow to enter into an inheritance of a million or so," murmured Eric to himself as he paused to recover breath. "What would Fred say to all this? And where am I to go next? Jove, though, I mustn't go at all without paying my bill at the hotel. I won't, either, and what's more, I'll stay here till morning, too. Then off to New York to see a lawyer. But there's my trunk."

A sudden idea in connection with this latter caused him to go through all his pockets, turning them inside out in the hope of coming across the bit of metal entitling him to receive the piece of baggage marked "Eric Dane, Liverpool."

But it was not forthcoming, and he was forced to conclude that it, too, had been in that ill fated wallet which might better a thousand times have been burned to ashes than that it should have been preserved to fall into the hands of John Tilbert.

SEPTEMBER.

A change creeps over nature. A deep flush mounts to the maple leaf; the air is clear, the grapes are purpling, and a crimson blush spreads o'er such flowers as deck the waning year.

Ripe apples bend the trees, while golden rod by roadside, lane, and meadow openly nod. Now whistling of the quail are often heard.

From buckwheat fields, white, on the calm air, floats

The drumming of the partridge. Not a bird builds now a nest; but night is thrilled by notes, from crickets near, and locusts' drowsy hum That seems to say: "September time has come!"

JACK'S BIRTHDAY.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

DING-DONG! Ding-dong! Ding-dong! The monotonous peal of the heavy fog bell on Lookout Point rose above the incessant boom of the breakers at the foot of the bell tower. Some day in the distant future, government intended to erect a steam fog whistle at this dangerous spot, where a long reef made out from the point itself. Pending this the bell was manipulated by one man power.

Old John Brady was this motive power. Enveloped in oil skins, which glistened with fog and driving mist, he tugged steadily at the lanyard of the bell clapper, while his companion, a young fisherman named Haskins, tried to pierce the dense veil which overhung the sea, through a battered spy glass.

"Fifteen years tonight the Sutherland came ashore on the point, Haskins," remarked old Brady, pausing a moment in his task to draw one hand across his weather-beaten face.

"The baby you fished over the cap'n's stateroom has grown some since then, eh, Brady?" laughed Haskins, pointing to the bench below, where a tall, lithe young fellow in rough fisherman's garb was preparing to launch a dory.

"He has that," was the hearty response. Then leaning over the tower railing, the old man shouted:

"Where to now, Jack?"

"Off to the shoals, Uncle John, to try for some rock cod—there was a bark standing off and on before the fog shut down, and perhaps I'll get a chance to pilot her in, beside," returned Jack, looking up with a pleasant nod.

"Good luck to you, and many happy returns of your birthday," called old Brady in response.

Waving his hand in acknowledgment Jack pushed his dory through the surf, sprang in as only a fisherman can spring into one of those erratic boats, and seizing his oars was speedily swallowed up in the fog.

"My birthday—why, so it is," mused Jack, and resting on his oars a moment, he drew from the neck of his fisherman's jersey a locket of dead gold. On one side was engraved "J. L. P., born September 23, 1868." On the other simply the letters "M. B. P." Inside was the photograph of a baby face.

This had been round his own neck, when fifteen years before he was taken by old Brady from the wreck of the Sutherland—a small English brig which came ashore in a gale. All hands were lost—the brig's papers shared the same fate, and no clue to Jack's parentage had ever been discovered, though Brady had advertised in various directions.

Jack had grown up along shore with such schooling as he could get, and under Brady's tuition had become no mean pilot for that part of the coast.

But as he grew older he had become restless and even discontented, though this latter fact he hid carefully from his adopted father.

"I wish I knew who I was," sighed Jack for the hundredth time at least, as he replaced the locket and resumed his rowing. And all the while the distant clangor of the fog bell grew fainter and fainter on his ear.

The Breaking Shoals lay a mile due east from Lookout Point. Reaching the northern end Jack anchored his dory and put over his lines.

Gradually the seaward veil of fog began to lift, and there, four or five miles away, lay a bark with her courses hauled up, flying some sort of signal—for a pilot, Jack thought.

"Better than catching rock cod for the market," he said gleefully, and in a very few moments Jack was pulling in the direction of the distant vessel with long steady strokes.

"Why—that does that mean?" he suddenly exclaimed.

For pulling away from the side of the bark was a ship's long boat containing eight or nine men, and he could see that the boat was headed toward the shore.

At the same moment a little column of smoke rose from the vessel's waist. What

could it mean, indeed? A vessel as large as the bark should carry at least fifteen, including cook and steward. There were but eight by actual count in the boat. Where were the rest?

"That the cowardly crew had in a panic taken to the only boat on discovering that the vessel was on fire, at once occurred to Jack. No other boat was visible, and without losing further time he pulled like an athlete till he reached the burning vessel.

It was only the work of a moment to make fast and swing himself up by the main chains.

Not a soul was visible on deck—the main hatch was off, and from the hold thick smoke was pouring in a volume, yet without much appearance of fire.

"If I could extinguish it—save the bark and claim salvage—that would be a birthday celebration worth having."

Such was Jack's thought without immediate reference to the mystery of the missing ship's company, as rushing for the portable hand pump used for washing decks, he dropped the suction over the side, turned the nozzle down in the hold and began

the work of a moment—to procure some wine from the steward's pantry and administer it with gentle force, that of another.

"And the captain?" asked Jack, with a movement in the direction of the cabin door.

"I am the only captain," was the quiet reply, and Jack stared in great bewilderment at the speaker, who was clanking her slender wrists and trying to stand erect.

"If the villains have not murdered my officers," she went on, "you will find them tied in their staterooms." And rushing out, Jack saw that the stateroom doors were both fastened on the outside by lashing capstan bars placed athwart the door frames to the knobs.

These cast off, Jack found Mr. Bolt, the mate, and Mr. Ruff, the second officer, each lying in his berth tied hand and foot with seizing stuff, and nearly smothered by each having his head enveloped in a gray blanket.

The story, which had almost been an awful tragedy, was quickly told. The Theobald was from Shanghai, bound for Boston. The crew were renegade Greeks and Italians, with a rather intelligent Spaniard as their leader. They had laid their plans so well

for incompetency and brought the vessel home herself.

All this she told as she stood by the compass, watched by Jack's respectfully interested eyes; while the cook and steward, who had been released from confinement in the forecabin, were placing food on the cabin table. Then those functionaries relieved the officers, at the pumps, and the second mate relieved the wheel.

"West by south, half south, sir, till you hear the fog bell—and then call me," said Jack, as he relinquished the spokes and followed Mrs. Powers into the saloon.

In passing through the after cabin, Jack stopped as one transfixed. For against the wall was screwed a crayon portrait of a laughing child under which hung a bow of black and white ribbon with the inscription,

"J. L. P., Born Sept. 23, 1868."

As the picture and inscription were both counterparts of those on the inside of the locket Jack wore continually about his neck, it is no wonder he turned as nearly pale as his handsome bronzed face would permit.

"You are looking at the picture of my baby boy Jacques," remarked Mrs. Powers, pausing as she saw the direction of Jack's gaze—"had he lived he would have been nearly your age now."

"Then," responded Jack almost inaudibly, "he is—"

"My husband, with the little Jacques and his nurse, sailed from Ronen for New York in the brig Sutherland, August, 1869," said Mrs. Powers gently as Jack paused. "I was awaiting them there, having had to leave my young babe at Paris and return to America just in time to stand by my dying father's bedside. The brig was never heard from."

With trembling fingers Jack drew the locket from its hiding place and silently extended it. Mrs. Powers's face took on the pallor of death.

"It was around my baby boy's neck," she whispered.

"It was around mine," said Jack, and in another moment Mrs. Powers's arms occupied a similar position.

From what old Brady had told him, the brig's captain—Jack's father—must have been swept overboard before the vessel struck, together with most of the crew. The creole nurse, whose arms clasped the baby, had whispered something about "le petit Jacques" before she died—hence the name given him by Brady.

This much of explanation, and then as the distant boom of the fog bell came to Jack's sharp ears in the cabin, he released himself, unwillingly, from his mother's clinging arms and hurried on deck, with Mrs. Powers following.

The fog was shot through with arrows of golden light, and the setting sun. Thinner and thinner it grew, till like a cosmopolitan view Lookout harbor, with the quaint town behind it, came into sudden sight, bathed in a golden glow.

The solemn tolling of the fog bell had ceased, but as it afterward proved, some mischievous boys, taking advantage of Brady's absence, were ringing a merry peal on it, as the bark rounded to, and the anchor plunged downward with a tremendous splash.

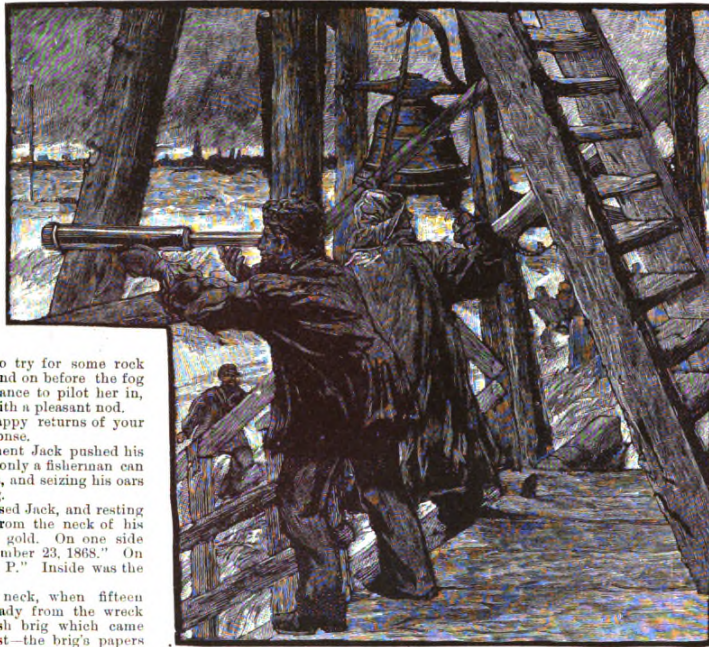
"They are celebrating my birthday," said Jack softly. And his mother, smiling as only a mother who has recovered her child as from the dead can do, whispered,

"Yes, thank God—they are, Jack." Curiously enough, the sound of the bell had guided the mutineers into Lookout harbor. And as they did not tell a straight story they were detained and the boat overhauled. The money was found intact and restored, but the men afterward broke jail and escaped. This story was told me by Captain Jack Powers of the bark Theobald.

A HANDSOME FAMILY.

A LITTLE girl went visiting one day, and after a time was given the album of family photographs to look at. She turned the leaves over carefully, and pretty soon closed the book.

"Well, dear," asked the hostess, "did you look at the album?" "Oh, yes," answered the little maiden, brightly; "and we've got one 'zactly like it!" but the pictures are prettier."



THE PEAL OF THE FOG BELL ROSE ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE BREAKERS.

plying the brakes with both hands and all his might.

All this time the bark lay easily with her head yards aback, her courses hanging in the clews and light square sails settled down on the caps just as she had been left by the longboat's crew. No other boat was visible, and Jack was completely puzzled. Accompanying the hissing steam which followed the action of the water on the flames below, was a strong smell of kerosene.

"By Jove, I believe the scoundrels scuttled her and then set her on fire!" Jack exclaimed. And with this came a shuddering suggestion of what he might find in the cabin should this have been the case.

That his latter conjecture was right, Jack speedily discovered. The extinguished fire showed that it had been kindled in a pile of inflammable stuff among the 'tween deck cargo, which was mostly foreign merchandise.

"And now," said Jack, having seen that the last vestige of fire was out, "now to see what the cabin contains."

The outer saloon was empty. Opening the door into the inner one, Jack uttered a cry—not of horror but surprise.

A small middle aged lady with iron gray hair and a sweet resolute face, sat in a stationary chair confronting him. Over her mouth a silk scarf was bound—her wrists were lashed to the arms of the chair and her ankles to the round.

To whip out his knife and release her was

that nothing was suspected till the two officers were suddenly overpowered, while the watches were being changed that forenoon, and Mrs. Powers served in like manner, though with more gentleness. In some way they knew of a large sum in gold being on board, and this they had taken from Mrs. Powers's stateroom, scuttled the bark to the best of their ability, and then, setting her on fire, escaped in the boats.

There was no time for further talk after these brief explanations. The pumps were sounded and three feet of water reported. Jack professed his ability to take the bark into Lookout harbor, where there was a marine railway. Mrs. Powers gladly accepted.

The sails were mast headed and courses set. The officers manned the pumps, while Jack took the wheel. The wind was light from the east, and though the fog still hung over the sea, Jack knew perfectly well where he was and exactly how to steer.

Mrs. Powers explained that her husband, who had been lost at sea years before, had left his controlling interest in the bark to her. She had accompanied him on so many voyages that she could handle a ship nearly as well as himself; and having a valuable charter from China, whither she had accompanied the bark, she discharged the captain

"Almost incredible, you say? I am quoting an actual occurrence, only instead of taking place A. D. 1884, it happened almost thirty years ago—my uncle being the second officer of the vessel in question.—F. H. C.

(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 XXI.

A CHAPTER OF COINCIDENCES.

AS soon as Tom Sawyer was relieved from duty at the oars, he made his way to the bow of the boat, and stowed himself away in the fore sheets. He did not seem to feel the slightest interest in the offer which Dolph had mentioned, and before he began to state it, the hoodlum was fast asleep.

Though they had never rowed in the same boat before, the sons of the magnates kept good time with their oars, and worked well together. The wind was not as strong as it had been the day before, and the lake was comparatively smooth, so that the boat doubled its speed at once.

"Don't flatter yourself that I shall accept any offer you may make, my dear young friend, for we are in the same boat only in the real, and not at all in the figurative sense," said Paddy, cheerfully but candidly.

"If it is for your own interest to accept it, you will do so, won't you?" asked Dolph.

"Certainly I will, but your interest and mine do not coincide," replied the robber. "You went into the bank at midnight for the purpose of getting the money there."

"Only a certain sum; and I had no more idea of taking all there was in the vault than I had of taking the building," protested Dolph.

"That was just what I intended to do; and I hadn't the least intention of cleaning out the vault," added Phin.

"That proves that our interests were not the same. You were not as willing to be hung for an old sheep as for a lamb, as we used to say in the country."

"I did not want to take any more from my father than I needed," said Dolph. "I was only going to borrow the money from the bank, not exactly as other people do, but I am sure it would have been paid back to the bank."

"Just my idea, exactly!" exclaimed Phin.

"Just my idea, too!" chuckled the robber. "I was only borrowing the money; and when I am worth a million, I shall be able and willing to pay it back. I am no worse than the cashiers who borrow of banks and other corporations."

"My father would have paid the three thousand I intended to take, and be sorry he did not let me have the money when I asked him for it," said Dolph.

"Mine, ditto!" exclaimed Phin. "How much did you intend to borrow, Mr. Barkpool?" asked Paddy.

"Only three thousand." "Then by a singular coincidence, you each wanted the same amount at exactly the same time, and you adopted precisely the same expedient to obtain it," said the robber, who was quite as gentlemanly as any of the officials who rob corporations, though he adopted a more vulgar method. "Probably you had talked the matter over between yourselves."

"I haven't spoken a word to Phin Barkpool for years," replied Dolph.

"Nor I to Dolph Singleray," added Phin.

"I don't want to be inquisitive, Mr. Singleray, but I should really like to know why you wished to with the three thousand dollars," said Paddy, in a very insinuating manner.

"I have no objection to telling you now, for you won't be likely to mention it in Montoban; and I will keep Phin's secret if

he will keep mine, for I take it you are going to put the same question to him."

"That was my intention." "I will agree to keep still as long as Dolph does," said Phin.

"That's understood; and you agree very well for a couple of young gentlemen who have been at swords' points for years," laughed Paddy.

"Now, Mr. Singleray, what were you going to do, with three thousand dollars if you had got it?" "I was going to buy a steamer with it," Dolph answered very promptly.

"That is just what I was going to do!" exclaimed Phin.

"Another coincidence; why, this seems to be a chapter of them," remarked Paddy.

"Now, Mr. Singleray, what steamer were you going to buy?" "The Lily, which used to run on Lake Modogo."

That's nothing but a mere bagatelle!" exclaimed Paddy. "Yes; I am a poor man."

"You would not miss the six thousand," said Dolph.

"Don't say anything about six—we will think of three. Perhaps I ought to do something for you both," continued Paddy.

"When I went to the first bank I expected to have to drill holes in the doors, and work at least two hours before I made any money; but you were kind enough to open the doors, Mr. Dolph, and you saved me a great deal of trouble. Mr. Phin was so thoughtful as to do me the same favor at the second bank. You made a sure thing of it in both banks, and I am very grateful to you both for the service you have rendered."

"Then call it three thousand apiece," said Dolph, boldly.

"I might not have had time enough before

and you may remain till the last trump sounds, if you don't obey orders to the letter and conduct yourselves with the utmost circumspection."

Paddy spoke in stern tones, as though he intended to remove any wrong impression the prisoners might have obtained from his light and jocos conversation.

The boat came up to the landing rock.

CHAPTER XXII.

PODDY'S IMPRESSIVE SERMON.

"WAKE up, Tom!" called Paddy, as the oarsmen brought the boat up to the flat rock which answered the purpose of a wharf.

The hoodlum did not move, for he was as insensible as the rocks on the shore. Phin, who was the nearest to him, shook him as though he had been a wet rag half a dozen times before he exhibited any signs of life. When he did wake, it took him some time to comprehend where he was, or that there was anything in the world worth living for.

"Stir yourself, Tom!" said the leader of the enterprise. "You will have three days to sleep after we get settled; attend to business now. Jump ashore, and take the painter with you."

"All right, Paddy," replied Tom, with a pious expression, as he slowly obeyed the order.

The chief stepped on shore with his traveling bag in his hand. Dolph looked at this bag, and he saw that it was very heavy, from the effort the bearer of it had to make in stepping out of the boat with it. It was of good size, and the prisoner knew that it contained the tools of its owner's villainous profession.

There was also an immense sum of money in it, which could not be very heavy, as it was all in bills. Dolph felt an interest in this bag, and especially in its contents. According to the last announcement of Paddy, they were to remain on the island at least three days, and things began to look very black to him.

He had kept up a lively hope that the chief would accept one of his offers; but when the gentlemanly villain changed his tone, he realized that he had simply been amusing himself at the expense of his prisoner. He might pretend to be grateful to them for opening the vaults, but his gratitude was not likely to materialize in any substantial manner.

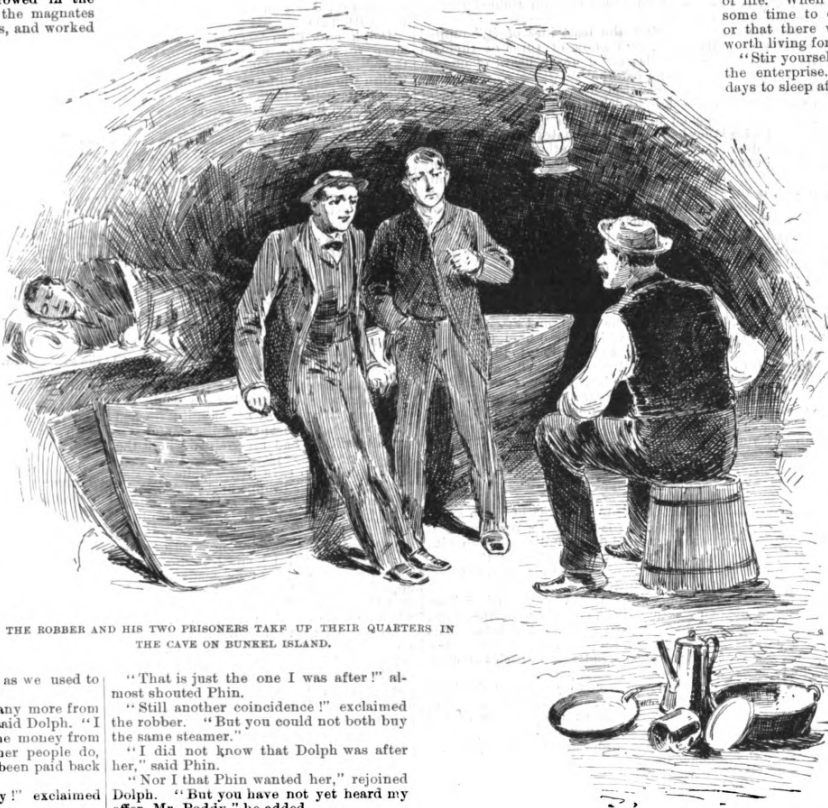
When he came to look at the matter, apart from his own views and wishes, he saw that Paddy had no motive for conferring a favor of any kind upon his victims. He had plundered the vaults of both of the banks, and he had the entire proceeds of the robbery in his possession. He was the master of the situation, and he had no need to make any concessions.

Dolph came to this conclusion almost in spite of himself; but his logic was inexorable, and he could not resist the force of the evidence. There was nothing to hope for, and he could not do anything but wait for the movements of the robber. Tom Sawyer was only a cipher in the enterprise, who had been admitted to do the drudgery.

Phin did some thinking on his own account, but he arrived at almost exactly the same result as his companion in captivity. He had expected to be released before this time, and the prospect of three days' confinement on the island was not pleasant to contemplate.

Dolph gave up all hope that his offers would be accepted; and then he began to wonder how it would be possible for Paddy to remain three days on Bunkel Island without being discovered. Though Phin and himself had done most of the sailing on the lake, Di had a boat, and she would be likely to come near enough to see that the spot was occupied.

But Paddy evidently had his plan all arranged before he visited the banks, and he



THE ROBBER AND HIS TWO PRISONERS TAKE UP THEIR QUARTERS IN THE CAVE ON BUNKEL ISLAND.

"That is just the one I was after!" almost shouted Phin.

"Still another coincidence!" exclaimed the robber. "But you could not both by the same steamer."

"I did not know that Dolph was after her," said Phin.

"Nor I that Phin wanted her," rejoined Dolph. "But you have not yet heard my offer, Mr. Paddy," he added.

"I will hear it before we reach the island; don't be in a hurry. This chapter of coincidences is interesting. As you cannot both purchase the same steamer, you might buy her together, and own equal interests in her."

"My father will not agree to that," said Phin.

"Nor mine," added Dolph.

"But neither of your fathers would agree that his son should have a steamer at all. I cannot afford to give you three thousand apiece out of my hard earnings, but I might be induced to hand over half of that sum to each of you—I don't promise it, mind, but I will consider it," said the chief robber, still chuckling as he spoke.

"I don't know about it; perhaps we might agree on something," replied Dolph. "Think it over, and I will do the same," said Paddy, who seemed to be both interested and amused over the problem he had suggested. "I don't know but I ought to give both of you some share of the swag, though it must be small, for I am a poor man, and I can't afford to make a big sacrifice."

"A poor man!" exclaimed Dolph. "Why, you must have got nearly a hundred thousand dollars from the Montoban, for I heard the cashier tell my father how much he had on hand."

"And the Onongo contained over fifty thousand," said Phin.

"One hundred and fifty thousand!

morning to do both jobs, and I owe you a million thanks."

"Pay in bank bills, if you please," laughed Dolph.

"Now your plan, Mr. Singleray."

"Give me thirty five hundred, Mr. Paddy, and I will take the morning train for California. Then I shall be out of the way," said Dolph.

"I make the same offer," added Phin. "But you have raised the figure, Mr. Dolph," replied Paddy.

"The five hundred extra is for traveling expenses."

"But neither of you will want a steamer if you go to California."

"We shall want her when we come back, and the whole thing has blown over," returned Dolph.

"We will discuss and consider the whole subject some time during the next three days," said Paddy, as he saw that the boat was very near the island.

"Three days!" ejaculated Dolph.

"Three days!" repeated Phin.

"We expect to remain on this island as long as that—perhaps longer," replied the robber, carelessly, as though he had the events of the future under perfect control.

"Are we to stay on the island three days?" demanded Dolph, in his old tone, as though he expected to have a voice in the matter.

"Perhaps you will stay longer than that;



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