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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.

often valuable, and whose life had been devoted to the inventing and perfecting of air ships. He had constructed an air ship with considerable comfort and safety to the with considerable comfort and safety to the passengers, and his invention is even now on exhibition in one of our large scientific halls. But his ambition was not yet satisfied, or rather his desire to invent some-thing that would solve the problem of air navigation.

"The work of navigating the air," he continued after a short pause, "is yet in its infancy. We have hardly begun to learn continued after a short pause, "is yet in its infancy. We have hardly begun to learn the alphabet of this great science. In early days it was only thought possible for ships to go with the wind, when cruising along the shore; but today the commonest sailor can beat against the strongest wind with comparative safety. We can sail through the air with the breeze today, but there will come a time when we shall have air ships that can beat against the wind, and go in any direction that may be desired. Of course, some power beside the wind will have to be used, but before this can be done successfully a method of constructing lighter machinery must be invented. Such a car will have to be constructed after the parachite order, with revolving canvas covered wheels with which to propel the car through the air, and a tiller behind, like a bird's tail. Such a vessel might take regular trips around the world in one half the time that is required now. Storms could be avoided by letting the vessel rise above the clouds, and in this way all danger above the clouds, and in this way an danger escaped. Of course, it would take years to popularize such an invention, for people would dread to trust their lives to the aerowould aread to trust their lives to the aero-naut in such a way. But after a number of trips were made successfully, a few pas-sengers would be found who would sail in sengers would be found who would sail in the air vessel around the world. Regular lines of ships could then be started, run-ning to and fro from all the principal points, and no man would be considered a great traveler unless be had made a voyage

in one of them.
"This seems like speculation, and I co "This seems fike speculation, and I con-fess it is partly. It is looking some dis-tance into the future; but then we have had these old slik bays floating around in the air long enough. People begin to ex-pect to hear of some great accident every time a balloon ascends. They are unwieldy and dangerous vessels. Why, we are in danger constantly when we leave the earth. An extra gust of wind might dash us to the ground like a leaf, or the gas might escape without a moment's notice. Even a bird could send us to destruction. One of the worst experiences that I ever had in a bal-loon was with these small feathered crea-

"We were traveling in a southwesterly direction one dark night, intent on reaching the coast before morning. A gentle breeze was wafting us along, and we felt free from all danger. We could not have been over all danger. We could not have been over five hundred feet from the earth, as the country was very level below us, and we did not feel like floating high up among the clouds. Towards morning we entered a dense fog. The wind had almost ceased dense fog. The wind had almost ceased blowing, and we scarcely moved through the hazy mist. From our calculations we knew that we could not be far from the Atknew that we could not be far from the At-lantic coast, and we concluded that the fog had been blown up from the sea and was resting over the land a few miles from the water. When we arrived at this conclusion, we determined to descend, and wait for a we determined to descend, and want to more favorable wind before pursuing our journey further. We had a strong light in the car of the balloon, which seemed to disthe car of the battoon, which seemed to dispel the thick fog around us. But, even with this guide, we could not see many yards ahead or below us.

you have ever been in a dense fog near the sea coast on a dark night, you know something of the awful stillness that seems to rest over the whole earth. The moist air deadens all sound, and all the innumerable insects that usually keep up an everlasting chorus at night are quiet. They do not come out on a foggy night. I have often felt this extreme and wearisome quietness on the sea coast when a boy; but I never knew what perfect stillness meant until I got caught in that fog with the bal-

"Everything was calm and peaceful, in-deed. Not a sound was audible, and not an object outside of our car was visible. an object outside of our car was visible. When we spoke our own voices tripletened us. And yet there was something delicious and exhibitating about the section that fascinated us. We leaned gently over the sides of the car and enjoyed our situation. We exercised our view of the sides of the car when the sides of the car would be supported by the car would be supported by the sides of the side We were really shut off from all human beings, and only by five hundred feet of dense fog.
"Suddenly, however, we both sat bolt

upright in our car, and craned our heads in a listening attitude. A cry or scream of some kind had reached our ears. We could not distinctly make out what it was, could not distinctly make out what it was, but we waited patiently for a repetition of the noise. After a moment or two it came again, nearer and louder this time than be-fore. It was not like a human voice, but more like the scream of a wild animal. As the screams were repeated, some hoarser and louder than others, we became frightened lest the balloon was descending into a dense forest, where some wild ani-mals were holding a midnight carnival. To lose ourselves in such a place might the death of us, and we quickly dropped a sand bag to lighten our load.

"The balloon shot upwards instantly, and for the first time we could feel a breeze, made by our rapid motion, fanning our cheeks. For a moment, the cries seemed to grow fainter and more indistinct; then, as we reached our level again, they drew

nearer and sounded plainer than ever.
"We now became thoroughly frightened, "We now became thoroughly trightener, We were losing gas evidently in some way, and the sand bag had given us but a mo-mentary relief. We were already back into our former position, I thought. But upon looking at the clock, I discovered to my amazement that we were a thousand feel high. What could it mean? The screams could not proceed from the earth, else they would not approach us and then recede again. Could it be an illusion, owing to the peculiar condition of the air that might strangely distort the sounds? I asked myself this question, while I reagerly listened
to the screams and cries. My companion
was equally mystified by the phenomenon,
and his blank face showed that he had no solution to suggest

Nearer and nearer drew the sounds, til they were scarce a hundred yards off. Then I raised my head with a laugh, and, looking at my companion, uttered the on-word, 'Sea birds.' The birt was enough The hint was enough. for he too joined me in a hearty laugh over our situation.

We were indeed close to a flock of lost "We were indeed close to a flock of lost sea birds. They had been making one of their migratory journeys, I concluded, and had become lost in the dense fog. We could hear the shrill whistle of the plover, and the long, piercing scream of the winter gull, migled with a dozen other hearse cries and whistles. As the flock drew nearer, the cries hearne almost heafening. the cries became almost deafening

"In another moment, the lost birds were circling around our balloon. We could hear circling around our bulloon. We could hear the heavy flap of their wings, and occa-sionally catch a glimpse of their dark forms in the light of our lamp. We hoped that they would pass over us quietly, and then leave us to pursae our journey. How large the flock was we could not guess, but evi-dently from the noise made by the creatures it could not be a very small one. Suddlerly, one of the birds flew heavily against the side of our car, imbedding its bill the wicker work, and crushing its head into a shapeless mass. Another one, almost simultaneously, struck one of the ropes that connected the car with the balloon, and dropped at our feet stunned by the

blow.
"We were awakened to a realization of our danger by these two accidents. If one of the birds should strike the silk bag with its heavy bill, we would be let down to the quicker than we could wish for. thought made us throw over several sand

thought made as throw over several same bags with nervous haste.

The balloon responded quickly to the act, and we shot upwards like an arrow. For an instant, the great flock of sea birds circled around below us, and we felt that we were safe again, as we had got out of their way. But, to our astonishment, the whole flock seemed to follow us, for we were soon surrounded on every side again by the screaming creatures. Our attempt to escape from them seemed to make them frantic, and they ventured nearer and nearer to our

"Another sand bag dropped through space, and once more we left our enemies behind us. But it was merely a repetition of the former maneuver. The birds soon

try to escape once more. We still had five bags left. The first one was thrown over, and the car allowed to ascend. Then, before the birds caught up with us in the race, a second one was dropped, and then a third. Finally the last bag was gone, and the flock of birds were still pursuing us. "Who ever heard tell of such a race before? We could go no higher; the limit of our journey heavenward was reached. If we remained stationary, however, we would soon be disabled, and unable to make a

soon be disabled, and unable to make a safe landing on the earth.

"There was but one thing left for us to do.

"There was but one thing zert for us to do. Descend again, and reach the earth before our pursuers sent us in that direction in double quick time. With a quick jerk of the cord, opening the safety valve, I let the gas rush out of the great bag. We began gas rush out of the great bag. We began to descend rapidly, gaining immense headway as we proceeded. Downward we rushed, enting our way through the flock of birds as we did so and killing dozens of them. For a moment we were surrounded by them again; then we left them, and hurried earthward. With one accord they followed as before, keeping but a few yards followed as before, keeping but a few yards followed as before, keeping but a few yards behind us in the fearful race. Some were left behind, but the leaders kept up a strong, steady flight, so that their screams were ever present in our ears. Our velocity soon became something fearful; the air buzzed into our cars, and nearly deafened us. I determined to leave the birds, it pos-sible, and then check our headway in time to save ourselves from being dashed to pieces. But this seemed impossible, and when I finally shut the gas valve some of the larger birds were within ten yards of

"We had to work now to check ou speed. The anchor was thrown over, and the gas kept from escaping. Gradually out fearful pace began to slacken. We were soon within a hundred yards of the earth, with the birds abready circling around our bailoon again. Slower and slower we sank, and then we came to a sudden halt. Our drag rope bad tonched something.

"We heard a splashing below us, as if the anchor was striking on the crests of waves. We descended still lower, and threw another rope over. It was only to true. We heard it splash into the ocean. We were directly over the sea, with the birds above and around us. The anchor was thrown over, and speed.

birds above and around us.

birds above and around us.

"In this position we remained some time, utterly powerless to do a thing for ourselves. The birds seemed to triumph over us in their loud screams of derision. Now and then one would strike the car and fall dead into the sea. Every moment we expected to hear one strike the huge ball of silk.

ball of silk.

"We were resigning ourselves to the terrible fate before us, when we gave a cry of surprise. One huge sea gull had become bolder than the others, and had flown straight towards our lump. There was a come bolder than the others, and had flown straight towards our lump. There was a cracking of glass; then all was durkness. The screams of the birds continued for a moment, but they seemed to be rising gradually in the air. They were evidently leaving us. Then for the first time I dis-covered the reason of their wild chase after us. Lost, in the fog, they had been at-tracted by our lantern, and we, in our ig-norance, had tried to escape from them. Had we estinguished the light at first there would have been no need of our long would have been no need of our long journey among the clouds. The sea gull had saved us by flying against the lamp

and breaking it.

"In a few minutes everything was as calm and quiet as before our encounter with the birds. A gentle breeze soon blew the fog away, and wafted us shoreward Before morning broke in the east we were on the sea shore, tired and exhausted, but the wiser for our rough experience with

THE NEW STAMPS

STAMP collectors are looking out for the new issue of postage stamps which is announced for this month. The new one cent stamp appeared some time ago, and the other denomiations will follow.

The two cent, now issued in brown, is to be changed to green. The three cent stamp now in green will be changed to vermilion. The Everything was calm and peaceful, in.

Not a sound was audible, and not be provided by the former maneuver. The birds soon dark the provided by the former maneuver. The birds soon design to possible to design the provided by the former maneuver. The birds soon design to provide a substance of the former maneuver. The birds soon design to provide a substance of the former maneuver. We heard a rust ling of the silk over our heads, a sudden jork, and then a ripping of silken cords. A bird had caught in the ropes of the ball with the silk to brown, and the ninety cent from carried as we were uncertain the first of the former designs of the stamped when the former to carmine; the five cent from earth of the former to green to carmine; the five cent from the first of the first of

FD: NEW ON: NEW YERK Beathland

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

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

CHAPTER LXXI.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

A STRINGS DISCOVERY.

HERE have you been since you left me? 'the old Scotchman asked Dabuey, not unkindly.

"Floating about, never prospering."

What brought you back here?"

"Did you instigate him to rob me?"

"No, he befriended me to a small extent in San Francisco, and got me in his power. He drew my story from me, and then urged me to come back here and join him in robbing you."

him in robbing you."
"And you consented?"
"Yes; I won't conceal the truth. I was a fraid to refuse. It was not till this evening that! made up my mind to cut loss from Lopez, and save you from robbery. I didn't want to harm him, and tried to in. duce him to give up his plan, but he only sneered at my cowardice."

"I am glad to hear that, for I don't like

reachery. Lopez would have been disappointed if he had got away with the contents of the chest. There was nothing

pointed it he nad got away with the con-tents of the chest. There was nothing there of value to any one but myself."
"Will you forgive me, Mr. Mackaye? I mean for robbing you a year since. It am ever able I will give you back the five hundred dollars I stole from you then?"
"Have you say money more mo?" "Have you any money now".
"No; Lopez supplied me with inst

"Have you on, "No; Lopez supplied me wim just enough to keep me from starving." "I won't be hard upon you, babuey, especially as you have done me an important service tonight. How old are you?" "Twenty nine."

"You are too young to throw your life." You are too young to the bad. If

"You are too young to throw your life away by taking permanently to the bad. If you will agree to turn over a new leaf. I will see what I can do to start you afresh."
"I did not expect such kindness," said

"I did not expect such kindness, sad Dabney, who was more weak than wicked. "I will try to deserve it."
"Then here is my hand!" said the Scotchman, cordially. "I will forget the

"Then here is my hand." said the Scotchman, cordially. "I will forget the past. Have you parents living." "I have a mother living." replied Dabney, not without emotion.
"Then for her sake try to redeem your reputation! Try to become a worthy man."

I will. Upon my soul I will!"
You can stay here tonight. It might

the miners, who would connect you with Lopez. Lie down anywhere, and go to sleep. Tomorrow I will speak with von

This offer was gratefully accepted. Ned This offer was gratefully accepted. Net and Sandy Mackaye returned to bed and slept despite the exciting events of the evening, and woke up later than usual. When they left the cabin they saw plainly the lifeless body of Lopez hanging from the branch to which it had been us-pended. Dahney shuddered at the sight. He felt that such might have been his fate, but for his resolution to abandon the dis-honest scheme in which he had expected to

take part. Sandy Mackaye set Dabney to work on

his claim, and kept Ned at home.
"I am going to surprise you, lad!" be

Ned turned upon him an expectant look "I am going to leave the mines and go back to New York."

Ned looked alarmed. Ned looked alarmed.
"I wish I could go too," he said.
"Of course you will go too! Did you think I would leave you here? No, you are the only human being left for me to feel an

interest in. But for meeting you I might have ended my days here."
"Have you no relations living, then?"
asked Ned.

"I fear not. I had a sister, much young who married, and had a child—a girl. She died in consumption, I heard, and whether the child lived I know not. Probably it died

"How old would the child have been, if it had lived?"

About ten years of age.

About ten years of age.
"Did you know what name it received?"
"No, but I think my poor sister would ame it for our mother—Margaret—to whom

"No, but I think my poor assession name it for our mother—Margaret—to whom we were both deeply attached—"
A new idea had cone into Ned's mind.
"This is wonderful!" he exclaimed.
"What is wonderful?" asked Sandy
Mackaye quickly,

"I believe I know your niece. When I relations and I would be glad to find an left New York she was under my mother's charge. We have a letter from her mother, written on her dying bed, expressing the wish that Madge might some day meet her uncle. Bu! no! the name is wrong."

"How is the name wrong?"
"She referred to her brother as Rupert." "That is my first name, the name my sister called me by," said Mackaye with emotion.

"Then Madge must be your niece!"

"The old Scotchm an's face was radiant.
"Surely the hand of Providence is in
this," he said. "God has led you across
the continent to bring me this blessed tidings. My mind is made up. We will take
the first steamer back to New York. You
and your mother will lose nothing by the kindness you have extended to a friendless child.

child."

No time was lost. Sandy Mackaye closed
up his affairs at Shantytown, giving his
claim to the repentant Dabney, and reached
San Francisco in time to take the first Pacific Mail steamer for New York

We will precede him, and ascertain how matters were going with the various characters in our story on the other side of the

CHAPTER LXXII.

BRIDGET MCCURDY REAPPEARS.

LIAS SIMMONS was very much disturbed by the sudden disappearance of his aunt Eunice, and made more than one attempt to find her, but in vain. As a matter of fact Miss Simmons was in Pathodalphia, She had been dawn there Philadelphia She had been drawn there by hearing that there was a Miss Hester Newton included among the names in the Philadelphia directory.

"Jane, we'll go to Philadelphia," ste said

in her usual positive way.

"Just as you please, ma'am," said the acquiescent Jane. "Shall you give notice to Mr. Elias Simmons?"

"Why should I give notice to him?"
"Because he will probably feel w

"Because he will probably feel worned when he learns that you have left Brook-lyn," replied Jane with a smile. "I understand very well the cause of his werry," said Eunice Simmons with a snap of her still sharp black eyes. "He doesn't worry, "said Eunice Simmons with a snap of her still sharp black eyes. "He doesn't care a particle for me. It's my property to is anxious about."

Is anxious about.
"I won't contradict you, ma'am," said
Jane Barclay. "I may do the man an injustice, for I own I don't like him, but I
think you are right."
"I don't blame him for not loving me -I

am not so unreasonable—but only for pre-tending to love me when he doesn't care the snap of his finger for me."
"He thinks it necessary in order to stand

well in your estimation.

"I hate hypocrisy and insincerity" said Miss Eunice sharply. "I shall leave him something, for he is a relative, but I would much sooner leave a large sum to Hester,

"You know, Miss Eunice, that when a woman is in love that outweighs every-

thing."
"What do you know about that—you confirmed old maid?

Jane Barclay blushed a little in spite of her forty nine years.

I was in love once," she said.

"Why did you never tell me? Why didn't you marry?"

"Because the man didn't know it—I am glad he didn't, for he married somebody

"Poor Jane!" said Eunice, in a tone of sympathy. "Well, it turned out the best for me. Had you married I should have had to do without my faithful friend and companion."

companion."
"Yes, Miss Eunice, it turned out for the best for me, too, for he took to drink and left his wife a widow and destitute at thirty five.

"And my niece left me for a husband Well, life is made up of disappointments. I would give half my remaining days—they may not be many—if I could meet Hester

again."
The two went to Philadelphia, and estab-The two went to runnicipus, and essau-lished themselves in a comfortable board-ing place near Arch Street, and then they looked up the Mrs. Hester Newton whose name was in the directory. But alas! it name was in the directory. But alas! it turned out to be quite a different person from Miss Eunice's niece. She was a native of the South and had established herself in Philadelphia after the close of the civil conflict. She had a little money with which she had set herself up in a boarding house which afforded her a comfortable living.

aunt."
"I am not sure about that," said Eunice Simmons. Simmons. "I am a woman of very diffi-cult temper, Mrs. Newton, as Jane Barclay

cult temper, Mrs. Newton, as Jane Barclay can tell you."

"Jane Barclay won't tell you anything of the sort," said the loyal companion.

"Perhaps you'll give me the credit of being an angel, Jane."

"No, Miss Eunice, I don't think I can trathfully say that." "Elias Simmons would say it, if I should

ask him to. "I am a little more truthful than Elias

Simmons. "Jane, I have a great mind to cut you

out of my will."
"I hope it will be long before I shall profit by any such mention, Miss Eunice."
"I know you do, you faithful old Jane.
Don't be afraid that I shall misunderstand you or do you injustice."

It was clear that the two women had not

lived together thirty years without coming to comprehend each other fully.

Miss Simmons proposed to go back to New York, having failed in her mission, but she did not go. The very same day she met on Chestnut Street an early friend, who had married and settled down in Philadel-phia. They had been intimate in their pnia. They had been intimate in their school days, and it was a great pleasure to Eunice Simmons to talk over old times and scenes with Mrs. Pauline Blatchford. The latter protested against her friend's return-ing to Brooklyn, and finally persuaded her to remain for four weeks. The four weeks to remain for four weeks. The four weeks lengthened out to four months, when one day the two ladies—Miss Simmons and Jane Barelay—met Elias Simmons at the junction of Broad and Chestnut Streets. he Fulton Street merchant had gone to Philadelphia on business, without the remotest idea of seeing his wealthy aunt, whose disappearance had so much discomposed him.
"Can I believe my eyes?" he exclaimed.

"Is it you, dear Aunt Eunice?"
"How do you do, Elias?" said Miss

Eunice, composedly.
"Very well, but where have you been

for this long time?"
"In Philadelphia."

"How could you leave Brooklyn without letting me know?" said Elias, reproach-

fully. "Why should I let you know? Am I not a free agent?"

"But consider, my dear aunt how anxious and distressed I have been. I had no idea what had become of you."

"Really, I didn't suppose you would take it to heart so," said the old lady, dryly. "You know I am not much of a letter writer" take dryly, or writer.

"Miss Barclay might have written me, knowing how anxious I would be.

"Jane Barclay acts under orders," said that lady quietly. "If Miss Ennice had expressed a wish to have me write, I would have done so."

"Do you mean to stay in Philadelphia?

Shall you not return to Brooklyn?"
"Yes, I believe I will," said Eunice
Simmons, to the surprise and delight of

her nephew.

"Come back with me; I shall go this

'I can't get ready so soon. Jane and I will go tomorrow."
"Will you, positively? I will remain over to escort you home."
"There is no accession. Flins. Japa Bar.

There is no occasion, Elias. Jane Bar-

clay is escort enough for me."
Elias tried to insist, not wishing to lose sight of his wealthy relation again, but she gave him to understand, in unmistakable terms, that she did not wish it, and he de

Miss Simmons really went back to Brooklyn the next day, as Elias found to his satisfaction the following Sunday when he went over to inquire.

"Have you heard nothing of Hester?

asked the old lady.

"I informed your lawyer that she died, and her boy with her, on a voyage to San

"But I didn't believe it," returned Miss

Eunice calmly.

What better proof can you have than the word of Captain Roberts?"

"I know nothing of your Captain

"I know nothing of your Captain Roberts. I firmly believe that Hester is still alive."

Elias Simmens shrugged his shoulders, and looked disgusted at his aunt's obstinacy.

she had set herself up in a boarding house which afforded her a comfortable living.
"I wish I were your niece, Miss Simmons," she said. "I am almost without over the wash tub.

"Are you the woman Miss Barclay engaged?" she asked.
"Yes, ma'am," answered Bridget Mc-Curdy, for it was she.
"So you go out washing?"
"Yes "ga'am but Lought not to. I'm

"Yes, ma'am, but I ought not to. I'm so wake and delicate that I ought to have

some lighter work

some lighter work."
"Indeed, you look weak and delicate,"
said Miss Eunice, with an irony which
Bridget did not understand.
"Indade I am, and a most unfortunate
woman. I had a gal, Madge, that used to
help me, till she was stole away by the Newtons

"Who?" demanded Eunice Simmons, in

a quick, startled voice.
"Them Newtons! Mis. Newton and "Them Newtons! Mrs. Newton and Ned, that used to live in the same house Net, that used to live in the same house with me. They got Madge away when I was visiting in the country"—(this was the way Mrs. McCurdy referred to her sojourn on Blackwell's Island). "When I came back

they were gone."
"Tell me about the Newtons," said Miss Simmons, in strong excitement. "I once knew a family of that name."

Mrs. McCurdy answered her questions,

and Eunice Simmons became satisfied that

her long quest was at length ended.
"Mrs. McCurdy," she said, "if you will find Mrs. Newton and her son for me, I will

give you a hundred dollars."

"Howly mother of Moses!" ejaculated Bridget; "I'll do it, or pirish in the attimpt. Shure you're in luck at last, Bridget timpt. Sh McCurdy!

CHAPTER LXXIII.

MRS. MCCURDY SUCCEEDS IN HER MISSION.

FTER Madge's escape, Mrs. McCurdy made an effort to find her, but without success. It was inconvenient out success. It was inconvenient for her to go to New York, the distance being so great, and she did not want to lose her home at her son's house. compelled, however much ag She was ner home at her son's house. She was compelled, however much against her wishes, to pay her way by work, John giving little credence to her complaint that she was weak and delicate.

On her return from the day at Miss Simmons's house, she seemed in such high spirits that John asked her whether she had come into a fortune.

"No," said his mother; "but I've been offered ten dollars if I'll find them Newlong

She thought it prudent to name only ten dollars, lest John should want a share.

"And who's so hard up to find them
Newtons?" he asked.

"An old leddy that I washed for this mornin'. I expect she's some kin to Mrs.

Newton."
"Won't she give more? It may take you

a week "Perhaps she will. When I've found 'em

I'll ask her."
"I want half that money," said John.
"You'll be livin' here and not doin' any

"You'll be him here and not doin any work while you're huntin' 'em up." "You shall have it, John," said his mother, with unexpected acquiescence. She congratulated herself that she had not

amed the full sum she was to receive, as John would still have wanted half.

The next day Mrs. McCurdy set out on

her pilgrimage. She went directly to Bleecker Street, thinking she might hear tidings of Madge, and through her of Mrs. Newton.

She addressed herself to an old apple woman on a street corner.

"Have you seen aught of a little match girl, ma'am, lately? She's about tin years old, and has a purty face. She looks as I used to whin I was a gal."

"You have changed a good deal, then,"

said the apple woman.
"Shure I have. Wh What wid the hard work that has made me wake and delicate, and the worry of bringin' up a family, I'm not what I was. But about the gal?"

"Is her name Madge?

"Yes," answered Mrs. McCurdy eagerly. "She used to come here to sell matches, but she doesn't now.

"Then you haven't seen her lately?"
asked Bridget disappointed.
"I saw her yesterday."
"Did you spake with her? Did she tell

you where she lived?"

"Why do you want to find her?" asked the apple woman suspiciously. "Are you the woman that carried her off some months ago?

Yes I am, but I mane her no harm. "Don't you want to take her away again ?

"No, I don't. I've got no home to take her to "Then I don't see why you want to see

her," said the apple woman still sus-

"Then I'll tell you, ma'am. I want to find the lady she's stayin' wid. I've got good news for her."
"What sort of news?"

"There's a rich ould leddy in Brooklyn that wants to find her, and lave her a lot of money

The apple woman eyed Mrs. McCurdy closely to see whether she seemed to be speaking the truth, but Bridget looked uncommonly honest, and she felt inclined to

"She told me she lived in Fourth Street." she answered.

"Thank you, ma'am." "You are sure you mean the little gal no

harm? "I'm ready to swear it, ma'am," said Bridget, briskly. She was soon in Fourth Street, which is

pot far from Bleecker Street.

"I wish I knew the number," said Mrs. McCurdy to herself; "I'd be earnin' the money aisy."
She walked up and down Fourth Street

wanted up and down Folith Street for some time in a perplexed state of mind. Which of the houses she was passing con-tained the family she wanted so much to see? She couldn't well inquire at every door. But fortune at last favored Mrs. McCurdy, perhaps because she was now really engaged in a praiseworthy enter-prise. The old woman's heart leaped joyfully when she saw the girl she knew so well emerging from the door of an English

basement house. basement house.

Madge was quite unconscious of the nearness of one whom she so much dreaded till she felt a hand upon her

shoulder, and looking round saw the familiar face of Mrs. McCurdy.

She trembled and seemed ready to drop,

so great was the shock.
"So it's you, Madge!" said Bridget, looking much pleasanter than Madge had ever seen her.

ver seen her.
"Yes, Aunt Bridget. Please let me go.
"Don't be afeard, Madge," said Bridget,
"I don't mane you in a reassuring tone. no harm. Are you stayin' wid them Newtons?

Yes. Please don't take me away. "I won't if you'll do as I tell you.

"What is that?" "Take me to Mrs. Newton. I've got some business wid her. Does she live

"Yes, Aunt Bridget."

"Yes, Aunt Bridget."
"Then we'll go in together."
This Madge was willing to do, for she felt that once in the house, and in presence of Mrs. Newton, she would be safe.
Mrs. Newton was sitting in a rocking chair with Leila at her knew when Madge.

mrs. Newton was sitting in a rocking chair, with Leila at her knee, when Madge entered, followed by Mrs. McCurdy.

She looked at the old woman in amazement

"Mrs. McCurdy!" she exclaimed.
"Yes, Mrs. Newton. I'd have called be-"Yes, Mrs. Newton. I'd have called be-fore if I'd known where you lived, but I only just found out from Madge." Was it to be peace or war? Mrs. New-ton did not know what to think. "I hope you are well, Mrs. McCardy," "the said."

aid. "I'm always wake and delicate, Mrs. Newton, as you well know, but I'm feelin' middlin' well this mornin'!"

"I hope you haven't come to take away Madge?"

Madge?"
"No, maam; I see that Madge is well off with you, and it's all I want."
This was certainly very surprising. Had Mrs. McCurdy turned over a new leaf?
"And what little gal is this, if I may make so bowld?" said Mrs. McCurdy, pointing to Leila.

"A little girl who has been placed in my

charge."
"Won't you come and kiss me, little gal?" asked Mrs. McCurdy with a seduc-

tive smile.

"No, I don't want to," answered Leila with childish frankness. with childish frankness.
"She's bashful, I see," Mrs. McCurdy remarked, not feeling sensitive. "I was that way myself when I was a little gal. But I've come on business, Mrs. Newton, and it's you that ought to be glad to see me,

for I've got good news."
"Have you heard anything of Ned?"
asked Mrs. Newton, rising in excitement.

'Has he come home "I didn't know he was away," was the

surprised response.

"He is in California." (Mrs. Newton had received Ned's letter.) "I thought perhaps you might have seen him."

"No, I come from an old leddy in Brook-

lyn who's very anxious to see you,

(To be continued.)

THE SOWING TIME.

BE eareful what you sow, boys!
For all the bad will grow, boys!
And the boy who now,
With a careless hand,
Is scattering thislies
Over the land,
Must know that, whatever he sows today,
He must reap the same tomorrow.

Then let us sow good seeds,
And not the briers and weeds;
And not the briers and weeds;
That when the barvest
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.

S an illustration of what a boy can acan 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 pro-duced several improvements

duced several improvements in steam appliances. His water cycle consists of two hollow pipes of sheet iron, built in airtight com-partments and braced topartments 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 fore and aft to two sets of rotary pedals.

chains are taken fore and att to two sets of rotary pedals, tandem fashion, as they are in a double tricycle. At the end of each of the two holend of each of the two hol-low 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

simple. It will remind New York boys of the so called "Lohengrin boats" on the small ponds in Central Park, are constructed on e

actly the same principle, with a few medifications.

If any of the Argosy's readers would like to exercise

to'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 antennæ 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.

on a retter A and 1878 an egg.

The egg is caught by the crossed legs and smeared with a glutinous substance. The waxt 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 float or rat which is launched on the water, and the female files away with a consciousness of duty done.

duty done.
After a few days the eggs hatch out little

ing herself steady with her six feet, without any apparent effort thrusts this bundle of lances, clustered with a beak like an awi, deep into the flesh, and, through a channel which is left in the center which they fold together, draws un the blood.

Out of the control of the

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 to the control of the contr

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, impris-oned and threatened with starvation in a Chicago store window, is related by the Tri-bune 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 flitting 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

At the tear tead of the soure is a wingoost in 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 The little sparrow in its wanderings fell down to the bottom of the harrow 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 whole with the bird was the simprisoned as great crowd was gathered in front of the When the little prisoner was first discovered in his predicament several people rushed into the store and informed the proprietor. He set to work to extricate the bird, but after several trup. He had no sconer force so than a dignified looking man entered and said:

"Say, you've got a bird in your window over there, and was a dignified looking man entered and said:

"Say, you've got a bird in your window over there, and was a way. The call too his sidewalk, where he left was a way. The way of the little was a way. The call the words, "You will, eh?" the clerk took him by the hand and rapidly led him to his sidewalk, where he left was the words of the was referred to the store with the proprietor placed a step of the way of the way of the proprietor placed a step of the prison of the way of the prison of the way is the proprietor placed a step of the way of the prison of the prison of the way of the way are ferred to the step lad was covered with dust, people climbed up and for hours worked with the wire, but all was one of the shelving was covered with dust, people climbed up and for hours worked with the wire, but all was one of the shelving was covered with dust, people climbed up and for hours worked with the wire, but all was covered with the wire, but all was the principle climbed up and for hours worked with the wire, but all was covered with the wire.

worked with the wire, but all to no purpose.

A young man stepped brisk-ly into the store, rubbing his hands. "You have a bir—"
"Are you in a hurry? Where are you going?" the clerk in-quired.
"I'm on my way to lunch."

there and see what you can be the property of the property of

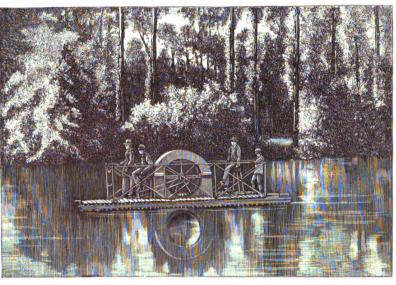


A VOLCANO'S WORK.
READERS of "In Southern Seas" will be interested in some recollections kindly furnished us by a Brooklyn subscriber, who arrived in Java shortly after the Krakatoa eruption of 1883, mentioned in the story.

He writes that several men of war were em-ployed in collecting the dead bodies, which will be remembered as having been seen by the crew of the Kerr crowding the sea about They were gathered into huge piles

them. They were gathered into hugo niles on the beach, where oil was poured over them preparatory to burning.

It was proved the preparatory to burning the preparatory to burning, the property of the proper



THE WATER CYCLE

a few medifications.

If any of the Argosy's readers would like to exercise their ingenuity in building a water cycle upon this model, waterproof 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 fround 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 stand point, 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 mosquitors and one way and next when the sun is bright, the properties of the summer months. In order that the readers of the Argosy may engage in this discussion from an advantageous stand point, we herewith furnish them with some scientific information on the subject culled from the New York Sun:

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upsets and sinks the boat—the mass portion of the mosquito's anatomy is the sucker. On the mosquito's anatomy is the sucker. On the standard of the mosquito's anatomy is the sucker. On the standard of the chewing. Then there is a fine tongue and a pointed beak.

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

monia. 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 attract-ing a good deal of interest. The following article recently appeared in the columns of the New York World:

artic's 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 the formation of boys' military battalions. Instructions for organization were given and all necessary information.

The Ansoay seconded the lieutenant's suggestions, and advised immediate action. As a result Thomas W. Scamlon, of Brooklyn, instructions of the Market of the Market of the Market of the Market of the Hamilton Cadets. Genucleus of a regiment has been formed, taking the name of the Hamilton Cadets. Genucleus of a regiment has been formed, taking the name of the Hamilton Cadets. Genucleus of an armory for drill and meetings. He said he had been stored the market of Market of the Market of Market of the Market of the Market of Marke

ormed, and 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,

falling leaf, have using show us many a 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 sll the wood from sea to sea.

[This story conumenced in No. 247.]

DROWNED GOLD.

By DAVID KER.

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

CHAPTER XIII. MIDNIGHT INVADERS.

MIDNIGHT INVADERS.

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, gettlemen," said the captain at length, "how and where I found the bit of iron; said thone I may count

and I hope I may count upon your giving evidence accordingly whenever you are call-

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

that's certain. The first thing to do now is to find him out, and when we do—"
"We'll hold a coun-

cil of war on him, and run him up to the yard arm!" broke in 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

of all this."

And away they went, too much occupied with their discovery to notice a dark, lean, cruel face that peered out after them from the nearest thicket. A man was hidden there who had seen all and heard

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 the from another quarter, their chance of the from another against the way faint.

Harry had runmaged on ta tattered cony

but unless some unexpected light came to them from another quarter, their chance for 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 bunder, 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

gle 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 same 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 "1 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."

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 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 beiled rice, potate like cassava made from

lor that evening, after a plentiful supper of boiled rice, potato like cassava, made from scraped manioc root, thick "damper" 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 sugarless coffee, the good Dutchmen's stock of sugar having been quite exhausted

"Beg pardon, sir, I don't think you farthest from the house, the whole surface would," replied the second officer. "On such a night as that was—black as pitch, appearance, like the wet roof of a carriage 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." tire space was one creeping swarm of black ants!

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XIV.

A VISIT TO THE WEECK.

"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

"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.

"Capitaine," said Myuheer Everts, as soon as he met Capitain Peters. "I mean tell you one ting last night, but ze 'drivers' drive it right out of mine head. Your Spanish man dero—how you call him, Camacho?

—he start off yesterdny, say he go walk to uative village. Well, he never come back, and now I tink someting happen him!"

"Really?" cried Capitain 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.

ernment in despair at the loss of that gov-ernment 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 trow him in

out it Arooman kill him, dey trow 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 a construction.

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 vant, and welcome," said the Dutchman, heartily; and half an hour later 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 second officer, the major, Mr. Keir, and the three boys, who were in high glee at being allowed to join the expedition. pedition.
But they little knew

what was in store for them. All went well on the smooth waters 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 repkless Har. even the reckless Harry look grave.

Instantly the steady pull of the black boatmen was exchang-ed for a short, fierce, snapping stroke, every fall of the oars being accompanied with a hoarse scream like the

hoarse scream like the
cry of a drowning
man, which, with the
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

classica against seed in gid in.

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 hide of it.

and/or veres show right into the capital in the thick of it.

"Pull—all together—pull!" roared the capitain, 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.

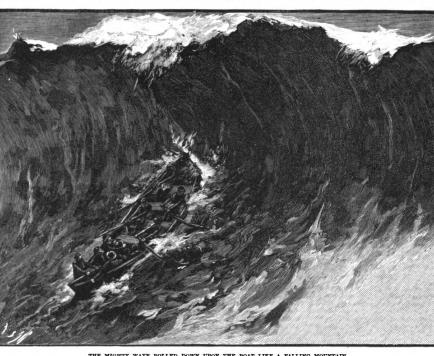
The negroes, yelling like madmen, pulled as if they would break their oars, while the lashing spray came pelting over their bare black limbs and brawny shoulders, as the boat plunged down and up, and down again.

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

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 impos-

Even the immovable major clinched his



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

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. 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 rush-ing hither and thither with shrill, unearth-

lages as if before the advance of an invad-

ng army. He, his cousin, and most of the other He, his consin, and most of the other passengers, at once arrived themselves with torches, and fell tooth and nail upon the advancing host, slangthering 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 the force.

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

which seemed to start out of the darkness again, felt as if they were being forn with by the glare of the faming torches that they whirled round their heads, were rushing hither and thither with shrill, unearthy 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 pahsade which lay

teeth grimly as the little craft climbed up the great ridge of dark water like a fly on a

shouted the captain, grasping the tiller till his knuckles grew white pull hard!"
One tremendous stroke, which made the

strong boat tremble from stem to stern, and just as the combing crest of the giant wave was curling to overwhelm them, they shot right over it, and swooped down into the dark hollow beyond, with that dizzy, sick-ening plunge which one feels in a dream of hurled headlong down some fathomable precipice.

Up again! The same rush and roar, and

Up again! The same rush and roar, and downward swoop, and then the second wave lay behind them; but they were just a moment late in breasting the third, and Captain Peters felt his stout heart grow chill as he saw its monstrous head (already curling over and breaking into foam) roll-ing down upon them like a falling moun-

CHAPTER XV.

CARIBOO'S DISCOVERY.

HE major caught hold of Harry, while Mr. Kier drew Steve close to him, expecting that in another instant they would all be struggling in the sea. Captain Peters sat firm and erect in the stern sheets, keeping the rudder as steady as a rock.

Down came the liquid avalanche with a roar like a waterfall, exploding in a spout of boiling foam that half filled the boat.

For a moment all seemed over; but the For a moment an seemed over; out the brave little craft shook herself free of the water like a Newfoundland dog, and glided safely away into the open sea beyond. "That was a near shave," said Major

"That was a near snave, said major Vere, drawing a long breath. "Quite as near a one as I want to see, anyhow," answered the captain, while Cari-boo seized the bailer and began bailing out the water. "Bu. we're all right now, and yonder's the poor old ship, what's left of hear."

There, sure enough, were the two tall There, sure enough, were the two tain masts standing up like giant skeletons against the gloomy sky, from which the clouds of last night's rain had not yet passed away. It was a dismal sight, and as clouds of mst highes from an active passed away. It was a dismal sight, and as they approached a dreary silence fell upon the whole party, and even the reckless boys began to look grave and thoughtful. "Don't talk to father just now," whispered Harry to Steve; "I know he's awfully with the page old craft."

"No wonder," answered Steve, in the same tone. "I guess I'd feel pretty bad same tone. "I guess I'd feel pretty bad myself, if I was in his place." The steamer had heeled over to port as

she went down, heaving up the starboard side of her deck to within a few feet of the surface; and the captain, still hoping to save the Spanish money cheet, steered the boat round to that side to see how far the

deck still held together.

But the first crash against the rock had one far with the work of destruction, which had been completed by the two succeeding blows and the terrific lunches of the sinking vessel. Through the wonderful clearness of the transparent water they saw a heap of shattered timbers worthly of the corthograce of isbon. quake of Lisbon.

earthquake of Lisbon.

"The money chest's in the strong room, tween decks, and we'll just hit it when we've cleared off that mess," said the captain. "Come, this is better than I expected. It'll be good news for poor Camacho, if he's still alive, that we've found that chest for him. Who'll go down and make fast a rope to one of those planks? A dollar to each man."

One of the Kroomen dived at once, for these sayages a dollar was a large sum

to these savages a dollar was a large sum. The plank was dragged away, the divernade fast his rope to the next, and so on till one corner of the strong room could be

All bent eagerly forward for the first an bent eagerly forward for the first glimpse of the precious chest. Three more beams were pulled aside, and then—the second officer uttered a deep growl of dis-appointment, and Captain Peters clinched s teeth as if in sudden pain. The strong room was empty

There was the place where the chest had stood, and there, bent and broken as if by some terrible shock, were the iron clamps that had held it to the wall; but where was the chest itself? Where indeed?

that had held it to the wall; but where was the chest itself? Where indeed? One of the divers, spurred on by the hope of extra pay, plunged again, but only to return with news that the farther side of to return with news that the farther side 3i the strong room was knocked clean out, and that all beyond was one welter of broken planking an I twisted iron, amid which no sign of the chest could be seen.

It seemed only too certain that when the to seemed only too certain that when the deck broke up the heavy chest must have forced its way out into the sea, and the captain, gallantly choking down his bitter captain, gallantly cuoking down ms ortest disappointment, was just giving the word to pull for the shore, when there came a splash in the water, and a small dark body was seen shooting down into the depths below. It was Cariboo!

Moment messed after monent, without

below. It was Cariboo! Moment passed after moneent, without any sign of his return. All watched breathlessly, and the captain muttered through his set teeth, "Poor little chap! and it was all for me, too!" But suddenly a shadow flitted athwart the clear liquid green of the water, and Cariboo's shrill voice was heard. "Master, him chest dere!"

him chest dere!"
"Where?" cried the whole party, with one voice.

"Under dem plank; Cariboo go so," and he imitated with his hand the action of div-

ne imitated with als hand the action of div-ing under an obstruction.

"What!" cried Mr. Garnet, "you really dived under all that stuff? Why, if you'd got caught anywhere you'd have been drowned like a rat!"

growned like a rat!"
"Cariboo no drown easy," answered the little hero. "Chest berry good to hide, but Cariboo berry better to find."
"God bless you, my brave boy!" said the captain, patting his wet shoulder. "Now, lads, to work; a dollar aplece, remember." member.

To work went the divers with redoubled energy, but this last job was the hardest of all. Many of the planks had to be hacked all. loose with knives, and again and again the men came up to the surface almost stifled; but at last they laid bare the famous chest, with its black surface detted with white stars, and emblazoned with the arms of

"It's too heavy to hoist up badily," said Captain Peters, "we'd only capsize the boat. Let's tug open the lid with our grapnel, and then we can fish up the grapnel, and then we can fish up the money bit by bit, and not bother about the chest at all."

The grapnel was cast. Twice the hooks scraped along the surface of the chest without taking hold, but the ever ready Cariboo dived down again and fixed them firmly upon the shattered lid, which, yielding to a vigorous tug, came right off,

leaving the chest open.

Then a cry of astonishment broke from the whole group.

The precious chest was filled to the brim, not with gold coins, but with bars of rusty iron!

(To be continued.)

A SCOTCH SUPERSTITION.

A STRANGE (alleged) cure for whooping cough is related as having been tried in Glasgow, in which a street vender's donkey

played the prominent part.

Two children were suffering from the nalady, and after a short conversation with the proprietor, the mothers took up a position one on each side of the animal. One woman then took one of the children and passed it below the donkey to the other woman, the child's face being toward the ground. The

child's face being toward the ground. The woman on the other side caught hold of the child, and, giving it a gentle somersault, handed it back to the other woman of er the ass, the child's face being turned toward the sky. The process having been repeated three times, the child was taken to the house, and In order that the operation may have its due effect the ass must not be forgotten, and at the close of the ceremony each mother must carry her child to the head of the animal and allow it to eat something, such as inquiries made later, it seems the mothers are thoroughly satisfied that their children are the better for the enchantment.

MOUNTAINEERING AT HOME.

THOSE who cannot find time to visit the Adirondacks or the White Mountains will be glad to hear of the ingenious apparatus devised by three German professors, and thus described by the Swiss Cross:

Imagine to yourself a gentleman standing in a sort of treadmill, and hard at work trying to mount an imaginary staircase, without ever getting above the first step. The physical exertion of ascending the continuously de-

exertion of ascending the continuously de-scending steps causes the unhappy climber to set in motion a system of bellows, which in-hale the outer air and blow it full in his face. Instead of the common street air, however, the elimber can be made to inhale air impreg-nated with extract of pine and other forest trees, and oxygen, thereby procuring him, witbin the walls of the city, the illusion of filling his lungs with the invigorating air of high mountains. Besides all this, the steps are so constructed as to be placed more perpendicularly, if desired, in imitation of a steep cilin.

This story commenced in No. 236 1

SOUTHERN SEAS; OF.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER XL

THOMAS DURKIN'S REPARATION.

"YES, Jack," was the sick man's reply,
"your stepfather is before you.
And now draw a chair to the bedside—there is much to be said and but little time '

In a state of mind more easily imagined than described, Jack obeyed. It was, indeed, Mr. Thomas Durkin, but how changed! A heavy beard covered his pale and haggard features, and through the bed clothing Jack could see that his stepfather, who in health had been rat! er inclined to portliness, had wasted away almost to a skeleton.

Months ago I read in the Eastern papers that you were drowned after saving the life of Captain Darling's daughter, Jack," said Mr. Durkin, taking Jack's muscular brown hand in his own. "How did such a report

arise?"
Very briefly Jack told as much as seemed necessary. How, left alone and penniless—looked upon with suspicion and contunely—he had allowed the people of Mapleton to believe that he met his death in the manner already described.
"Poor Jack!" murmured his stepfather,

pityingly, "and all for my sin-all for my sin! Can you forgive me?" he asked,

"I forgave you long ago, even as I hope be forgiven," was the low response. to be forgiven," was the low response.

A faint smile passed across the features

of the dying man.

"There spoke your mother, Jack—her whole life was full of a like forgiveness toward her spendthrift husband. But now

listen."

And then, summoning what strength he could, Mr. Durkin told his stepson in substance what follows:

With the money he had obtained from the Mapleton people he had fled to California, and not, as had been generally supposed, to Canada. Here, concealing his identity unless of contractions now he offer a little time. der a fictitious name, he after a little time invested part of the sum in a newly devel-oped silver mine in Colorado. And, strange oped silver mine in Colorado. And, strange to say, the venture was more than a success. The lead proved to be one of immense value, and in three months' time Mr. Thomas Durkin sold out his interest for fifty thousand dollars.

thousand dollars.

Then he went in for banking and stockbroking. Everything he touched—to use the well worn simile—turned to gold. As scarcely happens once in a thousand times, luck pure and simple followed his transac-tions from the word go, and at the end of a few months Mr. Thomas Durkin retired

few months are. Thomas Purkin retired from business with a fortune. "Six weeks ago, Jack," said Mr. Durkin, "I forwarded to Mr. Abbott, a Boston lawyer, a list of those in Mapleton whom I had defrauded, together with a sum of money covering principal and interest, instructions to pay every such claim in full.
Then, I had the homestead itself redeemed, intending some day to return and live down my crime, but it is otherwise willed. I have never known a day of happiness since I read never known a day of happiness since I read of your death; and this afternoon, when I accidentally overheard Doctor Wheaton reading aloud that Captain Jack Esbon was at the De Witt House, I was almost beside myself with joy, for I felt that, incredible as it might seem, it must be you who had in some manner escaped death, and through a strange providence had your steps directed thing. I might be supposed to the providence who was the strange providence had your steps directed bitter. Inquiries made by my lawyer of a Mr. Smith, on board the vessel which I hear two commanded confirmed my belief and

you commanded, confirmed my belief, and I lost no time in sending for you." Pausing, Mr. Durkin touched a bell by his bedside which brought Doctor Wheaton into the room at once.

"I am ready to complete my business, doctor," he said firmly; "call Simpson, and

ly and distinctly as he touched the decoment, "is my last will and testament-

wish you to witness my signature."

Thus saying he signed his name against the proper seal:

"Thomas Matthews Durkin."

Doctor Wheaton and the two others affixed their signatures at the left, after which Simpson, the doctor and the servant withdrew.

Mr. Durkin beckoned to Jack, who had stepped back while the business was being transacted.

"There, Jack," he said, drawing a long breath as of relief, and extending the folded will, "I have made what restitution I can to you for all my heartless conduct. You are my sole heir—stop, don't interrupt me.

I should advise you to keep Simpson in
your service—he is honest, faithful, and intellizent. The will itself explains everytelligent.

Here a sudden change passed over Mr. Durkin's face, and he ceased speaking.

Alarmed, Jack touched the bell.

Doctor Wheaton entered hastily, but it was too late.

"Forgive—Jack," murmured the dying an. Then he sank back on his pillow, and his soul passed into eternity.

CHAPTER XLI.

HREE days later Mr. Durkin, who had left full instructions reco-3 left full instructions regarding his final resting place, was laid away in

the magnificent cemetery at Oakland.
Simpson, who proved to be invaluable to
Jack in a thousand different ways, expressed his perfect willingness to remain
in the service of his former employer's

stepson.

It was he who attended to the packing of It was he who attended to the packing of Mr. Durkin's pictures, books, statuary, and the thousand articles of value which ornamented the rooms so soon to be racated. All the expensive furniture and fittings had been selected and purchased Mr. Durkin, who had shown admirable taste in the adorning of the expensive suite. Everything having been left without reserve to his stepson, Jack proceeded at once to act upon a certain plan which had occurred to him after Mr. Durkin's death.

death.

The whole of the property was packed and forwarded to Mapleton in the care of Mr. Channecy Simpson, who accompanied them. Attred in the habiliments of his late employer, Mr. Simpson had more the maple of the dependent these controls of a wall to depend on the second of appearance of a well to do merchant than a gentleman's valet. He received his in-structions from Jack, who also furnished him with sufficient money to carry out the project he had formed.

project he had formed.

In Mr. Durkin's will, Mr. Abbott the
Boston lewyer—a man of unblemished
integrity — had been mentioned as a
proper trustee to hold the large property for Jack's benefit till he should come of age. He was instructed to pay his ward a certain income annually.

Mr. Abbott came to San Francisco in re-

sponse to a telegram, and through his able assistance the will was duly probated and everything satisfactorily settled, after which he returned, Jack having arranged to follow in due time

So rapidly had one event followed on the so raphny had one event to lower on the heels of another that Jack had for the time almost put Miss Jennie Darling out of his mind. He had felt quite sure that upon learning of her father's illness she must have at once returned to her native town, but the district being the property of the state of the but to satisfy himself on that point, Jack, dressed as became the heir to an estate worth at the least computation two hun-

worth at the least computation two hundred thousand dollars, called at the address Miss Jennie had given him.

Yes—he was informed—Miss Jennie, accompanied by her unde, had started for the East the very next day after she came to the house. Not knowing Mr. Esbon's address, she had left a letter for him. Having received it, Jack on returning to the hotel proceeded to open and read it with considerable eagerness. Miss Jennie had evidently commenced it "Dear Jack." Then she had erased the adjective:

adjective :

doctor," he said firmly; "call Simpson, and fa a third witness is necessary ask one of the servants to step in."

Doctor Wheaton, having evidently anticipated the order, summoned the valet, who appeared in a moment or two, followed by a hall servant.

From a table at one side of the room the doctor silently took a legal looking document, and, laying it on a writing pad, placed it with a pen full of ink before Mr. Durkin, who had been propped up in bed with the pillows.

"This," said Mr. Durkin, speaking clear-

Jack. If you would only change your mind and come back to Mapleton again! You know that there is nothing taken come had a many the sound of the that there is nothing taken come to divide a more than the sound of t

sion of face, and any most the wrong they have done you.

"Do deed to come, Jack, I cannot bear "Do deed and should be so far away. And Jack, do not feel affonded, but if at any time you need money you will not let your reflect stand in the way of applying to any of us as a family. I have never even tried to thank you for me as you have done. Perhaps I never shall. But all the same I feel the great thank-furness thank the same of the standard with the same of the

"A girl in a thousand," said Jack, as he folded the letter, and placed it with great care in an inside pocket. And then, smiling to think of the pleasant surprise which had in store for Miss Jenne and Mapleton in general, Jack began to make pre-parations for leaving San Francisco for his native New England

He visited Mr. Alcidorus C. Smith on board the Chinese junk, finding that gentleman in the highest state of elation consequent upon the steady flow of visitors and the receipts

accruing therefrom

accruing therefrom.

"It's a leetle the best speculation I've tumbled on to for nigh ten years," he said, as, after congratulating Jack on his good fortune, he shook him by the hand at partloss on the minstrel troupe which went back on me. Good by and good luck go with you. Cantain Esbon

un Lung and his wife were equally cor dial. and having thus made his adieux, Jack packed his trunks and ten days later regis-tered at a Boston hotel.

CHAPTER XLII

AN OLD FRIEND REAPPEARS.

Of reasons which will hereafter appear, Jack did not go directly to Mapleton.

He had a good deal of business to trans-act with Mr. Abbott on the day after his arrival, and it was noon before he returned

to the hotel All at once it occurred to Jack, as he tered the reading room after dinner, that it was his duty to notify Peltiah Blake's uncle of his nephew's probable fate, and give him some brief account of their companionship.

Stepping to the periodical counter, behind which a smartly dressed young fellow was sitting, with his face half hidden by the morning paper, Jack tapped on the surface of the stand.

"Some stamps and envelopes, please,

The paper dropped as Jack's voice reached the ear of the reader, who sprang to his feet, upsetting a pile of periodicals and books at

Great Scott!" he exclaimed, as with bulging eyes he returned Jack's astonished gaze; "if it ain't—Jack Esbon, or else his ghost, dressed clear up to the top of the

And to the manifest astonishment of the few occupants of the room, the proprietor ws stand, bursting wildly out from of the news stand, bursting wildly out from behind the counter, seized the band of astonished Jack, and nearly swung it off in the exuberance of hisjoy! "Peltiah—well, well!" That was all Jack could say, as, at his friend's bidding, he mechanically followed his night the perdewer.

him inside the enclosure.

"Here, Johnny, look out for the stand," said Peltiah to a small boy who had just

said Peltiah to a small boy who had just deposited a pile of papers on the counter. "I want to talk with this gentleman." "Why, I can hardly believe it is you, Peltiah." exclaimed Jack, finding his tongue at last, and regarding his former companion. In a suit of fashionable cut, companion. In a suit of fashionable cut, a stand up collar, gorgeous neck scarf and polished boots, Peltiah looked very unlike

polished boots, relian loosed very united the green country fellow of other days.

"Well, it is me right side up with care," grinned Peltiab, "and all ready to hand

Here pausing, Peltiah drew a memoran-

Here pausing, reitin arew a memorindum book from his plocket, which he consulted with a business like air, "There was fifty one poun's eight ounces of that air ambergris, Jack," he said, looking up with a beaming face, "an' I sold it to a wholesale druggist's down town for ninety eighty dollars a pound spot cash.

That made five thousand forty seven dol-

interest to the Savin's Bank, for somehow I've felt it in my bones that you never was born to be drownded, Jack Esbon, and in time you'd turn up safe and sound."

"But, Peltiah," said Jack, giving the honest fellow's hand another shake—"tell me how you were saved—and everything."

"Lord, there ain't much to fell, any said Jack, giving the property of the same and the

me how you were saved—and everything."
"Lord, there ain't much to tell, any way," returned Peltiah. While he was talking he kept a sharp eye on his assistant, who was dealing out papers at a rate which spoke well for the popularity of the

"But the way of it was this," he went on. "I slep' till nigh mornin', for when I woke up 'long about midnight, and you never called me, I was so stuffy I wouldn't wore up long about mixinght, and you never called me, I was so stuffy I wouldn't come on deek till I heard somethin' from you. Then when I did turn out, to and behold, the schooner was runnin' off with a free wind, the wheel sot nigh amidships, and you nowheres in sight. I hunted in the hold with a lantern and down the fore peak, hollerin' 'Jack' like a crazy chap, but it was no good. And fraully I knowed you must have been swep' overboard or fell over and that's all I did know. Then I sat down and beliered for night an hour, though I kep' tellin' nyself that you wasn't drownfed, for I was determined not to have it so. So it went all the nex' day and night. night.

Then the old vessel took to leakin', and when I was took off next mornin' by the brig Fastnet, from Rio Janeiro to Boston, brig Fastnet, from Rio Janeiro to Boston, her decks was nigh level with the water. I got the ambergris and what else was with savin and worked my passage to Boston. There I sold the ambergris, as I've told you; got some good clo'es, and whilst I was lookin' round a bit, I happened to run acrost a chance to buy out the feller that was run-nin' this stand—he intendin' to go into some nin' this stand—he intendin' to go into some other business. It's good property and I'm makin' money," said Peltiah, with a chuckle; "so now, Jack, say the word and I'll write you out a check for your money."

"No, Peltiah," quietly responded Jack, "I shall never claim it. I have now more than I shall ever spend."

than I shall ever spend."

And then, having briefly narrated his own peculiar experiences after falling overboard and swimming to the automatic buoy, Jack

and swimming to the automatic buoy, Jack told Peltiah of the good fortune which he had found awaiting him in San Francisco.

"I cannot show anything like grief at the death of my stepfather," he said, frankly, "for that would only be hypocrisy. I heartily forgave him long ago for everything, and I am glad to know that he could receive this assurance from my lips before He made restitution to the people he had wronged, and in making me his heir treated me with a generosity I had never dreamed

"No more'n I ever dreamed of havin' over "No more'n I ever dreamed of navin over two thousan' dollars give me in one lump," impetuously returned Peltiah; "and I don't know jest what to say to it, Jack—it don't seem as though it was jest the thing for me

to take it, any way."

But Jack, of course, was firm, and Peltiah finally ceased further protestation.

"And to think that after all our schemin"

"And to think that after all our schemin' and plannin' there wasn't no money for us to Walling's Island, after all," said the lat-ter, reverting to the story of Jack's unex-pected meeting with Lascar Joe and what the latter had revealed.
"Well, it was there once, only some lucky

person or persons got ahead of us," returned Jack; "and if we had never made the attempt at getting it," be went on, after a little, "we should not have found the am-bergris, which has been the basis of your own good fortune so far-

own good fortune so far—"
"I see," interrupted Peltiah; "and you, likely epough, would never have gone back to Mapleton; and bein' thought dead, why, your stepfather would have left his money for the lawyers to fight over. Likely enough, you and I both would have been driftin' about earnin' a hand to mouth livin' who knows

Who, indeed?" said Jack, thoughtfully as the oft quoted:

There is a destiny which shapes our ends, Rough hew them as we may."

Rough new them as we may, came into his mind.

"But how is it -do the Mapleton folks know about your bein' heir to all this money?" inquired Peltiah, after a short pause.

"Nature of them," landned Jack, "They

ey?" inquired Peltiah, after a short pause.
"Not one of them," laughed Jack. "They
do not even know that I purpose coming
back among them to live, and I am curious
to see how they will receive me."
"I guess there ain't much don't how Miss
When'k her name. Miss Darlin'—will receive

ninety eighty dofiars a pound spot cash.

"I gness there ain't much doubt how Miss That made five thousand forty seven dollars for a lump of green beeswax thrown up by a whale - think of it, Jack! Half of heightened visibly.

"Look here. Peltiah." he bastily ex-"Look here, Peltah," he hastily ex-claimed, ignoring the suggestive remark; "did you keep the suit of sailor clothes you wore aboard the brig?"
"Why, yes," replied Peltiah; "I guess they're to the bottom of my trunk up in my room. Why?"

room. Why?"

"I want to borrow them for a day or two, that's all," said Jack; and as he went on to explain his purpose, Peltiah grinned rap-

turously. •
"I'll get 'em out this very night, Jack," "I'll get 'em out this very night, Jack," he said; "and I'd give a dollar to see the whole thing carried out, 'specially if that high toned Vandyke is there to Mapleton and you run acrost him."

Feltiah was as good as his word. That evening he brought the suit of sea apparel, which his natural thrifty disposition had caused him to keep, into Jack's room.

Discarding his fashionable attire and consigning it to one of his truuks, which he left orders to have forwarded to Mapleton when he sant for them Jack on the fallowing

he sent for them, Jack on the following morning donned the coarse, ill fitting suit, smelling of tar and not innocent of patches. He was preparing for the final act of the little drama in which he had for some months been playing the leading role.

months been playing the leading role. It was nine o'clock, P. M., when the train from Boston landed a few passengers at Mapleton and sped its way onward. Among those who left the cars was a coarsely dressed, stalwart young man, with landsome bronzed features, carrying in one hand a very disreputable appearing grip-

That it was our friend Jack Eshon I need hardly say. And it was surprising what an air of ne'erdowellishness—if I may coin a arr of the erdowellishness—if I may coin a word—a young man can give himself by a certain change in his apparel.

Jack wore no linen—his faded and stained

blue woolen shirt was open at the neck by reason of the absence of a button, and he

had not even a vest on

had not even a vest on.

A rough, salt water stained reefing jacket, with the pockets torn down on either side; a pair of trousers, patched on both knees, held in place by a leather belt; coarse cowhide shoes, and a shabby slouch hat completed the attire of the returned seafarer.

"Blessed if there ain't Jack Esbon, that

bessed if there and Jack Esoon, that there's been so much talk about since Cap'n Darling's folks got home and told how Jack wasn't drowned, after all," said one of the platform idlers, as the young man walked lightly away down the well remembered

Bad penny always comes ba back penny always comes back," ob-served another kindly disposed individual; "and judging by the way he's dressed he's come back again to sponge on the folks here

Unconscious of these pleasing remarks, Jack, after a moment's hesitation, turned into the street leading to Captain Darling's

From time to time he was stopped and accosted by former acquaintances, who had learned of his resurrection and heard exlearned of his resurrection and heard exagerated statements of his strange doings. These statements, when they bore on his personal bravery and courage, had been contradicted by Clarence Vandyke, whenever he could do so with safety.

So, on the whole, Jack's reception thus

far was tempered by a certain coolness on the part of those whom he met. This, of course, was largely due to his shabby apparel, and he was secretly delighted with the result of his experiment. "Well, Jack," said Mr. Bruce, the boat

builder, whom he happened to meet among others: "so you wasn't drownded, after all. Had pooty hard luck since you left Mapleton, hain't you?" he added, inquir-ingly, with a glance at Jack's disreputable

garb.
"Yes," Jack quietly replied, and with
perfect truth; "I have had some pretty
hard luck," and Mr. Bruce turned away
rather hurriedly, as though expecting that
Jack might want to borrow a dollar or two of him.

two hours it was currently reported in Mapleton that Jack Esbon had got back "dead broke," and had gone to Captain Darling for pecuniary assistance.

Jack's heart beat fast and furiously as. Jack's heart beat fast and Iuriously as, with his bat pulled over his eyes, he rang Captain Darling's front door bell.

As it happened, the servant girl was busy about something else, and Jennie herself

opened the door

'Is Captain Darling at home?" faltered Jack

One astonished glance, and a glad cry es-What to her caped Miss Jennie's lips. the shabby, uncouth apparel and battered gripsack, when their owner was the hero of her girlish dreams—the true hero, who had

so many ways had protected and shielded

her from harm

"Oh Jack!" she gried and as she contly drew him inside the door, her dark eyes Jennie's usual ready speech seemed to fail

her.
I don't know how it was Jack doesn't, nor does Miss Jennie seem to-but as the young girl, with upturned face, stood hold-ing one of Jack's strong hands in both her own, he bent his handsome head and —

But come to think of it, this is not quite fair in me; and indeed I was not there to see what really took place in that short interval. Perhaps I am only imagining what may have occurred.

Anyhow, Miss Jennie, blushing like the

Anyhow, Miss Jennie, blushing like the red, red rose, said "Oh Jack," again, but in a much lower key and with a different inflection. And then, throwing open the sitting room door, she ushered Jack in.

Captain Darling, looking rather pale and weak, was lying on the lounge. But at the sight of Jack he came on his feet in a moment

"My dear Jack! my own dear boy!" he "My dear Jack! my own dear boy! ne exclaimed, and Jack returned the captain's hearty hand shake with fervor. Some one else was present—Mr. Clar-

ence Vandyke, who in fact was a pretty

ence vandyke, who in fact was a pretty frequent visitor. Clarence, who was dressed after the man-ner of one of those exquisite young gentle-men who represent the masculine "mode" in a tailor's fashion plate, was not particularly effusive.

"How de do, Esbon?" he said with a

somewhat supercilious glance at Jack's attire; "so you've got back to Mapleton again?"

again?"
"Yes," quickly answered Jack, seating himself uear Captain Darling; "I thought, under all the circumstances, that perhaps my few friends might help me a little—"
"What are friends for if not to help each

other ? interrupted Jennie before finish.

could finish.

"You'll never lack assistance while Captain John Darling lives, Jack!" said that sturdy mariner heartily. "And I suppose, Clarence," he went on, turning to the youth, who was industriously sucking the head of his cane, "that in view of Jack's courage

his cane, "that in view of Jack's courage and presence of mind at the time of the mutiny on board the Kerr, both your father and yourself will lend a helping hand—if Jack should require it."

"Why—er—yes," replied Clarence. "The guv'nor feels pretty poor, though—losin' the Kerr and another vessel—the Doris— both inside of a year," he added, suggest-ively

ively.

"Both were well insured. I don't see why he should feel poor," was Captain Darling's response.

"Awful time when the old ship took fire, though," said Clarence, hastily changing the conversation. "Lucky I kept cool as I did. Spose you know I run out on deek to get that scalaway of a Fontaine to take Miss Jennie here into his boat, and the fire short was on what I couldn't get heat?" he shot up so quick I couldn't get back?' inquired, eying Jack inquisitively.

inquirred, eying Jack inquisitively.

'I heard you singing out for Fontaine to save you!" pointedly returned Jack, and Clarence, turning very red, stammered out something to the effect that Jack must be mistaken, and subsided.

"Of course, Jack, you are to stay with us—as my guest I mean," said Captain Dar-ling, as Miss Jennie smiled mischievously young Vandyke's discomfiture. Jack hesitated.

"I may have to accept your hospitality for a night or two," he said; "though my

dress "Never mind the clothes—it's the man inside them we care most for," interrupted Captain Darling, heartily, and the matter

was settled.
"Like to know who it is is goin' to have the old place where you used to live, Esbon," observed Clarence, rising. "It's bein' overhauled and fixed up in great up in great shape. Whole car loads of furniture thing of the handsomest, I'm toldbeen sent down there, with no end of pictures, statuary, and all that. Perhaps your stepfather's comin' back to live there," stepfather's comin' back to live there," added Clarence, who was not troubled with anything like delicacy, "for I hear that, through a Boston lawyer, he has paid

of gossip."

And at the snub Clarence took his departure in high dudgeon, greatly to the relief of the trio, who talked far into the evening. (To be continued.)

ner girlish dreams—the true hero, who had Ask your nevsdealer for The Golden Assaved her life at the risk of his own, and in Gosy. He cangel you any number you may want.



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order it direct from the publisher. It is a charming story—one of Mr. Converse's very

A PRINCELY CARPENTER.

A CERTAIN African king has evidently been reading Russian history. He must have 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

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 uccumbed to the bait of some tempting tid hit and descended from his lofty nerch hetween 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 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, depreciates the importance of Christopher Columbus's dis-covery. "It is on the stage of the Old World." he remarks, "that the great social and political problems of humanity must be worked

We are glad to believe that the last state ment 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. were followed by fountain, perennial 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 essing the brush to electricity as a motive power for the polishing process.

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

THE STRENGIH OF TRIFLES.

An Iowa woman recently killed herself on secount 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 ofttimes arise.

Great disasters and calamities often call out in us a species of resistance that par-takes 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 circum-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 pro to produce permanent and substantial re-sults. 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 al-ready 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 ders who can do so will join the Hamilton Cadets

We may here mention Lieutenant Hamil-ton'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 MAROUIS 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 states man than 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 e m inence; mere chance bestowed on him the one, the other he has gained by a meritorious ca-

In his earlier years, he was simply the Honorable Robert Cecil, a vounger son of the late Marquis of Salisbury; and the position of a younger son in the English no-

bility 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 bimself thoroughly acquainted with their modes of government, and the feelings and desires 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

prother, 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 In dian 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 curtained 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

a e e o m p lished writer, and has actually served in the ranks of the great army of professional journalists. In his younger days, his name was for some time on the regular salary list of the London Chronicle, then a Conserservative paper: and in its

columns the scathing satire and bitter irony of his pen equaled in strength the severity of his opposition speeches in the House of Commons. He was also frequently a paid contributor to the Saturday Review.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

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 Januery, 1886, he was defeated in parliament, and resigned, according to the British custom. Four months later the same fate befel 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 it 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. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WEALTH and honors can never cure a wounded

Man must at some time in his life recognize his

ALL is but lip 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 con-emplation for some future time.

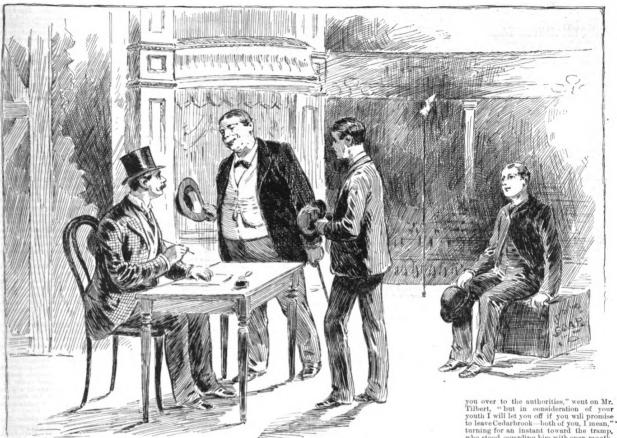
Good breeding is defined by the great Lord Chatham to be benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the daily occurrences of

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.

be recognized as eachiers of wisdom.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and
enderness sealed up until your friends are dealill their lives with sweetness, speak approvide,
heering words while their hearts can be thrilled by
heering words while their hearts can be thrilled by

Saran always rocks the cradle when we sleep at our devotions. If we would prevail with God, we must wrestle; and if we would wrestle happily with God, we must wrestle first with our own duliness—Bishop Hall.



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

[This story commenced in No. 248.]

CIPANE - acra By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

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

CHAPTER VIII. A FRESH HUMILIATION

RIC knew by experience that it would be worse than useless to attempt to 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

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

of the front door.

"It ain't perlite 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.

of him

"Oh, here's another high strung lad for us!" answered the man of route and "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 transplad begins It.

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,"

"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!" ex-

At the same moment a gentleman driving that has 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 may who had now alighted and was fastening his horse to a hitching post, was nonter than his cousin, John Tilbert.
Doubtless emboldened by the presence of his parent, Percy, after calling out to the latter, "Come here, quick, father," leg and took a header. And this other one

laid his arm on Eric's arm, and addressing picked me up and went on with me to the himself to the tramp, went on: "What are hotel. We played tennis together, and you holding on to my friend for? Let go then, when I lent my machine to Charley

picked me up and went on with me to the hotel. We played tennis together, and then, when I lent my muchine 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

tion.

"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 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 Consin Eric wasn't killed after all."

At this mention Mr. Tilbert frowned

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."

with both of these fellows.

Poor Erie! 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 against nim, 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

who stood regarding him with open mouth-ed amazement.

ed mazement.

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 him-self 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 cff. Wait there, Percy, while I close this

cff. Wait there, rerey, which a chouse 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. forming quickly, he vaulted over the low fence and was several yards down the street in the direction of the station before

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 mil-lion or so," murnured Eric to himself as he paused to recover breath. "What would lion or so," murnured Eric to himself as he pansed to recover breath. "What would Fred say to all this? And where am I to go next? Jove, though, I mustn't go at 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". trunk

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 entiting him to receive the piece of baggage marked "Eric Dane, Liverpool."

was saying.
"Umph!" muttered the tramp, evidently not a little astonished at the ease he was forced to conclude that it, too, had been in 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

"He must have my trunk at his house," sat next to me and put my satchel up in Eric muttered, with a wrathful grinding of the rack. Then it tell down and made the his heel into the earth. "Why, he is no locat jump. Do you remember him, and do better than a thief if he keeps it, and of you know who he was? If I could find course he can't give it up without acknowledging by the act that I have some claim on thin." him

And now the project to obtain an au-dience with his seat mate had been upset. Since that encounter at the Anderson cot-Since that encounter at the Anderson cot-tage it would be extremely hazardous to attempt to enter the grounds and obtain an interview with the Tilberts' coachman. Ver-ily it seemed that with every movement Eric did but plunge into fresh difficulties. Meanwhile, he must support himself in some way, while devising means for ascer-taining the whereabouts of the boy whose name began with a McDuir

name began with a McQuirl

A train had just halted at the station, and while Eric stood leaning against a tree by the roadside, looking off down the valley at the sunset, and wondering how this strange chapter of his life was going to end, he be-came aware of a sound of puffing drawing nearer and nearer to him up the hill. The next moment he turned to confront Mr. Alonzo Appleby and his daughter, Louise.

CHAPTER IX.

HY, Louise, look, my dear! Have we not before us the vone we not before us the young gen-tleman who so courageously— to be sure we have," and noting the smile of assent and recognition in his daughter's or assent and recognition in its dangers seyes, Mr. Appleby seized Eric by the hand and gave him another of those very emphatic greetings which invariably necessitated the application of the red spotted handkerchief to his rubicund countenance. Our hero took off his hat and expressed

Our nero took off his hat and expressed his pleasure at the meeting.

"Are you living here in Cedarbrook, Mr. —, Mr. ——?" went on the old gentleman, when he had recovered the breath

tleman, when he had recovered the breath he had expended so profusely.

"Dane, interposed Eric. "My name is Eric Dane;" and as he spoke, how earnestly did he wish that he had given it the previous evening. Perhaps in that case he might have been able to prove his identity

might have been able to prove his identity by these ucquaintances.

Mr. Appleby and his daughter both started on hearing the name.

"Why, how can that be, my young friend?" exclaimed the former, stopping short (for they had all three been walking on in the direction of the Bluff House) to on in the direction of the Bluff House) to gaze at our hero with every cyidence of the deepest astonishment. Then, taking a Newark paper from his pocket, he folded it to a certain paragraph and handed it to Eric to read, tapping the sheet with a fat forefinger and a wise not of the head, as though to say: "There, are you sure your name is Eric Dane now?"

Eric to the many with almost breath.

Eric took the paper with almost breath-less eagerness, and holding it so as to catch the last rays of the fading sunset, read as

follows :

"SAD FATE OF THE HEIR TO THE DANE FORTUNE "Among the passengers on the III fated train was Eric Dane, a youth of sixteen, who had just arrived from Europe and was on his way to Cedarbrook to take possession of the fortune left him by his uncle, Mr. Eric F. Dane, a word of the fortune left him by his uncle, Mr. Eric F. Dane, and the summer of the fortune left him by his uncle, Mr. Eric F. Dane, which was the same and the

"I am Eric Dane, nevertheless," said our hero, when he had finished the foregoing. "It is all a mistake, but an unlucky one

for me

hen he briefly told the whole story, con cluding with these words: "And now, Mr.
Appleby, you are at liberty to decide for
yourself whether you will believe Mr. John
Tilbert or me. But I can say this much,
if I'm not Eric Dane I'd like to know very

much who else I am, say you overwhelm "You amaze. I may say you overwhelm me," ejaculated Mr. Appleby, standing off to take Eric in from hat to shoes, as though he was mentally measuring him for a new suit.
"How is it possible for this cousin to claim that you have been killed when he

cuain that you must be seen you standing alive before him?"

"But we never saw one another before, you must remember," replied Eric. "All the letters and other documents proving my identify were in my wallet, and that Mr. Tilbert has in his possession. He also has my trunk, and I am left with what you see me in and a few dollars in money that I happened to have in my pockets when that

thing."
"Yes, I remember him," answered the girl. "But I don't know him. He told your cousin about your—about what he thought had happened to you that same night before he went home?" night before he v

Yes, he was here in Cedarbrook about eight o'clock.

Then if you had come straight on here after the accident, instead of going home with me, this would not have happened," went on the young girl, in an agitated voice. "I have been the cause of all your misfortune. You must see that it is so,

"Please do not distress yourself about it," returned Eric, hastily. "I am sure that it will all come right in a short time.

that it will all come right in a short time. Perhaps I may need your assistance in proving that I am myself and not some-body else," he added, with a smile. By this time the three had reached the Bluff House, having followed the road, with which the Applebys seemed to be very familiar. They had come to Cedarbrook, it appeared, to call on some friends at the hotel.

When they reached the piazza, and the young girl ran forward to greet a lady who had evidently been waiting for her, Eric took off his hat preparatory to excusing himself.

"Oue moment, Mr., or shall I say Eric, my young friend Eric," began the old gen-tleman, plucking him by the sleeve and motioning toward two vacant chairs in a retired corner of the porch. "I should like to make you a -- well, a proposition, if you will grant me a short interview."

"Certainly," and wondering what was coming next, Eric took a seat beside the father of the girl he had rescued.

father of the girl he had rescued.

"Now you will pardon me, I am sure,"
went on Mr. Appleby, who was evidently
trying to find an easy way of asking an
awkward question; "but am I to understand, that is, I suppose you are not so
squarely seated in the lap of luxury as you

will be when you get your rights?"

"I can frankly say that I am not. Indeed, as I am a stranger in the country, and as all my friends are at present out of reach, I shall—"

to offer you an engagement with our com-bination till such time as you can—can, in short, not only sit in luxury's lap, but roll all about in it.

"You are very kind, Mr. Appleby," re-turned Eric. "I must work at something to support myself while I am proving my identity. I intended leaving here in the morning to seek a position of some sort in

the city."
"Then I will meet you on the train and you can come with us at once to the the-

ater."
"Why, what can I do in a theater?" ex-"Why, what can I do in a theater?" ex-claimed Eric, who had not quite taken in the full meaning of the word "combina-tion." "I might sell tickets or show the people to their seats, perhaps." "Oh, no, I do not want you for that, but to appear on the stage with my daughter in 'Fairfield Farm!"

"But I have never acted in my life," objected Eric. "Indeed, I have only seen about half a dozen plays."

"That doesn't matter. "You won't have

any bad habits to unlearn."
"Then all my wardrobe is in Mr. Tilbert's possession, except the suit I have

on."
"Medford's can be made to fit you with sections as on be made to fit you with very little altering, and I am sure you can look the part to perfection. We will pay you the salary we would have given him, ten dollars a week."

"But what would I have to do?" asked Eric, his breath almost taken away at the

idea of his turning actor.
"Oh, just walk about with a tennis rac-

"Oh, just walk about with a tennis rac-quet in your hand, make a few speeches to Louise, and then save her life, or rather a dummy's, when the house catches fire." "Save a dummy's life!" "I'll explain. You see, I couldn't think of exposing my dear child to any risk, so as she only has to scream for help when happened to have in my pockets when that unlucky car tipped over."

"And you say that this boy you met in the car brought the news to your cousin?"

It was the young girl who spoke. She had been listening intently to Eric's narrative, and was apparently absorbingly interested in the affair.

"Yes," replied our hero. "The one who

abled poor Medford and made it possible abled poor Medford and made it possible for me to offer you this opining. At a dress rehearsal the other morning, he missed his aim and landed partly on the stage, breaking his leg."

"And I am expected to run the risk of doing the same thing for ten dollars a week,"

reflected Eric. "But beggars mustn't be choosers, and I ought to be glad to take up with anything that promises to put bread

with anything that promises to put bread and butter in my mouth while I am proving my right to be able to eat it."
"Don't you perceive the poetical appro-priateness of your assuming the part?" Mr. Appleby went on to observe; "you, who so gallantly risked your life to deliver who so galantay itseet you have a solution by daughter from the burning ear, now to appear on the boards with her, and in a play that calls upon you to perform a similar service! Why, it is an amazing stroke of luck that we can secure you."

Here the old gentleman came to a sudden pause. He had evidently just realized that, however advantageous the circumstances might appear in the eyes of a manager de-sirous of obtaining all the free advertising possible for a new venture, it was not exactly policy to so forcibly impress upon the mind of a ten dollar member of the company that he was possessed of such drawing

powers.

As for Eric, he would have been dull witted indeed if he had not been able to perceive that Mr. Alonzo Appleby, in offering him the position of the unlucky Medford, was by no means the disinterested philanthropist he might desire to appear to be. However, just at this stage of his for-tunes, our hero could not well afford to be

captious, so the bargain was closed.
"I will meet you on the train that leave here at 8.17 in the morning," said M said Mr Appleby, who lost much of his pompous style of speaking whenever he talked busi-ness. "I will look for you in the forward

car."
"Well, what would Fred say to this fresh "Well, what would Fred say to this fresh turn in my fortunes?" mused Eric, as, weary alike in body and mind, he sought his room as soon as the old gentleman had left him. But he didn't stay awake long to ponder the problem. Within a quarter of an hour he was sleeping a troubled sleep, beset by dreams of overturning cars, threatening tramps and a troupe of toads playing leap frog in a theater.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNREHEARSED SCENE.

Y readers have doubtless at some time or other in their lives gone to bed at night fully resolved to pursue a certain line of action, and waked up the next morning to wonder how they could ever have come to such a determina-

This was the case with Eric. This was the case with Eric. When the sunshine of another day flooded his room at the Bluff House and served to remind him of his promise to meet Mr. Alonzo Appleby on the 8.17 train, he was very much astonished on reviewing his own part

in the matter.
"What was I thinking of?" he muttered, as he began to dress. "I've no business to do anything but establish my claim to be

alive and put a stop to the rascally scheme of that precious cousin of mine." At this point, however, his thoughts took a different turn, suggested by an inspection

of his collar.

of his collar.

"Um, well," he proceeded to reflect,

"unless I am fully sure of getting myself
acknowledged within twenty four hours, I don't know but what a ten dollar engage-ment will come in very handy in the way of providing me with some fresh linen and settling laundry bills.

setting laundry bills."
Then as he recollected the fact of his well stocked trunk being within half a mile of him at that very moment, he ground his teeth and inwardly vowed to show no mercy to the thief who had deprived him of it.

"Ah, Mr. John Tilbert," he murmured, "Ah, Mr. John Hibert, he humated, "I'll have a nice array of charges to bring against you when my turn comes!" On paying his bill after breakfast, Eric found himself left with just three dollars

found himself left with just three dollars and fifty five cents.

"And thirty of that must be spent for my ticket," he said to himself, as he started off towards the station.

Twenty minutes later he was seated beside Mr. Alonzo Appleby, who assured him that he was looking splendidly and would be sure to gain favor with Mr. Banner.

"Who is Mr. Banner?" asked Eric.

oe sure to gain navor with air. Bainer.

"Who is Mr. Banner?" asked Eric,

"The manager of the 'Fairfield Farm'
combination," was the reply.

"Why, I thought you were the manager!"
exclaimed Eric in some surprise.

"So I am-of my daughter. It was under my direction that she achieved her reputation as a star lest season. But I have great influence with Mr. Banner, and I am confident of my ability to make him see that you are much better suited to the character of Clarence-Terrington than is Dan Medford."

"And who is Dan Medford?"
"Joe Medford's brother. Dan stepped "Joe Mediord's brother. Dan stepped up expecting to get Joe's place when the poor fellow disabled himself the other day."
"But I don't want to have anybody put

out of a situation on my account," said Eric, beginning to feel uneasy at the prospect before him

"Tut, tut, my boy, make your mind peaceable on that score," responded Ap-pleby. "Banner would only accept him for the want of something better. But here we are at the ferry "

On the boat and during the ride up town to the theater on the elevated railroad My to the theater on the elevated railroad, Mr. Appleby explained to our hero more par-ticularly what would be required of him in the character of Clarence Terrington. It seemed that there were only a few

lines to speak, and that the principal use of the part was to show the audience that a dude had some good points about him, after all. At least this was the moral element, but Eric comprehended plainly enough that the "leap for life" was the manager's strong point, and he began to fear that he was going to introduction doubtful company. to introduce himself into rather

doubtful company.

"It's a shame the way this old man makes that poor young girl support him," he reflected, recalling what Mr. Appleby had said about "managing" his daughter. But by this time they had reached the stage door of the theater, and Eric became so much interested in his surroundings that

all else was forgotten.

What the exterior appearance of the theater itself was like he had no idea, as it fronted on the avenue and the door opened on a side street, where bare footed children played in the gutters and shrill voiced hucksters were crying their wares.

Leading the way through a long, narrow passage, with wire caged candles jutting from the brick work here and there, Mr. Appleby presently brought up in a place which Eric concluded must be that en-chanted quarter known as "behind the

seenes."

But where was the glare, the glitter, and the general fairy like aspect supposed to predominate in this region? Bare brick walls, dust covered pieces of canvas, rickety stairways and a general suggestion of Shantytown was the impression made upon Eric by his surroundings. He would not have known where he was had he not caught a glimpse through an opening between two scenes of the empty auditorium, with its rows upon rows of seats draped in white linen, like so many ghosts come to see their brother play his role in "Hamlet.

In the middle of the stage a tall gas pipe springing from the footlights served springing from the footingits served to faintly light up the scene. Seated at a table, with writing materials before him, was a man in a plaid coat, with a high hat petched on a crop of the reddest hair Eric had ever heheld

He was talking in a highly excited key to

He was talking in a nightly excited key to a young fellow of eighteen or thereabouts. "That is Dan Medford," whispered Mr. Appleby. "I was in hopes we would get here ahead of him. He is trying to induce the manager to engage him in his brother's place. You wait here while I whisper to Mr. Banner that I have a better man for him." him

Feeling somewhat uneasy at this summary fashion of obtaining the position, Eric sat down on a soap box, painted on one side to represent a foot stool, and watched his patron advance towards the manager, hat in hand, and with a series of very obsequious bows

"Well, Mr. Appleby, good morning, sir," he heard Mr. Banner interrupt himselt to exclaim.

self to exclaim.

Thus encouraged, Mr. Appleby made a sudden dart forward, and with a profusion of "I beg your pardons" to the luckless Medford, intimated that he would like to speak a few words privately to the mana-

ger.

"Ah, yes," ejaculated the latter, turning
to the applicant, "be so good as to retire up'
for a moment or two. I will speak with
you later."

Thereupon Dan Medford forced a smile and backed away until he brought up rather suddenly against a projecting strip of forest scenery. Then, perceiving Eric, he walked scenery. Then, perceiving Eric, he walked towards him, and, taking a seat on the other end of the soap box, murmured something

end of the soap oo, managed a about a pleasant day.

"Yes, it is," replied our hero, thinking it hard lines that he should be forced into conversation with a man he was destined to

supplant. I'm going to do my brother's act, you w," continued this frank individual, to "Im going to do my product a say, you know," continued this frank individual, to Eric's increased disquietude. "At least Mr. Banner has half promised me the place. And don't you think he ought to give it to me when Joe broke his leg trying to the his part for him."

give it to me when Joe broke his leg trying to do his best for him?"

"I should think you would have a good claim," replied poor Eric, growing more and more uncomfortable. "But of course," he added, "I suppose it all depends on whether you would do—that is, whether you have had experience in acting or not."

"Well, I've been about a theater for six months. I was a seene shifter last year, and it oughtn't to take much on top of that to make a seene jumper of me, ought it? And the fellow laughed at the joke he had made, then grew suddenly sober, as he caught the manager's eye fastened upon him hin

He was an odd looking youth, so over-grown as to be gawky, and with a raspy voice that seemed to belong to neither boy nor man. He had, moreover, an injured expression of countenance, that seemed to

expression of countenance, that seemed to be speak a mounful experience of life.

Eric breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. Banner called out "Medford, now then," but alas, his rejoicing was premature.

No sooner had the manager exchanged a few words with him, than pointing towards our hero, Medford cried out: "And you ve given the place to that fellow?"

"I didn't say so, did I?" returned Mr. Banner. "I simply told you that I did not think you were competent to fill your brother's role."

brother's role.

Mr. Appleby was observed to run his fingers through his hair and look uncomfortable, while Eric began involuntarily to search the boards for a trap door. Mean-while Medford proceeded to bemoan his fate until our hero could stand it no longer.

nae until our nero could stand it no longer. Rising from the soap box, he addressed himself to Mr. Appleby. "I do not wish to take this young man's place," he said. "I can find something else to do till I settle matters in Cedar-brock."

"But I wish you to take it, and so does Mr. Banner. We are sure you are just the person for us, and we cannot think of letting you off. Besides, it is very improb-able that Mr. Banner would have engaged this Medford fellow in any case.

"Ah, it is true, then, you have got the ace," cried the ex scene shifter, suddenly place.

coming up in front of the two and fairly chaking his fist in Eric's face.

Mr. Banner stepped forward to inter-fere, but the disappointed youth wheeled around like a whirlwind and cried out:

"This is unjust, Mr. Banner, and you know it. You as much as promised me the place, and there is poor Joe lying on his back at home and nobody to earn anything but me. But I will have my revenge, and you, young man—" with another glare at our hero—" will be the one to help me to

So saying, the wrathful Dan left the stage in four dramatic strides, the last of which was somewhat marred by reason of his tripping over the soap box foot stool.

(To be continued.)

A TRAP FOR TENNYSON.

ENGLAND'S poet laureate evidently lacks one quality usually ascribed to genius—ab-sent mindedness. This is proven by the following incident, quoted by the New York World from a London letter:

"I heard of a gentleman the other day who laid a wager that he would get an autograph out of Lord Tennyson, who is remarkably close in the distribution of his sign manual. close in the distribution of his sign manuar.

The gentleman in question sat down and wrote a polite note asking the noble lord which, in his opinion, was the best dictionary of the English language—Webster's or Ogilyie's? That will fetch him, thought the man

nues I That will fetch him, thought the man who set the trup.

"Did it? By the next post came a half sheet of note paper, on which was carefully pasted the word 'Oglivie,' cut out of the cor-respondent's own ietter. You can imagine his chagrin far better than I can describe it.

PRESENCE OF MIND. "What is the matter?" asked a lawyer of

- his coachman. "The horses are running away, sir,"
- Can't you pull them up?
- I am afraid not."
- "Then," said the lawyer, after judicial deky, "run into something cheap."



CORRESPONDENCE

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

wered in their turn as soon as space permits.

DECLINED with thanks: "A Hunt with the Inlans," "The Last Time I Was in Santa Fe," "Allor My Love," "The Efficacy of Laughter," "A for My Love, Camp Stool."

KIT WATSON, Albany, N. Y. No premium on the ent of 1802.

W. H. S., Wilmington, Del. No premium on the dime of 1838. B. B., New York City. No premium on the half dollar of 1820.

A. T., Delta, La. The half dollar of 1807 is worth rom 60c, to \$1.

Rose Newark N. J. The nickel cent of 1857 is not a premium coin

READER, Baltimore, Md. Space will not permit s to publish the instructions desired. F. A., San Francisco, Cal. The recipe for ink for ubber stamps has never been seen by us.

M. S. G., Buffalo, N. Y. Plans for a small shanty" will be published in a short time.

Marquis, Boston, Mass. We hope to publish a tory by the author named in the near future. W. M. H., Detroit, Mich. The reply given last week to F. P. applies equally to your request. L. B. C., Hoosick, N. Y. The 50 cent (red) Ha-waiian stamp of 1883 is catalogued at 90 cents un-

G. P., Redwood City, Cal. We know of no paper with this special object. The New York Clipper gives circus news.

A. M. B., Elizabethtown, Ky. 1. Kentucky I is not treated in this column. 2. Address the S retary of the Treasury.

W. K., Newark, N. J. The width of the North River, between Desbrosses and Cortlandt Streets, averages just about a mile.

averages just about a mile.

A. B. Jr., New York City. Your suggestion, with many other equally good ones constantly coming in, may be acted on in time.

H. M. W., Chattanooga, Tenn. The half dollar of 838 with the letter O between the bust and the late can be sold for \$50 to \$5.

odate can be sold for \$3 to \$5.

J. P., North Adams, Mass. 1. You might sell your quarter dollar of 1839 for 30 cents. 2. The dime of 1871 may bring 15 cents.

A CONSTANT READER, New York City. Inquire at the arsenal or of any of the officials in the building on the eastern side of the reservoir.

A N. N. New York City. 1 Address the Secretary.

on the eastern side of the reservoir.

A. N. N., New York City. 1. Address the Secretary
of the Navy, Washington, D. C. 2. We are not yet
prepared to make the announcement.

VESTA, Paterson, N. J. Mr. Hodgson sailed as mate of the Vesta in the ocean race with the Hen-rietta and Fleetwing in December, 1866.

SCAGGY, Baltimore, Md. 1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Th latter has written for the Argosy. 4. We will mak the necessary announcements in good time.

the necessary announcements in good time.

E. T., Willimantic, Conn. 1. See advertisement of Mussary a ForuLan Sarars. 2. The authornamed has not yet published in book form. 3. No.

C. H. P., Osneida, N. T. "Facing the World, or the Haps and Mishaps of Harry Vane," by Horatio Alger, sr, appeared in Nos. 126 to 132, price 60 cents.

A New York Boy. The cadets at West Point are not allowed off the Government reservation, neither are they permitted to receive pocket money fro their parents.

are they permitted to receive peak industry from the their parents. JM, Jersey City, N, J, 1, No premitting on the dime of 1833, 2, "Ready About," about September 1.

F. H., Philadelphia, Pa. The directories of your city, or friends, will give you the names of dealers aporting goods in Philadelphia. These will supply all information.

WM. A. Tahom, 76 Gregory St., Rochester, N. Y., wishes to hear from Rochester boys between thirteen and seventeen years of age, who desire to form a military company.

SALION, New York City. 1. A boy with a public school education will have very little to study in order to qualify himself for Annapolis. 2. The age for admission is 17 to 22 years.

MICKY, Philadelphia, Pa. You will not find Lake

Micky, Philadelphia, Pa. You will not find Lake Montoban in the gazetteer, but you might find a beautiful district, very much like the author's description, in Central New York.

description, in Central New York.

W. R., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. Seé reply to
L. M. 2. The binder will hold 52 numbers. No
title page goes with it. 3. We cannot answer
questions of local law. 4. The marrying of cousins
is not generally looked upon with favor.

E. R. B., Mill Green, Md. 1. It is safe to say that
one whose reasoning powers are defective will
never succeed as a lawyer—or as anything else. 2.
Oratory is not necessary to the lawyer. The cases
where the oratorical is introduced are very rare.

M. W. W. Balkeylib, Mod. 1. The Contract.

M. W. W., Believille, Mich. 1. Thousands earn a livelihood as shorthand writers. 2. We cannot say. 3. There is always a demand for intelligent short-hand writers. 4. A glance through our advertising columns this or next week will disclose a source of information.

information.

F. B. A., Portsmouth, N. H. 1. The terms you mention, \$2 per week for three years—are too low. As a printer's boy you ought to be worth \$4 per week in eighteen months, and \$7 in three years.

2. We will furnish: "The American Printer" post-paid for \$1.75.

P. RINTER, St. Paul, Minn. 1. There have been famous cooks, carpenters have risen to wealth, and a printer was once known by the name of Horace

Greeley. But you must cast the die for yourself: we shrink from assuming the reponsibility. 2 Nos. 209 to 221 will cost 75 cents.

Nos. 200 50 21 Will cost to centra.

T. P. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. For information on training diet see the article on rowing in No. 239 b the stroke of Oxford's last "Warsity" eight. Boy under eighteen should not undertake to train, be yond taking plenty of moderate exercise an eachewing injurious articles of diet.

J. W. S., Chattahoochee, Fla. The year 1900 will not be a leap year. Years divisible by 100 but not 400 are not leap years. This rule was established by Pope Gregory XIII, to keep the calendar in agreement with the seasons, which are determined by the earth's motion around the sun.

A. K. M., Jersey City, N. J. For a boy of your age your drawing is quite praiseworthy, but you are still far from having attained the standard required by publishers for illustrations. Five years or more of constant study will be necessary before you can command employment as an illustrator.

JAMES, Albany, N. Y. We are not aware of any special line of conduct to be taken by a boy small for his age, and with the disadvantages mentioned. Be patient, be diligent; be faithful to yourself and to others; and entityate contentment in observing the fortitude of those around you far worse off than

yourself.

I. M., St. Joseph, Mo. 1. On the dime of 1820 you might get 15 cents, though this coin is really not rare. 2. You do not mention the kind of clothes meant—whether linen or cloth. Probably the best method of removing ink stains from any kind of goods is to soak the stained places in sweet milk, boiling hot. Then rinse.

boiling hot. Then rinse.

E. C. We have said before that boys under eighteen should not train for running matches, etc., further than to exceed seedly running, walking, the bells, the clubs, etc., as bells, the clubs, etc., as described and day—and to live on a nutritions but plain diet. 2. The age for West Point is seventeen to twenty two; the height, at least five feet. 3. Running tracks are usually made of cinders.

the height, at least five feet. 3. Running tracks are usually made of cinders.

T. S. H., Wilmington, Del. Take the petals of any variety of sweet scented flowers; place a layer any variety of sweet scented flowers; place a layer which repeat till the pot is filled. Cover closely, and place in a cellar. Forty days after, strain by pressure through a crape. The essence thus expressed should be put into a clear bottle, tightly weeks. One drop of this essence will communicate its odor to a plut of water.

P. J. L. Jersey City, N. J. 1. Labels, bristles, bronze powder or almost anything will adhere to metal by using a glue composed as follows: Boiling water, one quart; julverzied boras, two conness; we are not familiar with the publication referred to 3. Books from which you can learn something? What saith the immortal Shakespeare? Our life, says he,

ays he,
"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
"Semons in stones and good in everything."

"Sermons in stones and good in cerything."

M. E. S., Charlestown, Mass. 1. The Spanish
Main properly signifies the coast along the northern part of South America from Nicaragua to the
Leeward I-lands. The name is also given to the
Leeward I-lands. The name is also given to the
name. 3. Certainly. 4. A running broad jump is
a jump taken with a flying start, the object being
to cover as great a distance as possible between
leaving the ground and alighting. 5. We presume
you mean the best 100 yards record, which is 10
England.

England.

seconds, made by several amateurs here and in England. Goodbyn, N. Y. The history of "the Vir-C.K. seffair" is briefly this; On the 31st of Oc-tober, 1873, during the insurrection in Cuba, the American steamer Virginius was captured by the Spanish man of war Tornado, and taken to Santi-ago de Cuba, where several of its crew were shot on the charge of being concerned in the rebellion. In the charge of being concerned in the rebellion tion for tide outrage, and for a time war seemed-tion for tide outrage, and for a time war seemed-imminent; but on Dec. 16 the steamer was surren-dered by the Spanish officials, on Dec. 18 the surviving prisoners were released, and in 1875 an Intermity of \$90.00 paid to the families of those who had been executed.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THK GOLDEN ARGORY,
but we cannot publish schanges of firearms, birds 'sgee,
articles; nor exchanges for ""offers," for any exchanges
of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THK GOLDEN ARGORY.

The property of the papers of the property of the prop

We have on file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

H. Lee, Jr., Hendersonville, N. C. Several books, valued at \$18, for an accordion.

G. B. Haynes, 2123 Webster St., Omaha, Neb. Fourbooks by British of the states o

boat.

Bruce Hayes, Jr., Box 833, Lock Haven, Pa. A 25, by 4 self inking press, valued at \$9, for a banjo.

D. A. Crowley, 45 North Moore St., New York City.

D. A. Crowley, 45 North more St., New York City.

Wow postmarks for every square cut envelope

Jwo postmarks for every square cut envelope stamp.
J. Hollin, Box 2784. New York City. A large banjo, and a fife, with mouth piece, for an electromagnetic battery.
C. Pierce, 90 Hudson St., New York City. An ac-

cordion, and a paper flower outfit, for a musical

Horace Bacon, 108 Scribner St., Graud Rapids, Mich. Four hundred tin tags, for a volume of The

Mich. Four hundred to tage, to a solution of GODDNA Magor.

John Spear, 1420 Hope St., Philadelphia, Pa. Four hundred tin tags, 90 varieties, for a volume of The GOLDEN ARGORY.

S. S. Horn, Easton, Pa. A canvas cance, valued at \$13, for a b flat cornet, or a pair of boxing gloves and Tadian dulps.

GOLDEN ARGOSY.

S. S. HOTR. Easton, P.a. A can'vas cance, valued at \$13, for a B flat cornet, or a pair of boxing gloves and Indian clubs.

S. Mac, 1030 Ellsworth St., Philadelphia. A pair of extension roller skates and a pair of club lice of extension roller skates and a pair of club lice of extension roller skates and a pair of club lice of George A. Nees, Room 13, 414 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Fourteen hundred and fifty different tin tags, for a collection of stamps.

T. J. MoMahon, Room 3, 39 Thomas St., New York City. A 12 bracket banjo, steel rim, for a pair of opens glasses, or a mandloth roll the Ave. Brookly, n. N. Y. A gold plated watch, for a type writer, or a small steam engine and boiler.

S. L. Platitka, Winosaki, Vt. 4 card press and type, and a pair of No. 9 Acme club skates, for Vol. 1 or 11 of True Golden Acmedia. Fifteen post-roll of the pair of No. 9 Acme club skates, for Vol. 1 or 11 of True Golden Acmedia. The Fifteen post-roll of the pair of No. 9 Acmedia. The post-roll of the pair of No. 9 Acmedia. No. 1 or 12 of 20 Acmedia. The No. 1 of True Golden Acmedia. The Pair of No. 1 or 1 of True Golden Acmedia. The No. 1 or 1 of True Golden Acmedia. The No. 1 or 1 of True Golden Acmedia. The No. 1 or 1 of True Golden Acmedia. The No. 1 or 1 of True Golden Acmedia. The No. 1 of True Golden Acmedia. The Pools by Dicken, for an Amnico.

ARGOSY.

Thomas W. B. Taylor, 31 Locometive St.,
Hamilton, Canada. Three books by Dickens, for an
Eagle's Claw fish trap or a two line rubber stamp,

Eagle 8 Claw has trap or a two-met.

A. Keyler, 209 Newark St., Newark N. J. Ten European and U. S. stamps, for every Asiatic, African, Ceutral or South American stamp. Not less than 3 taken.

S. S. McCabe, 38 Morroe Ave., Columbus, O. A Prizo Demas lathe, and a telegraph instrument, for Vols. III and IV of The Golden Argosy, bound and in soud condition.

S. S. McCabe, 38 Monroe Ave., Columbus, O. A Prize Demas lathe, and a telegraph instrument, for Prize Demas lathe, and a telegraph instrument, for an open condition. The GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound and in good condition. H. F. Tolke, 188 Green St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. Twenty different foreign stamps, for every rare Mexican or Central or South American stamp. Not less than 10 taken. Page 1988, 1989

saw. E. O. Wallace, care Carbolic Smoke Ball Co., St. Louis, Mo. Feur hundred and thirty tin tage, and "Man of War Life," by Nordhoff, valued at \$1.75, for an International stamp album, latest edition.

edition.

Carmi Bausher, 27 South 4th St., Reading,
Pa. A double 14 foot seamless canvas cance, with
outrigger and paddles, and a violin with bow and
box, for a 48 to 52 inch rubber tired Star or crank

Fa. A double 14 foot seamless canvas cance, with outrigger and paddles, and a violin with bow and box, for a 48 to 52 inch rubber tired Star or crank bicycle.

Seat of the control of the

SEPTEMBER

A change ereeps 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 gayly nod, Now whistling of the quail are often heard From buckwheat fields, while, on the calm air,

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

JACK'S BIRTHDAY.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

ING-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 glis-

tened with fog and driving mist, he tugged steadily at the lanyard of the bell clapper, while his com-panion, a young fisherman named Haskins, tried to pierce the dense veil which overhung the sea,

through a battered spy glass.

"Fifteen years to night the
Sutherland came ashore on the
point, Haskins," remarked old
Biady, pausing a-moment in his
task to draw one hard hand across his weather beaten face.
"The baby you fished outer the

cap'n's stateroom has growed some since then, eb. Brady?" laughed Haskirs, pointing to the beach 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 ver railing, the old man shout-

ed:
"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 cod—there was a bark standing on and on before the fog shut down, and perhaps I'll get a chance to pliot 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

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

"My birthday—wby, 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

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 clew 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

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 row-ing. And all the while the distant clangor ing. And all the while the distant change of the fog bell grew fainter and fainter on

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

rection of the distant vessel with long steady strokes.

"Why—what 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 her ankles to the round.

smoke rose from the vessel's waist. What To whip out his knife

could it mean, indeed? A vessel as large as the bark should carry at least fifteen, in-cluding 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

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 birth-day celebration worth having." Such was Jack's thought without immedi-

Such was sace strought 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 admin-ister 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 lack stared in great bewilderment at the speaker, who was chafing 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 lash-

ing 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

lying in his berta ded hand and fold when seizing stuff, and nearly smothered by each having bis head enveloped in a gray blanket. The story, which had almost been an awful tragedy, was quickly told. The Theo-bold 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.

home herself.

All this she told as she stood by the conpass, watched by Jack's respectfully interested eyes; while the cook and steward,
who had been released from confinement in
the forecastle, were placing food on the
cabin table. Then those functionaries recabin table. Then those functionaries re-lieved 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 inscrip-

" 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.

as his handsome bronzed face would permit.

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

"Then," responded Jack almost inaudibly, "he is—"
"My husband, with the little "my husband with the little "my husband with the little "my husband" and his nurse, sailed from "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 Faris and return to America just in time to stand by my dying father's bedside. The brig was never heard from. 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 fa-ther—must have been swept overther—most have been swept over-board before the vessel struck, to-gether with most of the crew. The creole nurse, whose arms clasped the baby, had whisperaj something about "le petil Jacques" before she died—hence the name given him by Brady.

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 for was shot through with

deex, with ars. Fowers following.
The fog was shot through with
arrows of gold from the setting
sun. Thinner and thinner it grew,
till like a cosmoramic view Lookout harbor, with the quaint town behind
it, came into sudden sight, bathed in a

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 colabyating my highday" said.

"They are celebrating my birthday," said Jack softly. And his mother, smiling as only a mother who has recovered her child

only a mother who has recovered her child as from the dead can do, whispered, "Yes, thank God—they are, Jack." Cariously 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 jain and escaped. This story was told me by Captain Jack Powers of the bark Theobold.

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

All this time the bark lay easily with her head yards aback, her courses hanging in the clews and light square sails settled the claws 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. canin 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

plying the brakes with both hands and all that nothing was suspected till the two offi-bis might. cers 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.*

ner on nre, 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 accented.

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 accom-panied the bark, she discharged the captain

anouth a silk scarf was bound—her wrists rere lashed to the arms of the chair and er ankles to the round.

To whip out his knife and release her was

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

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 "zaetly like it, only the pictures are prettier."

[This story commenced in No. 244



By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHAPTER OF COINCIDENCES.

S soon as Tom Sawder 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 men-tioned, and before he began to state it, the

tioned, 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 was not as strong as it had been the day before, and the lake was comparatively smooth, so that the boat doubled its sweed at once.

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 Poddy, cheerfully but candidly.
"If it is for your own

interest to accept it, you will do so, won't you?" asked Dolph.

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
proper them."

money there."
"Only a certain sum;
and I had no more idea

and I had no more idea to 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 intendent of cleaning out the vault," added Phin. vault," added Phin.
"That proves that our

interests were not the same. You were not as willing to be hung for

willing to be hung for an old sheep as for a lamb, as we used to say in the country."

"Idid 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."

"Inst my idea exactly!" explaimed.

"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
though I intended to take, and he sorry

"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 saked him for it," said Dolph.
"Mine, ditto!" exclaimed Phin.
"How much did you intend to borrow, Mr. Barkpool?" asked Poddy.
"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 same expedient to obtain it, said the rob-ber, who was quite as gentlemanly as any of the officials who rob corporations, shough he adopted a more vulgar method. "Probably you had talked the matter over heterory Nulrselves."

between yourselves."

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

"Nor I to Dolph Singerlay," added

Plun.

"I don't want to be inquisitive, Mr. Singerlay, but I should really like to know what you wished to do with the three thousand collars," said Poddy, in a very insinuating manner.

"I have no objection to telling you pow."

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 Poddy. "Now, Mr. Singerlay, 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.

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 Poddy. "Now, Mr. Singerlay, what steamer were

you going to buy?"
"The Lily, which used to run on Lake Modogo.

That's nothing but a mere bagatelle!" exclaimed Poddy. "Yes; I am a poor You would not miss the six thousand,'

said Dolph.
"Don't say anything about six—we will

"Don't say anything about six—we will think of three. Perhaps I ought to do some-thing for you both," continued Poddy. "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; 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 troble. 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 here 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 let-ter and conduct yourselves with the utmost circumspection."

ercumspection.

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

The boat come up to the landing rock.

CHAPTER XXII.

AKE up, Tom!" called Poddy, as the oarsmen brought the boar

** AKE up, Tom!" called Poddy, 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.

or that there was any 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."

ter with you."
"All right, Poddy," re-

"All right, Poddy," replied Tom, with a prodigious gape, 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 proowner's villainous profession.

There was also at im-There was also at 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 an-nouncement of Poddy, they were to remain on the island at least three

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.

manner.
When he came to look

When he came to look at the matter, apart from a tillion thanks."

"Pay in bank bills, if you please," and plundered the vaults of both of the "Now your plan, Mr. Singerlay."

"Give me thirty five hundred, Mr. Poddy, and I will take the morning train for Caliman and the property of the situation, and he had no need to make any corposition. Then I shall be out of the way."

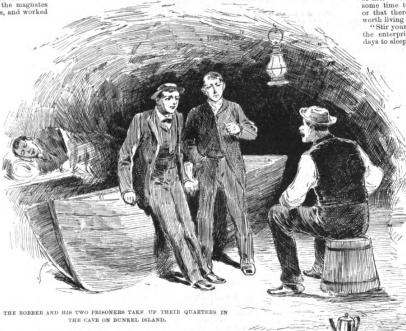
master of the situation, and he had no need to make any concessions.
Dolph came to this conclusion almost in spite of himself; but its logic was inexorable, and he could not resist the force of the evidence. There was nothing to hope for, and he could not do anything but wait for the movements of the robber. Tom Sawder 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.

contemplate.

contemplate.

Dolph gave up all hope that his offers would be accepted; and then he began to wonder how it would be possible for Poddy to remain three days on Bunkel Island without being discovered. Though Phin and hinself 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

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



"That is just the one I was after!" almost shouted Phin.
"Still another coincidence!" exclaimed

the robber. "Bu "But you could not both buy

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. Poddy," 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." terests in her.

"My father will not agree to that," said

"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

might be induced to hand over half of that sum to each of you—I don', 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 Poddy, 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."

fice."
"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!

million thanks.

"Pay in bank bills, if you please," laughed Dolph.
"Now your plan, Mr. Singerlay."
"Give me thirty five hundred, Mr. Poddy, and I will take the morning train for California Then I shall be out of the way,

fornia. Then I shan we said Dolph.

"I make the same offer," added Phin.

"But you have raised the figure, Mr.
Dolph," replied Poddy.

"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," re-

turned Dolph.
"We will discuss and consider the whole

"We will discuss and consider the whole subject some time during the next three days," said Poddy, 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.

matter.
"Perhaps you will stay longer than that;

the security of his situation. Dolph could not make anything of the matter, and he resigned himself as well as he could to the necessity of waiting for further develop-

ments.
Tom Sawder continued to gape, and to do it out loud. For him the excitement was over, and it was hard work for him to keep on his feet. He fastened the painter to a rock, which had been placed in position for this purpose, and then joined his

"Now, gentlemen, if you will step on shore, we will take the boat out of the water," said the chief.

"You do it like the fellow that locked the door and put the keyhole in his pocket," said Phin, as he assisted in lifting the boat upon the flat rock.

"That is just the way we do it," replied Poddy. "If we left the boat in the water, some wretch without the fear of the law before his eyes might come here and steal it. It is wicked to steal, and I should feel guilty if I exposed any person to the temptation of committing such a crime."

"Pity about you!" commented Dolph.

"I don't often sermonize, but I find it necessary to do a little of it on the present necessary to do a mose or to on one present occasion," continued the chief, as he open-ed the slide of his dark lantern. "I wish to impress upon your minds, my dear friends, the necessity of being strong in the presence of temptation.

"We are going to reside on this beau-tiful island for a longer or a shorter time, whose limit I am at this moment unable to fix. You may be tempted to resist the wishes of your friend, who concerns him self deeply for your comfort, and especially for your safety; of course I mean my-

"Now if you are tempted, either or both of you, to rebel against this friend, I counsel you in the most affectionate manner to resist the temptation. Put it behind you with all your might. It will lead you into

a perilous snare if you yield to it.
"Besides, a friend should never lead a "Besides, a friend should never lead a friend into temptation. If he does, he shares his guilt in a measure. You see that I am a very strict moralist. If you should yield to temptation, you would lead me into error, and perhaps crime; for if you attempt to run away, or to deal foully with me, I shall certainly shoot you."

At this last remark, Poddy brought a re-

volver into the strong light of his lantern so that both of the prisoners could see it

plainly.
"One of the balls from this toy might go through your head or your heart; and if it did, it would be likely to leave one of the quarrelsome potentates of Montoban without a male heir; or both of them, if the amount of resistance required such a fearful sacrifice.

"But I do not wish to shoot either or "But I do not wish to shoot either or both of you. It would be a very disagree-able, I may say a very painful duty for me to discharge. As you love me, do not com-pel me to do such a thing. Spare me this lacerating grief, I beg of you."

"I don't think that we shall do anything

which will lead you to distress yourself in the manner you suggest," replied Dolph. "I am glad you take this happy view of

"I am giad you take this happy view of the situation, my dear young friend," said Poddy. "I hope when you go to Sunday school in the future, you will be able to re-joice that you have not exposed me to this temptation.

"I don't want to stand here all night,"
growled Tom, who could not appreciate
the remarks of his fellow sinner. "I shall split my head open gapin' if you keep this

split my head open gapin' it you keep use racket up much longer."

"Be patient, Thomas, and all things will be accomplished. Now we will carry the boat to a safer place, where our dear friends will not be tempted to use it for forbidden purposes," continued Poddy, as he raised one end of the light craft.

Tom took hold of the other end, and within the securate it of a sa Dalph and within the securate it of a sa Dalph and

without any request to do so, Dolph and Phin assisted at the sides. They carried the boat to the rocks on the east side of the island, where the surface was exceedingly rough and uneven. An earthquake could not have produced greater confusion in the not have produced greater contains in the topography of the place. Possibly such a convulsion of nature in some earlier age of the earth had left things in the condition in which the first settlers of Montoban had found them

The eastern shore of the lake, abreast of the island, was called Castle Hills, and th the island, was called Castle Hins, and the winding stream which flowed into Pitt Lake leaped in several places from lotty steeps. The scenery on the west side of the platform as soon as the boat was in ed, and the control of Bunkel Island was of the same character. The rocks were almost covered with a like a young elephant with the nightmare.

soil enough to give them a hold. The party halted at a thick clump of these stunted trees, on a little plateau about thirty feet above the surface of the lake.

The curiosity of the prisoners was greatly excited, for they could not imagine where they were to be conducted. They thought they knew every foot of the island, and they could not even imagine any place of concealment. Tom removed several first which had been placed against a steep rock, and they saw what looked like an opening.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE GROTTO ON BUNKEL ISLAND.

HERE is a cave in there!" exclaimed Dolph, as soon as he discovered the opening which the movements of Ton. Sawaer had revealed. "Did you know there was a cave on Bunkel Island, Phin?

"I hadn't the least idea of it," replied arkpool. "I know of three of them in Barkpool. Castle Hills; but I never heard of one on

casue Hills; but I never heard of one on this island before."

This was the first time that either of these accomplished young gentlemen had spoken to the other for two years, though they had been school mates most of the time. they had been school mates most of the time. Each had avoided the other on principle, as it were, rather than because there was my real enmity between them. Certainly Dolph, who had been the first to speak, was not inclined to quarrel with his fellow prisoner under present circumstances.

"Bear a hand now, Mr. Barkpool," said Poddy, when Tom had removed the trees from the front of the opening. "If this boat is the keyhole, we will pocket it in this hole in the rocks."

Tom was sent into the grotto, as it after wards came to be called, and raised the end of the boat, while the others lifted and pushed the light structure into the opening. Then the keel was dropped on a line of boards, and the boat was slid to its resting place in the underground apartment.

The grotto was not more than four feet The grotto was not more than from the high in the loftiest place. It was about twenty feet deep and from three to eight feet wide. The rocks were nearly as irregular as they were on the outside, and there was not much space to spare when the boat and the party were in it.

A part of the bottom was of earth and a

part of solid rock. Over a portion of it boards were laid down and leveled up with stones. This arrangement gave the pants a dry floor, and the place did not look at all uncomfortable.

On one side a raised platform had been

made with boards, covered with fine twigs, on which was a supply of blankets. This was the bed of the party. There were a few cooking utensils and many articles of com-

cooking utensis and many articles of con-fort to a camping out party.

"I welcome you to your new dwelling place," said Poddy, as soon as the prisoners had taken a look at the interior of the grotto. "I hope you will be happy and grow in wisdom and grace during your re-sidence here."

"Since we cannot help ourselves, we might as well try to be happy," replied

"When I was a boy, and used to read stories about pirates and smugglers, I thought a cave was the nicest place in the world to live in," said Poddy, as he lighted a lantern which hung from a pole thrust

a lantern which hung from a pole thrust into a crevice in the rocks.

"I think I like my room in my father's house better than this place," added Dolph, as he continued his examination of his surroundings.
"I am willing to confess that I prefer a room in a first class hotel to any cave I ever visited. But circumstances alter cases, and in the pursuit of my difficult and dangerous occupation, I am obliged to sacrifice comfort to business considerations." tions.

"And shall we have to live in this hole for three days?" asked Phin, who had al-ready made up his mind that he did not like cave life, though his imagination had been stimulated in that direction by some

oeen samutatea in that direction by some of his readings, three weeks, or three months; not longer than the term last named; but it all depends on circumstances, of which I am a creature, replied the robber. "Blessed be the man that invented sleep, said Sancho Panza; and that is just what Tom is saying to himself

secured to have the utmost confidence in growth of savins and firs where there was The chief himself was gaping with long the security of his situation. Dolph could soil enough to give them a hold. The stretches, and the eyes of the prisoners were heavy.

Poddy took out the thwarts of the boat, and spread a couple of blankets in the bottom of it.

"I am sorry that I cannot offer to our distinguished guests any better bed than the bottom of this boat, but it is the best

the bottom of this boat, but it is the best at my command," said Poddy.

"It will do very well," replied Dolph.

"Tomorrow you can gather twigs to make your couch a little softer; but we can't do any better tonight. Pope speaks of sermons in stones, and I might intro-duce a sermon in rocks; but I won't, and duce a sermon in rocks; but I won't, and you must recall the discourse I gave you at the landing. I must remind you that if you get out of the cave, you can't get away from the island without a boat. A word to the wise is as good as an oration to a dead horse," said Poddy, as he left the prisoners, and lay down on the platform, root to foot with Tom.

Dolph and Phin were tired enough to sleep, for it had been a long day to both of them. Dolph had done more hard work them. Dolph had done more hard work within the last eighteen hours than he had the

ever done before in his life; yet though he was sleepy, he was not inclined to sleep.

Dolph was the more enterprising of the two prisoners, and he was not ready to believe that he should stay in the cave, or on the island, three weeks, or even three days. He wanted to consider some plan to get out of the scrape. He tried to think of some way to get ahead of the cool and good natured bank robber; but he realized that he would be a tiger in the face of any op-

osition.

Poddy had promised to shoot the pris ready had promised a short the pro-oners, or either of them, if any attempt to escape was made. Dolph had not the least doubt that he would keep his word to the letter. Such a catastrophe was not pleas-ant to think of; but the revolver he had seen two or three times might be made to change hands, and the boot shifted from

one leg to the other.

Dolph thought at last that he could not bit upon any plan of action until he had seen more of the surroundings, and es-pecially till he had ascertained where the robber kept the pistols after they were settled down to cave life. While he was

settled down to cave life. While he was thinking of it, he dropped asleep. Phin canvassed the subject a little, though his thought hot oak different direction. The robbery of the banks would be discovered in the morning, and coth Dolph and himself would be missed at home. A search would partially be the bank? and nimself would be inissed at nome. A search would certainly be made, and his hope was that the police and others would find the cave. This was as far as he got when he was overtaken by slumber.

All was silent in the cave, except the sonorous breathings of Tom Sawder, which degenerated into snoring some of the time. Poddy slept as quietly as though he was resting from the fatigues of an honest day's work. The slumbers of the two prisoners were as profound as though they had been in their downy beds within the

had been in their downy beds within the palatial walls of their elegant homes.

Darkness covered the lake and the island, and hour nfer- hour passed off into the eternity of the buried past. Not a light was to be seen in the town three miles distant, nor in any farm house on bunkel to see it. The daylight came in the east in a few hours, and the sun rose in all his glory, clear and bright.

Events were transpring in Montoban, and especially in the homes of the two absent bows; but the occupants of the cave

sent boys; but the occupants of the cave slept still. Poddy was the first to wake.

slept still. Poddy was the first to wake,

"Nine o'clock!" shouted he, as he sprang
from his bed, and shook Tom till he
brought him to life again.

Dolph and Phin left the boat at the same
time. Then they discovered that the grotto

time. Then they discovered that the grows was lighted by some opening at the end opposite the entrance.

"Good morning, young gentlemen," said Poddy, as he politely bowed to them. "We shall have breakfast in half an hour; and

shall have breakfast in half an hour; and till that time you can take a walk on the island, if you wish."
"Thank you, sir," replied both of them. They left the cave when Tom had re-moved the trees, and returned at the time indicated. Poddy was at work over a fire at the farther end of the cave; but it did not burn well, and the coffee was not ready till half past ten.

till half past ten.

While they were at the meal, seated on
the platform which served as a bed, Poddy
suddenly commanded silence. They obeyed, and then they heard the sound of

(To be continued.)

A NATION OF DWARPS

SINCE the publication of the novels "King Solomon's Mines," "She" and "Allan Quatermain," the interest in Africa, first awak. ened by the explorations of Livingstone, Stanley and other travelers, has received fresh impetus, and items tending to throw light on the Dark Continent are now cropping out on every hand. In the San Francisco Examiner, for instance, we find the follow.

Ronzo de Leo, who traveled many year Africa with Dr. Livingstone, was one who almost stood alone in the assertion that a race

Africa with Dr. Livingstone, was one who almost stood alone in the assertion that a race of dwarfs lived in Central Africa. In his ectures in America he told of a little people who of dwarfs lived in Central Africa. In his ectures in America he told of a little people who traveled many years with Stanley, and the contraveled many standed with Stanley and the standed with a standed with the st

DEFENDING A MOUSE

DINNER parties in India must take place under difficulties, judging from the following dining room incident:

I was visiting at a friend's house in Calcutta, says Mr. Kenne, in his "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life," and was on this evening sitting at dinner alone. The table had been some time waiting for the host, and I had at last received a note that he was not coming home. I had finished dinner and was still lingering at the table, when a little mouse ran up on the top of a bowl with a sort of basket work cover on it.

up on the top of a bowl with a sort of basket work cover on it.

I should not have thought that of itself very singular, for the "tibes on our frontier with the state of the

THE DISTANCE GAUGE.

Miss Long-Is Mr. Bartholomew Branch a relative of yours?

Miss Branch—Oh yes, he's a distant rela-tive.
Miss Long—How distant, may I ask?
Miss Branch—He is my brother, but he's the eldest of nine children and I'm the youngest.

LIMBLESS WORKERS OF WONDERS.

THERE is now making the tour of Europe. exhibiting in the different towns, a limbless. man who does many things that must be seen to be believed. He was born without either legs or arms, and yet he can write letters, cut paper with seissors, pour water from a bottle into a glass, eat with a fork and spoon, take his watch from his pocket, open it and put it back, thread a needle, and fire a pistol!

His name is Nicolai Wassiliewitch Kobel-

koff, and he was born at Troizk in Siberia in 1852, a fourteenth child, all his brothers and sisters being properly formed. In 1876, he married an Austrian woman, and by her had five children, all of whom were fully devel-

oped.

Kobelkoff has the rudiments of legs—one thigh being six inches long, the other being about two inches longer—but for a right arm he has merely a conical mound, and for a left arm a rounded bone representing the humeius, and with these stumps and their atrophied muscles to conduct an entertainment is not easy. However, the Russian manages to make himself fairly interesting.

He sits at a table, fixes a pen between his cheek and arm, and writes away in good clear commercial hand. And with the same combination of cheek and shoulder he does most of the other things, the most seemingly diffiof the other large, the most seemingly dim-call being that of feeding himself. The way he threads a necelle is to take it in his mouth and stick it in his jacket, and then putting the thread in his mouth pass it through the He can draw passably well, and he draws as he writes.

The strangest thing is to see him load a pistol, aim it at a lighted candle, and shoot the light out. He even tries some acrobatic performances, but these are not very striking, consisting merely of jumping off his chair and doing a sort of sack race across the

consisting merely of jumping off his chair and doing a sort of sack race across the floor.

It is a significant fact that if a man is crippled, the more crippled he is the better chance of the following strength of the significant following significant for the following strength of the following significant following seven affected. Kobelkoff sevens, without most afflicted. Kobelkoff sevens, without miss, to car a very comfortable livelihood—a better one, indeed, than many thousands who are fully furnished. And so it has always been. In Brittany about a dozen years ago been affected in the supplementation of the full supplementation of the following men. And that reminds us of the Dutchung men.

been. In Brittany about a sized years ago been. In Brittany about a sized year again without limbs whose parents there was a girl without limbs whose parents made quite a fortune by showing her at the property of the prope

HOW HE GOT IT.

A PHILADELPHIA paper tells of a quaint device for gaining possession of an article valued at \$3,000 without paying for or stealing

A former old bachelor, of Spruce street, who A former old bachelor, of Spruce street, who is a great lover of books, employed an old woman to take care of his rooms. The work of arranging and disting the library led Martha to be smitted in at taste for reading, She began to spen in a test of reading, She began to spen in the second of the special paying books. Not long ago she entitled up at a book stall, Her employer, selzing one of them, exclaimed: "How much did you give for this?" "Thirty cents," replied Martha.

them, exclaimed: "How much did you give for this?" eents," replied Martha.

"Thirty cents! Why, this book is worth \$3,000." cried the collector. "I will give you five dollars for it." "You have just told me, sir, it is worth \$3,000. I will not sell it for less." The book was a first edition, extremely rare. It is sometiment of the self-was a first earlier than the book worm would agree as force than the book worm would agree as force than the book worm would agree as force than the posture of the self-was a first would always and the thinself: "This woman takes good eare of me. She seems to have the same passion for old books that I have. Why passion for old books that I have. Why may Montaigne." Her preploud then have my Montaigne.

Wenders of the Yosemite!

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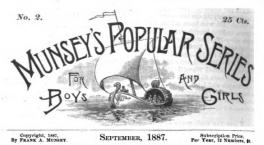
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