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GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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GILBERT THE TRAPPER;

OR, THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN.

BY CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY.

Author of "Luke Bennett's Hide Out; A Story of the War."

CHAPTER I.

JACK WALDRON'S RANCH.

we've heard from the boys, while t'other one goes to Durango to spread the alarm there. Off you go, now."

IF there ever was two plucky boys in the world, them's 'um. Sam, give 'em the best you've got in the shop. The poor critters look like they was 'most tuckered. And Pota, you and Bob jump on to your ponies, and let one ride down to Fort Lewis and tell Colonel Clark the story

So spoke old Jack Waldron, the proprietor of one of the largest cattle ranches on our Western frontier. He backed toward the nearest chair, and gazed about upon the most excited group of men that had ever been assembled under his roof, after which his eyes wandered to the two

AS THE TWO BOYS FLED FROM THE INDIANS, A MOUNTAIN LION WHICH SPRANG SUDDENLY FROM THE THICK BUSHES KNOCKED BOBBY OFF HIS HORSE AND KILLED IT.

Wilson out, have they? Well, that's what he says by being a stock raiser.

In a very few minutes a rude but comfortable bed had been made on the floor, and the boys were placed upon it.

Having killed or dispersed the herders (the boy could not speak positively on that point), the Utes came in to rob the camp.

"What day was it that the Utes jumped upon us?" inquired Uncle Jack.

"One o'clock this morning," was the answer.

"Then they must have been in the saddle twenty nine hours, without a minute's respite to eat," exclaimed the ranchman.

"Then followed the other orders which I have already recorded, those thieving Utes must be punished as well as the men who obeyed before they could do any more damage."

"When he had seen the cowboys ride away, one toward Fort Laramie and the other toward the stage station, Uncle Jack turned and looked at his nephews.

"There's the sort of fellows we raise out here," said he, "and that's the way the boys on the buffalo range."

"Blame you because Mr. Wilson's ranch has been sacked by hostile Indians?" cried Gus.

"Of course I am. Do you suppose I am willing to stay at home when my nearest neighbor has been robbed and persons killed?"

"And perhaps driven so far into the mountains that it will be a long time before we shall see him again."

"No, you are going to stay here, where you will be safe."

"No, Uncle Jack," protested Jerry.

"You know all about it, and you know that the other Indians will keep still while the Utes are on the rampage, and so I am going to put you where you will be taken care of."

"The boys said no more, knowing that it would be a waste of breath to argue with him."

"It was very seldom that their uncle put his foot down," but when he did, he put it there to stay.

rious friends and relatives. If they refused to obey his orders and broke away from their residence, they would be likely to be sent into small parties, scatter in all directions, and leave death and ruin behind them as they hurried toward the mountains.

The plains Indians are divided into two classes—the Farmer Indians and the Blanket Indians. The former are settled, and have permanent abodes, cultivate the ground, and raise horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and every other animal usually domesticated by the whites.

The Blanket Indians, or non-tribe Indians, are nomadic, and are called outlaws, and peaceably disposed Farmer Indians ten to one. They are the fellows who retain all their nomadic instincts and savagery.

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"It was Bobby," said the narrator, nodding toward his brother. "He knocked him off a horse, the other fellows got away, and Bobby had to ride 'till other till we found a camp."

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CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all of our subscribers we cannot accept of any such questions as will not appear in the column provided.

DECLINED WITH THANKS: "Trials of a Camping Party," "Ben's Adventure," "A Wreck in the Mountains Waves."

G. E. H., East Liverpool, O. See article on the aquatic bicycle in No. 250.

A LONG SUFFERER should apply to his physician for a cure and also other medical advice.

U. R. S., Baltimore, Md. The cent of 1903 is quoted by some dealers at from 1c. to 10c. by others, and so on.

C. T. L., East Liverpool, O. We can furnish the six volumes of the "Army and Navy Series" of Oliver Optic, together or singly, at \$1.50 per volume, post paid.

J. N. S., New York City. Lieutenant Hamilton will be written for any information about the Hamilton Cadets. His address is Governor's Island, Incline a stamp.

P. D. LISLE, 174 and 176 Pearl St., New York City, Capt. Company B, Hamilton Cadets, would like to hear from members of cadet corps in other cities, for mutual advantage.

JACK EBOS, Brooklyn, N. Y. Refer to our advertising columns for firms that purchase rare stamps. We know of no money value attached to such specimens that are not rare.

E. Y., Sayville, N. Y. The weight of the City of Rome's propeller is not known at the company's office. If we can ascertain it within a reasonable time, we will publish it.

T. J., Philadelphia, Pa. "Tom Tracy; or, the Trials of a New York Newsboy," was commenced in No. 139 and ended in No. 214. These numbers will be sent on receipt of 75c.

LEUTENANT JAMES DALGLISH, Hamilton Cadets, will receive applications by letter from those who desire to be enrolled in the corps. Address 174 and 176 Pearl St., New York City.

A. B. C., Paterson, N. J. 1. and 2. We will send Nos. 209 to 223 on receipt of 8c. 3. No 4. The average height of lads of seventeen is 5 feet 4 3/4 inches; weight, 116 1/2 lbs.

H. S. G., New York City. Your conversion of electric steam into power is ingenious, but it would appear that your tastes and ability should be devoted to mechanical pursuits.

N. J., Herndon, Ga. The deluge of exchange notes coming in on us daily makes it imperative that a reader shall not have notices inserted more than twice in a twelvemonth.

PEN AND INK. 1. The lady is the one who salutes first. 2. The hat should be lifted whenever you are saluted. 3. All matters for or against you may be. 3. Will see reply to R. E. J.

QUITZY, Wilkes Barre, Pa. 1. Only a professional photographer could accomplish this, if any one. 2. A man in a suit and bow tie, No. 245 will answer your query about tumbling, etc.

J. J., Cincinnati, O. Magic lanterns are sold so cheap, and on the other hand, would be so difficult to make, that it is impossible to publish an article on this almost impracticable business.

J. W. S., Chattanooga, Fla. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Michigan and Nevada have laws compelling parents to send their children to school for a specified period between certain ages.

F. D. C. 1. The firm mentioned is in West 23d St. 2. That depends upon your plans. 3. We have a book on the subject of electric batteries, etc. 4. No. 5. We will send them on receipt of stamps.

M. H., Chicago, Ill. 1. Any law school will furnish, on application, a prospectus containing a list of the books and the course. 2. All matters for or against you may be. 3. Will see reply to R. E. J.

S. X. Y. Z. A new volume of MRS. S. POPULAR SERIES, published by the author, will be sent to any resident of New York to be eligible for enlistment on the school ship St. Mary's. 3. No stamp necessary.

R. B., New York City. 1. The length of the Brooklyn Bridge is 5,989 feet. 2. It is the largest suspension bridge in the world. 3. The Amazon is the largest, though not the longest, river on the globe. 4. Three.

E. F. M., Newark, N. J. By addressing the Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy and inclosing stamps, you can obtain a register, containing full regulations for sending for and examining samples of questions propounded at past examinations.

TWO HEADERS, Boston, Mass. Straw hats are bleached by washing with pure water and putting them in a box with burning sulphur, and pouring water with the water on the hats and the sulphur acid, which is the result of this combination, is the bleaching agent.

R. W., Savannah, Ga. An advertisement in the Savannah local papers, or a call on such leading firms in your city as you have reason to believe cater to the needs of the advertiser, will probably secure you an agency. If not, you might advertise in the New York City dailies.

J. C. D., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. Andrew Carnegie is an enthusiastic American and will undoubtedly encourage any project for raising money to be used for the public thoroughfare in the performance of his duties and would be guilty of trespassing if he took a short cut across private grounds.

CORRESPONDENCE is desired with boys of good moral character, thirteen years of age, and over five feet in height, who desire to join the Harmon Light Guard Company, modeled on the lines of the ARGOSY'S instructions. Address: George W. Emanuel, 214 East 123d St., New York City.

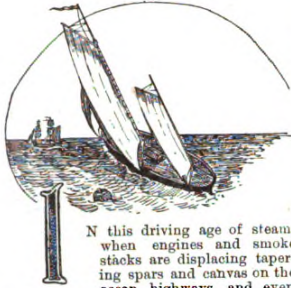
M. B., Chicago, Ill. 1. There is no appreciable difference between the respective high yields per acre of Northern California, Oregon, and Washington Territory. The yield is between 1,000 and 1,500 lbs. per acre. 2. There are government lands in Washington, Pa., suitable for crop raising.

H. O. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. The secret of floating, and of swimming, is confidence and a thorough realization of the fact that you will sink. Lay yourself on the water with the head submerged under the ears. If your feet gradually rise, a good swimmer before long will be an occasional stroke with the legs will bring the toes up again into the sunshine. Of course in floating the back must be kept rigid.

H. F. C., Rochester, N. Y. 1. The former is dead; the latter is alive and well and uniformly. 2. Yes. 3. Yes. 4. Nos. 1 to 17 of Vol. V will cost you 99 cents post paid. 5. Average height of boys of 12, 4 ft. 6 1/2 in. of boys of 13, 4 ft. 7 1/2 in. of boys of 14, 4 ft. 8 1/2 in. of boys of 15, 4 ft. 9 1/2 in. of boys of 16, 4 ft. 10 1/2 in. of boys of 17, 4 ft. 11 1/2 in. of boys of 18, 4 ft. 12 1/2 in. of boys of 19, 4 ft. 13 1/2 in. of boys of 20, 4 ft. 14 1/2 in. of boys of 21, 4 ft. 15 1/2 in. of boys of 22, 4 ft. 16 1/2 in. of boys of 23, 4 ft. 17 1/2 in. of boys of 24, 4 ft. 18 1/2 in. of boys of 25, 4 ft. 19 1/2 in. of boys of 26, 4 ft. 20 1/2 in. of boys of 27, 4 ft. 21 1/2 in. of boys of 28, 4 ft. 22 1/2 in. of boys of 29, 4 ft. 23 1/2 in. of boys of 30, 4 ft. 24 1/2 in. of boys of 31, 4 ft. 25 1/2 in. of boys of 32, 4 ft. 26 1/2 in. of boys of 33, 4 ft. 27 1/2 in. of boys of 34, 4 ft. 28 1/2 in. of boys of 35, 4 ft. 29 1/2 in. of boys of 36, 4 ft. 30 1/2 in. of boys of 37, 4 ft. 31 1/2 in. of boys of 38, 4 ft. 32 1/2 in. of boys of 39, 4 ft. 33 1/2 in. of boys of 40, 4 ft. 34 1/2 in. of boys of 41, 4 ft. 35 1/2 in. of boys of 42, 4 ft. 36 1/2 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BOAT SAILING.

BY ELLIOTT SHAW.



In this driving age of steam, when engines and smoke stacks are displacing tapering spars and canvas on the ocean highways, and even pleasure yachts are often fitted with funnels and boilers, there seems to be some reason to fear that the important and enjoyable art of boat sailing may fall into neglect. It is to be hoped that the interest aroused by the international races for the America's cup will not pass away without having a permanent good effect by inducing boys to learn some of the principles of a science which is frequently as necessary as a knowledge of swimming.

When we read in the newspapers that the Little Wonder, a twenty six foot cutter, has safely navigated the three thousand miles of stormy water between us and the British islands, and also see that a party of picnickers have been capsized in a sail off Canarsie, and a dozen of them drowned, or that Tommy Smith and Harry Brown, aged fourteen and fourteen and a half respectively, have been carried out to sea from a northern port in an attempt at boat sailing, the announcements afford us food for reflection.

If the Little Wonder came all that long distance safely across a tract of ocean swept by all varieties of wind and weather, she must have encountered not only the particular contingency fatal to the excursion party but scores of others, probably of a more trying character, and successfully passed through them all.

We may therefore with good reason ask by what rules was she guided to be able to accomplish this performance, and with perfect confidence answer, by adhering to the recognized and almost self evident axioms of the art of boat sailing, which may be summed up as follows:

See that you have a well constructed boat, sufficient ballast of the proper description, and a rig suitable to the little vessel. Give careful attention to every detail of the gear, have a light but steady hand to steer, and a stout heart, not unmindful that a sparrow even does not perish unnoticed up aloft, and all will be well.

A fertile cause of accident in boat sailing is a custom which prevails to a very great extent, not only with regard to boats used by our merchantmen and ships of war, but among the craft let for hire at our seaports, and that is of using boats indiscriminately for either rowing or sailing purposes without attending to the alterations necessary to convert them safely to their proposed use.

Ballast is a useless drag in a row; in a sail it is your sheet anchor; and the gear and fittings indispensable for moving under canvas are only in the way when out for a pull.

Hence there is a double necessity for a careful glance at all particulars when you go for a sail in an ordinary boat let out for hire at a watering place.

In talking of ballast, it is just as well not to forget that our own persons are not entirely without weight—even the slimmest youngster among us—in balancing and adjusting the trim of a boat; and it is also a most important thing not to forget that a sailor always steps on the middle part of a thwart or seat of a boat when he gets in or out of her.

Once saw a lad, in disembarking from a boat alongside a plank let into the grassy bank of a river for a landing stage, attempt to leave the boat he was in by placing one foot on the gunwale and the other on the plank, meaning to make a long step ashore. But the boat, of course, careened over to

his weight, and the effort he made to spring to land only pushed the boat farther off from the bank.

So there he was, in the attitude of the Colossus at Rhodes, between whose legs ships used to sail, until nature could stand it no longer, and flop he went into the water. I am glad to say nothing worse than a good ducking was the result of his incautiousness.

But to return to boat sailing, and the conversion of a rowing craft into a sail boat, which is what is frequently to be done before getting a sail, unless you can provide yourself with a boat made with false keel or centerboard, and specially adapted for the purpose. If the latter course be possible it is undoubtedly the best one to follow.

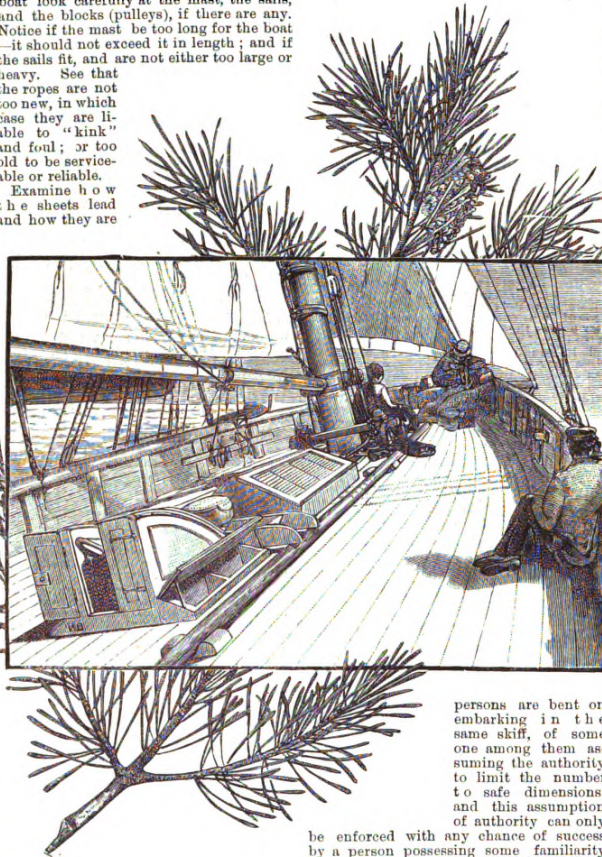
When setting out for a sail in a strange boat look carefully at the mast, the sails, and the blocks (pulleys), if there are any. Notice if the masts be too long for the boat—it should not exceed it in length; and if the sails fit, and are not either too large or heavy. See that the ropes are not too new, in which case they are liable to "kink" and foul; or too old to be serviceable or reliable.

Examine how the sheets lead and how they are

craft four, or at the most five persons are quite a sufficient complement to give safety and convenience.

It is impossible to work a boat with that promptitude of action, upon which so much often depends, if there are too many persons in her. You can neither let go the ropes nor make them fast quickly when access to the pins and cleats for doing so is obstructed by two many sitters, and in turning to windward every time you make a tack the inconvenience of shifting your movable ballast, if too voluminous, makes itself prominently felt.

It can hardly be necessary to say more upon the danger of overcrowding a boat; it is too obvious to need much attention, the only point requiring to be emphasized is the necessity, in cases where too many



A SEPTEMBER BREEZE.

made fast, and make yourself positively certain that, when under way, you can let them go in an instant, if you do not hold the main sheet in one hand while steering with the other.

Look at the tiller, and see it fits the rudder head and works freely; or, if steered by a yoke and lines, see that the yoke fits in its position properly, and that the rudder pintles are all right.

Take particular notice of the kind and quantity of ballast you have in your craft before you let go from the pier steps or shove off from the shore. See that no movement of the boat can possibly be likely to cause the ballast, of whatever nature it is, to shift from its proper place in the bottom and middle of the boat; and when you start, if accompanied by friends, do not have more persons in the craft than she can carry with ease, or that will admit of her being worked without difficulty.

Many boats have come to grief from overcrowding; and, for an ordinary sized sailing boat, such as may be hired for a sail at our seaside resorts, with the usual rig of sprit sail, jib and mizzen—a boat, say, about the size of the Atlantic twenty six foot cutter, the Little Wonder—for such a

persons are bent on embarking in the same skiff, of some one among them assuming the authority to limit the number to safe dimensions, and this assumption of authority can only

be enforced with any chance of success by a person possessing some familiarity with the rudimentary principles of the art of boat sailing. Knowledge gives power here as elsewhere.

I know of nothing more delightful in its way than a good sail, with a moderately fresh breeze, so that your craft will spin through the water, and the interest of the thing is augmented if you have somewhere to sail to, instead of taking what sailors call "a man of war's cruise—there and back again."

With your boat nicely trimmed, your sails set without a wrinkle, some one to share your enjoyment with you in the boat, a fresh breeze—and off you go, speeding along past beautifully wooded ravines and bold cliffs; now steering close to the sandy beach and scanning its crowds, or, luffing up to the breeze, take a stretch off the land out into the broad Sound, with its panorama of sailing craft and steamers passing on their way up and down.

Scarcely a touch is required on the helm in a properly rigged boat to steer her. The sails should be of such size and shape and so adjusted that when your boat is "on a wind" the rudder remains very nearly amidships, and the tiller should need only the gentlest movements to keep your course.

Running free before the wind, a little more steering is required, or in a small; but you may be certain of this, that if a

boat under sail carries her rudder across the stern, instead of being nearly on a line with her keel, there is something wrong with the cut of her sails, the position of her mast, or with her rig generally. You had better have nothing to do with such a craft as that, or else rig her anew.

The choice of a rig is a question upon which many conflicting opinions are held. There is no doubt that many boats are rigged even by those who should know better, in entirely unsuitable ways. For illustration, let me quote the experience of the crew of a large British steamer, the Candia, of the Peninsular and Oriental Lines, which was disabled by a gale in the Mediterranean.

It was immediately decided to dispatch a boat to Tunis, the nearest point, for assistance, and the second officer was ordered to take charge of her. The boat was a cutter rigged with a dipping lug only, and her crew consisted of eight men and a quartermaster for coxswain, besides the officer in charge. Tunis was distant forty four miles, bearing W. S. W., and the wind varied from N. W. to W. N. W., so that it was nearly a dead beat to windward. Nearly in the center of the entrance to the Gulf of Tunis stands the steep rocky island of Zembra, with its little counterpart Zembretta. Sail was immediately set upon the Candia in the hope of being able to fetch to windward of Zembra into sufficiently shallow water in the Gulf to admit of anchoring.

Before this was done, however, the cutter was well on her way towards the Gulf of Tunis, using both oars and sail and making fair progress. Under these conditions, while the oars could be plied, the boat kept up pretty well to windward, but before long the westerly gale began to freshen up again, and the cutter's lee oars were useless from her heeling over to the wind.

The lugsail had now to be depended on for making headway, and it soon became evident to the second officer that his craft was going almost as fast to leeward as she was getting ahead. Every sea as it passed would give the boat a "send," as it were, and the lugsail seemed to "stag" her down to leeward. All hope of gaining the weather side of Zembra was obliged to be abandoned, and trying to make a tack to seaward to get a better position was hopeless, for the boat would not "look at" the wind.

Turning for a moment to the Candia herself, she gradually drew along towards the entrance of the Gulf of Tunis, being drifted and set, however, so perilously near the steep sides of the island of Zembra that one of the most exciting scenes ever witnessed on board ship took place.

As the vessel neared the rocky isle it became evident to all on board that to pass clear was a matter not of a mile or so, but of feet and inches.

Every man held his breath as the vessel surged by the rocks close enough to throw a biscuit upon, and upon which the seas dashed into spray with a noise that hushed every sound on board the ship. Ten minutes, twenty, that seemed an awful interval of time, passed, and the outside rock is shaved by the vessel, and she is in comparative safety.

Meantime the cutter kept working on with a lugsail, losing ground terribly, and being set down on the eastern shore of the Gulf. A tack was tried to the northward, but soon given up, and her head put southward again. But the wretched useless kind of rig on the cutter made every attempt to send her to windward hopeless. At last the sound of breakers warned the second officer he must keep his sail up no longer.

So the boat was rounded to, oars taken in hand, and her head kept up to the sea, which broke at intervals over the bows of the boat. The little compass was smashed, and its light extinguished, and every one detached to the skin.

To draw the description of that weary night would be to tell a story of calm and brave endurance under trying circumstances, and when daylight broke the second officer steered his boat down the coast to the nearest port whence he could communicate the news of his vessel's disaster to Tunis by a messenger.

He was held a prisoner for some time by the native Arabs, but at length regained the ship, and made it his first business to change the rig of the cutter.

[This story commenced in No. 244.]



By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

THINGS LOOK STRANGE TO MR. ROBLOCK.

ONTOBANK slept as soundly as the weary occupants of the grotto on Bunkel Island. The slumbers of the magnates were as deep as those of the rest of the inhabitants, and the fact that the two dams had been destroyed did not keep them awake. Neither of the presidents and...

At an early hour of the morning the milkmen went their rounds, the carriers distributed the morning paper, and everything went on as usual in the town. The smoke was pouring out of the tall chimneys on the engine house of the lower mill; at seven o'clock the work people went to their usual places, and the machinery was started at the appointed time.

Hundreds of early risers went to the river to see by the light of day the havoc made by the waters the evening before. At the upper dam, the employees had nothing to do but to look at the ruins of the dam and watch the stream in its new channels. The folly of the Onongo magnate had subjected them to an enforced idleness that might last a day or a week.

Mr. Barkpool slept like a log as long as the fumes of the whisky he had drunk stupefied him. It was daylight when they left him, and he woke with a dry throat and an unsteady head. He drank a great deal of cold water from the ice pitcher, and then went out to see the wreck of the dam. The sight made him angry, not so much because he was subjected to the expense of rebuilding it, as because his mill could not be started that day.

With the new engineer he had engaged, Mr. Singleray was ahead of him, and would turn out his usual supply of goods while the Onongo was idle. The magnate went into the house, and his nerves were shaken. He drank whisky again, and it inspired him with an artificial energy. At sunrise, his groom was driving him to the railway station, five miles away, to go in search of an engine.

Mr. Singleray left his bed at the usual time and looked over the local newspaper. There was nothing in it about the banks, though the battle with the hoodlums at the island was mentioned. When he had learned the news of the morning, he ate his breakfast, and then went to the mill, which he found at work as though nothing had happened.

If he missed Dolph at the table, he did not mention the fact, or inquire about him, for the young gentleman was often absent from meals. Mr. Roblock, the cashier, read the newspaper at the bank even before he did anything else; but he found nothing to astonish him in its columns.

Then he looked over the few letters he had obtained at the post office on the way. As soon as he heard the church clock strike nine, he unlocked the outer door of the vault. Just then Mr. Gayberry, the man who kept the store under the bank, came in with a check he had received for goods.

Mr. Roblock opened the inner door of the vault, and as it was rather dark inside, he took the drawer which contained the money—or had contained it—and went out into the banking room. He was talking all the

time about the blowing up of the upper dam, and looking at the visitor, so that he did not see the interior of the drawer. He even slipped it into its place under the counter without noticing it, while he enlarged upon the wickedness of the person who had done the mischief.

"I should say that Barkpool will offer a large reward for the conviction of the scoundrel who did it," suggested Mr. Gayberry.

"Very likely he will, for the loss of the dams is not half the damage which has been done," added Mr. Roblock, as he picked up the check the storekeeper had thrown upon the counter. "Hundreds of poor people at the upper village are deprived of work by this deed, though the lower mill has gone to work as usual."

"I am in a little hurry, for I am going to

"No; I am not sick, Mr. Gayberry," said he, as he went to the counter. "The bank has been robbed since I left it at eight o'clock last evening!"

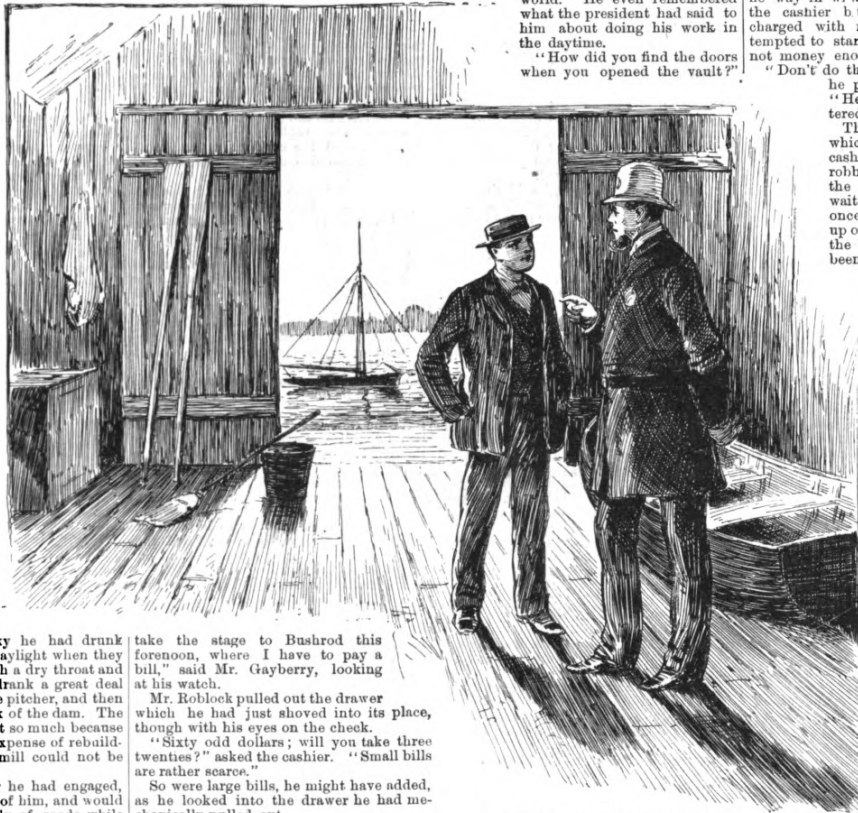
"Robbed!" exclaimed the storekeeper. "Look into this drawer," added the cashier, as he pointed to the inside of it. "Every one of those tills was full of bills last night. Now, there is not a bill in any one of them!"

"But there must be some mistake, Mr. Roblock; you have brought out the wrong drawer."

"There is but one drawer in the bank like that one."

"Look in the vault again." The cashier lighted a lamp, and did so; but there was not a dollar to be found in the safe. He was in utter despair, for in his excitement he concluded that the affair would ruin him forever in this world. He even remembered what the president had said to him about doing his work in the daytime.

"How did you find the doors when you opened the vault?"



POLICEMAN EYNON TREATS ANDY LAMB'S SUGGESTION WITH CONTEMPT.

take the stage to Bushrod this forenoon, where I have to pay a bill," said Mr. Gayberry, looking at his watch.

Mr. Roblock pulled out the drawer which he had just shoved into its place, though with his eyes on the check.

"Sixty odd dollars; will you take three twenties?" asked the cashier. "Small bills are rather scarce."

So were large bills, he might have added, as he looked into the drawer he had mechanically pulled out.

"Large or small; it makes no difference to me," replied the customer.

Just then Mr. Roblock started back as though a discharge of electricity had suddenly poured into his frame. He looked into the drawer, the tills of which he had left full of bank notes the evening before. His gaze was riveted upon the appalling emptiness that confronted him.

He drew a long breath, and then he did not seem to be capable of drawing another. His under jaw dropped down and his face was as pale as though he had fainted. He did not fall upon the floor, but he staggered back to a chair and dropped into it.

"What is the matter, Mr. Roblock?" asked the storekeeper, as he observed the ashy face and the limp movements of the cashier.

Mr. Roblock looked at him; and there was nothing but the forebodings of ruin and despair in his gaze. Then he began to shake as though he had been struck with palsy.

"What is the matter? Are you sick? Do you feel faint?" demanded Mr. Gayberry, as he went to the door which led to the space behind the counter.

It was fastened on the inside, and he could not open it. He thought the cashier was going to drop on the floor in a faint or a fit of apoplexy, and with a little effort he pushed the door in, taking the screws out of the wood. The sufferer rose as he did so.

called upon me and said that he had just carried his duplicate keys to Mr. Barkpool, so that both sets should not be destroyed in case of fire. Mr. Singleray compels me to carry the keys I use every night to his house, though he knows that I have a duplicate set. Neither he or I had ever thought of the absurdity of doing so while there was another set in existence. I intended this afternoon to call his attention to the fact, and I brought the duplicates, which had been locked up in my desk at home since the bank was started, with me. As I had them, I thought I would open the bank with them, so that the president could see just how the matter stood.

"Then Mr. Singleray has the other set of keys," added the storekeeper.

"Of course he has; I carried them to him last evening. I wish I had taken some other time to point out the absurdity of he way in which we were acting," replied the cashier bitterly. "Now I shall be charged with robbing the bank. I am tempted to start for Canada, but I have not money enough to pay my fare."

"Don't do that," said Mr. Gayberry, as he passed into the rear room.

"Here is where the robbers entered."

They examined the break which Paddy had made. The cashier could not see why the robber had done that if he had the keys. They decided to wait upon the president at once, and Mr. Gayberry called up one of his clerks to stay in the bank after the vault had been locked.

CHAPTER XXV.

A SHOCK TO THE HOUSE OF SINGLERAY.

MR. SINGERLAY was not in the house when the despairing cashier and the storekeeper were admitted. He had gone to the mill, but his wife volunteered to send for him, for the bank official did not care to meet him in the presence of any of the operatives.

In a few minutes the magnate appeared. Mr. Roblock was in a tremulous condition, and the storekeeper counseled him to brace up, and be a man. The sufferer had been disposed to rebel at the overbearing manner of the president, and it suddenly flashed upon his mind that he had nothing more to hope for from the great man. Guilty or innocent, he was sure to be condemned.

The thought inspired him with the resolution to stand up for his own innocence; and he decided not to submit to any considerable amount of brow beating. He had done his duty faithfully; and this reflection did more to strengthen his wavering mind than anything else. He was determined to behave like a man, as his companion advised him to do. A great change suddenly came over him.

"Now I think of it, you did not come for the keys this morning, Mr. Roblock," said the magnate, as soon as he saw the cashier. "Am I to understand that the bank is not open at half past nine in the forenoon?" And a heavy frown brooded on his brow.

"I opened the bank at the usual time, sir, using the duplicate keys in my possession, for I intended to hand them over to you," replied the cashier, with more decision in his tones than he had ever assumed before to the mighty president.

"What duplicate keys?" demanded the latter.

"The duplicate keys you gave me with the others when the bank was organized. I locked them up in my desk, and had forgotten all about them till a circumstance last night reminded me of them. You gave them to me, sir, at the time," said Mr. Roblock.

"And while you have been bringing the keys to me every night for the last year, you have had another set in your posses-

asked Mr. Gayberry, who had no occasion to lose his head, though he owned the building.

"Just as I always find them. I had no suspicion that the bank had been robbed until I was going to take the bills from the till to pay your check," replied Mr. Roblock, as he dropped, utterly wilted, into his chair again.

"But if any one robbed the bank, he must have broken into the vault," said the customer.

"It would seem so," answered Mr. Roblock. "I opened the doors just as I always do, and there was nothing out of the way with them."

"Perhaps you left them unlocked," suggested Mr. Gayberry.

"If I had I should have discovered the fact when I turned the keys. The bank was locked at every point, as it always is."

"Then I don't understand it. If you had found the lock blown up, it would have been a plain case. You had the keys, and no one could have unlocked the doors without them," continued the storekeeper, as much puzzled as the cashier.

"I used the duplicate keys this morning to open the vault," said Mr. Roblock.

"Duplicate keys!" exclaimed Mr. Gayberry, sure that the explanation was now at hand.

"Last night Pullerton, of the Onongo,

sion!" exclaimed Mr. Singleray, with a magnificent sneer.

"I have, sir, and you gave them to me."
"Then you have been subjecting me to this child's play for a twelvemonth!"

"I have obeyed your orders, Mr. Singleray."

"Why didn't you tell me there was another set of keys?"

"Since you gave me the keys, both sets of them, you were as well aware of the fact of their existence as I was, sir."

"I told you to bring the keys to my house every night; I did not mean half of them, but the whole of them!" replied the president, beginning to boil over with anger, as the cashier got the better of him in the argument.

"I have been doing it for a year, and you never mentioned the other keys, or told me you wanted them. But it makes no difference now."

"Doesn't it, indeed! It seems, too, that you have closed the bank, and come up here!" foamed the magnate.

"There is nothing left there to steal," answered Mr. Roblozk, desperately, and perhaps consoled with the idea that the president would now have something to rave for.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Singleray, impressed by the manner of the cashier more than by his independent speeches.

"I mean that the bank was robbed last night of every dollar in the vault," said Mr. Roblozk.

"Robbed?"
"Not a dollar left in the tills."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the magnate, as he settled down into an arm chair; and for once in his life, at least, he was completely overcome.

"That is what I should have said if I had not seen for myself," added Mr. Roblozk, who was surprised to find that he had plenty of self-possession, for the first time in his life, in the presence of the president.

Mr. Singleray was completely upset. All his ready money was in the Montoban Bank, and at least nine tenths of the amount stolen belonged to him. Though it was only a fraction of his property, he could not even pay off his operatives without borrowing.

His loss would be laid upon him, and it was by all odds the heaviest blow ever given to his finances.

He felt like a man who had been struck down, humbled and humiliated. What a sweet morsel Barkpool would have to turn on his bitter tongue! His anger evaporated as quickly as it had condensed into wrath.

Possibly he looked upon the poor cashier as a fellow mortal at that moment, and he might not have despised him for presuming to live upon the same earth with him.

"How did this happen, Mr. Roblozk?" asked he, his tone and manner entirely changed.

"The robbers, if there was more than one of them, got in through a window in the back of the building;" and he narrated all the facts connected with the disappearance of the funds.

"It is plain enough that the robbers had another set of keys," said Mr. Gabyberry, when the story was told.

"I did not call for the keys this morning, and of course they are still here," suggested the cashier.

"I sent Dolph up to my chamber with them," added the president, as he left the room to search for them.

"We shall soon get at the facts," said Mr. Gabyberry.

The magnate was gone some time, and he came back without the keys.

"I keep them on a little table at the head of my bed, and I generally bring them down when I come to breakfast. I don't find them on the table, and I am sure I did not bring them down this morning," said the president, looking very much troubled.

"Dorcas!"

"This call was to his wife, who was in the next room. She came into the office at once, for it connected with the library.

"Where is Dolph, Dorcas?" he asked; and the lady could not help seeing that something extraordinary had happened. "I have not seen him this morning."

"Neither have I," she replied.

Mrs. Singleray called on inquiries to be made at once, the result of which was that no one had seen Dolph that morning. In addition to this fact, the sweeper had found the outer side door unlocked. The family searched everywhere for the bank keys, but with no success.

Then it came to Mr. Singleray's mind, like an unwelcome nightmare, that his son had threatened to obtain the money he refused to give him in some other manner. Was

the robbery of the bank the explanation of his meaning? But the magnate said nothing. He dismissed his visitors with a promise to be at the bank in a few minutes.

Then he told the mother of the wayward boy what had occurred in the night, and from the facts drew the conclusion that Dolph had robbed the bank, and was at that moment in possession of nearly one hundred thousand dollars. The lady was the boy's mother, and she wept as though her heart would break.

"I knew that something must be done with Dolph, and I said so; but we have put it off too long," added Mr. Singleray, in a subdued tone.

"Where is the poor boy now?" sobbed the afflicted mother. "He can't have gone a great way yet. Have him brought back, Percival."

"We must find him first; and I shall have to put the officers on his track," added the father, sadly.

"Officers!"

"There is no other way. With so much money, he may take the next steamer for Europe; and I must telegraph to New York City for the police to stop him."

The poor mother had nearly fainted, and her husband called Dr. who was soon weeping over her brother, Mr. Singleray went to the bank. He sent for the policemen, and he telegraphed to several points. One of the officers soon appeared.

"I want all three of you," said the president, when the man presented himself.

"The other men are busy at the Onongo Bank," replied the officer, whose name was Leffwing.

"What are they doing there?" asked the magnate, impatiently.

The Onongo has been robbed of all the money there was in it. Marmon and Rynon are at work on the case," answered Leffwing.

"The Onongo also!" exclaimed Mr. Singleray in amazement.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ONE FACT AND ELENTY OF THEORIES.

STRANGE as it may seem, Mr. Singleray manifested no satisfaction when he learned that the Onongo Bank had been as thoroughly cleaned out as the Montoban.

If there was anything of gladness or triumph in his heart, he concealed it so effectually that no one could see it.

"It seems very strange that both banks should have been robbed in the same night," said Mr. Singleray, when Leffwing had stated the fact. "Is there any clew to the robbers?"

"Not the slightest, sir. Not a bit of wood or glass is broken, and it looks as though the men that did it had the keys of the doors and the vault," replied the officer.

"What does the cashier say about it?"

"He says he carried a set of duplicate keys to Mr. Barkpool's house last night, and he opened the bank and the vault this morning with his own keys."

"Then the robbers had the keys of both banks."

"It looks so. Rynon has gone to Mr. Barkpool's house with Mr. Pullerton, to ascertain if the duplicate keys are still there. They will be back soon."

Leffwing examined the premises at the Montoban Bank. It looked as though the window in the rear room had been opened with a jimmy; and this was all the opinion he was able to give. The vault and the floor was searched very carefully, but there was not a thing of any kind found which could be used as a clew to the robbers.

Nothing had been disturbed at the Onongo except the money in the vault. There was not a break of any kind; and if both of the cashiers had not been at their posts, the two robberies would have been charged to them.

By this time it was noised through the town that both of the banks had been robbed, and a crowd had gathered at each of them. The cashier was busy answering questions at the Montoban, and there were all sorts of opinions advanced.

Mr. Singleray went to the Onongo; it was the first time he had ever put his foot inside of the building; but he was excited, and he was anxious to learn the particulars in regard to the other bank, for he was painfully certain in regard to the details of his own.

Mr. Pullerton and the officer returned from the residence of Mr. Barkpool soon after he entered the banking room of the Onongo. Although he was not on speaking terms with the cashier, that official invited him behind the counter, from which the crowd were excluded.

The double robbery seemed to bring the rival houses together.

"Mr. Barkpool was driven to the station at a very early hour this morning, and has gone to the East to obtain an engineer for his mill," said Mr. Pullerton. "He does not yet know of the robbery, therefore."

"But you ought to telegraph to him on the train, or he will not hear of it till he sees it in the papers," suggested Mr. Singleray.

"Mrs. Barkpool is coming to the bank soon, and she will attend to that," added the cashier.

"Did you find the duplicate keys?"

"I did not; Mrs. Barkpool had seen her husband put them away, but they were not where he had placed them," answered the cashier. "But the strangest thing about the whole of it is that Phineas, Mr. Barkpool's son, is missing."

"His son missing!" exclaimed Mr. Singleray. "Can it be possible?"

"His mother and sister had not seen him this morning; and when they made inquiries for him, no one had seen him."

"Can it be that he and Dolph are together in this miserable business?" said Mr. Singleray.

"We have no doubt now that Phin used the keys, and robbed this bank of its funds," added the cashier. "Mrs. Barkpool thinks so also, and she is in the greatest distress."

While they were talking about it this lady arrived at the bank. The crowd opened for her, and she passed in behind the counter.

She started back when she saw Mr. Singleray. But misery makes companions of fair weather enemies, and he spoke to her as though they had been no break in their intimacy of former years.

He advised her what to do, and assured her that their interests were identical in the present unhappy circumstances. She directed the cashier to telegraph to her husband on the train; and this was really all that could be done.

The magnate used the wire again to inform the New York officials that there were two boys of sixteen instead of one, and that the two banks had lost altogether one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The officers searched the town, and listened to every story that was brought to them. The citizens had plenty of theories, but they brought no facts to bear on the subject. Everybody was satisfied that Dolph and Phin were the robbers; no one expressed a doubt on the point.

It looked as though while "the sons of their fathers" had kept up the appearance of hostility, to be in keeping with the feud, they had really been intimate enough to plan the robbery of the two banks.

No one could be found who had seen the robbers, or even on the same side of the street; but it seemed to be a fact that they had gone off together.

In what manner had they left Montoban? Which way had they gone? Not a boat was missing on the lake, not a horse from any stable; and there was no train within five miles on the south, and twelve on the north. But they had gone by some route, and officer Marmon was sent to the nearest station to make inquiries.

Rynon was an officer who understood boating, and he was appointed to make the search on the lake, though it seemed to be useless, since no boat was missing. He went first to the boat house of Mr. Singleray. He looked the Dragon over.

While he was doing so, Andy Lamb came out of the mill, where he had been to tell his father the news of the robbery of the two banks. He related to him all the particulars that had come out.

Andy had an idea; and he was the first one who had been delivered of anything that could be called an idea. He had told his father about the man he had seen on Banker Island, and he brought it all up again. His father directed him to tell the officers all about it.

When he came out of the mill, he saw Rynon at the boat house, and he joined him. He told his story.

"What has the man to do with the matter?" demanded Rynon, who was disposed to treat with contempt the information Andy brought him. "It is just as certain as anything can be that Dolph and Phin robbed the banks, and you can bet they did not call in any man to help them."

"And it may be that neither of them had anything to do with the robbery," added Andy. "Nothing has been proved."

"Nothing proved!" exclaimed Rynon, with a sneer at the lack of intelligence on the part of Andy. "If you see a fish, don't you know that he came out of the

water? If you find a fellow wet, don't you know that he has been in the water? Both banks have been robbed; the keys were at their houses; and both boys are gone; both sets of keys are gone. What more do you want?"

"But I think you ought to go to Bunkel, for that man may have had a finger in the pie," added Andy.

"What is the use of going to Bunkel, just because you have seen a man, some loafer, there?" sneered Rynon.

"Tom Sawder has disappeared as well as Dolph and Phin," suggested Andy.

"He has nothing to do with this robbery. I know all about him, for I was at Bunkel last night looking for him. I saw your man; he was in the boat with the four vagabonds. He landed three of them, and I arrested them. When I went to look for Tom and the man, I could not find them."

"Where did they go?" asked Andy.

"That is more than I know. I looked all around the island, and couldn't find any sign of them or the boat. I was puzzled; but I concluded they had got across the channel."

Mr. Singleray came to the boat house for any news that he might learn, and Andy told him what he had seen at the island. He insisted that the place should be visited; and Rynon reluctantly yielded.

It was their voices that were heard in the grotto.

(To be continued.)

♦♦♦♦♦

A "TENDERFOOT."

THE young lady mentioned in the following anecdote had perhaps read of the English tourist who visited New York last winter, met some of Buffalo Bill's Indians on Broadway, and called his friends that he was coming home by the next steamer.

A gentleman from the East, says the *Omaha World*, came to Omaha not long ago, with a letter of introduction to a family named Savage.

The morning of his arrival he stepped into the Millard Hotel telegraph office and wrote a message to an Eastern friend as follows:

"Arrived all right. Have not seen the Savages yet."

The young lady who guards the destinies of the telegraph company at that particular hotel looked up at him with unbecoming content.

"You are evidently just from the East," said she. "Most people who come here from the East expect to see savages roaming around the streets. Great news, as much as they know. Bless your soul, I've been here three years and the only Indian I've seen is the brooken one."

"After you've lived in Omaha a week or two you'll have more sense. Seventy five cents, please."

The gentleman from the East put the money and staggered into the outer atmosphere.

♦♦♦♦♦

COMPARATIVELY FEW WORDS USED.

DID you ever wonder how many words you used in your talk at home. In school and on the playground? We venture to say that if you could count them, you would find that they were not nearly so numerous as you were inclined to imagine.

A contemporary credits Professor Max Muller, of the English university of Oxford, with quoting the statement of a clergyman that some of the people in his parish had not 80 words in their vocabularies.

A well-to-do person seldom uses more than about 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation.

Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who select with great nicety the words that exactly fit their meaning, employ a much larger stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to 10,000. Shakespeare, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any other writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words.

Milton's works are built up with 8,000, and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,622 different words.

♦♦♦♦♦

STANDING ROOM ONLY.

IT does seem rather odd that men should talk about owning seats in a place where they never sit down. So we should not be too hard on *Life's* countryman who, looking down from the gallery of the Stock Exchange on the excited groups of "bulls" and "bears" on the floor below, asked a bystander: "How much does it cost, mister, to do business down there?"

The other replied that he thought a seat was worth about thirty thousand dollars, whereupon the countryman, fetching a long breath, exclaimed: "Gosh, I don't wonder most of 'em stand up!"

♦♦♦♦♦

CONDENSED WRATH.

BREVITY may be made the soul of passion as well as of wit, according to an anecdote we find in the *New York Tribune*, in which a Washington man tells of a quarrel between two colored boys. The larger boy, with great sobriety, was saying every sort of abusive epithet to the smaller boy. The latter, latter, against a fence and regarding the speaker with a sunken scowl, waited for a halt. It came at last.

"Is you done?"

"Yes, I is done."

The slow and coolly, the smaller boy said: "All dem dings you say I is, you is dem."

AUTUMN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Divine Autumn! who may paint best,
Forever changeful o'er the changeful globe?
Who guess thy chosen crown, thy favorite crest,
The fashion of thy many colored robe?
Sometimes we see thee stretched upon the ground,
In fading woods where acorns patter fast,
Dropping to feed thy tusked boars around,
Crunching among the leaves the ripened mast;
Sometimes at work where ancient granary doors
Are open wide, a thresher stout and hale,
Weighed with sheaf, thy wafted fan thy fall,
While south winds sweep along the dusty floors;
And sometimes fast asleep at noontide hours,
Pillowed on silv'ers, and shaded from the heat,
With Plenty at thy feet,
Braiding a coronet of oaten straw and flowers.

[This story commenced in No. 227.]

NED NEWTON,
The Pericles of a
New-York Baraback

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER LXXIV.

AUNT AND NIECE MEET.

"AN old lady in Brooklyn!" exclaimed Mrs. Newton in amazement as Mrs. McCurdy told her errand. "What is her name?"

"It's an old maid—Miss Eunice Simmons," replied the Irishwoman.

"Aunt Eunice living! I heard she was dead! And she wants to see me?"

"She sent me expressly to find you."

"Where does she live?"

"I'll take you there, ma'am, if you'll go. Is she kin to you?"

"She is my aunt," she brought me up. I have not seen her for years."

"I hear she's rich," said Mrs. McCurdy, significantly. "I hope you won't forget your old friend, Biddy, when you're ridin' in your carriage."

"Take me to Aunt Eunice, and I will reward you well."

"There's nothin' like bein' paid twice for the same worrak," reflected Bridget complacently.

Leaving Leila in charge of Madge, Mrs. Newton prepared hastily for the trip to Brooklyn, and the ill assorted pair set out at once, attracting some attention from the contrast they exhibited.

Meanwhile Miss Eunice Simmons was feeling very much excited by the chance information she had obtained from Mrs. McCurdy.

She straightway communicated it to her faithful maid, Jane Barclay.

"It may be Hester," said Jane cautiously, "but don't be too sure of it, Miss Eunice, for you may be mistaken, and then you will suffer from the disappointment."

"I am sure it is Hester," said the old lady positively. "The description tallies in every respect."

"Then again Mrs. McCurdy may not succeed in finding Mrs. Newton."

"Jane, you are a perfect wet blanket," said Miss Simmons, in a tone of vexation. "Let me at any rate indulge in the pleasant anticipation."

"And if there is disappointment?"

"I will bear it. I have borne disappointment before. But oh, Jane, how it will change the world for me. It will give me a new lease of life."

"Then I hope, my dear mistress, it will turn out as you wish. I shall be delighted to see Miss Hester again. But don't worry if you have to wait a week or a month."

"I won't. I will be patient."

But Miss Simmons was not compelled to wait so long. The next day, about one o'clock, the door bell rang.

Jane Barclay answered the summons, not dreaming that the lost niece had been found so soon.

"I've brought her, Miss Barclay," said Bridget in a jubilant tone. "This is Mrs. Newton."

"Jane," said Mrs. Newton with emotion. "Is Aunt Eunice well?"

"It is Hester!" exclaimed Jane joyfully, and she threw her arms around the neck of the widowed niece.

"Will my aunt receive me kindly?" asked Mrs. Newton doubtfully.

"She shall speak for herself."

"Who is it?" asked a voice from the floor above. "Tell me quick, Jane."

"Go up," said Jane Barclay. "You will find your aunt."

At the head of the landing Mrs. Newton met the old lady.

"Have you forgiven me, aunt?" she said.

"It is Hester! Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the old lady, and she folded her

niece in a close embrace. "Forgiven you? It is for you to forgive me. I was a cross, disagreeable old woman, and I ought to have been ashamed of myself. Is that an answer?"

"I won't have you call yourself names, Aunt Eunice."

"Why did you never try to find me, Hester? That was unkind."

"I thought you were too deeply offended with me. Besides, I did not know where you lived. Elias Simmons told me you were dead, and died angry with me."

"Elias Simmons told you that?" exclaimed the old lady.

"Yes."

"When did he tell you?"

"Within a few months."

"Then he knew you were alive?"

"Yes."

"And your boy?"

"He is alive, and was once in the employ of Elias Simmons."

"Did Elias know he was your son?"

"He knew his name."

The old lady's face became stern.

"That man has been playing a double game," she said. "He told me that you were both dead—that you died some years since while on the way to San Francisco in a sailing vessel. He brought Captain Roberts to my lawyer to make affidavit to having commanded the ship at the time you and your boy died."

"Captain Roberts? Why, he is the man who induced Ned to go on board his vessel, and then carried him against his will to San Francisco."

"When was that?"

"Only a few months ago. For months I heard nothing of my poor boy, and you can imagine how it weighed upon my spirits. I should have quite sunk beneath the burden if I had not felt impressed with the belief that he would some day be restored to me."

"Depend upon it Elias was at the bottom of this abduction."

"But what could have been his object?"

"What could have been his object? Isn't it plain enough? He thought I would leave him all my property. He will find himself mistaken!"

The old lady nodded her head emphatically. It was clear that Elias had spoiled his prospects.

"And he has been pretending to hunt you up for me!" Miss Eunice went on, indignantly. "Did you ever hear of such perfidy?"

"I did not think the love of money would have made him stoop to such meanness."

"You don't know Elias! And he doesn't know me!" she added. "Had he tried to gratify me, and you had been restored to me through his efforts, I would freely have left him half my estate. I would even have given him a liberal slice of it before I died. Now."

The hiatus was significant.

"And now, my dear Hester, tell me about yourself. You have been poor? You have suffered privation?"

"Yes, aunt, but my boy has worked for me early and late. It is to him I am indebted for what comfort I enjoyed."

"Then he is a good boy?"

"One of the best."

"Where is he now?"

"In California. He left the ship on arriving. He wrote me that he intended to go to the mines to see if he couldn't earn something to bring home."

"Write to him to come home at once. There is no need of his earning anything. Hereafter you shall be my care."

Further questions elicited an account of Mrs. Newton's mode of life, and she was told to come over the next day and bring Madge and Leila. The old lady wished her to come and make her home in her house, but Mrs. Newton was unwilling to do this at present.

"Ned may come back at any time," she said. "He'll come straight to the old home, and he must find me there."

"You are right, my dear. But when he does come home I must have my own way. I am an old woman, Hester, and I have lived alone too long. In the short time that remains to me I must have you and Ned with me."

"My dear aunt, as soon as Ned comes home I will gladly accept your offer."

"The house is small, but I will take a larger."

"Would you mind having Madge, too, Aunt Eunice?"

"No, Hester. Bring the poor child. I will be kind to her."

Before Mrs. Newton left the house Miss Simmons put a pocket book into her hands.

"Use freely what you find inside, Hester," she said, "and come to me for more when that is exhausted."

"You won't forget me, ma'am?" said Mrs. McCurdy, anxiously. "You know what you promised me."

"I never break my promises, Mrs. McCurdy. Jane, go up and get the wallet from my upper drawer."

Jane Barclay returned in a brief space of time.

Bridget McCurdy eyed the wallet as a hungry man eyes a good dinner.

"I sent to the bank for the money at once," said Miss Simmons. "I did not expect you would earn the reward so soon, but I meant to have it ready whenever it was wanted."

"You're a lady, ma'am!"

"And since you have been so prompt, I shall increase the reward. This wallet contains a hundred and fifty dollars, Mrs. McCurdy, all which I cordially and gladly give you."

Bridget McCurdy's eyes sparkled.

"May you live a hundred years, ma'am," she ejaculated, raising her eyes in rapture, "and grow younger every day!"

"Thank you, Mrs. McCurdy. Less than that would carry me back to the days of my infancy, and I have no wish to go back so far as that."

With renewed protestations of gratitude, Mrs. McCurdy left the house. She did not return to her son's home, fearing that he would learn how much money she had, but took a room in New York near her former residence, where we will leave her for the present.

Mrs. Newton returned to her New York home, where a new and gratifying surprise awaited her.

CHAPTER LXXV.

NED COMES HOME.

AS she stood before her door before entering Mrs. Newton thought she heard a man's voice, and one not familiar to her. It occurred to her that it might be John McCurdy, and it was with a feeling of apprehension that she entered. She could hardly believe her eyes. There stood her lost boy Ned, taller and browner than when she saw him last, but with the same look.

"You're Ned!" she exclaimed, "is it really you?"

"I think it is," said Ned, laughing. He kissed his mother affectionately.

"It is so long since you went away, Ned. And I have missed you so much!"

"You may be sure I have missed you and Madge. But I see you have got a little girl in your place."

"I will tell you about it by and by. But, first, tell me all that has happened to you."

"That may take some time, mother. Let me first introduce a kind friend of mine through whose help I have been able to come back. Mr. Mackaye, this is my mother."

Sandy Mackaye, on reaching New York, had fitted himself out in a new and well cut suit, had had his hair and beard trimmed, and had lost much of the unusual appearance which had characterized him during the years which he had lived at Shantytown. Ned was surprised at the metamorphosis. He now had the look of an average business man.

"I am grateful for your kindness to my boy," said Mrs. Newton, accepting his offered hand.

"And I perhaps may owe you a similar debt," said Mackaye, to Mrs. Newton's surprise.

"Have you a son, then, Mr. Mackaye?" she asked, puzzled.

"No, madam, I never married."

Mrs. Newton was more perplexed than ever.

"This young girl," said Mackaye, pointing to Madge, "is not your own?"

"No, I suppose Ned may have told you how I came to adopt her."

"Do you know anything of her parentage?"

"No—she was in charge of a very improper guardian, and I was led to assume the charge of her myself."

"That was very kind, when your means were so small. You see Ned has told me all."

"I have been fully repaid," said Mrs. Newton with a kind smile in the direction of Madge. "When it was necessary she sold matches to help pay the extra expense. She has been a comfort to me, especially during Ned's long absence."

"Have you any papers relating to the child?" asked Mackaye, with evident anxiety.

"I found in the room of the old woman with whom she lived a letter written by her mother on her dying bed."

"Would you allow me to see it?"

Mrs. Newton was surprised at this request, but complied willingly. She went to her desk, and drew out the letter already referred to in an earlier portion of this story.

Sandy Mackaye seemed much moved as he read these words: "I am not afraid to die, but it is a great grief and sorrow to me to feel that my little Madge will be without a friend, an heir to poverty and privation. Who is there in all the wide world to shield and care for her? If my brother Rupert should ever come back, and alas I do not even know if he is still alive—"

Here, as will be remembered, the letter broke off.

"Mrs. Newton," said Sandy Mackaye, as he put the paper down, "you will not be surprised at my emotion when I tell you that I am the Rupert spoken of here."

"Rupert!" repeated Ned. "Why then are you called Sandy?"

"Because my full name is Rupert Alexander Mackaye. This letter was written by my sister Ellen, nearly twenty years younger than myself. She married a man named Carter, who died by accident when they had been two years married. They had previously emigrated to New York. I recognize the handwriting. My sister always called me Rupert."

"Then Madge is your niece?" said Mrs. Newton in wondering tones.

"Yes; she is my niece, and henceforth she will have some one to take care of her."

"Must I leave Mrs. Newton?" asked Madge, who could not as yet be expected to feel much affection for a hitherto unknown relation.

"My child, I may be able to make some arrangement with Mrs. Newton still to care for you, but I am a rich man, and shall assume all the expense. Now will you kiss me?"

Madge, relieved in mind, obeyed readily.

"You have found a niece today," said Mrs. Newton. "I have found an aunt."

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Ned.

Mrs. Newton told the story, to her son's amazement.

"Aunt Eunice is rich, is she not?"

"Yes; but I do not rejoice so much on this account as because my early guardian is reconciled to me."

There was much more conversation, for all had something to tell, but into this it is not necessary for us to enter. Mr. Mackaye engaged a room in the next house temporarily until other arrangements could be made. But he asked permission to take his meals with the Newtons.

"I have so long been without a home," he said, "that I want to enjoy all I can."

The second day he brought Mrs. Newton a check for five hundred dollars. "It is the first installment of my debt," he said.

"But indeed, Mr. Mackaye, I would prefer not to take it," said the widow.

"Then I will deposit it in the savings bank for Ned," he said. "You can't object to that."

"I see you are an obstinate man, and must have your way," said Mrs. Newton, with a smile.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

STREET CARS GALOPE.

THERE is a certain region in South America which might well be called the paradise of horse cars. The longest street railroad in the world, says the *Scientific American*, will be that with which it is proposed to connect a number of towns near Buenos Ayres, and which will have a total length of 200 miles. The road will also be exceptional in that sleeping cars will be run upon it for the comfort of the passengers.

Horses will be employed as a motive power instead of steam, because horses are cheap, fuel is dear, and the people are slow. The price of two tons of coal will buy a horse with its harness. The sleeping cars and all the other equipments of the line are being supplied by a Philadelphia company, and these cars are stated to be curiosities.

They are four in number, eighteen feet long, and are furnished with four berths each, which are made to roll up when not in use. The cars are provided with lavatories, water coolers, linen presses, and other conveniences, and are furnished throughout with mahogany. The other rolling stock comprises four double decked open cars, twenty platform cars, twenty gondola cars, six refrigerated cars, four country cars, furnished with coops, eight cattle cars, two derrick cars for lifting heavy material, and 200 box cars.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 per year, Club rate.—For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.

All communications for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.

Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.

In ordering back numbers enclose 4 cents for each copy. No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

Next week, as announced elsewhere on this page, we shall commence a strange and intensely interesting serial story by Frank H. Converse, entitled,

VAN;

OR,

IN SEARCH OF AN UNKNOWN RACE.

Our readers will find this narrative remarkably fresh and novel in its plot and characters, and quite unlike anything they ever read before.

A MISTAKEN HACKMAN.

The danger of leaping to a conclusion was strikingly illustrated by a comical scene which took place recently in the streets of London.

A man was seen to shake a prettily dressed child, which uttered most piteous screams. Finally the inhuman ruffian threw it to the pavement, and stamped upon it with a ferocity worthy of Mr. Hyde.

Surely here, if anywhere, prompt interference was needed, and a gallant hack-driver who had witnessed the shocking spectacle took the law into his own hands at once. Rushing to the rescue, he knocked the villain down, and tenderly lifted the child, when he discovered that the former was a ventriloquist and the latter a dummy.

UNRELIABLE NOSES.

EVERYBODY has heard of color blindness. Indeed it was only a month or two ago that a strike was mooted on one of the railroads because the employees were to be tested for the failing by skeins of yarn instead of boards painted to represent the various hues used on the road as warning signals. We doubt, however, whether our readers have been apprised of the newest reform suggested by a writer in a London journal.

It is nothing more nor less than that the fireman who are stationed at theaters and other public halls as a precautionary measure should be examined to ascertain whether their smelling faculties are in a normal condition, as very often the nose discovers the presence of smoke before the eyes have had an opportunity of detecting the flames. What a strange sight it would be to see a company of great, brawny men, sitting in a row sniffing with might and main at flowers, perfume and such other objects as it might be seen fit to employ as tests of the reliability of their olfactory nerves.

WORKING TO WIN.

"WHAT are you going to be?" This is the question very often put to boys in their teens, and happy that boy who can answer it. For none will deny that it is an excellent thing to study with a definite object in view.

It acts as a goad to ambition and spurs lagging energies on to renewed wrestling with hard tasks.

In 1874 a boy who was in the habit of delivering the daily paper to Luther J. Mills, at that time State's attorney of Illinois, loitered one morning in the office, gazed around at the rows of books upon the walls and the bundles of briefs in the pigeon holes, then exclaimed abruptly: "I would like to be a lawyer."

Mr. Mills' interest was aroused. He put a few questions to the boy, the answers to which satisfied him as to the little fellow's intelligence and pluck. He made a place for him in his office, where he soon became invaluable.

Meanwhile he read and attended law school lectures, so that at the end of two years he was prepared to start on a career of his own, in which he has risen step by step until he is

now not only one of the ablest of Chicago's lawyers, but is the assistant State's attorney as well.

His name is Frank Walker, and in giving an account of the foregoing incidents, a New York daily heads it: "No Stopping Such a Boy."

We are glad to know that a great number of applications have been made for admission to the Hamilton Cadets, whose success we noticed last week. Many boys anxious to join the corps have been in doubt, it seems, where they can apply for admission. We refer them to an announcement which appears this week in our correspondence column, or to Mr. Scanlon, 88 Carrol Street, Brooklyn.

HEALTH IN THE SCHOOL.

The true object of education is to create healthy minds in healthy bodies, and as the latter are frequently neglected during the development of the former, it would be well if teachers and pupils would cooperate in carrying out the following suggestions, which are given by a recent writer:

I. A comfortable temperature is needed in school work. Above all the feet should be warm and dry.

II. Ventilation should be thorough.

III. The pupils must "hold themselves up."

IV. Study before breakfast, or immediately after a hearty meal, or in the twilight, or after recovering from sickness, should be avoided.

V. The light should be abundant, but not dazzling; it should come from behind the pupil or from his left, but never from the right, and the sun must not shine on his desk or on objects directly in front of him.

VI. The book should be held so that the light falls straight upon it, and at a distance of about fifteen inches from the eye.

VII. The pupil should rest his eyes by looking up from the book from time to time.

PLAYGROUNDS FOR CITY BOYS.

THE boys are beginning to make themselves a power in the land. One of them in New York City has written a letter to the mayor complaining that he and his friends can find no place in the city to play base ball. The police will not permit the game to be carried on in even the most unfrequented streets, back yards are too contracted and the neighbors' windows too close to permit of the pastime being attempted there, while in the various parks scattered throughout the city there is actually more provision made for the comfort and enjoyment of the birds and the squirrels than for the boys. So the latter must either not play at all or go away from home to enjoy the privilege.

To this letter Mayor Hewitt has given particular attention, and admits that the writer has but too just cause for complaint; but at the same time he does not clearly see how the matter can be remedied at present. In the meantime the newspapers have taken up the subject, and we should not be surprised if in the end the discussion that has been set going resulted in material gain to city boys all over the country.

EVERY BOY'S DEBT.

"My father never did anything for me," is an observation which is frequently heard from the lips of young men, but in most cases a little reflection would convince the speaker that he is making a serious error. A recent writer, hearing the remark uttered by a young fellow whose education, as the phrase goes, had just been completed, and who was looking around him to find an opening in business, took the trouble to estimate the cost of bringing up the said young fellow from his birth, which had been defrayed, of course, by the parent referred to in such a slighting way. These are his figures:

\$100 per year for the first five years....	\$500
\$150 per year for the second five years	750
\$200 per year for the third five years.....	1,000
\$300 per year for the next three years	900
\$300 per year for the next two years.....	1,000
Total.....	\$4,150

With a few modifications, these figures may be taken to represent the average expense entailed in raising an ordinary boy. Many parents spend several times as much. It would certainly be well for young men who take all this as a matter of course, and think that their fathers have done nothing for them, to reflect that they owe a heavy debt of gratitude to those that have brought them up from helpless infancy and equipped them to fight for themselves the battle of life.

ANOTHER LONG STEP FORWARD.

WHAT THE READERS OF THE ARGOSY MAY EXPECT FOR THE COMING YEAR.

SOMETHING ABOUT OLIVER OPTIC AND HORATIO ALGER, JR.
A PROPOSITION THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY BOY AND GIRL.

LAST year, when THE GOLDEN ARGOSY was enlarged to sixteen pages, I announced it as my purpose to produce a better paper for the family than had ever before been presented to the public. If from the success of the ARGOSY since that time, and from the thousands and tens of thousands of letters I have received containing the most flattering testimonials to the merits and popularity of the paper—if from these I can judge at all correctly, then I may safely conclude that I kept my promise in the fullest and broadest sense, for never in the history of journalism has a publication of high character made such a tremendous jump in circulation as has THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

While I am gratified at this success, and appreciate keenly all the good things that have been said about the ARGOSY, I am, nevertheless, not satisfied to "let well enough alone." I aim at something decidedly better than well enough—at a standard of excellence in illustrations and matter higher, far higher, than anything we have yet attained.

The reading season this year will open with a charming serial story by CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY, the author who wrote for the ARGOSY last year the very interesting story entitled "Luke Bennett's Hide Out." Next week will be commenced a very remarkable story called

VAN,

OR,

IN SEARCH OF AN UNKNOWN RACE.

Mr. Converse has never written a story which, in my opinion, can compare with *Van* in thrilling interest and genuine merit. Whoever loves reading will surely be charmed with this narrative, which, though thoroughly original in conception and detail, is somewhat after the style of H. Rider Haggard's famous book—"King Solomon's Mines." I predict for *Van* a great success, for I know that it is just such a story as every one will be delighted to read.

Immediately following *Van* will appear *How He Won*; or, *The Island Home*, by BROOKS CORNICRICK, the author of "Nature's Young Noblemen," a story that was very popular last spring with the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Then *The Young Ranger*; or, *Perils of the Frontier*, by EDWARD S. ELLIS, will be commenced almost at once. Mr. Ellis is too well known to my readers to need any introduction here. His story, however, as well as that by Brooks Cornicrck, is worthy of high praise, for each, though totally different, is full of merit, and will be found intensely interesting.

OLIVER OPTIC AND HORATIO ALGER, JR.

No authors stand nearer to the hearts of AMERICAN boys than do OLIVER OPTIC and HORATIO ALGER, JR. Each of them has written more juvenile books than any other author on this side of the Atlantic ocean. Their works have long been household companions in the best homes of our country, and the products of their pens were never in greater demand or more thoroughly enjoyed than they are at the present time. And *Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, Jr. and wife for no paper except THE GOLDEN ARGOSY*. Mr. Alger is now at work on a story which will soon follow the one by Mr. Ellis, and then will come a most fascinating serial of adventure by Oliver Optic.

Other stories will follow in quick succession by ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM, MARY A. DENISON, ANNIE ASHMORE, MATTHEW WHITE, JR., and others. I hope also to have a story very soon by HARRY CASTLEMAN, and it is quite probable that a sequel to "The Boy Broker" may be contributed by myself. If I do this, Bob Hunter will appear as the hero of the story. Some very strange incidents have occurred since the close of "The Boy Broker," in which he and his companions, Herbert Randolph and Tom Flannery, have unintentionally played prominent parts.

Although the ARGOSY during the last year has been by far the best and most generously illustrated paper of its class in the world, it will be still further advanced during the coming months. The art work will be of a more costly grade, and will be more carefully worked out in finish and detail. And that the improved illustrations may show to the best advantage, they will be printed upon paper heavier than what is now used. Altogether, the artistic effect of the ARGOSY will show a marked advance.

Six serial stories every week! No other paper gives so many.

The ARGOSY will contain six serial stories every week, and these stories, I promise you, will be the very best that can be bought. All of the favorite authors are now engaged to write for the ARGOSY, and no dull and uninteresting story will be allowed to mar its pages. It contains, moreover, twice as many serials as any other paper of merit for boys and girls—over *Twenty Five* of them every year—stories that in book form would sell for \$1.25 each.

Now that I have told you—you whom I look upon as old friends of the ARGOSY—that you may expect for the coming year, I am going to ask you to tell your friends and acquaintances what I have said to you, so that they too may know of the feast of good things that the ARGOSY will contain. But not wishing you to do me this service without reward, I will make you a present of a beautiful binder for the ARGOSY, handsomely ornamented in gilt—see description and conditions below.

Appreciating highly the many kind words you have said of the ARGOSY in the past, and the interest you have shown in its prosperity and future progress, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
FRANK A. MUNSEY.

A Handsome Binder for the Argosy.

SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP YOUR PAPER NEAT AND CLEAN.

A PERFECT BOOK.

Our new handy binder, which is made especially for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, is the most perfect invention of the kind we have ever seen. It not only works perfectly but is beautiful in design and finish. The binder is as stiff as the covers to any book—is covered with rich maroon cloth, lined and ornamented with gilt, and bears the words "The Golden Argosy" stamped in gold letters.

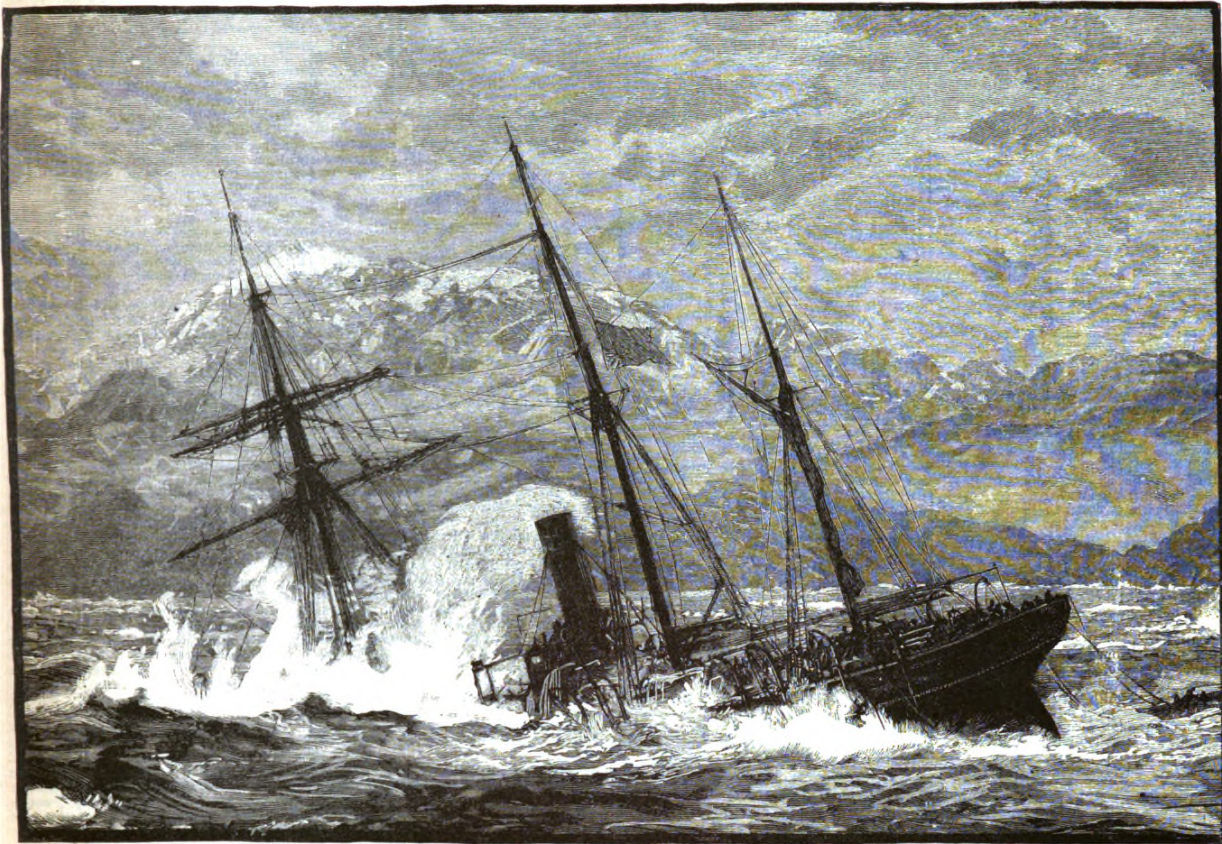
Every reader of the ARGOSY should have this binder, so that he may keep his papers neat and clean. When preserved in this manner they will form a beautiful volume at the end of the year and will be already bound handsomely and durably.

We would strongly urge each reader to secure one of these binders. The price of the binder is 60 cents, and the cost of mailing is 15 cents additional—making altogether 75 cents. But as suggested above we will tell you how you can get the binder without paying any money for it, and the method is simply this:

Send us your name and address, and we will immediately forward to you one of the *spare* copies of the ARGOSY for you to give to your friends and acquaintances. We will also mail at the same time a COUPON which will entitle you to a binder free when filled out by you and returned to us. Address all communications plainly to

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren Street, New York.





THE STEAMER LAY ON A REEF OF ROCK, WITH HER BOWS UNDER WATER AND STERN HIGH IN AIR.

DAN REDMOND'S MISTAKE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

DAN REDMOND had caught the diamond fever in its worst form from Jerry Somes, who had reappeared in Mapleton, after a year's absence, with an unlimited supply of pocket money, a pronounced swagger, and a very flashy suit of ready-made clothes.

He said he had been to the South African diamond mines, where the valuable stones could be picked up on the surface of the ground—so plentiful were they.

That settled it as far as Dan was concerned. A country where diamonds could be found in such profusion was the place above all others he desired to visit. And thus he told Uncle Jedediah, with whom he had lived from boyhood.

"You stay where you be and pick up stones off'n the ten acre lot—it'll pay better in the long run," grimly advised his relative. But the advice was received after the usual manner, and on the following morning Dan was missing.

Jerry Somes—according to his own story—had shipped before the mast in a Boston bark bound for the Cape of Good Hope. But very much to his surprise Dan Redmond found, on arriving in Boston, that nowadays vessels bound from an American port to any and all parts of the world are extremely rare. Something else he discovered. Which was that "greenhands" are not wanted on shipboard, especially when the shipping offices are crowded with able seamen anxious to ship for twenty and even eighteen dollars a month.

These two discoveries rather weakened Dan's faith in the stories told by his townsman. But he had gone too far to recede. Shame, if nothing else, kept Dan from "sneaking," as he said, back to Mapleton, penniless and without the diamonds he had hoped to pick up.

In a very unpleasant frame of mind and body, Dan was strolling listlessly about Commercial Wharf, looking at the dismantled ships that speak so strongly of the decay of our merchant service. The only

signs of stir or bustle were on board a large English steamer that was lying with steam up at the very end of the pier.

"Where to this time, Jack?" called a sailor, leaning idly against a wharf piling, to another who was looking over the steamer's rail.

"Port 'Lizabeth."

"Port Elizabeth? Why that was a sea-board city of Cape Colony on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope. Dan had looked up the locality on his atlas before leaving home. And the diamond fields could be reached from there as well as from Cape Town itself, without doubt.

Dan's head began to throb with excitement. Oh, if he could only get a chance in the steamer!

But before he could ask the sailor's opinion as to his chances, he had strolled away.

"I wonder where this steamer is bound to?" suddenly asked some one at his elbow.

Turning, Dan saw a well dressed young man, who appeared to have been walking very fast, standing beside him. As he spoke Dan saw him glance backward over his shoulder, as though some one were following him.

"Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, South Africa," promptly returned Dan in one breath.

"Ah, that's just where I want to go," said the young man, to Dan's surprise.

"Are you goin' after dimuns too?" inquired Dan, innocently.

The young stranger started violently, but a glance at Dan's honest freckled face seemed to reassure him.

"Perhaps so," he said shortly, and then, running lightly up the gangway ladder, entered into conversation with the captain, who was a burly red haired Briton in a brass bound suit of blue.

After he had finished, the young man disappeared below. Summoning all his courage Dan ascended to the upper deck.

"Do you want—a any spare hands, sir?" he stammered, as Captain Botrope stared at him very hard.

"I don't want no bloomin' greenhands—that's sure," was the gruff answer.

"Wouldn't you let me work my passage to Port Elizabeth? I'm strong and healthy, and can turn my hand to almost anything," persisted Dan.

"Wot's got into you Yankees?" growled the captain, "ere's the second b'application I've ad offerin' to work a passage. I've got men enough forr'd," he went on, after a second glance at Dan's sturdy frame, "but if you've a mind to ship as coal passer, same's the young chap as just come aboard, I can give you a chance, and I'll throw in a woolen shirt or two out of the slop chest."

At another time Dan might have hesitated, but the emergency itself, and the glitter of prospective diamonds, dazzling his mental vision, rather obscured his better judgment.

"I'll go," he said briefly, and after a short interview with the purser, Dan, stripped to shirt and trousers, was shown below to the very bottom of the ship.

Half a dozen coal passers, already black with dust and perspiration, were shoveling the black coal from the bunkers, which in turn was thrown by as many firemen into the open doors of six great furnaces. They sent out a heat and glow that was almost insupportable to one unaccustomed to such an atmosphere.

The foreman invested Dan with a shovel and explained his duties—simple enough in themselves, but fearfully exhausting. Two hours on and four off, for human nature cannot stand the intense heat for any length of time.

Dan soon found that even his shirt was too much, and, throwing it off, he worked in his trousers, like the rest. In ten minutes he was as black as an African.

"He never would be in such a hole as that," said one of two gentlemen who stood looking down at the strange scene. The coal passer next Dan dropped his shovel, but quickly picked it up again, and, glancing carelessly upward, went on with his work.

The two gentlemen shortly afterward went away, a warning bell sounded from

the deck, the gong struck in the engine room, and the propeller shaft began its revolution.

"We're off," said the coal passer, with a great sigh of relief. Dan gasped, for the speaker was no other than the gentlemanly young man he had seen on the wharf! They easily dropped into conversation during the intervals of shoveling. John Smith appeared to be the not uncommon name of the stranger, who explained briefly that being "hard up," he had, like Dan, taken his present position.

"Men will do and suffer almost everything for a few diamonds," he said, and Dan heartily acquiesced.

Their companions were for the most part foreigners—principally Italians, with one or two Malays and a couple of negroes—so that Dan and Smith naturally drew together. They occupied the same double berth in the little dingy room apportioned to the coal passers and firemen, and ate their rations apart by themselves.

"Think we can stand this for forty or fifty days, Mr. Smith?" asked Dan, as the two, having been relieved, washed off the perspiration and coal dust in one of the boiler room tanks.

"We've got to stand it," was the curt reply. And having scrubbed himself dry with a towel, he took a great draught of the oatmeal and water which is continually drunk by the firemen and coal passers. Then he tightened a large silk handkerchief that he wore about his waist instead of a belt, and the two turned in, to be called again at midnight.

"It's blowing tremendously heavy," said one of the firemen, who had been on deck a little before; "and there's a mighty thick fog. I hope—"

A "ting—ting—ting!" from the gong in the engine room above them sounded through the space below.

"Reverse, good heavens!" exclaimed another, dropping his shovel.

Scarcely had he thus said when a sharp grinding and grating, directly beneath the keel, sent a sudden vibration throughout the steamer's hull.

The Portuguese began to yell with terror, and, dropping their shovels, sprang in a confused huddle for the hatchway steps, only to be confronted by a leveled revolver in the hands of the second engineer.

"Back to your work, you cowards!" he shouted, and the command was obeyed.

But all at once the grinding and rending was followed by a dull, crashing noise. One of the bow compartments was stove in, and by some mismanagement the bulkhead was not in place.

With a roar and surge the water came rushing in, and in another moment the boiler deck was afloat. The hissing of the steam from the extinguishing fires, the terrified shrieks of the foreigners, and shouts of the negroes, as they clambered over each other to escape, made a terrible pandemonium.

Dan and Smith were at the further end of the room, so that by the time the hatchway was clear for them to escape, the water was above their waists. They succeeded in reaching the "tween decks in safety, but the tremendous rolling and head pitching of the steamer repeatedly threw them down.

Suddenly, a heavy box from a great pile of merchandise was dislodged, and in its fall struck Smith, not only knocking him down, but pinning him by its weight to the deck.

"Come on into the boats—there's not a second to lose!" shouted the pursuer, who, half dressed, was rushing madly past on his way to the hurricane deck.

Now life was sweet to Dan Redmond as to you or me, dear reader. But he wasn't one of the kind to desert a comrade, even when his own life was in danger.

"Help me move this box, Mr. Oler," he cried, but Mr. Oler was out of earshot. Amid the hiss of escaping steam, the crashing of surrounding breakers, and hoarse commands from the deck, Dan, with a strength born of desperation, succeeded in lifting the box from Smith's prostrate body.

"It's—too—late," whispered the other faintly as kneeling beside him, Dan sought to raise Smith to an upright posture.

"My—breast—is—crushed in!"

Then, as though with an expiring effort, he unloosed the handkerchief from his waist.

"Tie—it—round—you," he gasped. "It's—yours—now."

And then, as Dan mechanically obeyed, the blood gushed from between Smith's livid lips, and the speaker was dead.

Lingering only long enough to be assured of this, Dan hurried on deck. The steamer lay with her bows under water and stern high in air, on a reef of rock against which the breakers were dashing half masthead high.

Just as Dan reached the quarter, a simultaneous rush was made for the last of the steamer's boats that had been hauled up under the stern, and, despite his shouts, in another moment the boat was pulled off, leaving Dan to his fate.

All that night till the gray dawn began to glimmer in the east, Dan, half naked and shivering in the chill raw air of morning, clung to the after companionway. On, by one the masts went by the board, as the steamer's hull was lifted and dropped by the breakers. Then, as he began to make out the distant shore through the murk and mist, a boat from the life saving station pulled off, and Dan, duly instructed, lowered himself into her from the stern of the steamer, which was beginning to break up.

"Compasses out of order, I suppose," said the coxswain of the boat, as Dan told the little lie he knew of the disaster.

"Likely enough," returned one of the others; "and bein' bound to Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, for a cargo of black dimuns, she probably mistook the reef light ship for the light on the point."

Port Elizabeth, New Jersey! Black dimonds!

Dan did not say this aloud. But all at once it occurred to him that he had been the victim of a very great blunder, for which no one was in fault but himself.

And being wise in his day and generation, Dan held his tongue.

The steamer's crew had all landed in safety, and Dan found that the wreck had occurred off the Highlands within a few miles of Sandy Hook. The whole company a few hours later were landed at New York by a passing tug boat, and Dan for the first time began to realize that a pair of patched trousers girt about with a bright silk handkerchief, when unaccompanied by other wearing apparel, made him rather conspicuous.

No one seemed disposed to help him, either. The crew and officers had lost

everything excepting the clothes they had on at the time of the shipwreck. A friendly sailor on the tug boat *did* toss Dan a tattered shirt, and thus apparelled, Dan, feeling forlorn enough, sat down on the pier, vaguely wondering what would happen next.

It was a policeman who rescued Dan from his difficulty and took him to the nearest station house, where he was regaled with hot coffee and a substantial meal. A little collection was taken up, and some one furnished him with a tolerably decent suit of second hand clothing, which he at once substituted for his coal stained trousers and shirt.

"Hallo, what's this?" said one of the policemen. He had picked up the handkerchief given Dan by Smith, which the former had carelessly dropped on the floor.

Sure enough, what was it that called out the remark? A dozen uncut diamonds, from six to ten carats in weight, carefully sewed into one of the folds of the handkerchief—that was all!

"But—I didn't know!" stammered Dan, as pale as ashes. And then he told the whole story.

"It's all right, my boy," said the police sergeant, kindly. And he went on to explain that the so called Smith was a pawnbroker's clerk, who had levanted with some of his employer's most valuable gems.

"Though why he didn't try and get away on a foreign steamer instead of a coal carrying 'tramp steamer' bound to New Jersey, beats me," he added.

Dan could have told. But fear of being laughed at for his own blunder kept his lips sealed.

It proved a lucky affair for Dan after all. A thousand dollars reward had been offered for the return of the diamonds, and Dan went back to Mapleton that much better off.

"Told ye you'd do better nigher hoine, Dan," chuckled his uncle, to whom Dan, under promise of secrecy, told the whole story. As a matter of fact he had not told anything of the kind, but Dan did not contradict him. And when later it came out that Jerry Somes had never seen South Africa, and that his sudden show of wealth was the result of stealing a shipmate's wages, Dan secretly congratulated himself on having made his mistake as to the steamer's sailing place.

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

TWO KINDS OF STUFFING.

WHEN we speak of raising fowls for the market, we naturally think that the poor things are tended and fattened for the purpose of being stuffed with sage and bread crumbs, thus to administer to the delight of the palate; but it seems there are cases where birds are lured to comfortable nesting places and all their wants watchfully anticipated until the day when they, too, are slain and (here the similarity ends) stuffed with sawdust and wire, merely to be offered for sale as an object pleasing to the eye.

From the *New York Sun* we learn that a New Jersey farmer named Dickinson, who lives on the banks of the Passaic River, is probably the only man in this country who breeds owls for the market. Mr. Dickinson is widely known as a skillful taxidermist, and when not following the plow, riding a mower, or attending to other farm work, he is either ranging the woods in search of birds or he is engaged in his workshop in mounting specimens. The demand for owls is always large and the supply short.

Mr. Dickinson is a naturalist and a student of the habits of every bird common to New Jersey. He concluded several years ago that owls needed inducements to nest on his place, and consequently he made arrangements to encourage them by providing them with snug quarters.

Finding a hollow limb of a tree, he cut it up into about six feet, and closed each of the cylinders with a round bark, and made a neat round hole in one end. Seven of these rustic bird houses were firmly fixed in the crochets of trees near the river bank, and during the ensuing spring four of the seven were occupied by owls and their broods. In the following year six of the seven houses were engaged early in the spring, and Mr. Dickinson put up five more houses. This spring he had eleven broods of young owls, and when the writer recently visited the farm, Mr. Dickinson had half a dozen young owls perching on the beams of a wagon shed.

It was feeding time, and taking a piece of raw beef Mr. Dickinson entered the shed and began cutting the meat into shreds, using a heavy knife on the wooden block. At the first stroke of the knife all the owls fluttered down to the block, and he had to exercise caution to prevent cutting off their toes as they scrambled for the morsel. He had to be careful, for the owls are deemed to take natural attitudes on short branches of a gumwood, with wire vertebrae and yellow glass eyes. He has orders for owls at all seasons of the year, and he is well prepared for them. Sometimes he stuffs them while they are mere balls of down, but usually he waits until they are in full plume.

A BRAVE HEART.

BY SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

Boys, you'll sometimes find that bootless
Seems each effort you may make
And your struggles all are fruitless
Through misfortune's cloud to break;
Don't lose heart, but cease repining,
And though gloom your way may shroud,
Recollect there's a silver lining
To the very blackest cloud.

(Some, will chaff you, and endeavor
To find tricks from "smart" tricks
Lies, that is! Is the knot to sever,
And escape from out the fix.
Turn from them, such meanness hating,
You run straight, and do your best,
Pray for help, in patience waiting,
To your Father leave the rest.

[This story commenced in No. 248.]

ERIC DANE, or The Football of Fortune

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

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

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST REHEARSAL.

"SEE that that low ruffian leaves the building, will you, Mr. Appleby?" said the manager majestically.

"But I would rather not accept the position under these circumstances," interposed Eric. "Not that I am afraid of the 'revenge' that may be taken on me, but as long as these Medfords need the money so badly—"

"I will make that all right," interrupted Mr. Banner, with a lordly wave of his hand. "Mr. Appleby informed me that you are at present unsettled, and I also happen to know that these Medfords take gentlemen to lodge with them. As you have manifested such an interest in the family, I am sure it would meet the wishes of all parties concerned for you to board there during your engagement with us. I will get the address for you, and you can go down there at lunch time and bring the costume for your part back with you. Meantime I will turn you over to Mr. Cringleman, my stage manager, who will coach you in your role."

So saying, and without giving Eric an opportunity to express an opinion in regard to the summary manner in which he was being disposed of, Mr. Banner nodded his head towards a short smooth faced man in his shirt sleeves, who had just made his appearance, and walked off with Mr. Appleby.

"Why should these people be so anxious to get me to act for them?" Eric asked himself wondering.

He was destined to find out in the course of a very few hours.

Meanwhile he was not allowed much time to bother his head as to whys and wherefores. Mr. Cringleman, who was a nervous, energetic individual, introduced himself with very little ceremony.

"I suppose you're to take Medford's place," he began. "You've got to be lively about it as to be up in your part by tonight."

"By tonight?" echoed our hero. "Why, when is the first performance of—"

"Tonight; I just told you. If you keep on you can take the part of the dummy as well as your own."

At this a group of sallow faced girls in gaudy straw hats and dowdy calico gowns, who had followed the stage manager in from the wings, giggled ungrammatically, and Eric was seized with a strong desire to fling the roll of paper he had been given on the stage, and walk out of the building with his head in the air.

But a recollection of the ridiculous figure Dan Medford had cut stumbling over the soap box in making his angry exit, checked the impulse.

"I'd better make the best of things, now I'm in for them," he resolved, and then, in obedience to a suggestion from Mr. Cringleman that he should retire to some quiet spot to study his part, he walked to the edge of the stage, let himself down into the orchestra, and clambered over the railing into the deserted auditorium. Then, making his way to the lobby, he ascended the stairs to the balcony, where he settled himself in a seat just beneath a window which would afford him air and light.

"Appleby never told me I would be expected to appear in public tonight," he said to himself, as he unrolled the manuscript, which was written in a very legible hand and comprised eight pages.

Eric was blessed with a good memory and a generous supply of common sense. The former enabled him to master his lines

very rapidly, while the latter enlightened him as to what was meant by the apparently meaningless group of three words that occurred more or less often on every page.

He rightly decided that these must be his "cues," i. e. the last words spoken by some one of the other characters just before it was his turn to take part.

Endeavoring to banish all thoughts of the Tilberts and Cedarbrook from his mind for the time being, Eric covered his ears with his hands to exclude the uproar of the rehearsal that was now in progress on the stage, and applied himself vigorously to his task.

It was much easier than writing Latin verses, which latter had cost him many a headache at Eton, and in the course of a couple of hours Eric was able to repeat the whole eight pages without once referring to the text.

Returning to the stage, which was now filled with people, he announced to Mr. Cringleman that he was ready for the next step.

"Lucky you are," grunted that gentleman, "for here's Miss Appleby, who mustn't be kept waiting. Now then, pick up that hammer—the tennis racket's in the property room—and come sauntering in from the left wing. Stay; what can you whistle best?"

"Three Little Maids," from the 'Mikado,' answered Eric after a second's hesitation.

"That'll do. Whistle that as you come on. You might be tossing the racket carelessly from hand to hand, too. Come across to the porch here, and then take off your hat to Miss Appleby, who will be sitting there. Then you'll get your cue from her. Now let's see what you'll make of it."

Eric was strongly of the opinion that he was going to make a fool of himself. Indeed, so ridiculous did the whole thing seem to him that he was obliged to exert all his will power to restrain a tendency to laugh, which would of course be fatal to the success of the whistle, to say nothing of his forthcoming debut.

"I'll just think what a mean rascal my cousin John Tilbert is," he said to himself. "That ought to keep me sober enough."

And it did, so much so that when he emerged from the wings, Mr. Cringleman called out sharply: "Look happy, not as if you were walking in procession at your own funeral."

This was discouraging, to say the least, and the "Three Little Maids" were very near coming to grief. But just then Louis Appleby encouraged him by a look, and Eric proceeded with his embarrassing task, for a goodly number of the out of school maidens in straw hats and calico frocks were congregated at one side of the stage watching his performance with the closest attention.

He had got half way to the porch of the farmhouse when his equanimity was again disturbed by a sharp command from Mr. Cringleman.

"Too much jerk to your walk. Go back and start over again, and don't stiffen your knees as if you were bracing yourself against an earthquake."

A chorus of titters came from the girls, but they were at once hushed into silence by fierce "Sssh" from the stage manager, who folded his arms and leaned back against the proscenium in a critical attitude, while Eric started on a repetition of his grand *entrée*.

"I believe it would be ten times easier to do the part of a knight, or a brigand, or some other chap of the last century," he said to himself. "As soon as a fellow gets on the stage he seems to want to be what he isn't."

However, by concentrating his thoughts on Percy Tilbert and imagining that he was on his way to fulfill an appointment to play tennis with that engaging youngster, Eric contrived to cross the stage and reach the porch of the canvas farmhouse in passably natural fashion.

Miss Appleby gave him the expected cue, and he got through with his answers with comparative success. He had only to be reminded twice by the watchful stage manager to "Speak louder so the back seats can hear you."

His exit at the close of the short scene being "through farmhouse door," with the closing words of his last speech he pushed open the latter, and stepped off into space.

It seemed that as it was, only a rehearsal the slope had not been backed against the scene, so that Eric ended his first appearance on any stage with rather an inglorious tumble.

But it was only a distance of three feet, and, quickly picking himself up, he hurried around to the front, to receive censure or congratulations as the case might be.

CHAPTER XII.
AT THE MEDFORDS.

"YOU did pretty well for a first try," was Mr. Cringleman's rather non-committal comment, when Eric emerged from the wings, dusting his trousers with his handkerchief. "But what did you want to walk out of that door for? I called to you, but it was too late."

"Good morning, Mr. Dane," said Miss Appleby, who now came up, extending her hand. "Allow me to congratulate you on your success."

"What, as a tumbler?" laughed one hero. Then he added: "But that ought to put me in good trim for my famous leap to the hay mow. By the way, when am I to go over that?"

"This afternoon, at three o'clock," replied Mr. Cringleman. "By that time they'll have the dummy ready, and everything fixed for you. Now we take a recess for lunch."

He reminded Eric of the Medfords. "If I don't like the place, I won't stay—that's all about it," he said to himself. "I'll make it up to them in some way when I come into my rights."

While he stood chatting with Miss Louise about the play, her father appeared and handed him a slip of paper, on which was written the Medfords' address, together with an order from Mr. Banner for Joe Medford to deliver to bearer the costume for Clarence Terrington.

"You had better go down there right away," advised Mr. Appleby, "if you want to be in time for dinner."

"How far is it, and which is the quickest way to get there?" inquired Eric.

Mr. Appleby gave him the necessary directions, and in the course of twenty minutes Eric found himself in front of the Medford residence.

The house was a two story one, built of wood, and standing back from the street at a distance of almost a quarter of a block. It was approached by a garden, now over-run with vines and weeds.

All brick buildings hemmed it in on either side, while across the front the cars of the elevated railroad rushed and roared all day and night.

The house itself was evidently a relic of New York's early days, when perhaps it had been the country seat of some Knickerbocker nabob. But whatever splendor it had once possessed was now departed. Decay was everywhere visible, and as Eric ascended the steps to the front door, his feet caught in a hole, and he came near repeating the undignified tumble of the rehearsal.

"It's a wonder to me," he muttered, "that Joe Medford didn't break his leg here two or three times over before he ever heard of the hay mow feat."

His knock on the weather beaten door was answered by an old lady who had evidently been standing over the stove, for her face was as red as fire and in one hand she held a saucenep of boiled potatoes.

"Land o' Goshen!" she exclaimed, almost dropping the saucenep in her surprise. "I thought it was Sister Trix. But come right in, I'll show you your room soon as I set these pratties down."

"Why, they must have been expecting me," thought Eric. "Perhaps Mr. Banner sent word that I was coming. They don't seem to bear any ill will on account of my taking Dan's place. S'pose I might as well make up my mind to stay for a few days, any way. The place seems clean enough, if it is on the high road to rotting away."

But now the brisk old lady was back again and beckoning him to follow her up the manserped stairs. At the top they passed a room through the half open door of which Eric caught a glimpse of a man lying in bed.

"That's poor Joe, I suppose," he told himself.

"But where are your things?" exclaimed the old lady the next minute, as she flung open the shutters of a good sized apartment with two windows, affording a view of the weeds and vines already mentioned, also a lengthy patent medicine advertisement painted on the brick wall of the adjoining building.

"My things?" exclaimed Eric, as though he did not comprehend. Then, thinking it needless to go into details at present, he simply said that they were all right and asked in his turn what the price of the room was.

"Five dollars a week," was the reply, and then the old lady, announcing that he could come down to dinner right away, hurried off to dish it up.

"I should think that was cheap enough," mused Eric, when he was left alone. "I'll have half my salary left to replenish my wardrobe. But I'm going to start in slow on that, because before I need another suit of clothes I hope I'll have got the better of that Tilbert rascal."

Having washed his face and hands and brushed his hair, he descended the stairs and was guided to the dining room by a strong odor of corned beef and cabbage which issued therefrom.

"Set right down, Mr. —," and a second old lady, who looked enough like the first one to be her twin sister—which indeed she was—paused as she pulled out the chair nearest the door.

"My name is Dane," said Eric, coming to her rescue.

"Dane, oh, yes, I'll try to remember it, but I'm a dreadful poor hand at names, any way. Seems to me as though I'd heard that name somewhere else. Sister Phoebe, the young man's name is Dane. What have I heard about somebody of that name just lately?"

The old lady who had admitted Eric, and who had entered the room from the kitchen bearing a great dish of corn, assumed a grave look as she took her seat. Proceeding to eat the beef, she replied: "Why, it was what I was readin' to you in the paper this mornin' 'bout that dreadful railroad accident night afore last. Don't you remember Dane was the name of the young man that had come clear from England to get a big fortune that had been left him, and how he was almost at his new home when he was killed, bein' in that last car that was all burned to ashes?"

"Yes, yes, I remember now," exclaimed the second old lady, adding: "His first name was Eric too, same as Martha Lib's little boy that she lost with the croup last winter. To be sure, to be sure."

As may be imagined, Eric was anything but comfortable during this conversation, which was not only unpleasantly suggestive, but served to convince him that his cousin John was leaving no stone unturned to settle in the mind of the public the fact that Eric Dane was no longer living.

He was hurried in these gloomy reflections when he suddenly became conscious that the first old lady was speaking to him.

"I beg pardon. What did you say?" he asked.

"I was sayin' I couldn't see how you ever got your courage up to let go and drop when the time came."

Eric stared. "Drop when the time came?" What could the woman mean?

"I don't quite understand you," he said. Then suddenly recalling the hay mow act and thinking that might be referred to, he added hastily: "Oh, it doesn't take much courage to do that; you are sure of landing in a soft place."

"Do tell. But then it must make you dizzy to be up so high. Thousands of feet, only think, Sister Trix, with only an umbrella to hold on to."

"Thousands of feet? Only an umbrella? Were these good ladies a couple of harmless lunatics, or had Eric blundered into the wrong house? Still he seemed to have been expected.

The second old lady's next remark did not tend to make his mind feel any easier.

"I wonder why Dan don't come to his dinner. Off scouring the town to get a lot of his friends to help him hiss down that poor young fellow tonight, I s'pose. I tried to persuade him out of it, but he was that wild there he won't holdin' him in. But here he comes now. Who's that he's got with him, though?"

CHAPTER XIII.

A RECOGNITION AND A DILEMMA.

"HERE'S a pretty state of things," thought Eric, as the old lady Number One bustled out to open the door for the yellow haired young man who had vowed vengeance on him at the theater.

"There's a mistake somewhere, for these old ladies can't know who I really am, or they wouldn't talk as they do."

But now his attention was attracted by high voices in the hallway.

"Come, do you say?" he heard Dan Medford exclaim. "Why here he is with me now. Mr. Boltbo, this is his Aunt Phoebe."

and then burst out with: "Great Scott, aunt, that is the fellow who took my place away from me and who —"

"Dan made a rush forward, but both the old ladies flung themselves in front of him, crying out: "No, no, Daniel; not here, not here. Don't fight in the house."

"Let me go, let me go," shouted Dan, struggling to free himself. "I'm not going to fight. I only want to ask him what he's doing here."

"I'm boarding," replied Eric, rising in his place with as much dignity as he could call up under the circumstances.

"Boarding?" repeated Dan, and he was evidently so amazed that for the moment he forgot that he was in a passion.

Eric took advantage of the lull and briefly explained matters.

"I don't expect to keep the place at the theater more than a week or two," he added. "So perhaps when I leave I can induce Mr. Banner to let you have it."

"Umph, no thanks," muttered Dan, "I wouldn't take it now, any way. My friend Boltbo has made me his assistant."

But here old lady Number Two broke in with: "Oh, Daniel, we've given his room to this gentleman. I thought he was the parson man!"

"Parachute, aunt," interrupted Dan, adding, in a whisper: "Why can't we keep an umbrella? I'll give if Boltbo objects."

Boltbo didn't, in consideration of a dollar being taken off the price, whereupon the old ladies undertook to effect the same bargain with Eric.

But the latter was not so easily won over. He had no idea of sharing his room with a man about whom he knew absolutely nothing, and frankly said so.

"But we took you to be him, so I don't see how you can object," said old lady Number One indignously.

"Besides, it'll be cheaper for you," added the sister.

"And he's a very famous person," went on the other.

"Goes up in a balloon and drops thousands of feet with only an umbrella to hold on by."

"No, sister, not an umbrella; a parashool."

"Ladies, you are both wrong," interposed Mr. Boltbo himself, who with Dan entered the room at that moment. "I descend with the help of a parachute. My next exhibition will be given on Friday afternoon at Swinman Beach. Infringers of patents to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Where am I to sit?"

He added this last with such a funny change of voice that Eric was amused in spite of himself. Now that he had an opportunity of viewing his proposed room mate, he discovered him to be a short, thick set young fellow of twenty five, or thereabouts. He had very light blue eyes, extremely black hair, a dainty mustache, and the rosiest complexion our hero had ever seen on a man.

"I suppose I might as well stay," Eric reflected. "I'll only be for a week or two at the most, and I'll need every cent I can save to proceed against that precious cousin of mine."

It was now past two o'clock, and he was obliged to hurry through the remainder of the meal in order to be back at the theater in time for the final dress rehearsal.

Dan, who became quite friendly after a while, secured the clothes for him, and graciously promised to give up the idea of taking his revenge.

On the way of the house with his bundle, Eric muttered between his teeth: "And this is what I have come three thousand miles for! To be turned off by my own property like a dog by my cousin; made a companion of by a tramp, and have to swallow patronage from a fellow like Dan Medford!"

"You're sure to get a call before the curtain, both of you," said Mr. Banner, "so that you, Sterling," (Eric's stage name), "must pick yourself up in short order and be ready to lead Miss Appleby out in front."

It was six o'clock and after when the rehearsal was over, so that Eric had barely time to get his supper and don his costume before the performance began. However, as he did not appear until the second act, it was not absolutely necessary for him to be ready to respond to his call until nine o'clock. But he resolved to be as far ahead of time as possible, so as to give himself an opportunity to recover from a possible fit of stage fright.

Therefore on returning to the Medfords' he ate his supper at a rapid rate calculated to add dyspepsia to his other trials, and, discouraging as politely as he could all explanations and apologies from the two old ladies, he clapped on his hat again and was on his way back to the theater before it began to grow dark.

He was greatly excited, and, strange to say, forgot all about Cedarbrook and his interests there, and the manner in which he intended to set about furthering them on the morrow, when he would have the entire day to himself. His whole mind was concentrated on the problem of how he would feel when he should emerge from among the curtains forming the left wing, and in his white trousers flaming red and yellow blaze, with cap to match, saunter out to be the cynosure of thousands of eyes, to say nothing of opera glasses.

Suddenly a newsboy rushed by with the cry, "Mail and Express, Commercial, Evening Sun!"

"Let's see what new evidence of my death Tilbert has discovered," said Eric to himself.

He bought a paper, and hurriedly ran his eyes down the news columns. There was very little concerning the accident, and nothing at all relating to himself.

He was about to fold the paper up and put it in his pocket, to be read when he had more time, when he caught sight of a paragraph headed:

INTERESTING ITEM IN CONNECTION WITH THE PRODUCTION OF "FAIRFIELD FARM."

A romantic interest attaches to the appearance of the young man who has been engaged under the stage name of Frank Sterling, to play the part of Clarence Terrington. He rescues the blind heroine from a burning building under the most exciting conditions, and it now transpires that he is the very same person who heroically Miss Appleby (who fills the role of this heroine) out of the burning car in which they were both passengers on the occasion of the terrible accident on the Mid Jersey Railroad, night before last. The management are certainly to be congratulated on securing the services of one who has had practical experience in the art of rescuing maidens from perilous situations, and Mr. Sterling's debut will be watched with intense interest.

"Well, I didn't think I was going to be made such a sensation of as all this," muttered Eric. "I see now why they were so ready to engage me. It's all an advertising scheme, and I s'pose I'll have more opera glasses to face than anybody else in the place."

This was not exactly an encouraging reflection to one who was already beginning to grow rather nervous, but when Eric found himself in the dressing room, amid all the excitement and bustle that prevailed there, and heard the lively overture played by the orchestra, he became filled with a wild sort of enthusiasm that quite banished all sense of fear.

The play began, and, dressed ready for his entrance on the stage near the end of the second act, Eric watched its progress from the wings.

The curtain fell, the band played again, once more the action of the piece went on until finally our hero caught his cue. Nerving himself as if for battle, he walked forth, gaily whistling his "Mikado" air, gave one glance at the rows upon rows of spectators, and then every word of his part went out of his head. For in that one glance he had caught sight of the boy whose name began with McQuill.

(To be continued.)

THE WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.

LIFE is full of anomalies. We are continually coming across things that are just the opposite of what we think they ought to be.

Why, for instance, should a man's brain increase in size as he grows older and puts more into it? And yet such is the fact, for the human brain, it appears, weighs the heaviest between the ages of fourteen and twenty.

As a contemporary tersely puts it: "The time that a man knows most is from seventy to eighty, but then his brain is smaller than when he was a boy between seven and fourteen, the age when he thought he knew the most."

GOING FISHING.

BY HENRY F. HARRISON.

"H no, there isn't any hurry! Needn't get back this summer, less you're particular about it. If you've got your fishin' line in your pocket, stop down on the wharf and catch cunners an hour or two—"

The rest of the widow Bond's irony was drowned by the rattle of the garden gate behind her nephew, thus sarcastically addressed. Mrs. Bond's bark was worse than her bite, as Sam knew, yet all the same it was intensely disagreeable.

This was more than a quarter of a century ago, before the era of burning fluids and petroleum. Sam was on his way to Martin's ship chandlery, with a jug to be filled with "pure water strained" sperm oil. The ship chandlery stood close to the wharf. Sam, who was fond of fishing, had frequently lingered to catch cunners, and his aunt had doubtless seen his line bulging out of the pocket of his trousers. Hence her remarks.

The old lady measured out and paid for. Sam lingered a moment, jug in hand, looking wistfully at the deserted cap sill of the old wharf. Summer shower clouds were rising in the west, obscuring the setting sun, yet it would be a good half hour before they could reach Barmouth. The sea was just right for cunners and flounders—the beginning of the ebb—and if he carried home a good string for supper, Aunt Nory would be all right.

The man who hesitated is lost—lost to the voice of caution. So also is the boy.

"She told me to," said Sam, feeling in an uncomfortable way that he was lying to himself, and also sensible of the voice of the conscience he was trying to stifle with the feeble excuse. Five minutes later he was aboard the dismantled hulk of an old cunner, moored alongside the wharf, his jug tucked away in the ruined hutch.

Sam slipped aboard her, cast off the painter, and set the oars in motion. Here—y—on! Sam—come back, I say! It was old Baxter himself who thus shouted, as he rushed out of the open door of the ship chandlery; but his voice was drowned in the shriek and roar of a squall from the westward.

Whew, how it did blow! The air was full of dust, leaves and flying twigs. The blue of the harbor suddenly took on the hue of a leaden sky, clouds overspreading the clouds like a pall, and the open sea beyond became a smother of foam.

Sam no longer thought of his hat. In five minutes it was blowing a gale, driving the dory before it with resistless force. The ebb tide was running like a mill race through the harbor entrance, and the surf thundering on the shore at either hand forbade a landing under peril of being dashed to pieces.

Now Sam was only twelve years old, but boys born and reared on the seaboard are, generally speaking, hardy and self-reliant. The sea had "got" into his blood, and Sam could do nothing but let the dory drive before it till the fury of the squall should abate.

But the squall settled into a steady blow, and as Sam suddenly remembered that the October equinoctial was at hand, his heart sank. Yet he would not stop, not by a long chalk, he said, and waiting a chance he pulled round head to the wind and sea. As for making headway against either, he might as well have tried to row up against the Niagara rapids.

Of course there was only one of two things. If the dory outlived the gale, he must pull back to the wharf, or he must strike the land, or take his chance of being picked up by some passing vessel. And too late Sam began to wish he had left his fishing line at home.

Hour after hour passed on, and now the pitchy darkness was riven by lurid lightning. The thunder crashed and the rain blown in sheets drenched the sea, and through. His wrists began to refuse duty—his head swam—and Sam began to be pretty sure that his end was near.

Suddenly blended with the murk and gloom, an indistinguishable mass rose out of the darkness, lowering directly above the stern of the dory. Ship or wreck or rock—which was it?

A great wave sent the frail craft crashing against it—the stern was shattered, and with

a cry Sam dropped his oars, threw up his hands, and— Five minutes before that, Mr. Mars, second officer of the whaling ship Rosseau, bound for the South Pacific, and lying hove to off the Cape shore, had walked forward to see that the ship's side lights were burning brightly. The lee fore brace, washed from its pin, was towing over the side.

"Haul in that fore brace and coil it up, one of you," he said, turning toward the weather bulwarks, under the lee of which the watch were stowed. "Aye, aye, sir," chorused the watch, but as Mr. Mars rolled aft without waiting to see the order obeyed nobody stirred for some little time.

Then, as the violence of the gale seemed to abate a trifle, Jim Martin rose reluctantly, slid to leeward, and got hold of the brace. "Blessed if I ain't caught somethin'—come here, one of you chaps, and give us a hand," he growled.

"Caught somethin'! Well, he had. When a moment before Sam Bond threw up his hands in wild despair they touched the drifting brace, which was washed directly across his sinking dory. And grasping it with the energy of despair, Sam was drawn into the ship's fore channels by Martin and another sailor.

"Good heavens, it's a mermaid!" gasped one of the men as a flash of lightning revealed to their astounded eyes a small pale face, about which a profusion of long light hair was matted, peering at them between the lanterns of the fore rigging.

"It's a mer-boy, more like," responded Martin, whom nothing astonished, and a few moments later, in a sailor rig much too large for him, Sam was sitting in the galley drinking hot coffee and telling his story.

Well, Captain Fabor was sorry for his predicament, but he couldn't bent into a harbor along the Cape shore to land the castaway when a fair gale was blowing. Indeed the ship had already been put before it under topsails, and was then doing her eight knots in a S. E. e course for the Cape of Good Hope. The most he could promise to do was to put him aboard the first northern bound vessel they spoke. But as it so happened they didn't speak a single one.

Now Sam had no particular fancy for a seafaring life. But on shipboard men must do as they are told—not as they want to. And being a sensible boy Sam adapted himself to circumstances and speedily became a favorite with the crew, and from the captain down to the cook.

Now life in a whaler has been described over and over again by pens a thousand times more able than my own. And yet like most subjects connected with the sea, there is almost always something new to be said about it.

If I had time I would like to tell you from memory how one feels "going on" to a ninety barrel whale for the first time. How as he steals a glance over his shoulder at the great mountain of flesh, his heart goes away down into his boots. How as the harpooner lets go his iron and the leviathan throws his great bulk almost free of the water as though to shake out the barbed steel, the greenland's heart comes from his boots up into his throat so suddenly as almost to choke him. And then the wild mad race, dragging the boat through, not over the seas till the monster succumbs to a bombance. With much more to follow.

All of this Sam Bond had to do as one of the crew of the waist boat. And if killing the whale was dangerously exciting, trying out the oil was intensely nasty. Yet there were compensations. There were the haleen days in the trade latitudes when for weeks at a time the braces were not touched. There was the pleasurable excitement of touching at a foreign port where white men were seldom or

And Sam Bond, two years and a half older than when he had last stood on the wharf, was right. There is little of growth to the small seaboard towns along our coast—rather the reverse. As the years passed, the wharf had been painted, one or two new buildings were visible—but that was all. Even the bulk of the old cunner, with its rusty mooring chains rose and fell with the tide in its accustomed place.

I wonder," began Sam, as a sudden recollection came to him. And then with an air of stepped lightly on board the old hulk. Sure enough the jug of oil was where he had hidden it three years ago, and a half ago. Sam thumped, secured it, and clambered out on the wharf again.

It was the hour when Barmouth was at tea. The wharf, the wooden bench in front of the ship chandlery and the shady street were comparatively deserted.

And now Sam's heart throbbled painfully as jug in hand he made his way toward the old homestead, which was only a few steps up from the wharf. Perhaps his Aunt Minerva was dead—

—he met no one he knew of whom he could inquire. As he passed the little busy street he stepped involuntarily. The family lot was near the fence, and as he glanced that way a mist cleared his eyes—for a new white stone stood next that of his mother, who died when Sam was a baby.

Sam dashed a flood of hot tears from his eyes. Dear old Aunt Minerva, who had been a mother to him, and how had he repaid her? How?

"TO SAMUEL BOND My Beloved Nephew, Aged Twelve, Who was Lost 7/1 Sea, October 13, 1894. This Stone is erected By his affectionate Aunt Minerva."

This was the inscription which met Sam's startled gaze. A start of astonishment—an exclamation of surprise and delight, and then a broad smile took the place of his sorrowful expression. And very excitingly Sam turned from the street up the lane leading to the little high roofed house where he was born.

"Wonder who that is comin' up the walk with a jug," remarked Miss Balch, the Barmouth dressmaker. The widow Bond was having her mourning remodeled and Miss Balch's services had been called into requisition.

"Mebbe it's Barne's new man," returned the widow who had mislaid her glasses, as she peered through her withered spectacles. "Though he's dressed dretful sailorlike," she added with a half smile. "For whatever pointed to the sea, where her boy was sleeping, had the tenderest associations for the widow Bond.

"Why, he's comin' in without knockin'," exclaimed Mrs. Bond, starting to her feet. Which Sam certainly was, and without speaking either. For the big lump in his throat prevented. Mrs. Bond, who had not found her spectacles, stared at the widow, who, setting down the jug, stared at her through a pair of misty eyes.

"Young man," said the widow severely, "ain't you got no better manners?" A pair of strong arms thrown about her neck, and a pair of fresh young lips pressed against her withered cheek, checked her further utterance but elicited a scream of horror, which, echoed by alarmed Miss Balch, made the very rafters of the Bond cottage ring!

"It's a drunken sailor tramp—help, Miss Balch!" shrilly ejaculated the widow Bond, struggling in Sam's embrace. "Aunt Nery!"

Mrs. Bond didn't exactly faint, but she "had a turn." So did Miss Balch, who knew Sam's voice in a moment. And then followed camphor, water and explanations from Sam and Mrs. Bond.

"There's the oil you sent me after, Aunt Nery," said Sam, pointing to the jug, "and aboard the Rosseau I've got the value of something like twenty five barrels as my 'lay' for the voyage." And as Sam's oil and share of bone brought almost five hundred dollars when sold, Mrs. Bond never after regretted that Sam had had a fondness for "going fishing."

TO EUROPE IN THIRTY SIX HOURS. CAPTAIN JOY, the director of the French Balloon Society, has announced his intention of crossing the Atlantic from New York to Europe in thirty six hours. He is building a great balloon, which he expects to finish before October, and which will then be brought to the point of departure on a steamer, to return to France on the wings of the wind.

A few particulars, as given by the captain, may be of interest. "The bag in which the gas is stored," he says, "will be varnished with a preparation patented by myself, the use of which will render the material of the bag almost impenetrable, and thus prevent the escape of the gas. We are not likely to want a large stock of food; we expect to make the passage in thirty six hours—sixty at the outside. That will be at the rate of six or seventy miles an hour. During the winter frequent atmospheric disturbances pass from America to the north of Scotland; we shall launch in one of those tempests, and hope in thirty six hours to be on our way home."

"We have no steering apparatus, and shall have to rely upon the winds to direct us. It was Frank who, on several occasions launched into space, said, 'It is a child that only wants a crowd, really this child is still in its infancy; for little progress has been made towards solving the problem of steering the balloon.'



SAM BOND SURPRISES AUNT MINERVA.

[This story commenced in No. 247.]

DROWNED GOLD.

By DAVID KER.

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

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD.

WHEN the captain and his party returned to the factory they found Mylneer Everts looking very grave. He looked graver still when Captain Peters told him of their discovery on the wreck, winding up the story by saying,

"It's all as plain as print now. The chest aboard must have stolen the money and put in the iron instead, and then sent this scoundrel Camacho along with us on purpose to wreck the ship, and so hide their own trick, and claim insurance into the bargain for a loss that's never happened. That game with the compass was his work, I'm certain; and here I have been pitying him all the while!"

"You no need pity him much," exclaimed the Dutchman, grimly. "Look, see! when my men go look for him, dey come voo ze bush close by where you find ze compass, and dey find dat!"

"Dat" was a small cigar case, which they had all seen in Camacho's hands, and which bore his initials, "L. C.," in gilt letters.

"Oho!" cried the captain. "I see daylight! He suspected something when Cariboo came to call me that time, and he slipped out after us, telling you that he was going to the native village; and when he saw that we'd found the compass and the iron sticking in it, he got frightened that we'd find out it was his doing, and cleared out. I suppose he has deserted to the niggers in good earnest now, and good riddance of him!"

"We no get rid of him so easy," answered the Dutchman, shaking his head with a look of such gloomy significance that they all started, and asked hastily what he meant.

The explanation, when it came, was a terrible blow to poor Captain Peters, who, just as he was beginning to hope that his troubles and those of his companions were almost at an end, suddenly learned that they were all on the very brink of a more frightful danger than ever.

Camacho's only chance now (so said Mylneer Everts) would be to destroy all the witnesses who could reveal his crime; and a man who had deliberately wrecked a ship with several scores of people on board was not likely to trouble himself much about a few lives more or less.

He would probably stir up the natives to attack the factory, which he could easily do by spreading exaggerated reports of the plunder to be found in it, and the valuables which the white men had brought ashore with them. In short, they might expect to be fighting for their lives within a day or two at the most.

"Why, I thought all the natives round here were friends of yours, Mr. Everts," cried the captain.

But the Dutchman told him that although the two nearest chiefs—"King" Jumbo on this side of the Cestos, and "King" Jefferson Davis on the other—were friendly to him, there were others higher up the river who were not so, and Camacho was doubtless well aware of this.

The Spaniard had evidently been here before, for several of the Kroomen remembered having seen him; and it was certain that if he meant mischief he would seek the help of the tribe on the left bank of the Cestos.

On the whole, Mylneer Everts decided upon going up the river in a boat to King Davis's "town," and begging that monarch to keep an eye upon his troublesome neighbors across the water, in case Camacho should stir them up to mischief.

In his absence, Major Vere, as the only professional soldier among them, was to put the place in a state of defense, and command the garrison.

Next morning, accordingly, Mylneer Everts and his party started up the river directly after the seven o'clock breakfast. But this time he took no one

with him except Mr. Keir and the three boys, not wishing to weaken the garrison too much when danger was abroad.

It was no easy matter to get on board, for between the boat and the firm ground lay a broad belt of half liquid black mud, across which the passengers were carried like babies in the arms of the sturdy Kroomen.

Mr. Keir was all but capsized just at the very worst spot, and Mylneer Everts's long limbs, sprawling abroad in the grasp of a brawny negro, reminded Harry of a picture in "Æsop's Fables," representing a luckless frog kicking and writhing in the merciless beak of King Stork.

But at length all were safe aboard, and away they went.

Altogether, Steve and Harry thought it the most dismal place they had ever seen, and in such a spot the startling announcement with which Mylneer Everts now broke the silence sounded quite natural.

"Now, Mistaire Keir, you zall have something to write for your paper. Ve will take you to one Insel—vat you call island—vere all ze dead men live!"

The superstitious Kroomen looked very blank at this suggestion, but they turned their boat as their leader directed, and glided silently in beneath a mass of overhanging boughs, which threw a kind of spectral twilight over a very strange and startling scene.

Out of the sullen, slimy waters rose a

inexhaustibly amid the corruption and debasement of man.

"They break all the things that have been used by a dead chief, that no one else may ever use them," explained Mr. Keir; "just as your American Indians, Steve; used to bury their chief's weapons and property along with him. Now I think of it, some of the bones on the Lower Congo have the same fashion of burial."

CHAPTER XVII.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

EVERY one felt relieved as they turned away from the fatal islet, and glided out into the open river once more.

But the scenery that surrounded them was still as dismal as ever.

All along the right bank the current of the river, forcing its way among the low, swampy mangrove thickets, had formed a network of small, winding, gloomy canals, in the dim shadow of which the knotted, misshapen trees that stretched out their branches from either side might well have passed for monsters starting up to tear and devour the daring intruders.

At length they turned up a narrow and very shallow creek, ending in a perfect custard of mud and water, into which the Kroomen sank above the knee in carrying them ashore.

"I say, Steve," cried Harry, "doesn't this remind you of father's yarn about those people that had a magic porridge pot that went on boiling till you told it to stop? and one day they forgot the word that stopped it, and it boiled over and flooded the whole village with porridge; and when it stopped at last all the people had to eat their way home again!"

But the hardest part of their work was still to come.

The one little thread of a path that zigzagged upward through the bristling jungle had been turned into a running brook by the recent rains, and so they floundered along, its muddy edges, now on one side and now on the other (finding each in turn worse than the last), bending branches scalped them from above, and thorns ran into them below, while every now and then they had to jump over (or into) an enormous puddle, getting splashed to such an extent that they all looked, as Harry said with a grin, "like bits of blotting paper running a race across an inkstand."

At last, however, the gloomy trees and spiky thickets began to give place to plantations of cassavas and broad leaved plantains—a sure sign in Africa that a village is near—and suddenly they came upon the six hovels forming the "town," which, built of cane and thatched with palm leaves, looked just like big birds' nests.

In the center of all, under the shadow of a mighty tree, stood the house of King Jefferson Davis himself, who came forth to meet them in all his glory.

His majesty was a wizened little gray headed Krooman, simply dressed in a round hat and a flannel shirt, the latter so threadbare that it was only saved from falling to pieces outright by the dirt that

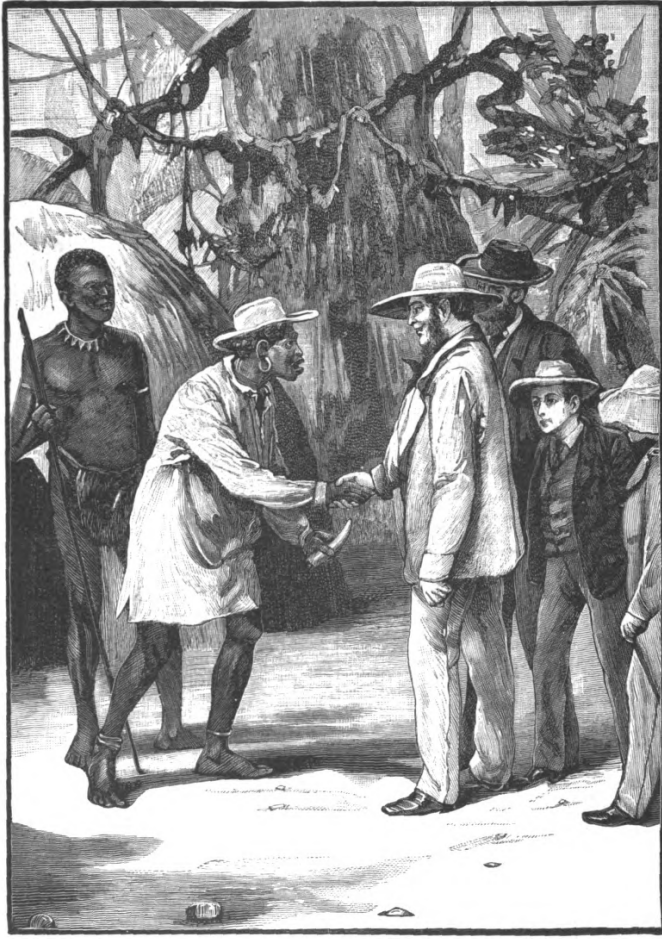
pasted it together. The king shook hands cordially with the whole party, not much to their satisfaction. His hand was so dirty and greasy that Harry felt as if he were holding a live salmon by the tail.

Then the king promptly held up for inspection the small end of an elephant's tusk, which he carried by way of scepter, bearing the inscription, "Ben Grouse, River Cestos, 1840."

"Some shipwrecked sailor, I suppose, who became this old boy's prime minister," whispered Harry to his cousin. "Fine subject that would be for a thrilling romance, eh, Steve?"

The king's house differed from the rest only in being much bigger, and having an immense porch in front of it; but it contained much that was curious and well worth seeing.

High upon one of the walls hung a gilt label of "Best Cod Liver Oil" which King Davis and his people evidently regarded as a first class magical charm. Farther on in this porch, much bigger, and having an immense coffee pot without a handle, a black leather portmanteau studded with brass knobs,



THE KING SHOOK HANDS CORDIALLY WITH HIS WHITE VISITORS.

A few strokes of the oars hid the factory from sight, and the gloom and horror of the dismal African river sank upon them like a shroud. Far as the eye could reach all was one hideous tangle of dark leathery mangrove leaves, curling over one another like coiling snakes, along either edge of the fun, beer colored stream, from which the damp, white fever mist was just beginning to drift heavily away as the broadening sunlight struck through it.

Over this evil place brooded a dreary and awful silence, deepening the chilling effect of these black masses of distorted vegetation, beneath which the long gaunt roots crossed and recrossed each other, like the bones of a skeleton digging their rightful claws deep into the spongy rottenness below.

Suddenly, a long, oily ripple broke the sullen waters, and up rose, within an oar's length of the bow, the hudge, ridgy, mud besmeared back, and dull, horny eye of an enormous crocodile. The monster eyed the passing boat victoriously for a moment or two and then glided slowly away into the ghostly shadow of the thickets.

lunge, irregular mass of black rock, which, separated from the mainland by a bend of the river, did indeed seem to be cut off from the living world and set apart forever as a place of desolation and death. It was overhung by three or four twisted, goblin looking trees, which had fastened their long, snaky roots into its crannies.

In a hollow of the rock, just where the gloomy shadows fell deepest and darkest, stood two rough boxes, covered with coarse native cloths. Beside them lay bleaching several human leg bones and arm bones, for in this horrible cemetery there is no earth to hide the dead, and each corpse is simply laid on the bare rock and left to rot there.

All around this dismal spot were strewn old hats and colored rags, broken clay pipes, tin pans and fragments of plates, dishes and bottles, with which the bones of the dead were jumbled up like rubbish in an ash barrel.

But mingling with the sickening odor of decay came the rich fragrance of the beautiful spring, which had spread the fresh pink of its tender blossoms over this place of death, like the mercy of God springing up

and a staring "picture handkerchief," representing Robinson Crusoe's first meeting with his man Friday.

On the other side of the room a kind of sleeping place was walled off by a trellis work of cane, with a hole in it just wide enough to creep through.

From this opening two or three black faces peered curiously at the strangers, while half a dozen more peeped in through the doorway; but these latter vanished at once when Mr. Keir and the boys, leaving Myhner Everts to have his talk with the king, started out for a walk round the village, accompanied by the second chief, whose name sounded to Harry's astonished ears exactly like "Cat-in-a-frying-pan."

The first thing they saw was an earthenware plate nailed to a dead palm tree, as a *ju ju* (magical charm). Next they came upon four or five children, with nothing on but a bunch of brass keys, grouped around a black lady who was pounding manioc root in an earthen trough, from which arose a small so frightful that even the seasoned correspondent was forced to hold his nose.

Then the chief showed them with great pride the huge war drum with which the king called his warriors to battle, and the ball in which he and his chiefs held their "palaver."

A queer affair it was, consisting merely of a thick grass thatch supported by a double row of stout poles, and looking altogether as Steve whispered to Harry "just like the skeleton of a starved warhorse."

A little farther on Mr. Keir stopped to make friends with a baby, whose whole stock of clothes appeared to consist of two brass rings and a button hook, the latter being hung round its neck as a charm. But, to his small dismay, the baby, attracted by the bright color of his scarf, clung to him as if it meant to stay with him altogether, while its affectionate mamma promptly suggested that "White man gib four brass ring, baby pleased many."

"That's like a man who saw in a window 'Families supplied to order,' and went in and ordered a wife and eight children," cried Harry. "It's just as well to know the market value of one's relations, anyhow. If I ever want a fresh stock of consins or sisters I can tell how many brass rings to give for them."

"Unless prices rise in the meantime," put in Steve.

By the time their stroll ended the day was wearing towards afternoon and Myhner Everts, having received the king's promise of help should any of the neighboring tribes attack him, was eager to depart.

But King Davis insisted upon their having dinner first, and the meal of rice, bananas, and "cassava" took so long to prepare and to eat, that it was past three o'clock before they got back to their boat again.

Although it was still broad daylight elsewhere, the ghostly shadows of the thickets shed a cheerless light upon the sullen stream, so gloomy that the long, low, dark, narrow object which suddenly came gliding out from the black mass of intertwisted boughs that covered the bank might well have seemed another shadow somewhat deeper than the rest.

But one glance at it was quite enough for Myhner Everts.

"A war canoe!" shouted he to his men. "Pull hard!"

He had scarcely spoken when the strange canoe (which was now seen to be crowded with men) darted forward like an arrow in pursuit of them, while, as if to put her intentions beyond a doubt, a flash and a puff of smoke issued from her bow, and a bullet whistled close to the brave Dutchman's ear as he sat in the stern sheets with his hand on the tiller.

And now began a race for life and death. The factory boat men pulled as they had never pulled before; but the greater weight of the pursuing boat was counterbalanced by its having twelve oars to their six, and the race was a fearfully close one.

Unarmed as they were, they could make no answer to the firing kept up by the marksman in the enemy's bow, who, even with his clumsy old fashioned musket, sent more than one bullet within an inch of Evert's head. But the stout hearted Dutchman's eye was as watchful and his hand on the tiller as steady as ever.

No one spoke a word, but the thoughts of all were busy enough. It was plain that Canuacho had succeeded in stirring up the savages to join him in assaulting the factory, and that King Davis's help would come too late.

Perhaps the factory itself had been attacked and destroyed in their absence, and they might reach it only to find the corpses of their comrades buried under its burning ruins. But would they ever reach it? The pursuers were evidently beginning to gain upon them, and, once overtaken, they could hope for no mercy.

Suddenly Myhner Everts saw Mr. Keir's set face brighten into a smile of stern triumph, while at the same moment a wild cry made him look round just in time to behold the chasing canoe ran hard and fast to a sandbank.

But as her crew leaped into the water to haul her off, Everts and his party saw for the first time that the steerer of the enemy's boat was a man in European dress, from beneath whose broad brimmed hat peered the lean dark features and cruel eyes of the traitor Spaniard, Luis Canuacho!

(To be continued.)

HIS BOOTS WERE SAFE.

VISITORS to sea side resorts have, in many cases, seen a great change come over these summer abodes. Primitive simplicity has given place to civilization, and in many of them fashion rules as rigidly as in the city.

Some of us, says a writer in the *Boston Post*, remember pleasant Bar Harbor days when the ways of the far off "world" were as unknown as yeast risen biscuit. It was not many more than a dozen years ago that a young man from Boston, thinking that his boots might be overlooked by the not too attentive native "help," said to the proprietor of the Boat Bar Hotel, "I shall put my boots outside my door to-night."

"All right, sir," replied the kindly, genial hostess; "I'll find 'em there in the morning. We're all honest folks here."

AN INGENIOUS CLOCK.

TO the list of curious timepieces of which mention has been made during the past few months in these columns, we must now add one recently patented in France.

In shape it is like a tambourine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding to the hour figures of ordinary dials. On examination two bees, one large and the other small, are discovered crawling about the flowers. The small bee completes the circle in an hour, while the large one takes twelve hours to complete the round. The parchment is unbroken, and the bees simply laid upon it, but two magnets connected with the clockwork inside the tambourine rest under the membrane, and the insects, which are of iron, follow them.

OVER THE RAPIDS.

IT seems like a wanton waste of the quality known as "cool headedness" to exercise it in mere sport. A gentleman interested in bridge building tells of a sample of this daring recklessness in a reminiscence of the time when he was constructing the cantilever over the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara.

"I remember," he says, "that I was up there one day when we had the job about completed. The cantilever arms were then within fifty feet of each other, and two hundred and forty feet above the rushing waters. It was decided at this time to connect them temporarily with a plank. This plank was fifty five feet in length, about two and a half feet of each end resting on the cantilever arms.

"The foreman had issued a strict order prohibiting any one from crossing the plank until it was firmly fastened at each end, the penalty being immediate dismissal. There had been a great deal of talk among the men as to who would be the first to cross, and I was standing on the American side, looking at the structure, when I saw one of the men take the plank, look over his hands, and then look down into the whirlpool below. I felt that he was going to cross the plank, but I was too far from him to make him hear. He walked a second or two, and then he stepped out on the plank, and when he reached the middle of it he stooped over, seizing the edges of the plank with both hands and throwing his feet up, he stood on his head, and kicked his heels and shouted to the terrified lookers on. He must have been a minute doing it, but I felt as though it was half an hour.

"After satisfying himself that he had kicked enough he regained his equilibrium and then trotted along the plank to the opposite side, from where he started, seized hold of one of the iron braces of the cantilever and went back to his first hand over hand, to the bottom. I never saw anything like it before.

"Of course the foreman discharged him, and he was laid off two or three days, when I sent for him. He was one of the best men on the job, and I talked to him like a Dutch uncle and put him to work again.

THE EQUINOCTIAL.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

One side I see the summer fields,
Not yet despoiled of all their green,
While westerly along the hills
Flame the first tints of frosty sheen.
Ah, middle point, where cloud and storm
Make battle ground of this my life,—
Where, even matched, the night and day
Wage round me their September strife!
I bow me to the threatening gale;
I know, when that is over past,
Among the peaceful harvest days
An Indian summer comes at last.

[This story commenced in No. 236.]

IN SOUTHERN SEAS: OR JACK ESBON'S EVENTFUL VOYAGE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE GATHERING AT THE ESBON HOMESTEAD.

MAPLETON was astir with curiosity. For days people had been trying to find out who had bought or leased the Esbon homestead, which was being fitted up so handsomely.

The sedate looking, reticent Mr. Simpson, who was carefully supervising everything, did not seem inclined to give much information.

Where did the person who was to occupy the premises come from? Well, Mr. Simpson believed he came from Boston last. His name? That would appear in due time. He—Simpson—had orders not to give it at present.

Wealthy? Yes—he believed the mysterious unknown had inherited about two hundred thousand dollars. Young? Well, he was not what one might call old. And so on.

Some thought that Simpson himself was the fortunate individual. Others, that Mr. Abbott, a legal light of Boston, had taken the place for his summer residence—he having paid two or three visits to the homestead while the alterations were going on.

But Mr. Abbott proved quite as uncommunicative as Simpson himself, and people's curiosity remained ungratified till the day following the advent of Jack Esbon into his native town.

Great was the stir, and even the excitement, when it was known that over a hundred invitations had been sent about town, addressed not only to the very elite but to some of those who were by no means reckoned among society people.

The pleasure of your company is requested at a "house warming" to be held at the Esbon homestead on Wednesday evening, April 15, 1884, at 8 P. M.

The new proprietor has taken this method of meeting with his future neighbors, with whom he wishes to become better acquainted, and extends to each and all to whom this message shall come a cordial invitation to be present.

Thus the missives read. They had put the people of Mapleton in a flutter of mingled excitement and curiosity. Captain Darling and daughter had received one, the Vandykes likewise.

Jack himself betrayed not the slightest curiosity as to who might have taken the old homestead, and from motives of delicacy neither Captain Darling nor Miss Jennie made any reference to the matter in his presence.

Mrs. Carr—Jennie's aunt—who kept house for the captain, and who secretly regarded Jack as an interloper, saw him stroll down the way the morning after his arrival, and stand for some little time under one of the big elms before the house, which he was regarding attentively.

Mr. Simpson happening to come out on the piazza, the observant lady noticed that Jack coolly entered into conversation with him, and the two spoke together for some little time.

"I suppose you didn't find out the name of the new comer, or tenant, or whatever he is, Mr. Esbon?" she said curiously on Jack's return.

"I do not ask," was the quiet response. That afternoon Jack, who had appeared rather restless and ill at ease, told Captain Darling that he did not think inactivity agreed with him.

"Tomorrow, captain," he said gravely, "I will tell you my plans far as far as I have made any, and I think I shall not be too proud to accept such assistance, as I happen to know you have it in your power to give me."

"To the half of my kingdom," laughed the captain, as he clapped the stalwart young fellow on the shoulders. "Cheer

up, Jack, there are happy days in store for you—I feel it in my bones."

"I trust so, Captain Darling," returned Jack, with a strange light in his dark eyes as he bent them upon Miss Jennie. Seated at the piano, the young girl was softly running her fingers over the keys. Captain Darling left the room, and there was silence for a moment.

"And such the trust that still were mine. 'Thou art the first and last of the bright. Or through the tempest's awful breath, Broused me from sleep to wreck and death, In ocean cave still safe with Thee 'The germ of immortality.'"

Playing a sweet low accompaniment, Jennie suddenly began singing the verses he had given.

"Do you remember the night you sang 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep' on the Kerr's forecastle, Jack?" she asked, wheeling about on the piano stool.

And Jack replied that he did—very well. "That was the beginning of my suspicion that you might be Jack Esbon," said Miss Jennie, as a delicate flush tinged her fair face. "But had once heard you sing the same song before."

Jack laughed as the added remembrance of Carlos Fontaine's discomfiture came into his mind.

"Do you know if anything has been heard from the boat containing the mutineers after Vandyke left them?" he asked.

"Only that they are said to have landed on some one of the islands in the Java Sea where they would be safe from pursuit," was the reply.

But, Jack, continued the young girl, with an obvious care of changing an unpleasant subject, "you spoke of telling father your plans tomorrow—do you mind mentioning them to me?"

Jack, usually cool and self possessed, blushed painfully, very much to Jennie's surprise, and stammered something incoherent.

"I—I will tell you tonight, perhaps, Miss Jennie," he answered, recovering himself a little.

"Tonight we are going to that 'it' said Miss Jennie, bethinking herself—"you know father and I are never forgiven."

"Yes, I know, Miss Jennie," was the quiet response, "but perhaps I may have a chance to see you after all."

Miss Jennie, quite mystified at Jack's curious manner, made no reply. After a little time he went out, telling Mrs. Carr that in all probability he might not be back to supper.

"No greater loss if you didn't come back at all," muttered Mrs. Carr, who thought she had received principal and interest for the sum of money wheeled from her by Jack's stepfather, and he never forgiven the act, and in some remote way seemed to connect Jack with it.

"To think that Captain Darling would allow such a shabbily dressed fellow to hang about his premises as that Jack Esbon is doing—it's ridiculous!" Thus ran the current of her thoughts, but she knew better than to express them in words—especially in the hearing of Captain Darling or Jennie.

So the hours passed on, and early in the evening it was seen that the Esbon homestead was ablaze with light from the parlors to the attic.

A number of trunks had been delivered by the baggage express, but though expectant eyes had been on the watch, nobody had seen any one who might represent their ownership. Mr. Abbott had put in an appearance about six o'clock, and with him a corps of colored waiters from town, who were to dispense the various dainties which had been continually arriving since morning.

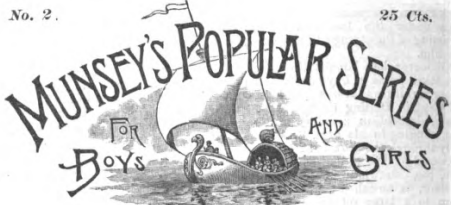
CHAPTER XLIV.

AND LAST.

LARENCE VANDYKE and his father—a pompous individual, given to boasting of his wealth, which now was eclipsed in magnitude by that of the mysterious unknown—were among the first arrivals at the Esbon homestead, where Mr. Abbott, temporarily acting as host, received them with his customary urbanity.

Then in steady succession came an excited, interested and inquisitive array of townspeople, filling the rooms and inspecting everything, from the upright piano, with its rich carvings, to the statuary, oil paintings and bric-a-brac, with the liveliest curiosity.

Among the new and costly articles of furnishing and adornment were many things which Jennie remembered to have seen in the days of Mr. Durkin's reign. There was the old oak sideboard, the tall



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Voyage to the Gold Coast; OR, JACK BOND'S QUEST.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE

ILLUSTRATED.

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REASSURING. VOICE FROM CABIN TO TOURIST.—"Come in, boss! Don't be scared ob de dog! He wouldn't bite a calf!"

THE SHORTEST ON RECORD.

THAT silence is sometimes more effective than oratory may be deduced from the following account of a congressional duel narrated by the *Onaka World*:

A representative from Ohio, who had a grudge against General Butler, one day made a violent attack upon the old Massachusetts congressman. His speech was simply a torrent of abuse, and would have attracted unmitigated disgust had it not been for his peculiar gesture, which tempered the disgust with mirth. He had a fashion of raising his arms just as high above his head as possible and then wringing his hands as though he were making a delirious attempt to shake them off.

Butler sat through the speech with his one good eye half shut, not moving a muscle. When the Ohio man had finished and taken his seat he rose—calm, dignified, and impressive—and stood in the aisle. For half a minute he said nothing. Then he began:

"Mr. Speaker," Then he began: Another pause, long and ponderous. Everybody waited, with hushed breath, for him to continue. Raising his arms, Butler reproduced exactly the awful gesture of the Ohio congressman. Then he permitted his arms to fall again and for another half minute stood still and silent.

"That is all, Mr. Speaker," said the shrewd and sarcastic son of Massachusetts. "I just wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio." Judging from the wild laughter and applause which followed, the old general's speech was at once the shortest and the best ever delivered in the lower House.

THE CHAMBERLAIN STILTER.

THE latest novelty in the touring way is the walk one James McGregor recently took from Dundee, Scotland, to London, on a pair of stilts. The distance between the two cities by road is nearly five hundred miles, which McGregor said he would cover in thirty days, but he succeeded in doing it in twenty eight and a half. We should think, however, that this style of long distance locomotion is of a sort more to be wondered at than enjoyed.

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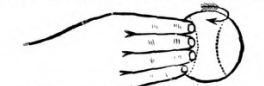
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