

# GOLDEN ALCOSY

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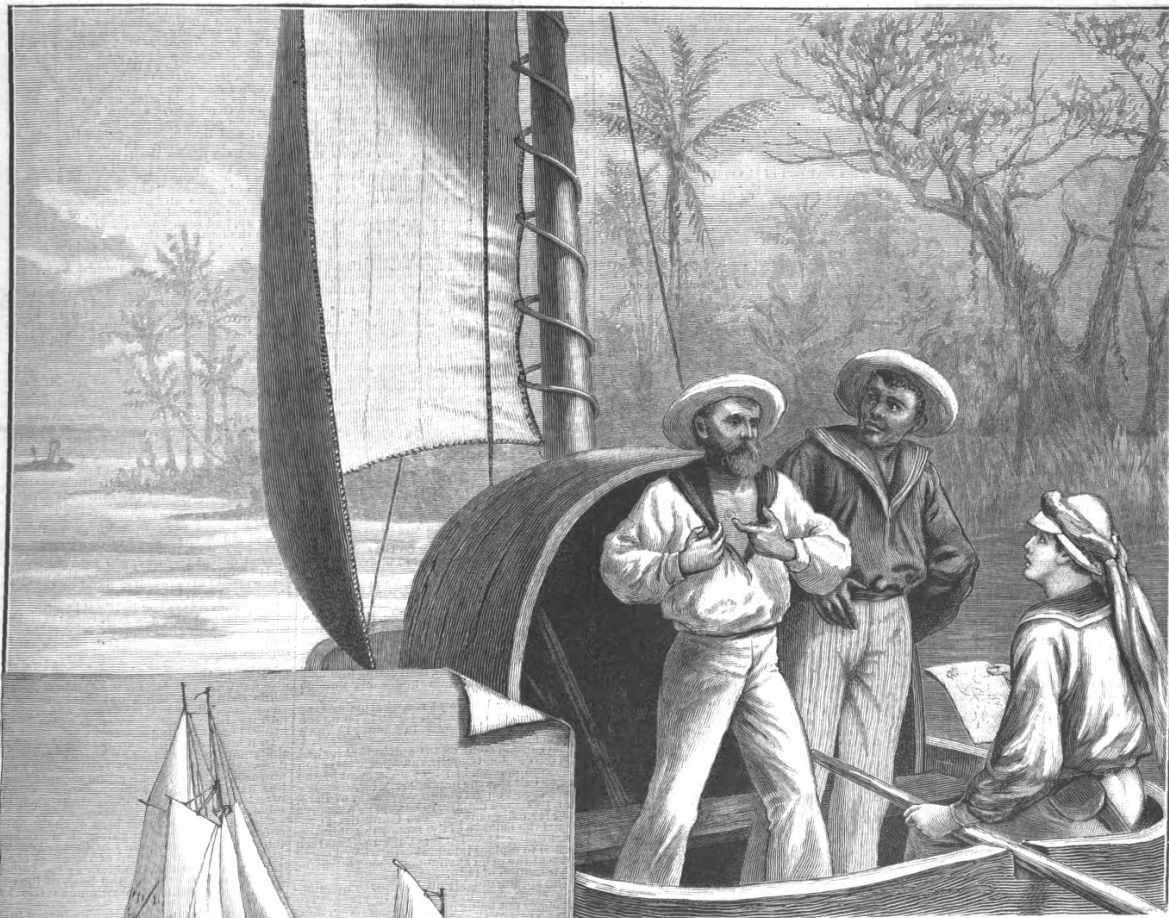
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## VAN;

OR,

IN SEARCH OF AN UNKNOWN RACE.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Author of "In Southern Seas," "That Treasure," "A Voyage to the Gold Coast," etc., etc.

### PROLOGUE.

THE following singular paragraph appeared in the edition dated August 5, 1886, of *The News Letter*, a journal published at Para, South America:

It has long been known to scientists and archaeologists that somewhere in the unexplored regions of our own great land is a province and city whose inhabitants have descended from an unknown race

who were in being centuries ago. Itambezi — so the province is called — is presumed to be hemmed in by a vast ring of mountains about three degrees south of the equator. It teems with mineral wealth to an almost fabulous degree. The river beds of the province abound with precious gems — diamonds and rubies particularly being found in the greatest profusion. It is said that Diamantina, the gem producing district of Brazil, has never furnished stones of such size and purity as those of Itambezi.

WITH AN ASTONISHMENT GREATER THAN CAN BE IMAGINED, VAN SAW, TATTOOED  
ON THE STRANGE SAILOR'S CHEST, THE EXACT COUNTERPART OF  
THE SEAL ON THE LETTER FROM THE  
UNKNOWN LAND.

Within the writer's memory, two expeditions have vainly attempted to penetrate the unknown interior. With the first expedition went the English traveler, Edward Bampton, and Carl Schmidt, the German naturalist, who were killed by Mbumu cannibals in the far interior. Owing to seemingly insurmountable obstacles, the two expeditions did not beyond the Uraric region—and the ferocity of the savage tribes, only a few members of sterner constitution returned. It was a life of privation, hardship and famine which decimated their number and cooled their exploring ardor.

Within the past month, however, five persons have been for a similar expedition. But through their extreme reticence could tell much regarding Itambezi. A young lady of remarkable beauty, accompanied by a female friend, also a beautiful specimen of young manhood—all of whom are said to have been born in the mysterious province—remained here a day or two prior to the sailing of the *Brazil* for New York. But though they spoke English fluently, and the Spanish language without difficulty, your reporter could obtain no satisfactory interview with them—thanks in the case of the lady and her female attendant, to the watchfulness of their colored servant.

At the present time of writing a young man named Eric, who, in his opinion, is the best one of the steamer party, is here—also awaiting the next steamer for the United States. All of them are known to have disposed of diamonds which were found in the province in which they were born in this city. It is to be regretted that Mr. Briscoe, who is a young man of singular intelligence, is so secretive in his ways, that no one could ascertain there is a mystery about the whole affair which it would be interesting to unravel.

NOTE BY AUTHOR.

During the past year I was my good fortune to hear from the lips of the young traveler, who will be known in this story as Vance Briscoe, a narration which has many of the elements of the marvelous. The account of a canoe made during his journey in the unexplored wilds of Brazil. I have compiled the story directly from his own merely changed for dramatic effect, the characters, and some of the places mentioned in the record of these extraordinary adventures.—THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

A MESSAGE FROM THE UNKNOWN LAND.

THE schooner *Rattler* lay at an outside berth of a Boston wharf ready to sail on the following day. In the cabin below, Captain Josh Peterson—a squarely built middle aged seaman with a resolute, weather beaten face, had just shaken his heels for at least the hundredth time, looking young fellow in his seventeenth year, who had just come on board.

"In Briscoe, or for that name will the hero of my story be known—was tall and sinewy for his years, with pleasant clear cut features a trifle bronzed by sea air.

Eric had but that day arrived in Boston from New York, where for three years he had been on board the schoolship *St. Mary's*. He had paid a flying visit to one of the wharves close to the wharf where Captain Peterson's maiden sister resided, and now had come aboard in accordance with an arrangement with the captain, who had been overboard.

"Van," said Captain Peterson, as he nervously drew a tin case from his desk. "I—there's something a—little out of the ordinary run of the matter, but don't you worry."

And checking himself abruptly, he stepped to the door which led to the outer cabin. There he listened, looking over his shoulder, and glancing up the after companionway to make sure the slide was pulled over, returned to his seat at the table.

"As you know, the *Rattler* is bound for Para, in Brazil, and thence up the Amazon on a trading voyage."

"You have heard me speak of your uncle, Richard Vance Briscoe," Captain Peterson went on. "You'll remember that he sailed as passenger for San Francisco in 1865 on board the *Argonaut*—afterward reported as lost on the Peruvian coast with all on board?"

"That was the year before father died on the passage from the south coast of Africa," replied Van. "I never saw him, but I have reference to the uncle he had never seen had suddenly suggested to his mind how utterly alone he was in the world. His mother had died at Van's birth, his father (who had been a sea captain) was buried in mid ocean, and so far as he knew Van had neither kith nor kin in the world."

Without replying directly, Captain Peterson took from the tin case a letter written on bluish paper like parchment, which exhaled a strange sultry odor as he unfolded. On the back of the sheet, Van saw the outline of a map cleverly drawn in a sort of golden tinted ink, and in one corner a hand-drawn sketch of a seal of singular design. A hand glancing at the burning torch was enraptured by a serpent holding the tip of its tail in its mouth—the serpent's symbol.

"A year ago this month," began Captain Peterson nervously, "a big sailer's looking acquaintance, who called on me, came aboard the *Rattler* with this letter. It was directed to Captain James Briscoe, your father, in care of Davis & Co., ship brokers. Martin had been a partner in the firm, and he told me, knowing that I as your father's administrator was his only representative keeping your name. Martin had a remarkable strange story to tell, the whole corroborated by the contents of this letter, which he left. Then, taking out his clasp knife, he opened open the cover of a small tin can, and from at least a dozen diamonds in the purest water which he had sewed in the lining, selected the largest. This goes with this letter—you'll find it in the whole when you come to read it," he said, and before I could stop him, Martin was gone. I've never set eyes on him since."

"Captain Peterson, drawing a long breath, "though for reasons you'll soon understand I would give a hundred dollars today to be able to lay my hands on it."

"But the letter," eagerly exclaimed Van. "Who was it from—what is its about?"

"That's what I've been coming at," replied the captain, "and now I'll listen without interrupting you, so that you may know what it astonish you, to say the least."

"Thus premising, Captain Peterson cleared his throat, and, in a voice suggestive of repressed excitement, began:

"CITY OF ITAMBEZI, "PROVINCE OF ITAMBEZI, BRAZIL."

"BROTHER JAMES, "I confess you have thought of me as dead all the time. The bearer of this letter, Robert Martin, will tell you to the contrary. Whatever he says, no matter how incredible it may seem to you, you may as well believe. For reasons which you may some time understand, I am not allowed to give Martin and myself, the only survivors of the *Argonaut*, the right to give any account of our adventures, after terrible privation and suffering. I have, it is only through a special edict that I have been allowed all this time permitted to communicate with you through Martin, who, very foolishly, has resolved to leave this wonderful city—but a sailor would grow tired of Paradise itself in time."

"Of the people of Itambezi I am not allowed to say anything in this letter. Their history and characteristics must for the present remain a mystery to you, as they are to the natives. But regarding the wealth of the country I am permitted to say that it is simply fabulous."

"Now, to come to the point. By a freak of fortune I have been placed in the position of Itambezi, through which I have been granted a favor unprecedented in the city's history, namely, to share with my kindred some of the great wealth which has accumulated, provided they have the courage to come here after it. In this case, the only restrictions are these: Should you or any of the people of Itambezi I am not allowed to draw on the back of this letter and my brief instructions, such visitor will be allowed to bring two crocodiles (as alone, it would be impossible to take any of Itambezi's produce) with you to reveal certain things which will come to your knowledge."

"The first part of the route traced out on the map is comparatively easy—being simply the ascent of the Amazon to its junction with the branch called the Urarica, connecting the Amazon with the Bay of Maranhão. The latter river enters it. Follow up the Canama to the lake of the same name, into the further side of which flows the same Canama, which is the outlet of the Cordillera. Thence shall reach Canama Lake. Bringing this letter, which has the imprint of the royal seal, has no further difficulty. His or their respective names, and such person or persons are taken in charge by others."

"The stone that Martin will deliver with this letter is an earnest of my sincerity. He may show you the map, and I will be glad to see it as well."

"Given at the council chamber on the eleventh month of the year 1884, under the authority of the Council of Seven."

"RICHARD VANCE BRISCOE."

During the reading of this most extraordinary message, Van's face was a study. Curiosity, astonishment and incredulity in turn struck his mind.

"It is the strangest thing I ever heard in my life," he exclaimed. "But what do you think of it?"

"What can I think otherwise than to believe the whole thing is just as you've heard it?" was the grave reply. "The letter is in your uncle's own handwriting, and he can swear to any where, while the everything it contains confirms Martin's story."

"But despite the captain's assertion, no less than the written proof, Van's mind could not take in all at once anything that bordered so closely upon the marvelous."

"I'm not going to urge this thing, Van," said Captain Peterson, who seemed rather disappointed at the short silence that had followed. "But let me tell you that on my arrival at Para I want you to think it over seriously, for it looks to me as though a fortune would be yours, if you could only get any more tonight, for it's getting late and we must be on deck bright and early."

Very soon Van found himself in his comfortable berth, but it was some time before slumber visited his eyelids.

The singular revelation to which he had listened, and the knowledge that this only relative, so long regarded as dead, was still alive, was a denizen of a mysterious country not unlike the fairyland of which he had read in boyhood, and the possibilities thus suggested, filled his mind to overflowing.

Finally he fell asleep, to be roused at daybreak by Captain Peterson. "Now then, Mr. Briscoe," he said, and realizing that with his new prefix of "Mr.," his duties as a vessel's officer were to be taken up, Van hurried on deck.

The morning was cold and gray, with a fierce northwest wind shrieking through the rigging. Muffled in their pilot coats the *Rattler's* crew and his own, Van, looking over the decks, directing the men, who were taking off the sail covers and casting the sheet, saw that the crew were all in uniform. Most of the new crew had the collars of their ragged coats turned up and their shabby caps pulled well down, to protect their ears from the biting cold. Van noticed him in the practical details of seamanship, and with Captain Peterson to give him points, he speedily began to gain confidence. He soon saw, too, that with a few exceptions, the crew were not by no means backward in pulling and hauling with the rest when occasion required.

By nightfall Cape Cod was being left astern.

The decks were cleared up, everything made fast, and the crew mustered off for choice of watch. Van took care to secure the negro Tom, who, with two other sailors, composed his watch.

"And the captain's were Smith, a dwarfed fellow with immensely broad shoulders, long arms, and disproportionately short legs, and an English sailor, calling himself under the name of Bates, who had a friendly under eye. Bates, was a good looking young man seemingly not much more than twenty years of age."

Strangely enough, Bates—if that was his real name—soon showed himself to be the smartest man in the crew. And not only that, but he was also a very good sailor. The young sailor's appearance, noticed two curious things.

First, at times suggested that he might have moved in very different society from that of a ship's forecastle, yet perhaps in the next breath it would be reprieve with some slangy outbursts, which was ordinary.

The other, that he was a sort of leader among his four shipmates. I say four, for the reason that the five white sailors had come on board in company, while the negro Tom had applied personally to Captain Peterson for a berth in the *Rattler* after he learned her destination. The others ignored their colored companion as far as possible and seemed to regard him with a certain distrust.

"Father a hard looking set—oh, but that good look in your eyes, Van, don't you think, sir?" queried Van, as after all was made snug for the night, one watch was sent below to get the *Rattler's* stores put on board on the quarter comparing nautical notes.

"If you'd been at sea as many years as I have," returned the captain with a rather grim smile, "you'd think these very fair observations as sailors go nowadays. And in my way of thinking," he added, lowering his voice a little, "I'd give you a good deal of money to get rid of an evil spirit in his eyes big as the ship's dog, to say a sailorism."

After a little further conversation Van went below to get his trunk. Four or five minutes later, returning with Captain Peterson through the twenty-four.

"The *Rattler* is not a sea-storero, the voyage of the *Battle* being simply one of the links in the marvelous chain of experiences which Vance Briscoe was destined to meet."

"You'll be glad to look at the weather with the usual alternations of storm and calm, fair winds and foul, the *Rattler* plowed steadily onward toward her destination. On the evening of the twenty-ninth day out from Boston, the strong breeze which had followed the schooner for a week, now suddenly died out, leaving her becalmed almost exactly on the imaginary line known as the equator, some fifty miles from the mouth of the River Para.

But the important events which transpired while the schooner lay thus motionless, must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A MURDEROUS PLOT.

DURING the whole voyage, Van had freely discussed the important question which was nearest Captain Peterson's heart, and had drawn from him all that his good luck had afforded. Van had seen and the high position to which Van's uncle had attained.

And after long pondering on the subject, he had made up his mind to undertake the strange enterprise.

On the evening of the calm, Van was sitting on the deck, and Captain Peterson came on deck and called to him.

Leading the way to the cabin, the captain drew from the head of his berth a small but heavy trunk, which he unlocked and unlocked. Lying on the top of its contents was a money belt of soft chamois skin, and the key to it, which he handed over to buckle it about him under his outside clothing.

"One never knows at sea what a day may bring, and it's always best to be on the safe side," he said lightly, in answer to Van's look of surprise.

"I'll be glad to explain that he had sold the diamond sent by Van's uncle for seven thousand dollars. In a compartment of the money belt was the important letter and a letter of credit on *El Banco Nacional* of Para, for a thousand dollars, to be kept as a reserve fund for emergencies. The trunk itself contained the balance of the money in gold."

Revolving the trunk, Captain Peterson turned to replace it in his berth, when a slight noise at the open skylight overhead attracted the attention of the two men.

Van sprang quickly up the after companionway steps, but nobody was in sight. The schooner not being under-steam, there was no light from the cabin, and the light of the full orb moon he could see the men gathered about the windlass forward.

"The thief has fled," Van called out indignantly to the men, who were lazily slung one of the "strops" which was dragged backward and forward across the cabin skylight.

"But the important events which transpired while the schooner lay thus motionless, must be left for another chapter. Van was about to return to the cabin, when a faint puff of air fanned his cheek.

"Whoever's wheel it is," he called. One of the crew came shuffling along the deck, Van gave him the course, the sails were trimmed, and the *Battle* began to move slowly through the smooth expanse.

Returning to the cabin, Van informed Captain Peterson of the probable cause of the disturbance. The captain, who was being his watch below, he kicked off his shoes and lay down on the outside of the berth mattress and fastened his eyes. Van, who was on the quarter, after another glance at the coast chart, went on deck.

Almost before he knew it, Van was sound asleep. A slight noise directly over his head, as if of the sudden shuffling of feet, partly roused him after he had fallen into a deep sleep. He listened drowsily.

Nothing was heard but the monotonous creak of the main boom and the lapping sound of the water slipping past the schooner's sides. Dropping back on his pillow, Van abandoned himself again to repose.

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he muttered, as Bates, followed by the dwarfed seaman, came up the companionway stairs.

"I think—no—Briscoe," began Bates, familiarly—"that under all the circumstances, you had better take the boat and go to the fort-castle. Mr. Smith here will act as my mate till further notice, and sleep aft in the berth you have used."

"No words," he added sharply, as Van began to utter an indignant protest. "I'm master of this boat now, and you're first mate, and I'm the mate," coarsely put in Smith, as the self-appointed captain descended to the main deck.

"Confound you," snarled Smith, addressing Van as soon as Bates was out of hearing; "if I don't make this here a hot ship for you, my name ain't—ain't—no—its," he said, suddenly checking himself. "And you, you ugly nigger—" turning fiercely to Tom, who had taken a step forward as though in defense of Van—"none of your savage looks get back to yer place—d'ye hear?"

"Perhaps if the new mate had not attempted to enforce his authority by a blow, the remark might have passed unnoticed."

As it was, Smith had mistaken his man. For with a deep cultural utterance like that of Van, whoeling the negro sailor in his powerful grasp, and lifting him off his feet as though he had been a child, dashed heavily and unceremoniously overboard.

At the same moment Bates, who had turned at the sound of the scuffle, sprang upon one top on the quarter. Seeing his trusty lieutenant being kicked about on the main deck, he drew Captain Peterson's revolver, pointed it directly at the negro's head, and fired!

CHAPTER III.

VAN'S FLIGHT FROM THE RATTLE.

NOW Van's athletic training had made him a proficient in those exercises where thoroughness and speed must move at one and the same time.

There was no opportunity for hesitation or deliberating on the right and wrong of his action.

As the new master of the Rattle leveled Captain Peterson's revolver at the negro's head, Van, wheeling about, seized the sailor's weapon given him by Tom, threw it forward and pulled the trigger.

The two reports were almost simultaneous, but with very different effect.

The ball from the revolver in Bates's hand flew wide of its mark, and the weapon itself rebounded to the deck, while from the clumsy building had passed through the fleshy part of the mutineer's arm and diverted his aim.

Feeling a suppressed cry, he stepped back a little too far. His belt caught against a ring bolt, and he fell heavily from the break of the quarter to the main deck.

Before he recovered his feet, or those on deck could overcome their utter astonishment, the quick-witted negro saw a possible means of escape. Striding over the prostrate form of Smith, Tom seized Van by the shoulder, while the schooner, with no one at the wheel, came flying up the bay.

"Quick—inter de launch!" he hurriedly exclaimed, jumping at the same moment from the main channels into the towing boat.

Van seized Captain Peterson's revolver from the deck where it had fallen, and thrusting it into his pocket, sprang at a bound into the launch.

Snatching the painter with his sheath knife, the negro pushed the launch clear, and the schooner, as the voice of Bates rose above the confusion.

"Hard over the wheel, Smith, if you've got sense enough left in that thick skull of yours! Flatten in the lead sheets! Trim down the fore sheet—so—that will do! Now meet her with the helm!"

While he was thus thundering out order after order, Tom and Van were cutting loose the main sail, and rearing up the fore sail from the mast, and in an incredibly short time the launch was running before the steady breeze.

The moon was obscured by drifting clouds, and the haze indicative of their nearness to the shore was beginning to rise from the surface of the water, so that the launch could still be seen from the Rattle's deck as evident from the sharp fusillade which suddenly followed as the vessel wore round and steamed in full pursuit.

"She sail two foot' to our one—noting safe as now but gale or wind, Mist' Briscoe," said the negro, shaking his head.

Van made no reply. He knew that if the launch was overtaken, neither could he hope for any mercy from the infuriated wretches on board the Rattle.

On flew pursuer and pursued, and as the waning moon grew dim, the flash and glow of cannon down the coast, as if instead of following the launch in hot pursuit.

"What does it mean?" exclaimed Van, starting excitedly to his feet, but as he did so, he saw directly ahead a long line of boiling, tossing, turbulent foam!

"Breakers! Breakers, Tom!" he shouted in great alarm, as the launch, under punishment Tom steered directly toward them.

"Don't be scared, Mist' Briscoe. I pilot too many steamer round Para, and I know a mind den kind o' breaker," he said, as the

launch went pitching and yawing directly through the creamy surges into comparatively smooth water beyond.

And then Tom went on to explain that what not only Van but those on board the Rattle had mistaken for breaking surf was simply the outgoing flood from the mouth of the Amazon meeting, miles from the shore, with the incoming current.

Over a sea of turbid mud-colored water the launch sped on toward the land, which was not more than forty miles distant.

It was no wonder that Van, thoroughly depressed and cast down at the sudden ending of a voyage which had promised so much, with his face buried in his hands.

Tom seemed to accept the situation with the easy philosophy of his race.

"Six not current wid his spring flood," he said as though talking to himself, "and strong trade wind ought bring us well into Para ribber by noon—den Para sixty mile furler up."

"Didn't I hear you say something about being a pilot round these parts, Tom?" asked Van, shaking off some of his despondency as he listened to the negro's utterance.

"Yes—Tom had mentioned it. And further questioning drew from him that for two successive years, tempted by the higher wages offered him, he had been in a small steamer running on the Amazon and Para rivers.

Van's mind was grappling with a new and sudden hope.

Exposing the money belt about his waist, he turned back the flap of one of the compartments, from which he took his uncle's letter.

Spreading it face down on one of the thwarts, Van pointed to the mighty Amazon, calling it by name. At this Tom's eye brightened and he nodded understandingly as tracing along with his forefinger Van indicated

some before him; "we got here—now what?"

"Tom," abruptly replied Van, withdrawing his gaze from the novel scene, "how much pay do you have on board the river steamer?"

"Bout forty mibreis (twenty dollars) for mont'," was the indifferent reply.

"I'll give you twenty five dollars a month to go up river with me as far as the Cumana—and perhaps further," said Van, without going into any explanation.

"You got up river, Mist' Briscoe?" exclaimed the negro in great astonishment—"wha' for—you hab' no goods for trade—"

"Well," interrupted Tom, "for one thing, I want to see something of this new country, and then I've got something else in prospect that perhaps I'll tell you about later on. I'll furnish you with me some of these fellows for daking," he added, as the negro stood scratching his woolly pate with an expression of almost ludicrous astonishment.

Seeing that the manly looking sun-burned young fellow before him was in earnest, Tom pursed up his thick lips and began to whistle in a thoughtful sort of way.

"Two can't get along wid dis hebbly boat noway. S'pose I agree to go, mebbe we can swap him for lighter one?" returned the negro, inquiringly, and Van knew that Tom would accompany him.

"Very good," he answered; and then after a little thought he went on:

"Now while I go up town and see about getting a bill of exchange cashed, you, Tom, look round and see what sort of a bargain you can drive with some of these fellows for such a boat as we want in exchange for the launch. I'll be back before very long, and then we can see about provisioning her."

"Dueno," was the concise response, and leaving Tom, who spoke the language with considerable fluency, to his own devices, Van ran up the custom house steps.

light case, a pocket compass, a couple of hunting knives and two other necessities containing a few other serviceable articles were also bought. Then, having procured bedding, some needed articles of clothing, a pitch lined canvas cover straw hat, and together with stout canvas leggings and walking shoes, Van dispatched the whole to the boat in a couple of minutes.

Tom, while he lingered behind to make some trifling purchases.

Having finished his trading, he was making his way toward the wharf, but he was looking his way toward the shady side of the street, and gazing at the throng of sun-burned Brazilians around him, when he was accosted by a portly, heavy-built fellow, evidently an American sailor.

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"I suppose you belong aboard one of the American vessels lying in the stream?" said the sailor inquiringly, as they passed into the public square.

"Well, not exactly," replied Van, laughing; "though I do belong on board a boat lying near the custom house steps. But we leave Para for a couple of days to-morrow."

And crossing the square, the two turned down the street leading to the custom house.

"Come down and have a drink with me and my boat," added Van, cordially, and from the eagerness with which the offer was accepted, he fancied the sailor had not fared very successfully from his business.

"Are you—is it a trading boat you speak of?" suddenly asked the stranger with ill concealed interest, as though a sudden thought had occurred to him.

"Why—no," replied Van, who hardly knew how to explain his business. "I call myself a sort of explorer, and a small scale of small sailing."

"How long you inquired his companion, with the same eagerness.

"Oh, nearly as far as the Madeira," evasively answered Van, who was not sure he depended how we get along, for it's a new business to me, and I've only got one other with me—a negro who used to be pilot on a river steamer."

"The sailor's eyes lit up with something like hope.

"I've been ashore here over two months," he said, speaking very quickly and rather excitedly, "trying to get a chance up river to a certain point, and you're the first man I've met who's got about the same notions. Will you let me work my passage with you as far as you go?"

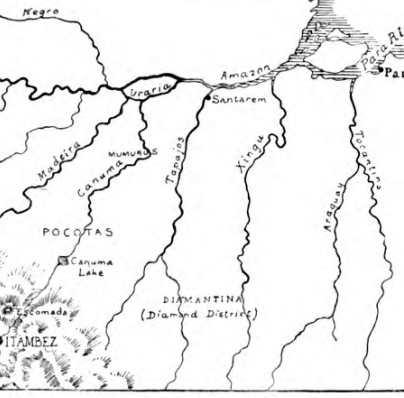
Van was taken by surprise at the very unexpected question, that he did not reply at once. In fact he hardly knew what to say. There was no time to be lost, and without doubt he could be of great assistance. But—

"Well, come aboard, and I'll talk with you," he said, for at this time they had reached the custom house quay.

The stranger silently descended the half raised steps, and Van saw that his companion was sitting in the stern with his young host. Tom filled a couple of bowls with savory soup which he had prepared over the brazier, and broiled them for the captain's evident delight.

As they progressed with the meal Van found himself becoming a good deal interested in the story of the sailor's adventures, and at length he decided to take him on board, to the sailor's evident delight.

Preparations for starting were made, and at midnight the little boat shot out of the bay, to take advantage of the flood tide. The broad island studded channel connecting the Para with the Amazon was reached at midnight, on the following forenoon the light boat had fairly entered on her voyage up the mighty river.



MAP SHOWING ROUTE FROM PARA TO ITAMBEZE.

successively the southern branches—the Tocantins, Xingu, Tapajós and Madeira.

"We know 'em all," said Tom eagerly, "and here's nearly another branch, the Ugrai, a branch half ribberd that comes from way off 'mong de big snow mountains, where dey say big cities and big houses and big rivers, an' hab' housefuls of gol' and diamonds and seck like."

"Why hasn't any one ever tried to find this wonderful city?" asked Van with affected carelessness, though considerably exercised at hearing this rather exaggerated corroboration of a dozen different sources since he began his journey.

"Nebber can cross dem mountains," replied the negro. "Dey make big chain right round de city like dis—" and Tom described an irregular circle with his finger.

Further questioning showed that Tom had heard the story of Itambeze, the treasure city, from a dozen different sources since he began piloting on the Amazon and its tributaries, and curiously enough it was religiously believed by all who had ever mentioned it in his hearing.

Forgetful of heat, hunger, despondency, and even for the time of the tragedy of the night, Van, returning the letter to his belt, sat buried in deep thought.

He had a bill of exchange, for a thousand dollars, which he had secured from a river pilot equal in strength and endurance to two ordinary men.

Why could he not engage Tom to accompany him, and undertake the expedition, despite its seeming impossibility? Others had failed, but he had promises of help from a man whose source and apart from the abilities of its results, the journey through an unexplored country could not fail of being fraught with exciting interest.

THE SEAL OF ITAMBEZE.

WITH wind and tide in its favor, the launch sped rapidly along the low-lying southern shores, and in a short time was on the river.

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He had an hour later the launch was lying near the damp and slippery steps in the shadow of the old stone custom house.

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So many strange and novel objects arrested his attention on the way up town, that he had barely time to get his bill of exchange cashed, before the great doors of the bank were closed for the day. Through the aid of an interpreter, Van succeeded in obtaining two bills of English notes for fifty pounds each. These he replaced in his money belt as a reserve for future emergencies.

The remaining five hundred dollars he took partly in Mexican dollars, a little gold, and partly in the greasy looking mibreis and half mibreis notes which with some nickel coins constitute the ordinary currency.

Van's next act was to make his way to the principal business street, and having found a store where English in a broken form was spoken, he proceeded to buy and put on clothing better adapted to the climate than that which he had been wearing.

Returning to the pier, Van found that Tom had made good use of his time.

After considerable chaffering, he had succeeded in exchanging the launch with a Portuguese river trader for a newly built *balaois* about twenty five feet long, with mast, sail and paddies, together with a charcoal stove, a tin and a few articles of the simplest kind.

The boat was hulled from a cedar log. It was of quite a heavy beam, shallow draught, having a keel, and a spoon shaped bow and stern, and was steered by a broad bladed paddle working in a notch. Amidships was the cabin—open at both ends, with an arching roof covered with rawhide, which was perfectly watertight. Under this were kept the provisions and baggage, and a course of coarse cotton being arranged as to cover the opening at night.

Tom had received a hundred mibreis as a present between the two boats, and was immensely pleased when Van made him a present of ten mibreis for his services in conducting the bargain. Further he returned to the business street, where the negro's advice and assistance in purchasing the needed supplies was invaluable, to say nothing of his knowledge of the value of some things above their approximate value from the crafty Portuguese trader.

Next he went to the coffee, pilot bread, sardines, onions and the various smaller groceries were obtained first of all. Next, Van succeeded in purchasing a stout double breasted coat for himself, and a single one of the same caliber for Tom's use, with a supply of cartridges.

Some fishing tackle, matches in a water-

proof case, a pocket compass, a couple of hunting knives and two other necessities containing a few other serviceable articles were also bought. Then, having procured bedding, some needed articles of clothing, a pitch lined canvas cover straw hat, and together with stout canvas leggings and walking shoes, Van dispatched the whole to the boat in a couple of minutes.

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Preparations for starting were made, and at midnight the little boat shot out of the bay, to take advantage of the flood tide. The broad island studded channel connecting the Para with the Amazon was reached at midnight, on the following forenoon the light boat had fairly entered on her voyage up the mighty river.

Now Van had decided that while as first officer of the Rattle "Mr. Briscoe" was all well enough as a matter of form, he was rather too young to be thus addressed in general conversation. So he had instructed Tom to call him "Mr. Van" or "Mr. Vance," as he pleased, and in this way the sailor himself had adopted the same title.

But it so happened that a few days after leaving Para, Van, for the purpose of reaching out his substitute for a chart and laid it out before him.

Another twenty four hours ought to bring us into the mouth of the river, and you're going," he said, after making a scale measurement with a strip of paper.

"And the Cape of Uragia 'bout half way from its mouth, eh, Mist' Briscoe?" I mean Mist' Vance," responded the negro, correcting himself quickly.

"Mr—was according to the scale measurement," he said, after making a scale measurement with a strip of paper.

It was so very unusual for him to betray the slightest signs of either curiosity or surprise that Van was amazed at his excited tone, and briefly explained the matter.

"The two boats are according to my chart, but whether to comment or question is uncertain. For at the moment his gaze fell upon the back of the letter, which was unfolding preparatory to returning it to place.

Instantly a curious ashly pallor overspread the sailor's face. Casting a furtive glance he reached the impression of the peculiar seal on the back of the letter with a finger that trembled visibly.

"Why—what is it?" asked Van in extreme bewilderment.

Instead of answering, the sailor threw open the front of the canvas lined shirt.

With an astonishment greater than can be imagined, Van saw neatly tattooed in peculiar coloring on the sailor's hairy chest the exact contour of a seal on the letter!

(To be continued.)

QUEEN AUTUMN.

BY WILLIAM COWAN.

The mellow splendor softly falls  
On morning mists and evening dews,  
And colors trees and flowers and clouds  
With thousand hues.

O dreaming clouds, with silver fringed!  
I watch ye gathering side by side,  
Like armies, in the solemn skies,  
In stately pride.

I love the woods, the changing woods,  
Fast deepening down to russet gold,  
When Autumn, like a brunette queen,  
Rules all below.

A CHEAP SHANTY.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"**HOW**" and "why" are two familiar interrogatories with the bright intelligent boy of today. That a great proportion of the ARGOSY readers are composed of this class is very evident by the questions which come pouring into the editorial sanctum with every mail.

"How to build a small, cheap shanty" is one of the "hows"—a wooden house so to speak.

Now "small" is an adjective having a wide range, in spite of its definition. But I am going to assume that in this instance it refers to such a structure as two boys with some knowledge of tools can put together and "camp out" in.

Now at considerable expense it is possible to buy joists, boards and shingles, have them conveyed to the place selected, and there construct a shelter—of some kind.

But such a shelter might be considered a permanency. It would hardly pay, after having knocked it together, to knock it apart again for transportation elsewhere.

What I have in mind is a small, cheap building that can be planned out and put

the longest of the sheathing, matching or driving them together, one by one, till the eight feet of width will clear the "tongue" and groove on either side that you may have only solid wood for the reception of the sorrows. Bits of wood nailed to the barn floor, or stakes driven in the ground, will steady the boards in matching them. Don't forget to put a block between the edge of the "stuf" and the hammer head when driving together.

The accompanying diagram (Fig. 1) will help to explain further directions. After evening the lower ends, intended to rest on

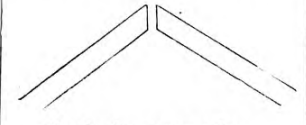


FIG. 2.—ANGLE OF THE ROOF.

the ground, measure off the width, 8 feet clear at the bottom, from E to F, and at the eaves, or A to B, and, squaring accurately, chalk or pencil the lines to be followed for sawing. The door may be placed as in the diagram, or in the center. Mark this out as well.

Then at C, half way between A and B, measure 3 feet—or 4, if preferred—straight upward to D, the apex. Line from D to A and B, respectively, for the angle of the roof. Number the boards 1, 2, 3, etc., in their order; then, unjointing them, saw out the end of the front as marked, also the door.

Join together in order and turn over so as to bring the inside uppermost.

Now this front, for convenience of transportation, may be made in 3 sections—represented by the dotted lines. Each section is to be held together by cleats (three are preferable to two), and each separate board fastened by at least three 1-1/4 or 1-1/2 inch screws, placed thus . . . to prevent possibility of warping and increase strength.

These cleats, about 7-8 inch thick and 3 or 4 inches wide, must be cut long enough so that either end may overlap the adjoining section at least a foot. This will necessitate placing them a little above or below those on each corresponding section, that they may not interfere. The overlapping ends, secured in the plane, hold the whole firmly.

The same directions hold good as to the other, or rear, end of the "shanty."

And now for the sides. The boards for these are to be jointed and measured in the same way as the ends—6 feet high and 10 in

length, divided into cleated sections—the side pieces screwing on to the ends.

Midway in one or the other end, space may be marked and cut for half of a window. Somewhere among the rubbish about the paternal premises one or two old sashes are sure to be found. Adjusted with due reference to the position of the section cleats, the opening may be cut a trifle smaller than the square of the sash, so that it may be screwed on from the outside.

And now for the roof—perhaps the most important part of all. For this the sections of jointed sheathing should be measured and cut so as to project from 2 to 3 inches beyond the end pieces, and from 3 to 4 over the sides, so as to carry off the rain.

The upper edges, where they meet at the top in an angle, are to be beveled, as shown in Fig. 2.

The arrangement of the lower set of cleats must be such that those of each section will be parallel. Perhaps these had better be made 1-1/2 inches in thickness, as they are to be placed in such a way that the lower edge will rest against the upper ends of the sides. Fig. 3 will make this clear.

On the under side, close to the junction of the beveled edges of the apex, hooks on one side, with corresponding staples on the other, are to be placed, thus holding both firmly together. A saddle piece or "ridge pole" is easily made, which screwed over the whole will serve to keep out the water. The supporting cleat must also be pro-

vided with hooks to hook into staples at the top of the side sections. If thought advisable, hooks and staples may also be used as an additional strengthening for each corner.

Now thus far I have said nothing about a floor. I have presumed that such a luxury for "campers out" would be superfluous. My own idea would be to use nature's substitute—fir tips. A floor would necessitate the additional expense of joists as a foundation for ordinary 7-8 inch boards. Still, this is a matter for the shanty builders to decide.

Of course it may be readily understood that a structure of the kind I am describing would not withstand a full grown cyclone. It is presumed that care would be taken to locate it in such a way that it would be to some extent sheltered from heavy gales, as would be the case in pitching a tent.

If possible a sheltered slope should be sought for. A shallow trench may be dug around it to carry away the water in heavy rains.

A coat or two of thick paint will be of great advantage—especially to the roof. The swelling of jointed sheathing prevents serious leakage. The paint would make it nearly watertight, if well worked into the joints. Of course where the sections unite there would be some leakage in very heavy rains.

For the interior furnishing, I should recommend a small oil stove rather than the

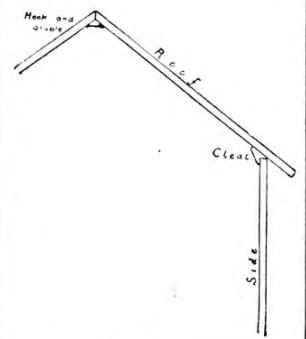


FIG. 3.—SIDE, ROOF AND CLEAT.

regulation cast iron affair with a stove pipe sticking out through the roof. But this, of course, like other things, depends upon circumstances.

Folding canvas cots can be bought at surprisingly low prices. But blankets spread on a floor of hemlock "tips" make as luxurious a couch as the average camper cares for. Of course, were one building a permanent "shanty," two or more bunks could be erected, as space might allow. But with a structure whose builders and proprietors can

"Fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away,"  
something different is preferable.

Many things I have not suggested may doubtless present themselves in the course of the "house building," that will materially add to the comfort and convenience of Charley and Ned—or their representatives. I have only been able to give the briefest outlines in this limited space, yet hoping the suggestions may be of benefit to as many of the boy readers of the ARGOSY as choose to follow them out, I leave the subject of "shanty" building to give place to more interesting matter.

JOHN CHINAMAN AT THE PLAY.

To read in a London magazine the following description of the way theatrical performances are managed in China and Japan, one would think that the audiences could be as well entertained by reading the story of the play at their homes, so much is left to the imagination.

In the first place, it is no easy matter to determine who of those upon the stage are supposed to be visible and who are not. There are men, dressed like ordinary coolies, whose business it is, flitting hither and thither, to place chairs or properties and to remove them; to change the large labels hanging on the wall, which announce "this is a wood" or "this is a palace"; to arrange a set of curtains, when required, upon bamboo rods, which drop into sockets at the backs of the chairs, whereby a window is indicated, or a bed, or doorway. These servants are conventionally understood to be invisible.

It being conceded that there is to be no at-

tempt at actual illusion, and that a heavy tax is to be placed upon the imaginative faculties, one is tempted to wonder what special costumes should not also be dispensed with. Where are we to draw the line? If a label is to do a little of the scenery, will a self-portrait hanging from a button announce that the wearer is a prince or minister or simple citizen?

The Chinese carry the principle of conventional bewilderment far. A set code of attitudes and movements are understood by a ritualistic audience to indicate certain things. Thus, the raising of one leg and an arm (vaguely suggesting the act of getting into the saddle) implies that the character is on horseback, a crescent of a gong beating and a quick walk round informs spectators that the performers have moved to another place—what place is left on the change are there acts; performers come in and out of the two doors—the thread of the story never broken—until their work is finished. There is no attempt at grouping or artistic disposition of the characters, for there are always many on the stage who have nothing to do with the play.

To a stranger it is difficult to tell who is engaged in the action and who is not, for the stage being only a narrow strip of scenery, the occupants of the front seats are constantly climbing up and down, sauntering at the sides or into the center, conversing with actors or talking to the audience. It is therefore necessary, without interfering more than is useful with the freedom of the performers, to have a person at either door to keep them clear for entrance and exits. A casual buzz of talk does not interfere with the performance, for the performers always yell and shout.

There being no wings, it is not possible for rows of lamps to be concealed. The Japanese therefore boldly accept the drawback as inevitable, and, since there can be no illusion, rather make the most of it than otherwise. Five or six ordinary kerosene lamps hang along the top, where a proscenium ought to be, glimmering like fireflies; along the edge of the stage below are two or three standards, and of stationary illumination of all kinds. The backcloth or scene is, as a natural consequence, in partial obscurity, and so would the performers be, were they not specially provided. They carry their lights with them. Just as a star actor or danseuse in Europe is supplied from the wings or flies, by means of the limelight, with an accompanying ray of perpetually sunshine, so is the Japanese premier *suifu* followed by—a candle! Yes, precarious as it may sound, in Western eyes, close to the hero or heroine there crouches on the boards, clad in the ordinary *kimono* of the streets, an attendant who grasps a red lacquered stick, some six feet long, like a fishing rod, at the end of which, stuck in a scene, is a candle, and a common native candle, too; an evil-smelling, guttering thing with a paper wick, which constantly needs snuffing and supplies as much light as a glow worm. This he holds up to illumine (7) the actor's features, and should the latter strike rapidly across, his "ink boy," rising, follows. True to the Chinese custom, this person is conventionally invisible—a sort of shifting shadow—and his presence and ungrudging movements in no wise shock the audience. When the light of his master's life expires, the dutiful ink boy, extinguishing his candle, departs, for the business of both is over. In a scene of great movement it is inexplicably come to mark four or five excited personages strutting in wrath, each followed by a fishing rod and candle. Nor is this all. The actor's dresser likewise appears with him; invisible, of course; and, in his duty, he crumple it falls into awkward folds, the voluminous attire of the player.

AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

CANNIBALISM, unfortunately, is not confined to a few of the South Sea Islands. Among the many recent discoveries in Africa none is more interesting than the facts relating to the prevalence of this horrible custom in regions where its existence has not hitherto been suspected.

It was not known, for instance, until Mr. Last returned from his travels in east Africa a few weeks ago that at least one of the tribes between Lake Nyassa and the Indian Ocean are as great cannibals as many of the peoples in the Congo basin. Mr. Last is the explorer who was sent out by the Royal Geographical Society of London to solve several geographical problems in the region east of Lake Nyassa.

Just a little south of Livingston's route to Lake Nyassa Mr. Last found the Mautu tribe, who practiced among the principal chiefs of the great Yao tribe. This is, perhaps, the largest tribe east of Nyassa, the practice of eating human flesh is carried on only in secret, and the leading men in the tribe alone partake of these banquets.

Mr. Last was told, as an excellent joke on the Mohammedans, that a few of them from the coast had been inveigled into taking part in one or two of these horrid feasts, in the belief that they were partaking of good fish, of which the coast people are fond.

Further east, on the banks of the Lukuru River, Mr. Last found the Mautu tribe, who openly practice cannibalism. They kill slaves for food, and also cut the bodies of the enemies they slay in war. Oftentimes one of the villagers privately determines to kill a certain person. They invite the victim to a public beer drinking, and as soon as he is far gone with intoxication they determine to kill the signal to the executioners, and they at once seize the poor wretch and hurry him into the bush, where he is spared. When the feast is prepared and the entire village partakes of it.

A drunken chief of this tribe told Mr. Last he would like to have his skull for a drinking cup.

together in the back door yard at home, then taken apart in sections and "carried" from place to place.

Now the proportions of the shanty I have planned out are necessarily small, but this can easily be regulated according to the builders' wishes—and means.

Eight feet wide, ten long, and six high, not including the roof, which may have a "pitch" or elevation of three, or if desired four feet, are the dimensions.

For this, 450 feet of matched pine boards or sheathing stuff will be required, and here consists the principal outlay.

Enough good well seasoned material of this sort (and be sure it is well seasoned) ought not to cost over \$15, reckoning it at the average price of \$30 per thousand. I think a smart buyer could get something off this price.

Two gross of No. 10 one and a half inch screws, together with a dozen and a half of the largest size wire hooks and eye staples are all the hardware needed.

I will suppose that Charley and Ned have raised about \$18 between them, purchased the above mentioned material, and are ready for action. That is, after they have got together the following tools, viz.:

"Cut off" and "split saw" bit and one and a half inch anger, stout screwdriver, hammer, two foot rule and carpenter's square; and any other that may suggest itself.

And first the front or forward end. Take

(This story commenced in No. 244.)



By OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XXVII.

LOOKING FOR THE BOYS AND NOT THE MAN.

PODDY drew his revolver from his hip pocket when he heard the sound of voices near the entrance to the grotto, and looked savage enough to shoot all his companions. He suspended his trencher operations, and the others followed his example. He was afraid that even the working of their jaws might be heard by the intruders.

"If one of you speaks, or makes the least noise, I will kill him!" said Poddy, in a low but very impressive whisper.

Not one of them moved or ventured to utter a sound. They all listened, and could hear talking and the tramp of feet on the rocks outside of the cave.

"I tell you there is nothing here; and you are taking me on a wild goose chase," said one of the speakers outside. "We want the boys, and not the man you saw."

"I don't say there is anything here; and I don't see anything, though some one has been cutting down firs here," added another voice.

"Come along! I am not going to fool away any more of my time chasing a shadow," added the first speaker, who was at some distance from the opening by this time.

This remark was followed by the tramping of feet on the rocks, and it was evident that the second speaker was leaving the locality, for no further sounds were heard. Poddy maintained silence for some time longer, though he resumed his trencher practice.

The meal was spread out on the platform which served as a bed at night. It was made up of cold dishes, consisting of cold chickens, sandwiches, a whole leg of ham, a keg of crackers, and plenty of bread and cheese. Only the coffee was hot.

By the side of the table was a large basket, which was well filled with provisions, all cooked and ready for use. It was plain that the robber had prepared for a long stay on the island, though he could not have laid in a stock for the two extra persons he had brought to the cave. However, he looked as though they could all live on the supply for a week at least.

It was a late hour for breakfast, and all of them seemed to be desperately hungry. Not one of them spoke after the sound of the voices ceased to reach them. As it did not look as though they were likely to be disturbed, the savage expression of Poddy softened to its former amiability. But at least half an hour elapsed before he spoke, and the meal had been finished. Then he looked at Tom Sawyer some time before he said anything.

"Do you know who those men were that we heard outside, Tom?" asked the leader.

"I'll bet I do!" exclaimed the hoodlum, gnating his teeth with wrath. "Hush! Do you want to call them back, you blockhead?" demanded Poddy, as he raised the pistol in his hand, though even Tom might have known that he did not mean to fire it, as the sound of it would have brought the visitors back to the vicinity. "Can't you speak without bellowing?"

"One of them was Andy Lamb; and I should like to get hold of him!" replied Tom, in a more reasonable tone.

"Nonsense! That fellow would thrash you every time, as he did in the boat; and you had better keep away from him," added Poddy.

"Thrash me? He can't do it! Nor no other fellow in Montoban!"

"No matter about that now. Who was the other?"

"The other was Rynon, the policeman; and he would like to get hold of me," chuckled Tom. "He took up the rest of our fellers, but he couldn't find me."

"Rynon, if that is his name, says he wants the boys," continued Poddy, taking no further notice of Tom, for whom he cherished a very decided contempt. "What does he mean by that?"

No one answered this question, and no one seemed to be able to do so at once. But it was the subject of consideration to Dolph and Phin. When the silence had prevailed for some time Poddy repeated the question.

"They are looking for boys, and the

said 'None of that!' I did not mean Andy should hear me; but perhaps he did. That is the way Tom gave me away, for Andy is looking for the man he saw."

"Rynon did not care anything about the man; he wanted the boys," said Dolph. "Of course that means Phin and me."

"What makes you think so?" asked Poddy. "He may have meant Tom and his crew."

"But three of them are in the lockup now. If they had meant Tom, they would have said so, and not spoken of him in the plural number," argued Dolph.

"Tom thinks he is a host in himself, though the officers probably don't think so," suggested the robber.

"What time is it now, Mr. Poddy?" asked Dolph.

"Half past eleven," replied the chief, when he had consulted his elegant gold watch. "The forenoon is nearly gone; but we have nothing to do."

"Then everybody in Montoban knows that both banks were cleaned out last night. The fact came out at nine o'clock. Phin and I have been missed, and the keys have not been found. To sum it all up, Phin and I have the credit of having robbed both banks," said Dolph, with some excitement in his tones and manner.

"You are both of you entitled to that

through his mind before he went to sleep. He had better be shot than live branded as a bank robber. He could not determine how it was to be done, but he firmly resolved to undo the mischief, or attempt to do so.

When Poddy was tired of looking at the immense mass of bank bills, he went to the entrance of the grotto. Little by little he removed the firs from the mouth of the cave and then stepped out. He cautiously looked about him, and then out upon the lake in the direction of the town.

"All right!" exclaimed he. "They have left the island, and now I am monarch of all I survey. That boat is a mile off, and you can come out, Dolph and Phin; but you must not show yourselves."

"That is the Dragon, my boat," said Dolph. "Our visitors have left. Can we walk on the back of the island, where we can't be seen from the town?"

Poddy gave his consent.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TOM SAWYER'S BLOOTHIRSTY SUGGESTION.

YOU will not show yourselves near the shore in any part of the island," said Poddy, after the prisoners had walked a few steps from the spot where the robber stood at the entrance of the cave.

"No one could see us from the main land," said Dolph.

"Some gannet or fisherman may be in a position to see you. If you please, I prefer that you should stay where no one can see you," added Poddy. "I can keep you in the cave all the time; but if I am good natured enough to let you take the air, you must observe my directions."

"Very well, Mr. Poddy; we will do as you say," returned Dolph.

"Keep away from the west side of the island, and you may go where you please on the other side," continued the robber, as he returned to the interior of the cave.

Poddy was satisfied that it was simply impossible for the prisoners to leave the island, as there was no boat except the one in the cave. The nearest part of the main land was half a mile distant, at the strait, while the channel was a mile and a half wide.

They were to keep away from the shore of the strait, and no person could see them across the channel. The robber did not even think it was necessary to watch them, though he was not likely to allow them to remain out of his sight for any great length of time.

Dolph led the way to the highest part of the island, which was directly over the grotto. There were plenty of firs

growing on the summit, though the sides were exceedingly rough. The rocks lay as though a mountain of them had been dumped in this place, with a small proportion of earth mixed in with them. Here and there a crevice, sometimes amounting to what boys would call a cave, was to be found.

"What's going to be the end of this thing?" asked Phin, as his companion seated himself on a rock near the summit of the hill.

"That depends," replied Dolph, looking earnestly into the face of the other. "Depends upon what?" asked Phin, suddenly animated by the possibility of a change in the current of their affairs, for there was something in the expression of his fellow prisoner which denoted the presence of activity in his mind.

"Upon ourselves," answered Dolph, in a low tone, after he had looked all about him, to make sure that Poddy was not near them.

"What do you mean?" asked Phin, in the same low tone.

"It looks as though we might be kept



DOLPH AND PHIN PEERED INTO THE DEEP CREVICE AMONG THE ROCKS, BELIEVING THAT THEY WERE UNOBSERVED.

officer don't take any stock in the man that was mentioned," said Dolph.

"I am that man," added Poddy, with a smile. "There can be no doubt of that. Tom Sawyer very nearly gave me a way."

"Git out! I didn't do nothin' of the sort!" exclaimed the hoodlum. "I don't never give nobody away. I ain't no sech a feller."

"Don't talk so loud, Tom," said the chief sternly. "Tom got into a row with that other boy, and got a thrashing, to say nothing of being knocked overboard."

"Wait till I git hold of Andy Lamb! Then you will see who'll git the thrashing," said Tom.

"We are willing to wait; but we were speaking of what had been, and not what is to be, though I shall bet on Andy," added Poddy, who seemed to take pleasure in thorning his brutal assistant. "I was afraid Tom would get killed, and I believe I showed myself to Andy."

"I didn't tell him to show himself," said Tom, addressing the prisoners.

"Then Tom came on shore and wanted to borrow my revolvers. I refused to let him have them; but when he said he only wanted to scare Andy, I yielded. When I saw him blazing away at the sail boat with the young lady in it, I shouted to him, and

credit, for both of you intended to do just that thing," chuckled Poddy.

"Now they are looking for us, and not magrate," added the son of the Montoban by halves, and by this time he has sent a description of me to New York, and perhaps to every city in the country."

"Very likely; and that will convince you that you are in the safest possible place in the whole world. They will not look for you on this island."

That ended the conversation. Without being a farthing better off than he had been the evening before, Dolph realized that he and Phin were published all over the land, to the grief and shame of his family, as a bank robber. It was a bitter thought, and down to the deepest depths of his being he repented that he had ever harbored the wicked idea of robbing the bank.

When the breakfast things had been put away, Poddy opened the traveling bag and spent the next hour in counting his villainous gains. As Dolph looked at him, he thought of the schemes that had flashed

here a week, or perhaps a month; and we may as well do something in the beginning as in the end," added Dolph cautiously, for he distrusted both the discretion and the pluck of his associate; but it was because he knew less about him than of any other boy in Montoban.

"What can we do?" inquired Phin, to whom the idea of doing anything was a new revelation.

"One and one make two, on one side; and one and one make two, on the other side," replied Dolph, rather mysteriously, though his looks expressed more than his words.

"That makes two on each side," added Phin, who had no difficulty in comprehending as much as this.

"I see that you know what I mean," said Pody and Tom on one side; you and I on the other."

"Just the idea."

"But—one and one make two, again," added Phin.

"What?"

"Revolvers."

"Just so."

"One plus one equals zero plus zero; bad equation."

"Two plus two equals two minus two. Change all the signs and the value of the members remains the same."

But Dolph had come to the end of his algebra, and he had made a blunder. Phin understood him, however. The other side had two revolvers, and they had none. If they could get possession of both weapons, the forces on the two sides would be reversed.

Dolph had ascertained that his hereditary enemy was willing to listen to him; and this was all he wanted.

"How to get the shooters," continued Phin.

"Take them," replied Dolph.

"Not easy."

"Can be done."

"Perhaps."

"Hush!"

Dolph rose from his sitting position and looked all around him. Then he listened. A very indistinct murmuring sound could be heard by both of them. Dolph dropped upon the bit of earth under them, and put his ear to the ground, for he had read Indian stories enough to know how it was done. He listened for a few minutes, and then rose from the ground.

Dolph was somewhat excited as the result of his listening. Phin could not understand him, but he lay down on the ground, and listened. He could hear the confused sound of voices in a conversation carried on in a low tone.

"In the cave," said Phin in a whisper.

"Yes," replied Phin in the same manner.

"Say no more here," added Dolph; and Phin nodded his assent to the precaution.

But Phin evidently had an idea, though he had not overheard with them before. Without getting up he dropped on his hands, and began to creep in the most cautious manner away from the spot. When he had gone less than a rod, he halted at an opening in the rocks. It was a rent not more than three feet wide; and it looked as though a quantity of large pieces of the bowlder had been dumped into it.

At this aperture Phin stopped and put his head down into the rent as far as he could. It was plain to him that the opening extended all the way through into the grotto, though it was not practicable for the passage of even a small boy in its present condition. If the loose rocks were removed, an entrance to the cave might be made.

Phin pointed to the rent, but he did not say a word; and Dolph was prudent enough to follow his example. The latter had done some thinking in the grotto while he was waiting for breakfast that morning. There was a snapping fire at the end of the cave, at the farthest point from the entrance, and the thinker wondered that the subterranean chamber was not filled with smoke.

There was no smoke there, and he had wondered how it escaped. This rent in the rocks explained the matter to his satisfaction. As the fragments of the bowlder were large, so were also the interstices between them. At any rate there was an effective chimney. Suddenly Phin, with his head in the hole, raised his hand, and both of them listened.

The voices of Tom and Pody could be distinctly heard, and they seemed to take no pains to stifle the sounds. They had evidently been silent before; and Pody did not seem to take any pleasure in the

conversation of his brutal companion. Of whatever crime he was capable, the bank robber was a gentlemanly villain, though he was not a whit the better for that.

"What you goin' to do with them cubs, Pody?" was the first sentence which was understood by the listeners.

"Knock them on the head when I have done with them," growled Pody, as though he did not care to talk with his companion.

"You let 'em go about as though they hadn't no tongues in their heads, nor no legs on their carcasses," added Tom.

"They can't get away."

"I dunno about that. There's lots of drift wood round the island, and they can make a raft."

"It would take them two hours to get to the nearest shore, and I should see them before they got off," replied Pody, who was plainly considering such a possibility as Tom suggested.

"The best way is to shoot 'em both, and drop 'em into that hole," added the hoodlum.

"Do you want your neck stretched?" demanded the other.

"Stop the cave up, and fill the hole with rocks; then nobody'd never find 'em."

"We will do all that if it is necessary," added Pody.

Then Tom wanted one of the revolvers; and the chief gave it to him after he had shown his need of it.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE DESPERATION OF THE PRISONERS.

It was Tom Sawder's idea that he might be put into a tight place if the prisoners were allowed to roam about the island at their own pleasure. They might catch him alone, and perhaps both of them together might get the upper hand of him. They could tie him to a tree, and then fall upon Pody when he was asleep, or not on his guard.

This was the argument that induced the chief to surrender one of the revolvers to his reckless companion. Phin and Dolph were appalled at what they heard. Even the gentlemanly villain proposed to "knock them on the head" when he was done with them. Tom might fire at them at any time, and he was disposed to do so.

The hoodlum regarded the prisoners as a decided impediment. He was in as great a hurry to get away from the island as the sons of the magnates. His imagination was fired with visions of reckless dissipation in the great city, where his pockets would be filled with money.

As soon as the younger reprobate had obtained the revolver, he alluded to a division of the "swag" as he called it, for he had made some progress in the rogue's vocabulary under the tuition of Pody.

The prisoners on the island did not feel so much interest in this matter, and Pody evidently did not relish the topic, and was not willing to discuss it. He promised to make a fair division of the money, and this satisfied Tom for the time. Not another word was to be heard, and very likely Pody had gone to sleep.

Phin raised his head from the trying position in which he had placed it, and moved away from the chimney of the cave, as they afterwards called the opening. They continued to crawl until they had put ten rods between themselves and the grotto. Phin had taken the lead in these last movements, and Dolph followed him without making any objection.

Phin rested his feet, and made a careful survey of the ground about him. He could see no holes in the rocks near him. The surface was very irregular, and the fir and savins were thick.

No cavities which could possibly contain a listener were to be seen in the vicinity. Both of them were sure that no one could hear them.

It afterwards proved that they were mistaken.

"We have nothing to hope for in the future," said Phin, as he looked Dolph in the face; and both of them had a lugubrious aspect.

"If Tom Sawder has his way, we are not long for this world," replied Dolph. "He has a revolver now, and he would use it on the slightest pretense."

"That's so," said Phin solemnly. "I agree with you now that we must do some-

"I am not going to be cowed down and trodden upon by such a vagabond as Tom Sawder. I can't stand it; I am not used to that sort of thing," added Dolph, his eyes snapping with wrath.

"I am no more used to it than you are," returned Phin. "But what can we do in the face of two revolvers?"

"We might as well be shot first as last."

"I don't believe Pody will take the trouble to get us out of the scrape," said Phin thoughtfully. "They can't stay on Bunkel Island forever."

"Their provisions won't last more than a week, even if they hold out as long as that."

"Then they must leave. Whether they stay here three days, a week, or a month, the time is sure to come when they must leave. They are not going to starve on this island, even if they have to run a big risk in getting away from it. What are they going to do with us when that time comes?"

"That's the question," added Dolph, who could easily imagine the situation his companion described.

"Do you think they are going to encumber themselves with two fellows who will be of no use to them?" asked Phin, with energy, almost giving way to weeping in despair over the fate that was in store for them.

"Of course they will not take us with them," answered Dolph; but the difficult problem seemed to make him rave with anger rather than cry in hopeless submission.

"What are they going to do with us when that big time comes?" demanded Phin, actually shaking with emotion.

"Give it up!" exclaimed Dolph, who was sorry to see his fellow prisoner choking with feeling, and was inclined to lift him out of his despondency if he could.

"What can they do with us?" asked Phin.

"They can leave us on the island," replied Dolph, trying to laugh for the benefit of his associate in misery.

"Will they do that?"

"That is all they can do, unless they adopt Tom Sawder's cheerful suggestion, and blow our brains out," replied Dolph lightly, though his manner belied his feelings.

"They will have to leave us here, since we agree that they will not take us with them."

"But how will they leave us?" persisted Phin, who could not see any possible bright side to the question.

"They will launch their boat, and leave us; that's the whole of it."

"That is not the whole of it. If they would do that I should not complain. We could build a raft, as Tom said, and get to the main shore. Of course we should tell the whole story as soon as we get back to Montoban, and the wires of the telegraph would trip up the robbers before they got to a safe place, reasoned Phin. "They are going to leave us in any such way."

"As you seem to know, Phin, how are they going to leave us?" asked Dolph, with a laugh, for he was only anxious to bring his companion into his own condition of mind.

"They are going to tie us hand and foot, and leave us in the cave!" exclaimed Phin, with melodramatic earnestness. "Then they are going to stop up the entrance of the hole with that big rock which lies near it."

"I think you are right, Phin," said Dolph, in the most encouraging tones. "They are not going to leave us in a situation to start a pursuit of them."

"Nobody in Montoban has the least suspicion that we are on Bunkel Island, and they are looking for us in New York City and elsewhere. We should starve to death in the cave; die a lingering death, or prolong our lives for weeks perhaps," said Phin, with a shudder.

"You take a cheerful view of the end of the whole matter, though it seems to me that you are wholly right," returned Dolph. "The robbers can't do it in any other way. They must either shoot us or tie us in the cave so that we can't get out. They are not going to take any risks. Pody has one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in his bag, and he can be a count on the Lake of Geneva, if he succeeds in making his escape."

"We need not argue the matter any more, for we agree perfectly," added Phin, who in some measure ascribed this result to his own logic and eloquence.

"Then all we have to do is to strike now!" said Dolph, in a low tone, but with the most determined energy.

"What do you mean?" inquired Phin, who had not got so far as his companion.

"We must change the signs in both members of the equation by getting possession of the two revolvers."

"Can we do that?" asked Phin, amazed at the idea.

"We can try!"

"But we may be shot."

"That will not be half so bad as being sent to the gallows with our hands and feet tied to starve to death," exclaimed Dolph. "Better be shot than starved. But we have a good chance to succeed. If you will take Tom, I will take Pody. When they are asleep, we have more than an even chance with them. Get the revolvers, and then use them."

"I don't think I could handle Tom," said Phin.

"Not when you take him asleep?"

"I will think how to do it," added Phin, shrinking from such a contest as was indicated.

"I have thought of it all, and you can do it as easily as you can tumble down on the ice. The first thing will be to hit him the heaviest crack on the head you can with a club or a rock," said Dolph, earnestly. "I know I can fix Pody the first time trying."

"Hush!" whispered Phin, as he heard a sound near them, and expected to see Tom Sawder the next instant with the revolver ready for use.

But instead of Tom, Andy Lamb showed himself.

(To be continued.)

## A LIVELY FISH.

A FISH that requires the efforts of three men and a boy to land may certainly be said to "die game."

This renown was achieved, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, by a tarpon hooked at Mississippi City by a boy named Germain.

The latter was fishing for mackerel from the canning factory wharf with a common fishing pole, a five cent line, and an ordinary trout hook, when his bait went under a jerk. It seemed so like a mackerel bite that he essayed to land his game in mackerel style.

The resistance offered and the immediate appearance of the silver coated monster, who broke the water and threw himself into the air, only to dive back to the deep, showed that the tarpon was hooked. The lad held on to the pole like grim death and yelled.

Willie Hayward, a keen sportsman; Thad Lyons, an expert fisherman, and Jack Craig, another expert, being on hand, relieved the lad at intervals, and the fish was skillfully landed and exhausted. It lay panting on its side by the pier posts. The huge thrush of the harpoon glanced off. The fourth transfixd the big tarpon.

Its limbs went lame had been immense. It threw itself from the water and turned with that peculiar wiggle which, it is said, throws the hooks from the jaws, but every effort it made to get a straight tension on the line was met by the man at the end of the pole, and almost lifeless, the grand game lay by the posts of the pier.

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Upon his recovery the parties immediately pulled the grand catch up on the pier. Its weight was in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.

TO GET the monster on the wharf was the next question. As he lay supinely on his side Craig seized the lower end of the posts and inserted a big hook in his gills. This movement of Craig's resulted in a retaliatory movement on the part of the fish, who gave what old whalers have described as a head flurry, and Craig was struck on the head by the end of the fish's tail, which for a moment stunned him.

Upon his recovery the parties immediately pulled the grand catch up on the pier. Its weight was in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.

BRICKS THAT ARE PRECIOUS.

SOME citizens of Freetown, California, have come the nearest to living in houses built of gold of anybody this side of Fairyland. A dispatch from that locality to the New York Sun explains matters in this wise:

Henry Bugee came here a few months ago and established a brickyard. Nobody knew exactly what he intended to do in that line, as there was no great demand for building material; but as he became satisfied there was no remuneration.

The brickmaker was industrious, and as he did not make many sales the piles of bricks in his yard grew prodigiously. One day about a fortnight ago Bugee left suddenly for Sacramento, and on his return half a dozen men came with him. Then the secret of his visit leaked out.

Having had some experience as a miner, Bugee became convinced soon after his arrival here that there was gold in the earth he was using, but as it did not seem to be in paying quantities he bestowed but little attention on it, although he came upon a patch that stimulated his curiosity, and taking a box full of it with him he went to Sacramento, where he had not got so far as his companion.

An interesting feature of the discovery is its effect on the market value of the great stack of bricks which he has on hand. It is roughly figured that each one of these is worth at least one dollar, and measures will be taken to get the rest out of them. In town there is one house built entirely of these bricks while the owner is thinking of the leasing down, and another man has a house partly finished and a contract with Bugee for several thousand more bricks, which will be delivered according to agreement.

## A DAY SPOILED.

How easy it is to spoil a day!  
The thoughtless words of cherished friends,  
The selfish act of a child at play,  
The strength of a lance may be bent and bend  
The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe,  
The smile that is full of bitter things—  
They all can tarnish its golden glow.  
And take the grace from its airy wings.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;  
Some good should come as the hours go by—  
Some taunted mazes may be made more plain,  
Some lowered banners may be raised on high,  
And life is too short to spoil like this.  
If only a prelude it may be sweet;  
Let us bind together its threads of bliss  
And nourish the flowers around our feet.

[This story commenced in No. 247.]

## DROWNED GOLD.

By DAVID KER.

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

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE DISTANT SHOT.

WHILE our heroes were facing death on the river their companions at the factory were in high spirits; for as steamers were constantly touching at Grand Bassa, and as the men who had been sent thither would carry the news of the wreck and of their whereabouts, they might now hope to be taken off in two or three days at the outside.

Moreover, Major Vere, and the few to whom he had entrusted the secret of the threatened attack upon the factory, had decided upon keeping it from the rest of the party (more especially the ladies) as long as possible, arguing that "they would know it soon enough if it did come, and if it didn't, there was no use in frightening them for nothing."

Luckily the morning was fine after a night of heavy rain, and the whole party being out in the courtyard or upon the verandah, the major and his comrades could make their preparations for defense without attracting the notice of those who were not in the secret.

Poor old King Ojo Jumbo, who had been quite prostrate ever since the wreck, was brought downstairs for the first time, and several of the younger men gathered round him, cheering him with assurances that he would soon be back in his own kingdom of Bonny, or drawing him out about his wars with his old enemy, King Ja-Ja of Opobo.

"White man make us friends at last," said the old warrior, after describing a terrible battle with Ja-Ja's people, "and I go see Ja-Ja; and when Ja-Ja see me come, he jump up and cry, 'How are you, old man? very glad see you; come and eat chop (food)!' And so we eat chop together, all same 'two brother.'"

And then he told with great glee how he had once conspired with the negro doctor when troubled with sleeplessness, and how the doctor had given him a sleeping draught, bidding him take a few drops every day, instead of which he drank off the whole bottle at once, and slept for five days on end!

Meanwhile Mrs. Keir, having begun to shake off her fever, was sketching a tall Krooman in a striped cloth and a huge, shapeless skin cap that might have suited Robinson Crusoe. The worthy savage, evidently immensely proud of being picked out as a model, stood in the attitude of Achilles over the body of Hector, with his arms folded, and a look of supreme majesty upon his broad, heavy, blubber lipped face.

As the sketch progressed, the other natives in the courtyard below grew more and more excited—crowding and jostling each other around the verandah, till at length one bolder than the rest whisked himself up on to the railing, and called out eagerly.

"White Mammie (woman), let see? I say, let see!"

Mrs. Keir held up the now completed sketch. It was received with a deafening roar of laughter, which showed that they all recognized the likeness, while the tall model stepped down among them with as much dignity as if he had just been made king of all Africa.

All this time the major and his party were hard at work upon the defenses of the factory, which was simply a large log hut, raised several feet above the ground upon stout piles, like the Malay houses of Eastern Asia.

The lower story consisted of the dining parlor, the big goods room serving as a

\* The history of this man, as told me by King Ojo's son, is given in itself, although his portrait (one of which I possess) give him a tolerably commonplace aspect.

-D. K.

store, and the tiny bedroom used by the two ladies, while above these an enormous loft, half filled with chests and barrels, stretched the whole length of the building, reached by a step ladder so steep that a rope hung beside it to help the ascent.

The dining room little needed to be done, for the thick wooden shutters could be closed at any moment, and the mail bags piled in one corner stood ready to make a barricade. The loft, too, with its two or three narrow, loophole windows, high above the ground, was quite a fort in itself.

But the goods store, which was sure to be the main point of attack, was also the most assailable; and so its two large windows were blocked up with casks and flour-sacks, leaving just space for fire through, while a wall of biscuit chests was built across the doorway by the major himself, whose grave face became graver at every burst of laughter from the unthinking merry-makers outside.

But their mirth was soon checked. A thunderbolt falling among them could scarcely have startled them more than the return of Evert's party and the fearful news which they brought. Death, sudden and frightful, started up amid their gayer and started them all in the face, for night was already falling, and the darkness would bring the destroyers along with it.

Their only chance now was to send word of their danger to the other friendly chief, King Jumbo, who lay on the same side of the river as themselves, only a few miles away; and Myneher Everts offered a large reward to any one who would make his way to the king's village with the news of their distress.

The negroes looked at each other and made no answer. They were all brave men, but they knew that the path through the woods was most probably beset already, and that if captured they would certainly be tortured to death with all the worst horrors of African cruelty.

Then, amid the general silence, a shrill piping voice was heard.

"I go, master. Dem feller see big man in dark, no see boy."

"You, Cariboo?" cried Captain Peters.

"How can you find your way?"

"Cariboo born here," answered the young hero. "Look, see! Them di stream is to brush, till come to big dead tree; den turn dat way till come to lilly bit stream; cross stream, come to king's village."

"Ze boy is right," said Everts. "Go den, boy; you get plenty dollar."

And Cariboo, throwing off what little clothes he had, so as to make himself less visible in the darkness, glided noiselessly away into the outer gloom.

Half an hour went by without any sign of danger. Then, far away in the dark forest, there was heard a single shot, and all was still once more.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

THAT distant shot, which seemed to speak the doom of their poor little messenger, struck a chill into every heart in the devoted garrison. But they had no time to think of it, for it was now plain that the savages were at hand.

In grim silence the last barricades were completed, and every man took his allotted post, to fight for life and death.

Major Vere advised the ladies to retire into their room, which was completely barricaded against bullets; but Mrs. Keir firmly refused.

"I can't sit still while you are all fighting for your lives," said she. "I can load the guns for you, if I can do nothing else."

So the major sent her up to the loft as the safest place, and the two boys along with her, the latter being set to watch the iron brazier of burning wood on which bubbled the huge camp kettle that was to supply the garrison with hot coffee during a struggle which threatened to last all night, if indeed they could keep death at bay so long.

And now the dead hush of night was broken by a ghostly rustling among the thickets, warning the defenders that a large body of men were forcing their way through. Instantly a blue signal light blazed up from the house top, and in its unearthly glare there started out of the gloom scores of wild figures, hideously dyed and daubed with paint and white clay, who were clambering over the palisade in all directions.

"Fire!" roared Major Vere.

The flash and crack followed the word as thunder follows lightning, while the yells and groans that arose from without showed how the volley had told.

But the assailants were not to be so easily checked. Some, posting themselves behind the surrounding huts, kept up a heavy fire upon every window and loophole of the besieged building, while others came close up under the verandah, and, leveling their guns through the rails of the balustrade, sent a hail of bullets against the shutters of the dining room, which were soon completely riddled with balls.

So the fight raged with varied fortune for more than an hour, while the men whom the fever had struck down, lying in a corner of the storeroom, listened to the uproar, and wondered how long they had to live.

Three of the garrison (two whites and a Krooman) had already been wounded; and in spite of their barricades, the defenders of the front room found their position becoming more dangerous every moment. On the other hand, at least a dozen of the enemy were lying dead around the house, for the fire was deadly from the upper windows, while Major Vere had stationed several of his best marksmen. The kept yelling like wild beasts, but the white men fought in stern silence, and within the house all was dark and voiceless as a grave.

As the danger deepened, the major seemed to be everywhere at once, watching threatened points, looking out for the chance of a telling shot at the enemy, cheering, directing, encouraging, as if he were not himself instead of one. Meanwhile Harry and Steve had already served out one allowance of bread and coffee all round, and had almost got the kettle boiling again in readiness for another.

Several times during the battle Major Vere had tried to bring down a man in European dress, whom he saw dodging about among the huts, rightly guessing him to be Camacho himself; but the traitor took care not to give him a fair chance.

But it soon appeared that if Camacho was no soldier, he was so nothing of a general. In obedience to his orders the savages cut away a part of the palisade, and had almost got the kettle boiling again in readiness for another.

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And now the dead hush of night was broken by a ghostly rustling among the thickets, warning the defenders that a large body of men were forcing their way through. Instantly a blue signal light blazed up from the house top, and in its unearthly glare there started out of the gloom scores of wild figures, hideously dyed and daubed with paint and white clay, who were clambering over the palisade in all directions.

"Fire!" roared Major Vere.

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wounded in the arm by the shot fired at him, had succeeded in reaching the village and bringing up the king's warriors to the rescue just in time.

But the besiegers understood that warning sound as well as the besieged, and had no wish to be attacked by Jumbo's men on one side and by the white men on the other. Before the first man of the relieving force came in sight the courtyard was clear of all but the dying and the dead.

But the enemy did not escape unpunished. The moment Major Vere saw them give way he flung open the door and led a charge that cut off a number of them from the rest, and drove them down the peninsula to the mouth of the river, where they had no way of escape except by swimming across it.

The moon had now risen, and by her light the major's keen eye noted among the dark forms of the flying savages the figure of a white man.

"There goes Camacho!" he roared. "Five dollars to the man who brings him down!"

But the Spaniard, who seemed to bear a charmed life, reached the water's edge unhurt, and plunged headlong in. Escaping as if by miracle the bullets which pattered around him, he was soon so near the opposite shore that he already thought himself safe.

All at once a huge snout rose from the dark waters, and two mighty jaws, armed with fangs that could have crushed a buffalo, yawned close beside him. The wretch had barely time to utter one shriek of horror when the crocodile made its fatal rush, and man and monster went down together amid a whirling eddy, to rise no more.

The further adventures of the Lakoja's passengers, and their final rescue by a passing steamer—which carried them safely home to England, after touching at Grand Bassa to take care of the crew—cannot be told here. But the last time I saw Captain Peters he told me that, so far from being blamed in any way, he had been highly complimented by the company's agents, and promised another ship the very first chance that offered.

"I mean to keep Harry with me," said he, "for seafaring seems to do him good, and I'm sure he'll never take kindly to anything else. As for Steve Holcombe, I expect you'll meet him on the Congo before long, for they say his father's to be employed on the new railway that Stanley's going to make up the river."

"Well, I'm glad you've come off so well, captain," answered I; "but I hope that rascally Spanish governor who planned all these villainies won't escape scot free."

A very grave look came over the captain's bold brown face as he handed me, without saying a word, the following extract from a Sierra Leone paper:

"Sensational Murder in Grand Canary. —Advices from Grand Canary report the murder of the Spanish governor, on the night of Thursday, the 22d, by a half caste who acted as his confidential servant. According to one account, the latter was overheard threatening his master, and declaring that he 'knew enough to hang him.' The report of a pistol alarmed the attendants, who rushed in and found the governor expiring from a terrific knife wound in the breast, with the discharged pistol by his side. The assassin, who was severely injured by the bullet, has since died in prison."

"I'll gotten gains don't prosper, you see," remarked the captain; "but they would have done if it hadn't been for little Cariboo, who's worth his weight in gold. He saved me that time, and if I don't make a man of him in return, my name isn't Ned Peters!"

THE END.

INDIAN BOYS AS JOURNALISTS.

AMATEUR BOYSLIFE IS SO popular and so beneficial a pastime among American boys, is taking root among the copper colored wards of the nation, according to a contemporary.

Frank Parly and David Sherman, Indian printer boys at the Indian school, at Genesee, Nebraska, are trying. It is announced, to raise \$250 for a small printing outfit with which to issue a paper from that school called *The Pipe of Peace*. Their subscription is endorsed by the superintendent of the school.

*The Cherokee Advocate*, partly printed in the dialect of that nation, has been published at Tahlequah, Indian Territory, for eleven years past; but we believe that the amateur establishment of that journal has never before been introduced among the red men. *The Pipe of Peace*, if successful, as we hope it will be, will be another evidence of the progress of the Indians in the arts of civilization.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 per year, payable in advance.

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

HOW TO WORK.

The vacation season is over, and another winter of work lies before us.

And this is as it should be. Work is the great antidote to the so called "melancholy days."

Return to your various tasks in life then, boys, with enthusiasm, resolving that the work you turn out, whether it be of head or hand, shall be the very best of which you are capable.

A WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

The London Times, the leading journal of the British metropolis, has discovered that there is a large and interesting continent on the western side of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Times is right in believing that this is a critical period in our history. While the country's progress was never more rapid than now, new social and political problems are looming up on the horizon.

HOW TO STOP A RUNAWAY.

A RECIPE warranted to stop a runaway horse is certainly a valuable thing to have at hand, and we therefore hasten to give our readers the benefit of one that has recently been brought to our notice.

The directions were given to the reporter of a New York evening paper by a certain Mr. Tip Crary, at one time a sprinter of no mean abilities, but at present employed in an art gallery.

Mr. Crary begins his advice in the negative, by declaring that the worst possible thing to do in the event of a runaway is to dash out in front of the team with shouts and arm warnings.

On the contrary, the horse should be approached from the side or rear, one arm thrown over his shoulder, his head pulled around and his nose pinched.

unnatural for him to breathe through his mouth, when his nostrils are closed he is obliged to surrender.

The chief drawback to this recipe is the fact that it involves the same prelatory process included in the time honored directions for making hare stew: "First catch your hare."

TWIN COINS.

NATIONS, as well as individuals, appear disinclined to learn wisdom by the follies and mistakes of their neighbors.

But, all unheeded of our sad experience with sharpers who gilded the five cent nickel into the five dollar gold piece, England, in her issue of special jubilee coins, included a sixpence (twelve cents) which in everything but color resembles a half sovereign (two dollars and a half).

The result is that the process of gilding has been revived over the water, to the gain of rascals and the loss and indignation of the British public.

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

GENUINE IMPORTED MUSIC.

MR. BARNUM, according to an announcement in a Bridgeport paper, has directed his agent in Paris to investigate an enterprise in which he has been requested to embark, and which from its stupendous nature bids fair to eclipse even Jumbo.

And yet there is nothing particularly big about it except the idea.

This, we think our readers will agree, is certainly immense, in the fullest sense of the term, as it contemplates the transmission by telephone from Paris to New York of the opera, produced nightly at the Grand Opera House in the same named city.

Should the transatlantic enterprise be inaugurated, it is proposed to charge each American auditor five dollars an act; and as many operas consist of five acts, it will be seen that the luxury will indeed be an expensive one.

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THE VALUE OF "KNOWING HOW."

A LADY went to a jeweler's to have a ring sawed off her finger. The lady was well advanced in years, and the ring had been put on her finger by her husband on their wedding day, nearly half a century before.

But to the old lady's delight the jeweler explained that it was not necessary to have the ring cut in order to remove it from the swollen finger.

The owner asked if there was any charge and was answered: "One dollar. I ask the same amount that I would get if the ring were left to be mended after being cut."

"Of course she might have done the whole thing herself," the jeweler explained afterwards. "It's the 'know how' I charge for, though."

As we read an account of the foregoing incident in an evening paper, we were struck by the thought of what an incentive it furnished to young students, who may sometimes fear that because they are not at work upon something tangible, therefore they are not so sure of reaping a reward for their labor.

RUSSELL SAGE. "Who is the richest man in the world?" is a question that is frequently asked, but never answered with certainty. It is impossible to estimate the actual values of the varied and extensive properties held by the wealthiest citizens of this and other countries; even the owners themselves would in many cases be unable to do so.

At any time during business hours, it is said, Mr. Sage can command twenty five million dollars in cash within half an hour.

Millions multiply rapidly in such hands as his. The most difficult step in the process of growing rich is the early part—the acquisition of a sufficient capital to operate on a large scale.

He was born at Verona, Onondaga County, New York, on the 15th of August, 1816. His parents were poor, and his opportunities of education limited.

He had to begin working for his living early in life; at fifteen he was helping his father owned at Troy, New York.

His natural thrift and aptitude for business developed rapidly, and three years later he was able to join in partnership with another of his brothers in starting a new store.

For many years Mr. Sage devoted himself principally to the same line of trade. He was largely interested in Western beef and pork packing establishments, and in furnishing supplies to the United States navy.

This was the first of Mr. Sage's railway transactions, which have since been numerous. He was long connected with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, purchasing an interest in 1857 and remaining a director of the system until 1874, when he withdrew.

He opened an office in New York in 1860, when his wealth was reputed to be about eight hundred thousand dollars. He engaged in stock broking, and in banking, railroad, and telegraph business; but his specialty has been the selling of the privileges known as "puts" and "calls."

less remarkable than his astuteness and success. In 1864, when the stock market fell with a crash, his losses were tremendous. He faced them, and met every obligation promptly, though it cost him, it is said, seven millions in cash; and he was so far from being crippled by the loss that he is probably richer now than ever before.

Mr. Sage retains many of the tastes and habits of his younger days in the country. In spite of his wealth, he is frugal to a degree. It is scarcely strange, perhaps, that one who has grown rich by thrift should remember his early training. He lives plainly in a modest house on Fifth Avenue. He dresses plainly, and prefers plain food; of tobacco and alcohol he uses little or none.

In appearance Mr. Sage has been compared to an old fashioned, well-to-do farmer. He is tall and strongly built, somewhat angular and stiff of figure. His manner is reserved, and gives the impression of great sagacity. His vast business interests rest entirely upon his own shoulders; he has, it is said, not a single confidant.

Politically, Mr. Sage is a member of the Republican party. He is a Presbyterian, and a regular attendant of Dr. Paxton's church in Forty Second Street. He has no children. His wife, whose maiden name was Miss Olivia Slocum, takes a warm and active interest in hospital and charitable work.

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

I sought for pleasure many a day, But found it not. And then I turned from pleasure's way, Resolved in duty's realm I'd stay, But found that pleasure's brightening ray Soon marked the spot.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

A DROP of ink may make a million think. EVIL is antagonism with all creation. WHOEVER is contented, he is rich.—Firdausi. TIME is often said to be money; but it is more—it is life.

DESERVE success and it will come. The boy was not born a man. WEALTH may bring luxuries, but luxuries do not always bring happiness.

AN evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sin.—Addison. How much better is the love that is ready to die than the zeal that is ready to kill.

NEVER contract a friendship with a man that is not better than thyself.—Confucius. HOME is the one thing sweet on earth. But home is built not of roses, but of hearts.—Bishop Alexander.

LIFE appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong.—Charlotte Bronte. It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit, for how should he love ten thousand men who never loved one?

TRUE glory takes root, and even spreads; all false pretenses, like flowers, fall to the ground; nor can any counterfeit last long.—Cicero. To be free minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, sleep and exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting.—Lord Bacon.

SHOULD any one ask me, What is the first thing in religion? I would reply, the first second and third thing therein, nay, all, is humility.—St. Augustine. "Now" is the constant syllable clicking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watch-word of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the present.—Dr. Parr. As a king is honored in his image, so God is loved and hated in man. He cannot hate man who loves God; nor can he who hates God love man.—St. Chrysostom.



RUSSELL SAGE.





THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IN BUCKSKIN SUDDENLY APPEARS AMONG THE SOLDIERS OF CAPTAIN BRENT'S COMMAND.

[This story commenced in No. 247.]  
**GILBERT THE TRAPPER;**  
 OR,  
**THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN;**  
 By CAPTAIN C. H. ASHLEY,  
 Author of "Luke Bennett's Hide Out," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE TRAIL.

AT daylight the next morning three troops of cavalry from Fort Lewis, numbering a hundred and twenty men, rode up to Uncle Jack's ranch, accompanied by about forty cowboys from Durango and the vicinity. To these Uncle Jack added himself and twelve of his herdsmen whom he had selected to go with him, making altogether a force that was strong enough to strike a telling blow whenever their Pawnee guides could bring them within reach of the hostiles.

"Now, boys," said the ranchman, extending a hand to each of his nephews, "Sam will take care of you. Do just as he tells you, and you won't get into any trouble with your mother's brother."

"Have you any idea how long you will be gone?" inquired Jerry, who was astonished at the coolness and indifference of these men who were going out to face death at the hands of a foe who had never been known to show the least mercy to those who were so unfortunate as to fall into their power.

"We may be back in a week, and we may not be back for a month," was Uncle Jack's reply. "That's as high as I can hit it. Them Indians have got to come to their reservation, if it takes from now till Christmas to make 'em do it."

"But he won't be gone as long as that," said Sam, as the ranchman swung himself into his saddle and galloped after the column. The hostiles will make it a point to be back here before the snow flies. Have you packed your saddle bags? Then bring out your ponies and we will ride down to the post. I should like to have you stay here with me, if your uncle thought it safe for you to do so, but orders are orders, and must be obeyed."

While the boys are making preparations to go to Fort Lewis, let us join the soldiers and cowboys, and see where they went and what they did. It did not take them twenty-nine hours, nor half of it, to reach Mr. Wilson's ranch, because they traveled rapidly, and besides they did not lose their bearings, as the little boys did when they passed along that same trail a short time before.

Shortly after twelve o'clock they were within sight of the ruins of Mr. Wilson's buildings, and a sorry sight it was, too. Nothing but a

pile of blackened sun-dried bricks remained to mark the spot on which a few days ago had stood a happy home. With the numerous bodies of horses and cattle, which had been ruthlessly shot down, were mingled the broken fragments of household furniture that the savages had destroyed in mere wantonness.

"How can men look upon a ruin like this and cherish the least spark of loyalty for a government that permits such doings, or feel anything but the bitterest hatred toward the wretches who were the cause of it?" exclaimed the leader of the Durango cowboys. "Scatter out, fellows, and see if you can find anything of Wilson and his men."

"There was not a man among the soldiers who did not feel like cheering the bluff old cowboy for this fearless expression of his honest sentiments, but they dared not do it. They had often wished that the men who were at the head of our Indian affairs could be compelled to take their places during one short campaign, but they were afraid to say so in the presence of their officers. The cowboy, being a civilian, was a privileged character.

The order to "scatter out" was obeyed with fear and trembling, the soldiers joining in the search, but taking care not to become too widely separated; but before they had ridden far, they were recalled by a blast of the bugle. As they fell into lines, the soldiers in the center and the cowboys on the flanks, they looked around to discover the cause of the alarm, and saw that one of the scouts, who had ridden so far in advance that he and his horse could but just be seen on the summit of a distant hill, had been joined by a dozen or more mounted men, with whom he was holding a consultation.

"More cowboys," said Uncle Jack, whose eyes were almost as good as a field glass. "I don't think we need waste any more time here, 'cause that chap on the gray horse is Wilson."

And so it proved. The owner of the ranch came up in a few minutes, bringing all his herdsmen with him. Two of them were wounded, but he was able to get them still able to sit in their saddles and do battle as well as any of their comrades.

"Well, it ain't no means as bad as we thought it was," said Uncle Jack, who had ridden forward to shake hands with his neighbor. "We have been searching for your bodies."

"It's bad enough," replied Mr. Wilson, looking around at the ruins of his home. "We showed along after them till they struck the hills, and then we had to stop for fear of being ambushed. We killed nine of them, but the death of every red on the plain would not reconcile me to the loss of my boys."

"That boys?" asked Uncle Jack.  
 "Mr. Wilson told you," replied Mr. Wilson, glaring savagely at the man before him.

"I wouldn't get huffy about it, neighbor," said old Jack, with exasperating coolness and deliberation. "Even if you do, I shan't be sorry that I took 'em in and sent them to the fort with my nephew this morning."

These words produced a great change in the angry ranchman. When he came up he was so nearly beside himself with rage that he was ready to shoot his best friend, and all because he believed that his motherless boys had been carried into captivity by the hostiles. He knew that the Indians had not killed them, for he and his men had looked over every foot of the ground for a mile or more on all sides of the ranch, without finding any traces of them. But when he learned that they were in good hands, the angry scowl faded from his face, and he broke down completely. His lip quivered and his eyes filled with tears as he leaned over the horn of his saddle and extended his hand to Uncle Jack.

"You needn't trouble yourself to say it, because the credit belongs to the boys themselves, and not to me," said the latter, soothingly. "As they went a right smart piece out of their way, it took them twenty-nine hours to find friends, and when they rode into one of my camps they were pretty well played; but a good night's rest and a jolly lark put them all right, and this morning they were as lively and peart as you please."

"How many Indians were there in the party?" asked the officer who commanded the cavalrymen.

"I saw about thirty," replied Mr. Wilson.

"But that's no sign that there were not more of them."

"No; and neither is it any sign that they have to be blamed for it," said Uncle Jack. "I got many more from the agency," said Uncle Jack. "There's a heap of discontent down there, cap."

"I don't know that we can be blamed for that," answered the officer.

"I ain't so much as hinting that you soldiers are to blame for it," said Uncle Jack. "I just telling you how the thing stands; but you've got eyes and ears, and you probably know as much about it as I do. It's just as one of my cow punches said yesterday."

"We've got an Indian war on our hands, sure pop."

"Oh, I hope not," said the captain.

"Well, you wait and see if I ain't right. We'll find more'n thirty Utes to fight when we get to the hills, mark that."

"There's lots of squaw men among them, too," added Mr. Wilson. "I saw them and heard their voices."

"Those fellows are always ready for an outbreak when there is a chance to steal anything. Can you lead the command to the place where the Indians left the plains and struck for the hills?" said the officer, turning to Mr. Wilson.

The latter could and did. It took him the best part of two days, and after that the Paw-

nees went in advance, and for a week more led the column along a dim and difficult trail, to the place where the Utes had turned at bay. It was in a natural fortress—the top of a round hill, whose cap rock was between twenty and thirty feet in height. Leading through this rock were two or three gaps, which were so narrow that a single determined man stationed at each, with a Winchester rifle or a brace of revolvers in his hands, could have withstood almost any number of assailants, so long as ammunition and provisions held out.

The first intimation the pursuers had of the presence of their wily foes was a volley from the top of this hill, which threw them into confusion, and proved the death of two reckless cowboys, who, in spite of repeated warnings, they never would obey unless it suited them to do so, persisted in marching far in advance of the trailers. One of them was killed outright, and the other severely wounded—but he managed, by the exercise of almost superhuman strength, to reach the shelter of a neighboring boulder, and there he lay, in full view of his horrified friends below, who dared not attempt his rescue while daylight lasted. The steep, almost perpendicular sides of the hill were bare of cover, and it would have been certain death to the man who attempted to scale it.

Had it not been for the impatience of some of the younger Utes, who were anxious to distinguish themselves by killing a white man, the pursuing party would have suffered great loss from that first volley. As it was, these two cowboys were the only ones injured.

"Prepare to fight dismounted!" shouted the captain; and the order was obeyed with unweary alacrity.

Leaving a few of their number to protect the wounded man behind the boulder, the soldiers fell back to the first turn in the canyon, sprang off their horses and took to the shelter of the rocks to fight the Indians in their own way.

"Oh, boys!" shouted a shrill voice from the top of the hill.

"That's Buckskin Bob, if I ever heard him speak," said Mr. Wilson, who was crouching in his place of concealment close by Uncle Jack's side.

The latter looked up and saw the figure of a man standing out in bold relief against the blue background of the sky. He was perched upon the very top of the cap rock, twenty feet or more above the heads of his Indian allies, who were hidden on the brow of the hill.

"That squaw man is tired of living—don't you reckon so?" said Uncle Jack as he saw back the hammer of his Winchester, and pushed the weapon over the rock in front of him. "He ain't an inch over three hundred and fifty yards away, and he will hold that position just a second longer—"

"Oh, boys!" shouted the renegade again; "don't you come up and get this cow puncher?"



ECHOES.

BY F. W. BARNEB. As one who walks upon a windy night, Through unknown streets, to reach the mister door, Guides not his footsteps by the gusty light...

[This story commenced in No. 227.]



By THOMAS LEE PUTNAM.

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

CHAPTER LXXXV.

CONCLUSION.

ELIAS SIMMONS was sitting in his store on Fulton Street when a telegraph boy brought in a message. It ran thus:

"NEPHEW ELIAS: Can you call at my house this afternoon? I wish to see you on business. "ENNICE SIMMONS."

The merchant's face brightened up. He had felt doubtful as to the terms on which he stood with his aunt, but this seemed friendly, and a proof of renewed confidence.

"It's all right!" he said to himself. "Aunt Ennice wants to consult me about some investment, or perhaps she is intending to change her will in my favor."

Seldom had Elias Simmons been so pleasant in his manner, and his clerks concluded that he had had a stroke of luck.

"I only hope it will continue," they thought. "The old man's been groggy so long that a change is desirable."

In fact Elias Simmons had been deep in business troubles, due to attempting to carry on a business too large for his capital, and he was even then considering how he was to meet a note for fifteen hundred dollars which would fall due the next Monday.

Three o'clock found him ringing the bell at his aunt's door. Jane Barclay admitted him.

"I hope Aunt Ennice is well, Jane," he said with his sweetest smile.

"She is quite well, Mr. Simmons," answered Jane stiffly.

"I'll get rid of that old cat when I come into aunt's money," thought Elias. But he only smiled pleasantly on Jane, and asked in a tone of interest if she were well.

"Thank you, it's nothing the matter with me," she replied. "Please come upstairs to your aunt's room."

Mr. Simmons went upstairs in a very cheerful frame of mind.

"I wonder what Aunt Ennice is going to tell me?" he said to himself. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if she is going to put some of her property into my hands to manage."

There was a smile upon his face as he opened the door of the old lady's sitting room.

Miss Ennice was sitting in a large arm-chair, which her slight form did not begin to fill.

Elias hurried forward, and shook her hand fervently, saying, "My dear aunt, how well you are looking!"

"Thank you, Elias. Sit down. I want to speak to you on business."

"Just so I am delighted with this mark of your confidence, Aunt Ennice."

"I am thinking of making a new will. Before doing so, I wish to ask you whether you are quite positive that Hester and her boy are dead."

"Unfortunately there is no doubt of it," said Elias.

"It is a great disappointment to me."

"And to me also, Aunt Ennice."

"You are of opinion that they died while on their way from New York to San Francisco?"

"Yes; such is the testimony of Captain Roberts, a most trustworthy man."

"And you have not seen Hester or her boy for years?" asked the old lady, fixing her sharp eyes on her nephew.

"I have not seen Hester, certainly. The boy I never saw."

Miss Ennice glanced significantly at Jane Barclay, who left the room.

"Though it would delight your interests, Elias, you would be glad if Hester and her son could come to life again?"

"Can you doubt it, aunt?" "Then you shall have that pleasure." What asked his aunt mean? Elias Simmons asked himself this question in a bewildered way. He didn't have long to wonder. There was a sound of approaching steps, and Jane Barclay returned followed by Mrs. Newton and Ned.

"Hester," said the old lady, "this is your cousin Elias, whom you knew in earlier days. Ned, I shall have to introduce you, as Mr. Simmons says he never saw you. Elias and Simmons half rose from his chair, pale and panic stricken. He sank back without a word to say.

"Hester, when did you meet Elias last?" asked Ennice Simmons.

"A few months since. He called upon me at my rooms."

"Did he say that I was in search of you?"

"No; he told me that you were dead."

"Edward, did you ever see Mr. Simmons before?"

"Yes, aunt. I worked for him at his store in Fulton Street."

"Did he know your name?"

"Yes."

"What was the name of the captain who carried you to San Francisco against your will?"

"Captain John Roberts."

"The same man who testified that you and your mother died some years since on board his ship. Really this is curious."

Elias Simmons tried to think of something to say, but he was overwhelmed. Ennice Simmons turned to him, and said sternly, "Your base attempt to prevent my meeting with Hester and her boy has recoiled upon yourself."

"Forgive me, aunt! I must have been mad!"

"I am afraid I shall find it hard to forgive you, I won't promise. You had better go home. Next Monday you may call upon my lawyer, and receive my last communication."

Elias Simmons rose, and fairly sneaked out of the house. "Fool that I was!" he soliloquized bitterly. "I might have had half now I shall have nothing."

But it was not quite so bad as that. Miss Simmons through her lawyer agreed to give him five thousand dollars down if he would formally relinquish all future claims upon her money. He could do no better, and agreed. This sum relieved him from embarrassment, and enabled him to put his business on a safe footing.

Mrs. Newton did not go to live with her aunt, but took a nice house near by, where Ned, Madge and Leila could live with her. Also at the earnest request of Sandy Mackaye he was admitted as a member of the family, and insisted on contributing a handsome sum for his own and Madge's share of the expenses. Ned left his place, and is attending a private school of a high grade with the laudable purpose of obtaining a good education. Roscoe St. Clair has been set up by Miss Simmons at Ned's request in a small business on Sixth Avenue, and he recently had an application to take Leon Granville into his employ, Leon having been detected in pilfering small articles from the store of Mr. Simmons. This very good natured, St. Clair felt obliged to decline.

Ennice Simmons is stronger and better than she has been for some years. She has given fifty thousand dollars outright to Mrs. Newton and Ned.

"There's no knowing how long you'll have to wait for the rest, Hester," she says. "I have a great mind to live to a hundred."

Mrs. McCurdy has long since spent her hundred and fifty dollars, but Miss Simmons often gives her additional sums of money.

"She doesn't deserve it, Jane," says the old lady; "but it was she who brought together Hester and myself, and I can't refuse."

It is doubtful if Mrs. McCurdy will live to a hundred, for, besides being "wake and delicate," she has injured her constitution by the free use of whisky.

Ned keeps up the intimacy with Fred Stanhope and his grandfather, and the two boys will probably be in the same class at Columbia College.

Captain John Roberts had a stormy interview with Elias Simmons on his return from California, and they parted enemies, as fellow conspirators are very apt to do.

Ned has plenty of money now, and he is always ready to lend a helping hand to the boys whom he knew in his street life days. He is not ashamed to speak of the time when he was poor like them, and tracked boots in front of the Astor House.

THE END.

CORRESPONDENTS & EXCHANGES

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent our abilities, but in justice to all such questions as are of general interest can receive attention. We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in this column as space permits.

ARCHIE, Philadelphia, Pa. No premium on the fifty cent piece of 1837.

A LEARNER must apply to a teacher or other expert for musical instruction.

C. F. W. New York City. Browning's poems can be procured for you by any bookseller.

J. G. M., Jr., Orange Park, Fla. Papier mache is not manufactured in the form mentioned.

ERD DANE, St. Regis Falls, N. Y. The average height of boys of sixteen is 5 ft. 3 in.; weight, 107 lbs.

A. B. C., Newark, N. J. Nos. 1 to 22 of Vol. V (whole Nos. 209 to 230) will cost you \$1.29 post paid.

ALICE LEE, Jamaica, Pa. The first 13 numbers of Vol. V will be sent by mail on receipt of 75 cents.

H. WESS, New York City. Make inquiries of the veteran athlete, Professor Wood, at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

C. F. W. Waukegan, Ill. Addresses of business houses are given only on receipt of stamped envelope with the request.

BOY BOOKER, New York City. 1. Ship building is a profitable business when properly conducted. 2. The best Philadelphia Business Directory.

CHAS. BOLLIS, 367 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J., desires to correspond with boys in his vicinity, aged 13 to 16 years, who would join his military company.

R. S. M., Richmond, Va. See the advertisement in No. 2 of MURPHY'S POPULAR SERIES. You will learn something about Coomer's delightful story "The Boys in the Forecastle."

EDWARD HAYES, HUGO THOMSON, Box 752, Yonkers, N. Y. You would like to correspond with boys between 13 and 17 living in Yonkers and vicinity, with the view of forming a military company.

G. McM., Jersey City, N. J. We are not prepared to give here the reasons why your scheme of marine telephoning is fallacious. A little study on the subject of electricity will probably suggest them.

M. C., Forest City, Ia. Photos of the League players can best be procured in the cities from which their respective clubs hail. We will send you a card bearing photos of the New York players, each picture 1 1/2 inches, for thirty five cents.

A. M., New Orleans, La. 1. On topics of general interest, answers in this column are framed in such way that the questioner is obliged to answer. 3. See announcement on eighth page of No. 251. 4. The merits of actors, etc., are matters of opinion.

FRÉDÉRIC, Ja. 1. Yes, there is a way to break of the habit of cigarette smoking, and it is singular it never occurred to you. Just drop it, once and for all. If you have any stamina you can cross the equator by the hands of the operator. 2. The rank of an artist is a matter of opinion. 3. The question of sail area is not to be decided by the size of the sails, but by the wind influence on any one's life. That is a foolish piece of superstition unworthy of a rigid minded man.

E. S., Chattanooga, Tenn., asks: "What is the trouble between Bulgaria and Russia?" Briefly it may be stated that after the blood and treasure she expended to liberate Bulgaria from Turkish rule, Russia considers that she has a right to possess an influence in Bulgarian politics which the natives have justly earned. It is not included in the list of the latest exhibition of independence on the part of the Bulgarians was the election of a German prince of whom the Czar disapproves. To keep up with the condenser and used over again. 3. We expect to print another article by Lieutenant Hamilton on military organizations in the course of a week or two.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange columns is open free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds eggs, dangerous chemicals or any article liable to be used as articles; no exchanges for "offers" nor any exchange of papers, except those of a regular readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this column, and for any person who intended to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given.

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

Harry L. Strub, Box 253, Jersey City, N. J., would like to exchange for a first class photo outfit.

Harry Martin, Salem, Ill. Three hundred thirty tags, for Nos. 209 to 219 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

J. D. Lamey, Barrington, Ill. An Excelsior hand inkling press, valued at \$14, for a guitar of equal value.

Thos. Dentz, 165 East 75th St., New York City. Wicht's "Young Violinist," for a piccolo instruction book.

John M. Miller, 933 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. An alligator's tooth, for 3 rare stamps, U. S. preferred.

John Kertz, Huntingdon, Pa. Five hundred tin tags, 200 varieties, for a bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Joseph H. Troeller, 233 East Thompson St., Philadelphia, Pa. One hundred and twelve postmarks, for stamps.

Frank Laberteaux, Albion, Mich. 50 different postmarks, or "Frank, the Young Naturalist," for rare stamps of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Warren Odell, Sing Sing, N. Y. A canvas canoe, 18 ft. long, in good order, for a printing press, chase not less than 6 by 8.

W. Banzett, 935 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A sheep watch, with case, and several books, for a vise and machinist's tools.

J. K. Lewis, New Bethlehem, Pa. A magic lantern with 16 slides, and some reading matter, all in good condition, for a sewing machine.

F. Y. Wheeler, Evanston, Ill. A 4c inch bicycle, for a 6 by 9 press, with at least 10 tons of type, and worth not less than \$30.

Thomas P. Nolan, 134 West 28th St., New York City. A gold fountain pen, valued at \$14.50, for a fishing pole with reel and line.

A. W. Wadhams, West Haven, Conn. A Morse telegraph outfit, with two battery jars for lantern, for a bicycle in good condition.

H. Hauptmann, 325 East 125th St., New York City. A pair of all clip roller skates and a set of rollers, for a fishing rod and reel.

Andrew S. Sloan, 57 Pendleton Ave., Springfield, Mass. Grimm's Fairy Tales, 543 pages, for Nos. 205 to 228 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

R. P. Shattuck, 163 Hospital St., Providence, R. I. A magic lantern with 12 slides, for a Victor bicycle saddle, or a set of boxing gloves.

Frank T. Eisenbitt, Box 461, Mount Palauki, Ill. A B flat cornet, with case, and several books, for valued at \$15, for a 1/2 horse power steam engine.

George C. Light, care J. H. Bellamy, Yonkers, N. Y. Two hundred and fifty different foreign stamps, for stamps not in his collection. Send lists.

James Sullivan, Jr., 335 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass. Three books by Alger and Optic, for Nos. 209 to 247 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY in good condition.

Marshall Moreau, Menominee, Mich. A foot power scroll saw, with saws, wood, design, etc., 6 books, and a pair of roller skates, for a good watch.

Eddie Fox, 509 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Five hundred and sixty two tin tags, almost all different, for an unbound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Frank Beers, 506 West Water St., Elmira, N. Y. A seaming press, 5 1/2 by 7 1/2, hand or foot power, with type and ink, for a 1/2 horse power steam engine and boiler.

W. R. Adams, 39 Elm St., Toronto, Canada. Two hundred different stamps, valued at \$4.50, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound, or foreign coins.

Theo. Pardee, 72 Jones St., Detroit, Mich. Two different sets of equal value in foreign stamps, for every tin tag not in his collection. Also tin tags, for the same. Send list.

Charles Borton, Winona, Kan. Specimens of insignias and petrified leaves and fish, for a magic lantern, a microscope, a field glass, or Vols. I and II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

C. E. Blackin, Box 42, Minneapolis, Minn. A chronically valued at 25 cents, for U. S. or foreign stamps of equal value in his collection. Send stamps with prices marked.

H. J. Burnell, 208 Walnut Ave., Chicago, Ill. A pair of 5 lb. Indian clubs and 1,000 tin tags (200 varieties), for a small press, for books, encyclopedias, histories, etc., New York and Brooklyn editions only.

John W. Wellbrock, 410 Palauki St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A 4 by 6 self inkling press, with 10 fonts of type, etc., and a small press, for books, encyclopedias, histories, etc., New York and Brooklyn editions only.

John Wetherbee, Box 233, Athol, Mass. A Waterbury watch, needing slight repairs, for an International album and stamps; 15 different foreign stamps, for every Chinese, South or Central American, or Canadian bill stamp.

A. H. Beers, 606 East Pratt St., Baltimore, Md. A Scott's International album, containing 500 stamps, together with the flags and arms, and the ruler's names of every nation, for an unbound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

R. C. Dillon, Eighth and Walnut Sts., Camden, N. J. A violin and bow, a pair of 10 1/2 inch Acme skates, and other articles, all valued at \$30, for a rubber tread bicycle, for books, encyclopedias, histories, and Candem offers preferred.

George E. Nevins, Bartlett St., New Brunswick N. J. Fifty postmarks or 40 U. S. stamps, for every 3 foreign stamps; 10 U. S. stamps or postmarks, for 15 foreign postmarks; 5 foreign postmarks, for 2 foreign stamps; 20 postmarks from New Jersey, for ten of any other State or Territory.

## ANOTHER DOG WATCH YARN.

BY HENRY F. HARRISON.

IT were over thirty years ago, nigh's I can reckon. I was a tough young cove of my inches, and bein' born and bred in sight of the sea, took to it as natural as a duck.

The first v'y'ge ever I made were in a little full rig ship called the Dolphin. Little she were for a fact, tonnin' exactly one hundred and thirty-four—the smallest square rigger as ever sailed round the Cape o' Good Hope.

We was on a tradin' v'y'ge—they bein' commoner then than nowadays. Cargo? Bless you, there were a little of everything, according to the locality where we was goin'.

Tin whistles and bead gimcracks, big figured calicoes and cast iron pocket knives for the South Sea Islands, iron dyes and plug hats for Madagascar, fish hooks and tinware for the Laccadives, and so on. And Cap'n West, bein' kind of a speculator in his way, had bought up a lot of condemned army ordinance stuff to a government sale. There was cavalry sabers, hussar pistols, a lot of flint lock muskets, and two brass cannon—field pieces, I believe they call 'em—with a lot of ammunition of different kinds. This army truck he was callin' to traffic to the commandant of the Dutch fort to Antjeur.

In them days ships carried big crews. There wasn't no such thing as puttin' half a dozen men aboard a thousand ton fore and after like they does now. Not by no manner of means. The Dolphin had eighteen men before the mast, besides a carpenter, bo'sun, supercargo, three mates and the cap'n. One watch could shorten and make sail, so there wasn't no callin' out all han's every time it come on to blow, which it did pretty continual till we'd got well round the Cape and struck the sou'west monsoons.

We were well to the nor'ward of Cape Guardafui, callin' in to run across to an Arab seaport—Keshin were its name, I think—to dicker for red coral and sponges, which the natives is great for fishin' up, when we struck a dead calm somewhere about thirty mile off shore.

Hot! I've seen blazin' days on the line in my time, but this beat s'n'ythin' ever I remember. The pitch jest sizzled 'tween the deck planks, which were that hot you couldn't bear your hand on 'em, and the tar was fryin' out of the standin' riggin' fore and aft.

"I can't go this," says English Ned, which was an old shipmate o' mine. "I'm goin' to slip over the bows for a dip, if it takes a leg."

"Maybe it'll take more'n a leg if one o' them big Gulf of Aden sharks happens to drift along," I told him. But of course he were bound to have his own way, and he did.

The old man was asleep in the shade of the spanker, and the mate below, else Ned wouldn't have dared to go over—orders bein' very strict about goin' in swimmin' from ship-board.

Ned knewed this as a matter of course, and took advantage. Them of us as was awake stood to the rail kind of enyv'n' him as he swum and sputtered hisself with the cool, green blue water, till all at once a Kanaka chap, which had eyes like a needle, sings out "Shark!"

Sure enough, and as big a one as ever I laid my two eyes on. He must a' come under the keel from t'other side of the ship, for we'd see nothin' of no back fin as is usual the case when a shark is anywheres round.

Ned heard us sing out and struck for the ship, puttin' in his best locks, but it wasn't no use.

Before the boat was down and fairly unhooked, the shark turned belly up. Ned give one awful screech, and when we got to him the poor chap's right arm were bit off jest above the elbow!

Of course it natch' a' been wuss—though this were bad enough in all conscience. We pulled him in and got him aboard as quick as possible—his having swooned with losin' of so much blood. Cap'n West stopped the bleedin' after a fashion by takin' up the arteries nigh as handy as a surgeon, and Ned came to.

Meanwhiles the Kanaka had rigged an old harpoon, and got over in the main channels.

All at once he hollered, "Fast!" and sure

enough he were. All han's tailed on to the line as the iron were fast to, and hauled the shark alongside spite of splashin' and squirmin'. Then we bent a big shark hook to the end of the main brace, hooked it into sharkey's upper jaw, an' h'isted him in-board—the carpenter standin' ready with an axe for to chop off his tail—that bein' about the vitalist part of a big shark.

"Cap'n," says Ned, a minute after the old man had poured a calker of rum down his throat, "I wish't the fellers would open their eyes critter an' see if my arm's inside him—there's a ring on one o' my fingers as was give me by my sweetheart, and I'd like to get it back."

The old man said "All right," as a matter o' course. Sharks'll swallow anything they can lay their jaws to, and it's most allus

custumary to see

what's in one's stum-

pack when they're

ketch'd. I've seen

four feet of chain

sheet and a big silver

watch took out of

one, to say nothin'

of a pair of sea boots

and a sheath knife.

But, as I was sayin',

D'rec'ly he stopped

thrashin' about, we

cut him open. Poor

Ned's arm were there

sure enough, and it

were kind of pitiful



A HOOK WAS BENT TO THE END OF THE MAIN BRACE, AND THE BIG SHARK WAS HAULED INBOARD.

to see. He got back his ring, and then we gave it a sea burial.

There were somethin' else in the shark. A ball of marline, a rusty bunch of keys, and a junk bottle corked up tight.

"Maybe it's something to drink," says the bo'sun. But come to hold the bottle up to the light, there were nothin' cepting a scrap of paper inside.

Whilst the men was heavin' the shark's carcass over the rail and swabbin' up the deck, the bo'sun smashed the bottle, and Cap'n West, seein' writin' on the paper, read it aloud.

Of course, I disremember just the words. But it was to the effect that the cap'n of a 'Merican bark, Belcher his name were, and the Bloomin' Rose the vessel's—had been took pris'n' by an Arab pirate. It seems the Arabs had plundered and burnt the bark, massacred all the crew cept the cap'n and mate, which was aboard the dhow bein' carried to Keshin, where they would be sold for slaves. The cap'n had wrote the message, put it inside the bottle and sent it adrift on the sly, takin' the one chance in ten million of its bein' picked up by some ship. The shark had swallowed it—and that's the way it came to us.

Well, of course we was tremendous

worked up. The Bloomin' Rose was an old Salem bark, and Cap'n West knowed Cap'n Belcher well.

"Boys," he says, "by the date of this writin' the bark was burnt some time yesterday. There's a breeze comin'. Who's game for gettin' up the guns and ammunition outer the hold, and runnin' into Keshin, where we'll threaten'to blow the town to flinders if they don't give up Cap'n Belcher and his mate? What d'ye say?"

We all said one thing, wild and reckless as were the proposition. And that one thing were "Yes." Keshin then wasn't only a small town—mostly sun dried clay houses and such, with 'raps a couple o' thousand people in it, and I don't doubt but that we could have laid it in ruins if we'd set out. But as it happ'ed, things took a

merchant vessel, and was chuckin' to think they'd have another haul like they did with the Bloomin' Rose—supposin', as we knowed were more than likely, this were the same pirate craft.

The field pieces was loaded half way to the muzzle with spikes and iron scraps from the carpenter's shop, atop of a big charge of powder, and pinted to'ards the rail. Then we throwed a tarpaulin over each of 'em, and the nigger cook had a red hot poker in the galley stove to touch 'em off when Cap'n West said the word.

All han's ceptin' Cap'n West, the man to the wheel, and the cook, snuggled down under the bulwarks. Every one, even to Bob the cabin boy, were armed with a gun, a hussar pistol and cavalry sabber.

"We'll warm 'em, darn 'em," says the old man, grittin' his teeth as the dhow came a hummin' up to windward and the copper faced dogs on the deck set up a yell to see how easy they was goin' to take another prize.

I were only a youngster then, but I'll never forgit how excited I were, a layin' there with my heart knockin' up agin my ribs, hearin' the Arabs yellin' close on our quarter.

Down come their big latten sail, and as she ranged up alongside the dhow's captain sung out somethin' in arabic, and grapples was thrown into our main and mizen riggin'.

"Bo'sun!" yelled Cap'n West, like he was hailin' the main r'yal yard.

We know'd that wasn't for us—not just that minute leastwise.

The bo'sun yanked the tarpaulins off the guns quicker'n you'd say knife. The Arabs was crowded to the dhow's rail thicker'n hornets, brandishin' their carvin' knives and and shoutin'.

"Cook!" sings out the cap'n, and out of the galley bust Bob, touchin' the red hot poker to the primin' fust of one gun, then the other.

"Whang! Whang!"

Lord, how it did rake 'em! And then the old man grabs up a sabber.

"Give 'em the ball ketridges fast, boys," he shouts, and every man Jack of us was on his feet in a twinkin' with muskets to the shoulder.

I s'pose we fired kinder permiscuous like, but the cannon shots had throwed 'em all into a huddle of confusion, and more or less dropped to the musketry.

Then as they fell back screechin' from the rail, Cap'n West sprung over the bulwarks, was a follerin' with pistols and sabers just as in the old han' to han' fights you read about.

Nigh as I remember, there were over sixty pirates aboard the dhow. Thirteen was killed and badly wounded by the charges of spikes and scrap iron, and 'most as many more by the ball ketridges.

But it were the complete surprise as gained us the day. We shot 'em without no thought of mercy ceptin' them as threw down their weepins and made signs for quarter.

And we driv' mor'n half of 'em overboard with the sabers. That were the last of 'em, for in ten minutes the water was jest alive with sharks.

It were the completest v'y'ry anybody'd ask for, and all over inside of half a hour. Best of it all was, Cap'n Belcher and the mate of the Bloomin' Rose was in the hold, layin' tied hand and foot.

The dhow had a deal of plunder aboard. We hoover over the dead, fixed up the wounded ones the best way we could, and tied the prisoners round the deck. Only for the mate, Cap'n West would have sailed slap into Keshin with a pirate swingin' to every lower yard arm. As it were, we handed 'em over to the 'thorities when we did get in, and I believe they was hung eventooally.

The only one as was dissatisfied were English Ned.

"If I'd a' had my arm," he says, grumblin', "I could a' had a back at 'em with the rest. It's jest my bloomin' luck."

"You'll get your share of the booty some day, all the same," says Cap'n West.

And so he did, and a nice pay day we had with somethin' like a year and a half's pay and each man's whack of the plunder, when we got into Boston. I notice I never had such a one since, and never expect to. My wheel, eh? All right—strike eight bells, for'ard!

[This story commenced in No. 248.]

**ERIC DANE**  
The Football of Fortune

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

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

CHAPTER XIV.

A SLIP 'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

ERIC'S sensations, when he realized that he was as ignorant of the opening lines of his part as though he had never learned them, can be better imagined than described. Indeed, the anxiety engendered by this unlucky lapse of memory quite dwarfed, for the moment, the important possibilities presented to his mind by that glimpses of the fellow he had been so anxious to interview.

"He's sure to stay here for an hour longer at least," Eric told himself, "so why should I lose my head over the recognition?"

Meanwhile he paused neither in his saunter nor his whistle, and was by this time within a few feet of the farm house porch.

"If I had only forgotten the cue I am to get from Miss Appleby," he reflected, "I could hope that when I heard it I'd remember what my answer was."

All this of course passed through his mind in less than a minute, and at the end of that period he found himself doffing his cap to Miss Appleby and listening to the cue she was giving him, without the ghost of an idea of what he was to say in reply.

He stood there, cap in hand, his back half turned to the audience, while the cold perspiration broke out on his forehead, and a trembling began to seize upon his limbs. Already in anticipation he could hear the awful silence that would follow the close of the heroine's speech, and in imagination could see the wonder, and pity, too, perchance, depicted upon the faces of that vast assemblage.

Should he make a dash for the exit now, he asked himself, or stand there mute and motionless until the curtain was rung down on his disgrace?

But now Miss Louise ceased speaking, and—but what was this? Yes, Eric was actually replying, uttering the very words of that part which a second before he had forgotten as completely as though it had never existed.

In five minutes it was all over, and he was behind the scenes receiving the congratulations of Mr. Appleby, who patted him on the shoulder and assured him that he couldn't have done it better.

"But I didn't think I was going to do it at all," Eric responded modestly. "I can't understand now how I got through unless it was by a kind of mechanical memory of what came next," and then he explained how he had seen in the audience the one person who could furnish him with the proof that was needed to put him into possession of his rights, and the consequences that had resulted from the circumstance.

"I must have a talk with him before he leaves the theater," he added. "Now how shall I manage it? I can't go in front in this rig, and I've got to be on the stage so much from now on that I won't have time to change it. And if I let slip this chance

of finding out where I can lay my finger on that chap when I want him, I—well, I deserve to lose my fortune, that's all."

"We'll send somebody out to see the young man for you and get him to come behind," said Mr. Appleby. "or I'll go myself if you point him out to me."

"How can I?" objected Eric. "We can't go on the stage, and we can't see him from the wings, can we, without being seen ourselves?"

"The act will be over presently, and then you can come out and point him out through the hole in the curtain."

With this Eric was forced to be content, although he was so impatient that he could not sit or stand still, but kept pacing back and forth with a look of anxious suspense on his young face that seemed widely out of keeping with his dress.

At last the curtain fell, and before the stage was cleared of those who had taken part in the final scene, Eric rushed out and applied his eye to the peep hole.

Yes, there sat the object of his search, attire in a black frock coat, with his hair plastered down

"I'll wager there won't be any trouble getting him to come," quoth Mr. Appleby, as he marched off on his errand.

Eric would gladly have remained at the peep hole to watch the execution of it, but the scene shifters now required full possession of the stage to make the changes for the next act, and he adjourned to the wings and watched the putting together of the canvas building from which he was to take his sensational leap into the hay mow.

"There won't be much glitter in stage life left for me after my experience here," he reflected, as his eye took in the cobwebbed corners, the dangling ropes, and the

color, any way. Well, all I can do is to wait till I go off again."

But as his presence was required in groupings for almost the entire act, his patience was put to another severe test.

"What if that chap should take it into his head to go out, or change his seat?" he said to himself. "It may be five days before I can get on his track again."

Eric's transformation into a lawn tennis dude had not been accomplished without the use of paint, cosmetics, and the adjustment of a dainty false moustache, so that there was not much hope of his being recognized by his late traveling companion, especially as the latter believed him dead.

He was thinking rather soberly on the exasperating fashion in which fortune was treating him, and idly toying with his recquet as he sat with the grey company looking on at a juggling entertainment given by the guests of "Fairfield Farm," when a shrill scream just behind him brought him back to present duties and dangers with a rush.

For the scream came from a girl in the company, and its dread burden was "Smoke." An instant later and the awful cry of "Fire" rang through the theater.

Instantly Mr. Banner was before the footlights seeking to prevent a panic. His sharp tones and calm presence coupled with the fact that as yet not a particle of flame was visible, tended to allay the

alarm in a good degree. Still the audience could not be induced to remain.

The fire proceeded from the haystack, which had been placed in position ready for Eric's leap. A rope among the flies had swung into a gas jet, and the burning portion had dropped to the hay just below.

The firemen who are always about a theater promptly extinguished the flames, but that one scream had settled the business of keeping the matter from the audience. The performance was perforce brought to a termination for lack of spectators, among the first to rush out being the boy whose name began with McQuirk.

CHAPTER XV.

A MYSTERIOUS LOSS.

"**GREAT** CESAR, this is a pretty way to treat a fellow! Engage him for a week, then set him adrift without a day's notice and with only a day's salary, and that not for any fault of his! Why, that Banner is a—well, he's keeping a sharp lookout for Number One, and I suppose I'll have to make the best of it. But I've had a lesson, any way, I ought to remember."

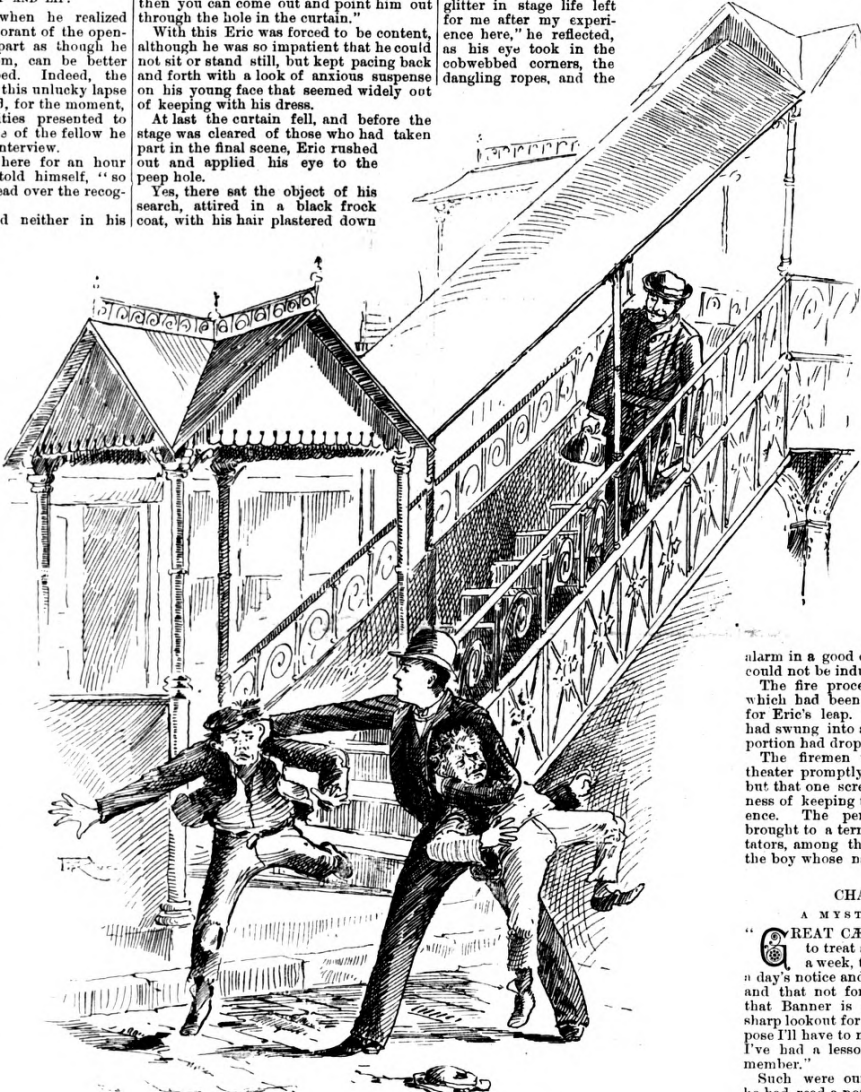
Such were our hero's reflections when he had read a note passed in to him under the door at the Medford's, the next morning, before he was dressed.

It was from Mr. Banner and read as follows:

SQUARE THEATER, Thursday midnight.  
We have been notified to discontinue the use of the hay mow act in our production of "Fairfield Farm," owing to the danger from fire. Hence it has been decided to cut out the character of Clarence Terrington; so your services will no longer be required, and close two dollars in payment of duties already performed. Yours truly,

WINTHROP BANNER.

Taking the bill from the envelope, Eric placed it on the bureau, and then proceeded to add to it the money from his various pockets, making the following mental commentary at the conclusion of the ceremony: "Grand total, \$5.15; owing to the Medford's for a week's board (if I stay) \$4; amount left for purchasing fresh stock of collars, cuffs and underclothing, \$1.15; present source of income, six; prospective fortune, something over a million; and now the question is, how am I to bridge over



ERIC DEFENDS HIMSELF AGAINST THE TWO YOUNG STREET ARABS.

over his ears, and a collar that evidently held his head as in a vise.

He seemed to be alone, as he was engaged in reading his programme.

"There he is, in the fifth row on the right," Mr. Appleby, cried Eric, excitedly, as his patron in the theatrical world took his turn at peeping. "The one with the terribly high collar on and his hair brushed very slick. Do you see him?"

"Oh, yes, most undoubtedly," was the prompt reply. "I'll go out and bring him around myself. Shall I give him your name?"

"Perhaps you'd better not," laughed Eric. "He might think it was a ghost and decline to come."

"He may have recognized you already." "I guess not, or he wouldn't be sitting there so calmly. Just tell him that somebody would like to speak to him for a moment behind the scenes."

general "wrong side out" effect which all the surroundings bore stamped upon them.

"The audience get all the fun there is in it," he decided, with a vivid recollection of the wearisome grind he had been put through at the rehearsals.

To his impatient expectancy, it seemed as if Mr. Appleby never would come back, but at length, just after the curtain rose on the third act, he appeared—with the wrong boy!

But before Eric could explain the fact, the call boy ran up to remind him that he was needed on the stage, and he was obliged to hurry off.

"How stupid in Mr. Appleby," he complained to himself. "I told him what he looked like, but after all, perhaps he isn't so much to blame, for this fellow has a high collar and slicked hair, only it's light. And I don't believe I thought to tell him

the gap between expectation and realization?

He sat down to study the problem, but the longer he thought about it, the deeper grew the conviction that all his energies ought to be concentrated on obtaining an interview with that fellow he had seen in the theater the previous evening. The exasperating fashion in which he had lost the opportunity afforded him still rankled in his mind.

In the confusion following the fire he had had no opportunity to obtain a report from Mr. Appley; indeed, had not seen him. Besides, as he had slung out the wrong person, it was not to be supposed that he would be able to provide our hero with any information that would be of use to him.

"I'll go back to Cedarbrook, in spite of Mr. Tibbert's edict of banishment," Eric resolved. "I ought never to have left it. Perhaps if I hadn't I'd be having a good natured consoling pillow fight with Percy and his brother at this very moment."

"How did the fire get started?" Eric started at the question. He had quite forgotten that he had a room mate. Coming home late from the theater, utterly worn out, he had gone to bed almost without noticing the young man who occupied the inside edge of it, and the receipt of the note from Mr. Banner had served to banish the recollection of his presence on this occasion.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Boltby," said Eric, quickly snatching up his money in a roll and stuffing it all into one pocket. "The play didn't go at all, it stopped," he added, and then went on to explain the nature of the interruption.

"You should be in my profession," responded the parachute dropper, sitting up in bed to gesticulate as he talked. "There are no four walls to hamper one with taking precautions lest they burn down. No, the circumambient atmosphere is my stage, and the boundless expanse of country my auditorium."

"But how do you make it pay?" asked Eric. "You can't charge an admittance, where there is no place to admit people to."

"True, and hence I am not dependent on gate money for my support, for although I live, so to speak, by air, I do not live on it. My frugal needs are supplied by a certain stipulated sum paid me by the railroad and steamboat companies that carry people to the points where I exhibit."

"That assures you a regular income in a very nice manner, then," said Eric, as he began brushing his hair.

"But the companies are so grasping, I don't mind confessing to you, that the percentage they allow me is but a miserable pittance, and they make it smaller with every exhibition."

"Why, how does that happen? I should think that as your fame spread you would be worth more."

"Ah, that is the sensible way to look at it. It is, in fact, the way I look at it myself. But how do these magnates of the transportation lines argue? This way: 'The people throng to see you take your thousand feet of air, and you have a half defined expectation that you will kill yourself in making it. You do not sustain so much as a scratch, and what is the result? The crowd is disappointed of a hoped for sensation, and there are fewer to witness your next attempt. Hurt yourself, faint on the way down or contrive to land in some perilous position,' say these unreasonable men, 'and your star of fortune will begin to ascend again.' Did you ever hear of a baser libel on the American public than that?"

Eric admitted that it presupposed a wide spread love of the horrible, which it was to be hoped did not really exist. "But young Medford and I," proceeded Mr. Boltby, lowering his voice to the key in which important communications are made, "we have formed a plan which we hope will give me my just dues."

"And what is that?" inquired Eric, who was becoming quite interested in this young man who talked like an old one.

"Why, we have procured a small tent which will be erected near the spot where I propose to alight, and into which I shall betake myself with all possible speed as soon as my feet touch the ground. Medford will then take his place at the door, and charge five cents to every person who wishes to enter and have a close view of the man who has dropped a thousand feet from the clouds. I will be rigged out in my costume, you know, and will be ready to show just how the parachute works, so we will give the people the worth of their nickel, don't you think so?"

Eric was spared the awkwardness of expressing his inward convictions on the subject by a rap at the door, which he hastened to answer.

It proved to be a summons from one of the old ladies to breakfast, at which moment our hero announced his intention of leaving New York that morning.

The old ladies—whom he now discovered to be the two maiden aunts of the Medford boys—expressed their regret at such an early departure, and fixed the price he was to pay for his night's lodging and three meals at seventy five cents.

Eric had risen from the table and now put his hand in his coat pocket for his money.

"There was nothing there. He tried another with the same result."

"Well, I know I'm not quite bankrupt," he remarked with a laugh, "for only five minutes before I came down I was counting how much I had up in my room."

"What did you do with it when you had finished?" asked Miss Phoebe.

"I put it in my inside coat pocket, but it isn't there now, nor in any of the others," and a blank look spread itself over our hero's face as he finished exploring his clothes.

"Perhaps you dropped it on the floor," suggested Miss Trix.

"You had better go up and look," added her sister, and Eric was not slow to act upon the advice.

He found Mr. Boltby adjusting his cravat with great pains before the looking glass.

"I've lost some money," began Eric, when the other sharply interrupted him with: "Not in this room. Do not say you left it here and that now it is gone."

"But I hope it isn't gone," went on Eric, too worried to wonder at the man's strange manner.

He fell on his hands and knees, and began carefully going over every foot of the carpet.

"I may be poor, but I am honest," went on Mr. Boltby, adding in deep and solemn tones: "Will you permit me to help you in your search, or do you fear that I may pocket—"

"Mr. Boltby," Eric looked up to reply with emphasis, "once for all I don't believe you stole my money, for the very good reason that I don't see how you could. I counted it myself this morning before I went down to breakfast and then I remember distinctly putting it in my pocket. But it isn't there now, nor anywhere else that I can make out. It seems as if magic had a hand in it."

It certainly did, for not a trace of bills or silver was found in the room, outside of Mr. Boltby's pocket book, which the over-sensitive parachute man insisted should be examined.

It contained two fives, one fifty cent piece and two quarters, and when Eric stated that he had had only ones, a two, a dime and a nickel, Mr. Boltby straightened himself up with the air of a vindicated man, put on his coat and went down to breakfast.

Eric remained in the room, put his head between his hands and tried to think of a solution to the mystery.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### ERIC TURNS TRAMP.

"WELL, I've got to paddle my own canoe now, and in pretty rough waters, too. The money's gone, no matter how or when, and I've got to get along without it the best way I can."

This was the conclusion Eric arrived at after five minutes' hard thinking. Then getting up, he squared his shoulders, took off his watch and chain and went down stairs to settle matters with the old ladies.

"I'll leave my watch here as security," he said, when he had beckoned Miss Phoebe out of the dining room. "I hope to either send you the seventy five cents or bring it myself in a day or two, or perhaps by that time you may have found my money somewhere about the house. Good by. I am going out in the country to my relatives."

The door closed behind him, he strode rapidly through the shabby garden, and reaching the street, faced towards the North River, and struck resolutely out in that direction. He had gone half a dozen blocks and was within but a short distance of the wharves, when the recollection that he had not a cent of money with which to pay his ferrage to Jersey City caused him to come to a sudden standstill.

"And I can't get to Cedarbrook without crossing the river, that's one thing certain," he muttered.

He had started from the Medfords' with the intention of tramping the fifteen miles that lay between New York and the Tilbert residence. In England he had thought nothing of walking that distance with some of his school chums, and with his independent spirit he had determined to get along without asking anybody for a direct loan just as long as he possibly could. But the river, which he had quite forgotten, now loomed up in front of him in the shape of a very formidable barrier.

"I wonder if I couldn't turn an honest penny—or rather three of them—by doing some work for somebody. I'll walk down the avenue towards the ferry and keep my eyes open for something, I don't care what it is. I may be poor, but I'm not proud, and if fortune is bent on buffeting me around like a football, I'm just going to show that I can take the hard knocks like a man."

He resumed his walk and kept a careful watch on both sides of the street for a chance to render some sort of service to anybody that he thought would be willing to pay for it.

But he saw nothing that looked promising until he came to the ferry itself.

Here he noticed a small boy carrying a large satchel for an old lady. He watched until the two reached the entrance, then saw the boy put down the satchel and the old lady put something into his hand.

"I'll try that," exclaimed Eric to himself, and turning up the side street, he stationed himself at the foot of the stairway that led to the elevated road.

There were two other boys waiting there, evidently with the same object in view as himself, for they eyed him with no kindly glances after he had made his first offer, to an old gentleman with an enormous black valise, who scowled at him fiercely with his refusal.

"I say, Kinney," he heard one of the boys say, "ketch on to the dude cuttin' in to our trade. Let's bounce him."

Kinney, who was a most deplorable looking specimen of the genus gamin—with a crooked nose, only one good eye, and the vile stub of a cigar, picked up in the gutter, stuck between his lips—at once stepped towards Eric, and taking the stub from his mouth to expostorate, spoke straight to the point:

"Look a here, young feller," he said. "As chaps has got a corner on this 'ere stairway, an' we don't allow no interferin' wid our rights."

Eric made suitable apologies, and was about to depart to station himself elsewhere, when the young Arab, who was spoiling for a fight, struck out at him with feet and hands combined.

Although not by any means of a belligerent nature, Eric wheeled like a flash, seized Kinney's bullet head and tucked it under one arm, preparatory to administering a gentle tap or two with the other, when the urchin's comrade gallantly darted forward to the rescue.

"Let him go," he cried, flourishing his legs and arms about like a mad pin wheel.

"Go for him, Jim," roared Kinney, struggling to bite or kick Eric's captor, who held him in such a way that all his attempts were rendered futile.

Thus adjured, Jim ceased his gyratory motions and made a feigned dart towards our hero's head, doubtless with the intention of pulling his hair.

But Eric was too quick for him. Still retaining Kinney's head in a tight grip under his left arm, he threw out his right hand and caught Jim dexterously around the neck.

"Good for you! I guess you've taught them to know a gentleman when they see one."

Eric loosened his hold on the two boys and looked up, to see a young man of about twenty four leaning over the railing of the elevated railroad stairway just above his head. A policeman appearing on the scene at the same moment, Kinney and Jim decided on finishing themselves, free, to seek fresh fields of industry. So Eric was left, master of the field.

"Can I carry your satchel for you, sir?" he asked, when the gentleman who had congratulated him from the stairway reached the sidewalk.

He was a handsome fellow, with a pair of gray eyes that twinkled with fun, and a general trimness of figure that took Eric's fancy at once. He was dressed in a tweed traveling suit, and in one hand carried a small satchel, while the other held a cane and a tennis racket.

When Eric requested the privilege of carrying his baggage for him, the young man first stared, then whistled and finally han-

ded over his satchel with the remark: "Was that the cause of the row? I saw the whole thing and admired your pluck."

"I was pretty mad," returned Eric, "and perhaps I was a little too rough on the youngsters. You see they were both a good deal smaller than I am."

"I beg your pardon, but you don't look as if you were accustomed to carrying hand baggage for a living," went on the young man after a brief pause.

Eric colored slightly, then answered frankly, "I'm not, and I'm not doing it now for a living, but to earn three cents to pay for a ferry ticket. You see I want to get across the river, but haven't a cent to my name."

"Oh, you had your pocket picked?" "No, not that exactly, but all the money I had disappeared in a most mysterious fashion this morning."

"Ah, I see. If you will permit me, I will present you with a ferry ticket and my best thanks for carrying my bag."

Eric was quick to appreciate the delicacy of the other in seeking, by this means, to provide him with the means of crossing the ferry without actually making it appear that he was paying for what might be considered a menial service.

"Thank you," he said, as the other passed him in as his friend. "I may as well hold on to this till we get across."

The two walked on the boat together and as they took places at the forward end and began conversing about objects of interest on the river, Eric could not help fancying how surprised the company would be if he knew the full extent of his financial straits.

"I dare say he thinks I'm going to walk into my father's house over in Jersey and laugh over my adventure with the rest of the family," and in that supposition Eric was not far wrong.

When the boat reached the opposite shore, our hero announced that his way lay straight out through the gates of the ferry house.

"And I take the train—and my satchel," said the other, with a smile, and so they parted. Little did our hero imagine under what distressing circumstances they were next to meet.

Inquiring of a policeman, whom he met in the street, in which direction he should go to strike the road to Cedarbrook, he received instructions and set out at a brisk pace to follow them.

It was now after ten and the sun was beginning to grow uncomfortably warm. "But never mind," said Eric to himself, "Perhaps this time tomorrow I'll be bowling along those fine Cedarbrook roads in a dog cart. And I'll enjoy my luxuries all the more then for being put through the mill now."

He had reached the open country, and was beginning to debate within himself how he was to earn his dinner, when his gaze became fixed on the head of an approaching wheelman.

"If that fellow hasn't got on my cricket cap, I'll—" then as he remembered that he had stuffed that cap into the satchel he had had with him on the train at the time of the accident, and that possessing it he might be able to prove his identity to Mr. John Tibbert's utter confusion and rout, realizing all this, he threw up both hands excitedly and planted himself squarely in the path of the approaching bicyclist, crying out: "Stop there, will you? I want to speak to you!"

(To be continued.)

#### DISCOVERED BURGLARS.

According to a paragraph in the *New York Tribune*, it is the custom in most parts of Virginia to sleep with the doors wide open and windows unbarred. It seems that many people consider this the readiest method of protection, and the ordinary thief concludes that a door left wide open means that there is nothing worth stealing inside.

A gentleman who lived at White Sulphur Springs says that on one occasion he was awakened in the night by the tread of intruders on the stairway. His wife was awake and had laid her hand over his mouth, fearing that he would make an outcry or jump up and get hurt.

While releasing his face from her grasp he remembered the old story about the poor man who was awakened under similar circumstances, but whose wife urged him to get up because the burglars were hunting around the house. "Let 'em hunt, Maria," was the philosophical reply. "If they find anything it will be more than we can do, and we will get up and take it away from them."

When he had his mouth free from his wife's hand, he said, with great deliberation: "There is a burglar here, and those gentlemen want, please invite them in." In a second there was a rush downstairs, and such a commotion as could only come from a mob trying to see which could get out of the house first.

OLD RED'S KANGAROO, A TASMANIAN SKETCH.

BY ALLAN N. TAYLOR.

I AM an old fellow. Some people, especially boys, might not concede the title "fellow" to me, but I cling to the name, and qualify it with the prefix "old." Still I am young at heart, and as old as the hills of the past. I feel like a boy again, and could pace along in a way that would make some of your youngsters green.

Well, some twelve years ago I began to feel rather miserable. So having plenty of money, and nothing to do but to do, I determined to travel. I went to Spain, Jerusalem, Madagascar and Persia, just going wherever the whim led me, until one day I found myself in Hobart town, the chief place in the colony of Tasmania.

I put up at the principal hotel, and whom should I run against before I had been an hour in the place but young Burleigh Straggles, son of my old school chum Broadley Straggles, who it appeared was employed in one of the banks of Hobart town.

Of course the first thing I did was to invite the boy to dinner every night whilst I was there, and which I did with zest, for he was an honest fellow, and was not ashamed to admit that he enjoyed a good dinner. One evening after dinner Straggles broke in, "I say, Mr. Oldboy, have you a few weeks' hunting every season?" I replied, "but do not know if I could do much worth anything in game. What is there to shoot out here?"

"Wild cattle, quail, kangaroo, parrots, wattle and wallaby," said Straggles.

"Stop; that's quite enough for one day. Can you manage to get me a day's shooting? I should enjoy it immensely." "Yes; Mr. Burleigh, a geologist, asked me if I would like to go up to the Beltons' cattle station for a few days' shooting. It's out of a red belt, and as you are not an expert shooter, but Mr. Belton has asked him to bring a few of his friends up with him. He has asked him to hunt for fossils. I expect, while he is there, you will see that! There he is, I say, Red! Old Red!"

This appealed to a tall, handsome man, with a red belt around his neck, who, after passing, stopped, and looked up laughingly. "Hullo, little one! What's the matter now?"

"Come in; I want to introduce you to my friend." "Old Red" explained the position of matters, and said he would be glad to go, and accompany him to "Wallaby Station," which was the name of Mr. Belton's run.

"It was in my suggestion that Mr. Belton might consider the advent of such a large party, an unwarrantable invasion, he assured me that my making a remark of that kind showed my complete ignorance of the fact that Wallaby, which was not surpassed even by the Brazilian grasslands. Our going in such a way will simply rejoice."

We started next morning and rode all day, arriving at the cattle station the same evening, at the gate we were met by a boy of fifteen, thirteen, and a girl of twelve, and then the way into the house, saying: "Awfully sorry; my father got a telegram from your mamma requesting him to go there at once, but mother and I will take you quite happy. I say! Let's see your guns."

"At this moment the lad's mother entered and received us in a friendly way, and we felt at home at once. At supper I said to Mr. Belton: "I suppose we must give up our intention of having a day's shooting now that Mr. Belton is away?"

"Oh, no; Jack is here. He is as good as a bushman and shot as fast as any man I know." "Not quite, mother. I am as good with the rifle, but he is better at bird's flying."

"But, Mrs. Belton, I think it is very easy to get lost in the bush. Is it safe to go with no other guide than my young friend here?" "Quite! Jack will take care of you," said the mother, with a look of pride at her handsome boy.

This humorous incident revived the spirits of the shooting party, which had been damped by the geologist's gloom, and that redoubtable person was promptly dubbed by young Belton as "The King of the Humors."

"Time went on. We got a regular, or rather irregular, mixed bag, chiefly quail, wallaby, and kangaroo, as usual, usually hunted with dogs and horses, but as the station on Wallaby Station was extremely rugged, and the animals so numerous that they ate nearly all the grass, and the dogs were left the sheep to live, the Beltons shot them regularly."

"I shall never forget the heat and thirst of that day. The sun was simply scorching, and there was no water. Midday came, and we arrived here hot when we expected to get a drink, but there was nothing but damp mud to be found. We walked on again through the frothing heat, and at last came to the brow of a ravine, from which a stream of water was visible away down at the bottom of the gully fifteen hundred feet below. At this point Jack turned aside, and saying: 'I will look unconcernedly along the ledge, or telling you to look out for snakes, for there were plenty at that place.'"

"But look here, young one! What about water?" Straggles remarked. "We will come to a water hole in about two hours." "Mud hole. I expect, like the last," said Straggles. "No; it is really a good water hole."

"Two hours, and we are dying of thirst." "That's because you perspire so much; it takes a lot of water to keep up the supply," said Straggles. "I feel as fresh as a daisy and had not turned a hair." "You can go on if you like, but we must have water."

"Do you mean to say you intend going down and climbing up that steep gully just for a drink?" "You would have made indifferent Spartans. However, we must all stick together, and come along with me."

"We ran down the steep gully side without a break either in our pace or our necks, and as we reached the water. How we enjoyed the drink! That is, we did, but I had fallen over which a fallen tree trunk hung. From this diving board of nature's making we took a jump into the water, and in about twenty or thirty yards away. He called out 'Sally!' The kangaroo looked round, then came bounding up both sides, and then she landed on her might. She had a young one with her just about the size she was when her mother was killed. This little creature was evidently very much frightened, and her feet floated. Sally, for, after playing with Old Red for a minute, she suddenly made the young one jump into her pouch, and then she looked away. When she had gone about twenty yards she stopped and looked round at her old friend for a few seconds in an apologetic way, as though she would say, 'I regret me as far as I am concerned I would trust you, but you see I have others to consider besides me. I must go now, and then I'll be right away. You should just have seen how pleased the old chap was.' His face positively beamed with satisfaction."

"A FRANK ADMISION. SOLICITOR TO NEW CLERK." "You don't seem to keep pace with my dictation. Why don't you write shorthand? You told me you knew shorthand, and I thought you were a writer."

"WELL MEANT. THAT is rather a shabby pair of trousers you have out for a man in your position." "Yes, sir; but clothes do not make the man, that if my trousers are shabby and worn? They cover a warm heart, sir."

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Two years later, after visiting New Guinea and other parts of the way islands, I again found myself in Tasmania, and went to the country to see the Beltons. Jack had grown very rich, and was a fine, manly looking fellow.

"Yes; he was up here not long ago. He's a good sort, is Old Red. You remember that by the way, he carried home the day we were shooting?" "Yes."

"Yes; he took it to Hobart Town and rear-bred it up there. She was a great pet, because of my fond of him, and even used to follow him about the town sometimes. He called her Sally. They were a great pair. However, Sally began to get ill and then to pine. Old Red thought she must be pining for freedom, and therefore brought her up here with him one day. We took her out to the rugged part of the run where she was born, and left her there. We could not get her to stay behind at first, so I made a noise to frighten her, and then we started off at a gallop, though for more than a mile we heard the thump, thump of her hoofs as she bounded after us, trying to overtake Old Red. When we stopped he said to me: 'Jack, will you do me a favor?'"

"Don't shoot kangaroos at the north end of the run." "You should just have seen how happy and relieved he was when I promised this. When he got back to Hobart Town he kept sending me up my rare geological specimens and things, and always ended his letters with 'Do you ever see Sally?'"

"I have come to see if I can drop across Sally. It's like searching for a needle in a haystack," I remarked, encouragingly.

"We went to the north corner of the run. As we went I was examining the track of a 'devil' when Old Red suddenly put his arm on my shoulder and whispered, 'There she is.' I kept behind a bush, and Old Red walked out strengthening and strengthening the track, and thirty yards away. He called out 'Sally!' The kangaroo looked round, then came bounding up both sides, and then she landed on her might. She had a young one with her just about the size she was when her mother was killed. This little creature was evidently very much frightened, and her feet floated. Sally, for, after playing with Old Red for a minute, she suddenly made the young one jump into her pouch, and then she looked away. When she had gone about twenty yards she stopped and looked round at her old friend for a few seconds in an apologetic way, as though she would say, 'I regret me as far as I am concerned I would trust you, but you see I have others to consider besides me. I must go now, and then I'll be right away. You should just have seen how pleased the old chap was.' His face positively beamed with satisfaction."

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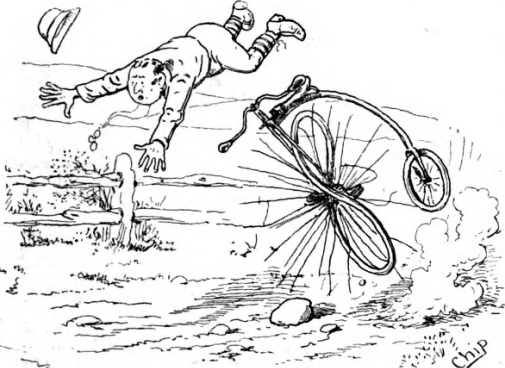
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